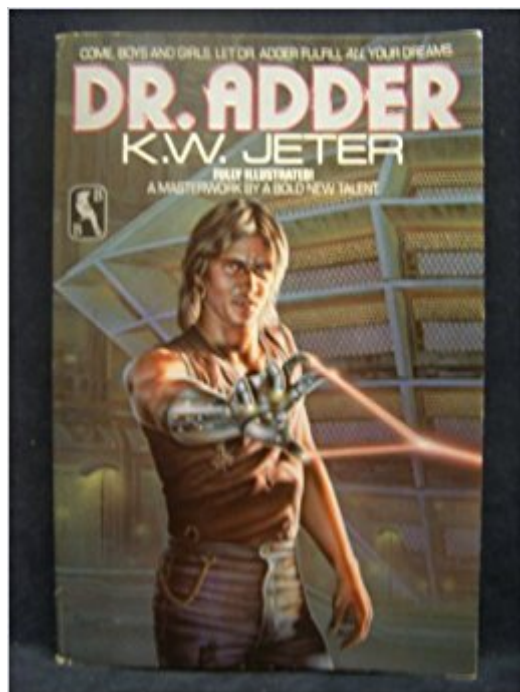


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# Dr. Adder



## Synopsis

Bluejay Books, 1984. Trade paperback, 1st edition. Cover art by Barclay Shaw, interior art by Matt R. Howarth, Afterword by Philip K. Dick. 1st in a cyberpunkish trilogy of thematically linked novels. The other books are "The Glass Hammer" (1985) and "Death Arms" (1987).

## Book Information

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## Customer Reviews

Bluejay Books, 1984. Trade paperback, 1st edition. Cover art by Barclay Shaw, interior art by Matt R. Howarth, Afterword by Philip K. Dick. 1st in a cyberpunkish trilogy of thematically linked novels. The other books are "The Glass Hammer" (1985) and "Death Arms" (1987).

Dr. Adder is trashy, stupid, and fun. Perhaps Dr. Adder's importance as an early cyberpunk dystopia exceeds its entertainment value. K.W. Jeter wrote it in 1972 while attending college, but it wouldn't be published until the cyberpunk explosion in '84. Because of this, the obsession with technology, the casual violence, the Interface-as-Sprawl et al., are all prescient forebears of some of the themes dominating contemporary sci-fi. \*But is it a great novel? Not really. E. Allen Limmit is a naive, dumb kid with big dreams. The abandoned son of a brilliant scientist, he hopes to use his heritage as a means of conning millions from the titular doctor, an amoral J.C. for the slums of L.A. He leaves behind his shallow life taking care of a desert brothel, a perverted place dedicated to the quirkiest quirks of sexual desire: Giant, genetically-modified chickens. What he takes with him, and what he hopes will make his millions, is a broken cyber-weapon invented by his deadbeat dad, a laser-firing 'flash glove' (straight out of '70s camp) capable of turning its agent into a weapon of mass destruction. The self-serving, obnoxious Dr. Adder is a brilliant surgeon specializing in body

modification for the prostitutes across L.A.'s slums -- a precursor to Gibson's *Sprawl* known as the Interface. Adder's a callously evil, uncaring, misogynistic bucket of amorality start to finish, and Limmit's con doesn't quite go as planned, pulling both characters into a battle over the souls (and money) of the Interface with John Mox, Adder's rival and CEO-slash-religious leader of the world's moral authority. The ultra-violence and gross sexuality still hold up as over-the-top, but it's more quirky cartoon than outright obscene. (Sam Delany also beat these extremes by a few years, writing *Hogg* -- possibly the most shocking novel of the 20th century -- in 1969. *Hogg* was similarly held up by its violence and sexuality, unpublished until 1994.) Characters are seemingly driven by a young writer's snark and sadism more-so than individual goals: Limmit is -- much like the hero of *Hogg* -- an unfeeling, dumb vehicle being pushed around by the plot, barely stopping to form a single thought; Mox is a shadow of evil in religion and capitalism; Adder's, frankly, boring and nearly as dumb as Limmit; all the women are walking sex organs (sometimes quite literally) and vehicles for kinky sleaze. So Dr. Adder isn't driven by its depth of character, it's not driven by its attacks on consumerism and religion; it's driven, to some degree, by a handful of clever technological ideas (like uploading human consciousness to early computers long before it was passe), but mostly it's driven by its extremes -- and that it shouted those extremes first. Excessive drug use, sex, violence, and misanthropy fill every page (again, much like *Hogg*), and under all that the snark and self-importance of a young writer. Despite the mountain of excesses, the dystopian streets and sewers of L.A.'s Interface provide a wildly entertaining ride. As the laser-glove is unleashed and a corporate war between Adder and Mox's church heat up, the Interface is hit with a deluge of corpses and gore. Dr. Adder isn't the great piece of fiction that *Neuromancer* or *Green Eyes* would be in 1984, but if you can look past its faults, past the sleaze and ultra-violence, you'll find a fun ride that holds up pretty dang well after 40 years. Edit: On current (c. 2017) Kindle editions of his books, Jeter has a semi-cool offer on the last few pages: If you review his books, you can e-mail him for an additional free ebook of your choice! I call this offer semi-cool, because when I reached out to him, all I got back was a angry-sounding letter thanking me for reading his books, with a list of condescending rebuttals to my reasons for why his book's only above average. I don't know if the offer was rescinded because he didn't like my review, or if he simply forgot, but he never replied to my followup e-mail...so, uh, yeah. Spoiler: Do not ever call this book cyberpunk, or even 'proto-cyberpunk,' and especially don't comment on how bad the cover-art is for his self-published books.

This book is the beginnings of cyber punk, the combination of science fiction dystopia and nihilistic

adventure. What makes it a bit more impressive for me are two things: the commentary on the human unconscious mind, and the bizarre but brilliant weapon called the "flash glove". This is also one of the most politically incorrect books I have read in a while. The edition is difficult to get a hold of and is out of print.

I grew up with one foot in Orange County and one in Los Angeles. This bizarre story truly takes the darkest essences of these two such different places and shows us their absurd and nightmarish potential. Sexual fantasies made into horrifying reality take center stage. I thoroughly enjoyed this book but I'm not all sure why.

This was written while Jeter was in college, but it took years to find a publisher as it offended nearly everyone. Well, times rolled on and lo and behold, with the demise of many taboos, a masterpiece emerged. Not for the faint hearted or prudish.

Jeter is often compared to PKD and for good reason but he's more than that he is a true original. Dr. Adder is dark, twisted, well written and worth every penny. If you've read the synopsis and are interested jump right in, just don't be surprised when it's not water you land in. Jeter is a master at turning a story upside down and inside out on the reader.

K. W. Jeter should be recognized alongside the greats of science fiction. Novel edgy ideas and great writing style.

The journey is better than the destination. That being said A rather original premise, which is something rare. I enjoyed it overall.

This is one of those stories that you read in Hustler Magazines "sticky pages" section. This novel is more about sordid sexual fantasies than it is about Science Fiction. The overuse of profanity and provocative subjects makes this an unpalatable read. I could barely get through the first 96 pages of the story without feeling defiled. My mind could not bare the insipidness of the story, let alone imagine women who are actually paying to be amputees. Only a perverted mind would desire something like that, and unfortunately, the characters that are in this book perverted weirdos who are devoid of substance. Doctor Adder was major let down for me, and I don't understand how anyone could call this novel a masterwork when it is the absolute opposite of that. This novel is not

for those who like standard Cyberpunk.

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