



Dr. Adder

K.W. Jeter

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Set in a future where the United States has largely broken down into reluctantly cooperating enclaves run by a wide variety of strongmen and warlords, with a veneer of government control that seems largely interested in controlling technology. Dr. Adder is an artist-surgeon, who modifies sexual organs of his patients to satisfy the weirdest of perversion; he is clearly depicted as a partly criminal, partly countercultural figure in a future Los Angeles.

Dr. Adder Details

Date : Published February 2nd 1988 by Roc (first published 1984)

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Author : K.W. Jeter

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From Reader Review Dr. Adder for online ebook

Shamus McCarty says

Ok, I'm not sure where to even start. The book starts off in a giant chicken farm. Where people raise, eat, and have sex with, giant chickens... Even the girls... Cuz as we all know...

Chicks Love Giant Cocks

Sorry, I couldn't help myself.

Anyways, the book goes from weird to weirder as the tale slowly unravels. The first 3rd of the book I didn't really know what was going on. But, there was some important character development going on. After that, it's almost like KW said, "OK, now that that's out of the way. It's adventure time!"

And BAM! Action, fights, shootouts, sex, drugs, a glove that makes people explode... You get the point.

The book has a few editing errors, and some awkward sentences that you have to re-read a few times. But I'm no Grammar Nazi, so I saw the underlying beauty of the book. At its core it's about very real social issues that are just as relevant today as they were in 1972, and it's about a son growing up with an absent father. An absent father that stole alien technology to make sexy giant chickens, gloves that explode people, and some very powerful drugs.

Oh, there's a vagina that has teeth too.

***It's been a few months since I've read this but I'm watching the movie "American Mary" and the extreme body modification that goes on in this movie really reminds me of this book. Hopefully somebody bangs a giant chicken soon.

Rick says

You don't get much weirder than this long out of print classic. A richly disturbing novel, *Dr. Adder* is cyberpunk dystopianism at its finest.

Josh Marcus says

When a book starts off on a farm full of chicken-fuckers, it's hard to predict what's next. The degenerate, decomposing America that Jeter creates is perhaps worse than any dystopia I've read about. It's confusing - especially because it's difficult to imagine that he came up with it without real world inspiration. Also, you never get the hang of where the book's going. The initial disorientation doesn't quite wear off.

PKD praised *Dr Adder* as the most important sci-fi work of its time, and laments the fact that it took years to find a publisher brave enough to release it. While I disagree on its importance, I have to acknowledge that it brings up thematic questions and explorations that are rare in the sci-fi (and sometimes the entire literary)

world.

Although towards the beginning Jeter expresses contempt for writers who use info dumps, he does it a lot. For that, and for the fact that it was sometimes tedious, he loses a star.

Sam Reader says

Okay, finally, a book I don't have to discount on the basis of it being a great book with an absolute shambles of an ending. A book I can feel proud to recommend despite it being one of the sickest books I have had the pleasure (and it was a pleasure) of reading. And maybe that's the point, that it's influential for not only the science fiction genre and the underground element of "bizarre fiction", but that it's also influential for the extreme horror genre, since it features one of the best gruesome operatic revenge stories this side of *Sweeney Todd*, only with a casual eye towards the kind of brutal grotesquerie that only the works of less well-known weird fiction like *Geek Love* and *Freaks 'Amour* (among others) can provide. While the book's plot is something of a series of potshots in a dark room centered around the titular doctor and the young man who is his assistant, the images are strong ones overall and stuck with me well after finally closing the pages. Even if I didn't necessarily understand the climax.

For those willing to brave the bizarre and sometimes downright sick and depraved (all good things in my opinion) world of the Interface and its inhabitants, you will find a hell of a good read, and one of the most shining examples of American dystopian fiction. For those who want something with a little less military grade hallucinogens, dying alien gods, and prostitutes destroying their own brains with permanent and harmful drugs, then you should probably look elsewhere, or at least get this out of the library before making a decision to commit fully to this classic act of lovingly poetic depravity.

More, as always, below.

"Life's nothing but the beating you take before you die. And I've died so many times already. Killed and lost so much..."

The Interface. A sprawling section of future Los Angeles designed as a monument to deviancy. In this area, you can experience literally anything you could ever desire as long as you make the appropriate tribute to its twisted god, a man known only as Dr. Adder. Adder, a sociopath with a penchant for drugs and an artist's eye when it comes to matters of the scalpel, provides two crucial services for the Interface: His first is performing surgery on the various denizens and prostitutes to turn them into the people they always knew they wanted to be-- be that drug-addled, missing several limbs, or even having their sex organs turned into frightening and elaborate traps designed to destroy clients-- Adder provides. Even if it would destroy them. *Especially* if it would destroy them. The second service he provides is matching these clients to the rich and powerful elite of Los Angeles County, giving them the sickening wishes they always wanted to act out but never dared say aloud or worse yet go looking for. And so, the Interface thrives, entirely on Adder's whims and the aid of the drug ADR*, a drug designed to create a telepathic link between two people, allowing Adder to look into his subject's subconscious and find their deepest, darkest secrets.

Opposing Adder and his indecent and horrifying freedom are the Moral Forcers, a fanatical cult of violent white-coated thugs under the rule of John Mox, a televangelist with ties to the Greater Production Corporation in the Orange County area. Where Adder advocates freedom of the flesh to the point of self-destruction, Mox advocates the opposite, a kind of purity that relies on giving up even one's own carnal desires and equipment, complete annihilation for moral devotion. These two men form opposite extremes, each contributing to the further decline of the urban sprawl they fight over in their own special way.

Into this tableau enters one E. Allen Limmit, a former brothel administrator for the Greater Production Corporation's giant chicken farm. Limmit has a very nebulous plan that involves a boot knife and moving to the interface, a plan complicated when a GPC executive asks him to deliver a mysterious briefcase to Dr. Adder. Adder takes Limmit under his wing as an assistant, getting him to help with various tasks with an eye towards further entrenchment in his business. But what both Adder and Limmit fail to realize is that they are pawns in a much larger game, a game played among the rich elite, and among the forces of the Midwestern Liberation Front, and all throughout the interface. And before they're through, Limmit will have to discover things he never even realized, things that draw the men closer and closer to a confrontation with John Mox and GPC.

So first things first, Dr. Adder is a misanthropic sociopath. There, got that out of the way. He hates women, he hates men, he hates gay people, he hates kink, he hates straight people, he sneers at people who have sex, and he thinks he's above the people that he surgically mutilates into their new shapes. There is not a single person in the entire novel he feels anything approaching empathy for, save maybe near the end of the novel. Much like *The Stars My Destination*, Adder is a deliberately unsympathetic character, Limmit kind of is, too, actually, considering he doesn't seem to view women as anything but objects and has a latent

giant chicken fetish. But let's be perfectly honest here: You are not supposed to like these people. The central characters are two villains and an antihero because it's that kind of book. It's that kind of society.

But with that out of the way, there's something important about these characters-- well, two of them if not the third. They *change*. They actually change and grow over time. Limmit, who spends a lot of the book making nebulous plans and not actually taking a side, is actually the deciding factor in the final battle at the end of the book. Adder abandons his messianic sociopath persona and, though still a massive misanthrope, seems poised to actually truly help people in some way other than destroying them. This is, in some ways, a story about people abandoning the flawed coping mechanisms and cynical worldviews that kept them just as bound up as Mox and GPC's machinations. It's a different kind of story from the usual cyberpunk tropes because it shows the characters being bound by their cynicism and pessimism, rather than it being a useful survival tool. In fact, it's the one character who isn't a complete cynical shit who gets through the story intact. Maybe it's because it was written in the early Seventies when people were just starting to slide into cynicism, but for such a dark novel, it's got some incredibly optimistic flourishes.

It's also vivid. I think this is the thing I love most about K.W. Jeter-- the visuals. And for something so lurid and grotesque, *Dr. Adder* really puts it over the edge. There are descriptions of surgeries, of extreme body modification, and of The Visitor, which is something I wouldn't dare give away to anyone. The set piece that closes out the first section of the book ("Proud Flesh") is a brutal and bloody riot in the streets that manages to seem lurid without giving up any sense of consequence. The operations Dr. Adder performs are suitably stomach-churning and give off the exact vibe I believe they're supposed to-- dark, disturbing, and a little of 'why the hell would you *want* to?' The feel of the book, thanks to the visuals, has a grimy, pulpy sort of way about it. Everything feels covered in dirt and grit, and the parts that *aren't* are so polished that it feels like there's something inhuman and grotesque about them. The Orange County segments especially, with their pill-popping disaffection and the sex bot theme park.

And in the end, it's a brilliant book that's worth at least one read. If you can't get past the disturbing imagery and the rampant hatred of humanity as a whole that permeates a lot of the book, then this probably isn't for you. However, if a story of a creepy fallen messiah fighting a man who may only exist on television, a story that features giant talking chickens and amputee transgender prostitutes doped up with military-grade drugs *doesn't* frighten you away, there is a lot to like about *Dr. Adder*. A lot to dislike, but a lot to like.

And again, the only thing you have to lose by reading is time.

NEXT WEEK:

- Heathern by Jack Womack

- Shovel Ready by Adam Sternbergh
- City of Stairs by Robert Jackson Bennett

AND MANY OTHERS

*In my circles, ADR stands for "Additional Dialogue Recording", which made the book a little hard to read.

Daniel says

I originally had this at 4 stars for 4.5 but went back to look at my ratings for Bret Easton Ellis and Henry Miller. Whatever genre those books are part of, is where I would put Dr. Adder. It's got sci-fi elements (some of which are similar to cyberpunk), but I feel that they are more setting than most other books of the genre. The images from the author's words in this novel are horrific and gruesome. The novel is about hypocrisy, decadence, physical decay, hopelessness, death, and ego.

The author takes the elements and feelings of the present day and places them in a future physical setting able to mirror the non-tangible elements of the story.

This story made me depressed, and it was hard to separate my feelings from the work of fiction even with fantastical elements present. This is a great story with a great endorsement from Philip Dick.

Ben Loory says

just a furious visionary mindfuck of a book, good lord. somewhere between dick's The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch and ballard's The Atrocity Exhibition. with maybe some MAD magazine thrown in. i'd heard about this book as a forerunner of cyberpunk (it was written in '71 but remained unpublished until the 80s) but had no idea it could be like this. makes Neuromancer look like a jane austen novel. just some really incredible (and incredibly dark) stuff-- though not a whole lot of feeling (other than MAD and BAD).

sorta sad that they gave it the worst cover of all time. i mean, come on guys, a book like this, make an effort.

Limmit reached in and pulled the shattered head out of the bowl, dripping. Little clumps of brain tissue, like soft pink cauliflower, and one perfect staring eye floated in the red water. Ah, fuck it, he thought, and squatted on the toilet seat after dropping his pants down to his knees. Living in L.A. sure makes you callous.

George K. says

You are a fan of Philip Dick and you want to read an exceptional story similar to his paranoia and quality? If so, grab this novel, you'll find a treasure here. Few words can vividly describe the plot, the interesting ideas

and the characters. Dr. Adder is a mixture of cyberpunk, dystopia and horror, with kinky sex and splatter scenes, doomed characters and dark atmosphere. Jeter's prose is tough and absolutely amazing. It's not a perfect 5-star book, but it's really good. Just read it and enjoy something different.

Ελληνικ?:

Δεν ξ?ρω απ? που ν'αρχ?σω και που να τελει?σω την κριτικ? μου. Πρ?τα-πρ?τα πρ?πει να πω ?τι το βιβλ?ο δεν ε?ναι για ?λα τα γο?στα. Δεν ε?ναι για ευα?σθητα στομ?χια, δεν ε?ναι για ?σους θ?λουν να διαβ?σουν μια sci-fi περιπ?τεια με αρχ?, μ?ση και τ?λος, δεν ε?ναι καν ε?κολο σαν αν?γνωσμα. Π?ντως οι φαν του Φ?λιπ Ντικ θα βρουν εδ? να βιβλ?ο αντ?ξιο της παρ?νοιας του.

Σε πολ? γενικ?ς γραμμ?ς, η ιστορ?α ?χει ως εξ?ς:

Βρισκ?μαστε στο Λος Άντζελες των Ηνωμ?νων Πολιτει?ν, κ?που στο κοντιν? μ?λλον. Ο Δρ. Άντερ ε?ναι ?νας αινιγματικ?ς χειρο?ργος που ?χει την δυνατ?τητα να εξερευν? στα β?θη της ψυχ?ς των ανθρ?πων και να υλοποιε? τα σκοτειν?τερα σεξουαλικ? τους ?νειρα, πραγματοποι?ντας τις κατ?λληλες χειρουργικ?ς επεμβ?σεις. Π?ρνες και προαγωγο? τον θεωρο?ν ?ναν ?ρωα. Αντ?παλος του ε?ναι ο τηλεοπτικ?ς ιεροκ?ρυκας Μοξ, αρχηγ?ς της φανατικ?ς οργ?νωσης Ηθικ?ς Δυν?μεις, που σκοπ?ς του ε?ναι να δ?σει ?να β?αιο τ?λος στην κυριαρχ?α του παρανο?κο? Άντερ. Και στην μ?ση υπ?ρχει ?νας νεαρ?ς, ο Ε. Άλλεν Άμμιτ, που θα πα?ξει σημαντικ? ρ?λο στην ιστορ?α.

?κανα ?,τι μπορο?σα για να σας δ?σω μια ιδ?α για την ιστορ?α, αλλ? απ? την παραπ?νω περιγραφ? δεν νομ?ζω ?τι μπορε? να καταλ?βει κανε?ς π?σο καμ?νη αλ? Φ?λιπ Ντικ ιστορ?α ?γραψε ο Τζ?τερ. Πρ?κειται για ?να συναρπαστικ? με?γμα κυβερνοπ?νκ, δυστοπ?ας και τρ?μου που σ?γουρα δεν θ'αφ?σει καν?ναν αδι?φορο.

Υπ?ρχουν διεστραμμ?νες σεξουαλικ?ς καταστ?σεις (ευτυχ?ς ?χι πολλ?ς) που περιγρ?φονται αρκετ? γλαφυρ?, σκληρ?ς σπλ?τερ σκην?ς και η ατμ?σφαιρα ε?ναι αρκο?ντως σκοτειν? και παρακμιακ? για να σου ρ?ξει το ηθικ?. Οι χαρακτ?ρες στην πλειοψηφ?α του καμ?νοι, κ?τι λογικ? β?βαια στον κ?σμο που ζουν. Οι ιδ?ες πολλ?ς και ιδια?τερα ενδιαφ?ρουσες και η πλοκ? βοηθ?ει αρκετ? στο ν'αναπτυχθ?ν με τον καλ?τερο δυνατ? τρ?πο. Περιττ? να πω ?τι η γραφ? μου φ?νηκε εξαιρετικ?, σκληρ? και ακριβ?ς του γο?στου μου.

Δεν ε?ναι ?να τ?λειο βιβλ?ο, ?χει τα προβληματ?κια του, ?μως ε?ναι ?να βιβλ?ο που δεν κωλ?νει πουθεν?, ?χει κ?τι πρωτ?τυπο να πει και το λ?ει ?ξω απ? τα δ?ντια και δ?σκολα θ'αφ?σει κ?ποιον αδι?φορο. Και ε?ναι πραγματικ? απ? τα διαμαντ?κια της επιστημονικ?ς φαντασ?ας που μπορε? να βρει κανε?ς φτην? στην ελληνικ? γλ?σσα. Εγ? το τσ?μπησα απ? ?να παζ?ρι βιβλ?ου με 2,5€.

mark monday says

Dr. Adder is a brilliant surgeon in the horrible wreck of future Los Angeles, a messianic figure who earns his keep by re-sculpting the various teenage runaways of Orange County into the whores of Los Angeles - amputating and reconfiguring various body parts, wiping away their minds if necessary. This sickeningly sick character is an unrepentant woman-hater and homophobe; he is also the wildly popular and beloved symbol of freedom for both L.A. and the O.C. **John Mox** is a brilliant corporate strategist and voice of moral authority in the drug-addled suburban sprawl of future Orange County, a messianic figure who keeps his power by out-maneuvering his fellow corporate shareholders and by addressing the denizens of Southern

California during his daily televised hour of folksy, grandfatherly sermons. This sickeningly sick character is an unrepentant hater of all things associated with the body's desires; he is also the commander of a legion of bloodthirsty stormtroopers called The Moral Force. **E Allen Limmit** is a disaffected young man, fresh off the giant-mutated-chicken farm, once a soldier and later the manager of the farm's mutated-chicken-whore brothel. A somewhat bland and often irritable lad with vague ambitions to be somebody, do something, whatever, just getting the hell off of the farm. Limmit travels to **The Interface** - a terminally seedy street that functions as a meeting place for the degraded, drugged-up, fuck-happy denizens of L.A. & O.C. And he has brought a terrifyingly effective death-weapon with him - an instant-massacre machine. Woot! Guess who gets caught between a rock and a hard place.

The novel "Dr. Adder" is perhaps the first cyberpunk novel, being completed in 1972 (although not published until 1984). It certainly has that grim, tarnished, dirty urban feeling that is key to the subgenre. It has the nonchalant violence and misanthropy, the cynicism, the snark; its narrative includes violent corporate interests, casual murder & slaughter, bad-trip imagery, and a strange kind of psychic pre-internet that exists somewhere in between the mind and the electromagnetic static of radio waves & television transmissions. It is certainly a distinctive book: angrily snappy, grimly jokey, gleefully vindictive. An adventure and an excoriation.

I didn't particularly care for it. I do admire how forward-looking it turned out to be. As a person who lived for many years in So-Cal, I appreciated and shared the equal-opportunity contempt for both Los Angeles and Orange County. (Have there ever been such radically different neighbors?) The novel also has admirable chutzpah when it comes to the sheer imagination on display - the seedy 'Rattown' of L.A., the sewers beneath it, the mind-numbing & hypocritical lifestyle of O.C., the casually bizarre chicken farm, various vividly characterized cast members, a tremendous dream-battle, gruesome & revolting sexuality, a bloodbath on the Interface, even an extraterrestrial Visitor... all quite strikingly stylized, all of these things practically popping off of the page. Jeter has a way with words. Although often lamentably sloppy (particularly in terms of plotline), the man is still a creative and often surprising wordsmith, with ideas that are well ahead of their time and are often fairly sophisticated. He knows how to write a great sentence and he knows how to create savage alternates to our reality. But the constant misanthropy - and, most obnoxiously, the constant misogyny - really began to annoy me. It seemed facile. Like an angry teenager from a cushy middle class background. All of the posturing felt shallow and unearned.

I am not a moral relativist. Sorry. I don't care what the fuckin' era is all about or if this is just how a particular culture operates... if a specific demographic is demeaned over and over again, in a work of fiction or elsewhere, I am not going to make excuses for it. I may not completely dismiss the piece in question, but I'm not going to overlook bullshit or come up with reasons why it's not so bad. And so it is with the novel Dr. Adder: fearless, clever, boldly imaginative; the first cyberpunk novel; a sardonic encapsulation of the moral battles & culture wars between counties Orange & Los Angeles; concepts from Burroughs moving about in a world of Sadean cruelty; a deranged & violent sci fi farce; a gushing blood-fountain of excessive, crypto-techno-organic deviance... all that, yes, great... but also constantly WOMAN-HATING. Ugh. You may be ingenious... but still: Fuck Off, novel! Your attitude sucks.

Geir Friestad says

More sleaze- and splatterpunk than cyberpunk, but historically significant within the genre, I guess. Rude and anarchic, it read almost like a Ralph Bakshi cartoon. Afterwards, I felt a great need to take a shower.

Chas. says

sick twisted cyberpunk

Kim says

Had I read this book when it was written it might have been all I talked about during my last year in high school. K. W. Jeter wrote this book in 1972, then spent twelve years trying to find a publisher. In Russia the Strugatsky brothers were censored by committees. Jeter was "self-censored" by publishing houses afraid to take on something this unusual, where the core of the book deals with sexual perversions and violence. This despite encouragements from Philip K. Dick. When the book was finally picked up in 1984 it was by a company that had never before published fiction.

I'm sad to say that all this was under my radar until Joachim Boaz at Science Fiction and Other Suspect Ruminations asked if I'd read it. Some of Jeter's books are hard to get hands on these days. The author is still alive and well in Ecuador and has been adding his books in Kindle format to Amazon, saying that the glory of electronic publication is that authors can circumvent the publishing companies and appeal directly to readers.

So I was happy when I found this book in a Kindle version and downloaded it. I was already in the middle of another book. I took a peek inside to the first page and was immediately sucked into the whole book ... much the way shotgun weddings and heroin habits happen.

I love a book that pushes into strange areas and defies convention, and this book certainly does that. It's mentioned as an early cyberpunk book, and there are some of those elements. The action takes place on a boulevard called Interface, a blind and deaf girl is able to psychically enter her television to trace the technology cabled to it, and people's personalities can be downloaded into computers. Had it been published sooner it might have stood out as the amazing and pioneering book it is. 1984 was a different time.

The book reads like *Candide* in the underworld. E. Allen Limmit is the orphaned son of an infamous CIA agent named Gass. In Phoenix Limmit now runs the egg farm he inherited, featuring giant semi-sentient chickens that lay huge eggs which are boiled and cut up into different foods. The farm also features a chicken brothel in which people pay to have sex with giant chickens. One day an old friend of his father arrives with an offer for Limmit. If he will take a briefcase to a Dr. Adder in Los Angeles he can sell it and keep the proceeds.

He flies to southern California, where Los Angeles is completely separated from Orange County. Los Angeles has become a battered and rundown city where on Interface Boulevard the street is lined with hookers. Most of these hookers have been physically modified by Dr. Adder, who uses an old CIA drug to determine what kind of perversions the hookers can accept. The most common fetish is for men interested in amputees, so many of the women are legless, armless, or both.

The street is also frequented by MFers (short for Moral Forces) under the leadership of a television evangelist named Mox. As they always wear gray they are often the target of snipers as they evangelize along the boulevard.

Through the book things come to a battle between fans of Adder and followers of Mox. Meanwhile we get to meet a group of revolutionaries trying to save the LA population; a dying alien who babbles depressing thoughts in isolation; a gypsy who lives in the sewers under LA; a group of Orange County men calling themselves the Prodigal Fathers who have lost sons to the sins of LA and now kidnap young men to return them to the Orange County lifestyle. Limmit becomes one of the kidnapped and begins to see that if he did stay there he'd be dead inside without anyone seeing it until the skin fell off his bones. Meanwhile there are frequent references to an Orange County high school called Buena Maricone (which translates as Good Fagot) and an underground radio station called radio KCID, which is a jumble of DICK in honor of P. K. Dick. (It's also an actual radio station in Caldwell, Idaho, where I was working after school at the time the book was written.) Like Dick, Jeter is an opera fan and Alban Berg's opera Wozzek figures into the plot as well.

It is a book with violence and strange sex fetishes, but is mostly presented through the wide-eyed perceptions of someone for whom it's all as bizarre as it is for the reader. You can pull out deeper ideas about moral choices, conventional choices, and existential crises. As Limmit muses at one point "Life's nothing but the beating you take before you die."

I'm forever grateful to Boaz for introducing me to what now stands as the favorite book I've read in the past 12 months and in my top 10 for science fiction out of all my reading.

Roger says

Everybody should read this book! A underground classic.

christopher says

I bought this book because I read an interview with KW Jeter in old issue of the music magazine Forced Exposure. I enjoyed this book. It's pretty thrilling in it's dystopian weirdness and there are lots of interesting ideas in it, such as concubines made from genetically modified chickens. Definatly a good fun pulp-y read, but I gave it three stars cause I couldn't really reccomend it to everyone. It reads a bit like a much trashier Willam Gibson. Also, since it was actually written in 1972, it is the definatly the first cyberpunk novel.

Peter says

athis book is not for the faint of heart - sexual perversion, violence, dystopian vision oh yeah that's here but all done with a unique outsider's view, a healthy, twisted imagination, and a sense of humor. Highly reccommended.

hevs says

My initial review:

I decided to read this novel for shits and giggles and now I stand corrected. There is indeed no limmit for sf

and how sad it is that we needed a reminder of it both in early 70. and today?

The longer version of the same love poem:

There are people who don't waste time for bad books. They read only the good stuff. Critically acclaimed masterpieces, literary gems, world-shattering nonfiction, life-changing philosophical dissertations. There are also people who by choice or trade read utter crap. I am not talking about people who just have poor taste, who lack education to properly assess things they read, who simply doesn't know any better. I talk about people who know exactly what they're doing, who look at the big stinking pile of excrement whether it is a worldwide bestseller or some self-published atrocity from the renown dino-erotica genre and scream GIVE IT TO ME. NOW.

You can call us adventurous. You can call us masochists. You can call us simply crazy and it is all true in one way or another. I love bad movies, horrible books and atrocious music. I watch Eurovision, I've seen "Daredevil" more than once and I've read "50 Shades". I do that because I hate myself enough to try to commit suicide by unstoppable hysterical laughter.

So I came to the good doctor.

Goodreads itself recommended to me this strange book with campy cover. "Wow, that's gonna be bad," I thought adding it to to-read shelf. After reading one of the reviews stating:

The book starts off in a giant chicken farm. Where people raise, eat, and have sex with, giant chickens... Even the girls... Cuz as we all know...
Chicks Love Giant Cocks

what was I to do other than fall in love? I've created a bookshelf for this one title alone. DON'T JUDGE ME I HAVE A DEATH WISH. And so I started to read. There were, indeed, giant cocks. And I loved it. I started reading bad book for shits and giggles and ended with a book I would've written my thesis about if I've read it earlier. And managed to convince my professor not to exorcise me.

What is it about then? Well, our main character is this guy named Limmit. And this is the only limit you'll encounter in this wild ride of what speculative fiction should be manifesto. It's probably because of its campy entourage that dr. Adders venom caught me so off guard. Or maybe it was the illustrations because some sick bastard decided we also need pictures to spice it all. Or maybe it was this lingering displeasure with most of the speculative fiction, accumulating for years. It was all to schematic, to... normal. By definition you can do anything and you do the same thing over and over again, the same tropes, sub-genres binding imagination with steel of conventions...

One of the things I find so powerful in "Dr. Adder" is that Jetter for the most part uses the same tropes as everyone else, he even evokes some authors and "classic sf" as a whole literary. But he mixes it up throwing all of the rules away. There is no limit, you can do whatever you want and it being sick and fucked up and stupid just makes it better – go extreme, be simply SPECTACULAR. (This scene with headshot kiss? Oh my god how beautiful that is) (or that one with Adder and Mother Endure? When she just uses his nickname?) (and omg that one in the bathroom where Limmit just don't give a damn). A lot of the things I've read in this novel are so wild I don't even know how to describe them. What happens here simply beggars belief. IT'S AWESOME.

Are there drawbacks to all of that? Not for me. But this is and immanent speculative fiction theory and that means it is by design lacking if you try read it as a simple novel. The plot is a very, very hot mess of different tropes and stereotypes and it's purpose is to show that everything (AND I MEAN EVERYTHING) is possible in sf, not to convey coherent story.

What shocked me the most? That it is a debut. Thing so powerful, so bold, so brilliant and so arrogant. This bitchslap to the all of the sf. And so relevant today as it was in the early 70. It is so sad that we still need a reminder that there is no limit in speculative fiction. There are no sacred cows (and if there are you can

probably fuck them or do other funny things with them), there is no morality, no standards, nobody to forbade you anything. Boldly go where no man had gone before. And, honey, you can simply jump over that final frontier.
