



Dr. Identity

D. Harlan Wilson

[Download now](#)

[Read Online](#) 

Dr. Identity

D. Harlan Wilson

Dr. Identity D. Harlan Wilson

For a professor at Corndog University it's quite acceptable to purchase a robotic doppelganger and have it teach your classes for you. But how does it reflect on your teaching skills when your doppelganger murders the whole class? Follow the Dystopian Duo (Dr. Blah Blah Blah and his robot Dr. Identity) on a killing spree of epic proportions through the irreal postapocalyptic city of Bliptown where time ticks sideways, artificial Bug-Eyed Monsters punish citizens for consumer-capitalist lethargy, and ultraviolence is as essential as a daily multivitamin.

Dr. Identity Details

Date : Published March 1st 2007 by Raw Dog Screaming Press

ISBN : 9781933293325

Author : D. Harlan Wilson

Format : Paperback 212 pages

Genre : Horror, Bizarro Fiction, Science Fiction, Fiction, Humor, Dystopia

 [Download Dr. Identity ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Dr. Identity ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online Dr. Identity D. Harlan Wilson

From Reader Review Dr. Identity for online ebook

Rex says

I guess I'm not the target audience for this type of book. Did not get it at all.

Dan Schwent says

Plaquedemic and professor at Corndog University Dr. Blah Blah Blah sends his doppelganger, Dr. Identity, to teach a class for him, ending in disaster as Dr. Identity kills a prominent student. As Blah tries to figure out what to do, Identity takes the first steps toward a holocaust of epic proportions. Can the Dystopian Duo evade the scores of bounty hunters, the Law, and the Papanazi on their trail and continue their holocaustic ways?

Dr. Identity is forty-seven kinds of f*cked up and thirty-one flavors of awesome. You know how people describe something as *something on steroids* in order to denote magnitude? I hate when they do that. Dr. Identity is Snow Crash with a jetpack on its back, absurdism turned up to 111, crack igniting its bloodstream, and a steady stream of severed and mangled limbs trailing in its wake.

D. Harlan Wilson portrays a dystopian world of useless academics, trends that move at light speed, and a mass-media even more brainless than they currently are. Dr. Identity acts as the raging Id of Dr. Blah Blah Blah's repressed ego, taking him on an odyssey of ultraviolence.

I can't hope to mention all of the things I loved about this book. I caught references to a lot of favorites, like Neuromancer, Snow Crash, the Hyperion Cantos, and all sorts of comics and movies. I loved that the Bobafett model of jetpack was the best on the market, that Bug Eyed Monsters attacked people who spent too much time shopping in Littleoldladyville, and that Dr. Blah Blah Blah read a Hardy Boys novel while Dr. Identity was murdering one of his student-things. Funny how both of my two most recent Bizarro reads mentioned The Hardy Boys. I loved how the congressmen said "Bring it on" or "Horseshit" rather than "Yay" or "Nay."

That's about all. I'm drawing a blank on what to say next. Suffice to say, Dr. Identity is one hell of a Bizarro thrill ride and should appeal to fans of Philip K. Dick, cyberpunk, and distopia.

Buy this one right now, Stephen!

Brad says

Pow. Bam. Crack.

Not at all what I expected, but worth the read nonetheless. 'Ganger's good. Dr. Blah Blah Blah annoying. The world fascinating, and not so bizarro or far fetched as I went in expecting.

Check it out.

Jennifer says

This book has possibly the longest action sequence in a novel. *Dr. Identity* is a headlong rush into the unreal from the hilarious opening to the absurd ending and it just received the Wonderland Award for Best Bizarro novel of 2007.

D. Wilson says

"A blur-fast caper through a mediated nightmare future which will thankfully be prevented by a series of massive and man-made disasters." Steve Aylett, author of *Slaughtermatic* and *Lint*

"*Dr. Identity* is a rollicking romp through a future so absurd, it can't help but feel real. D. Harlan Wilson shows us everything we know—but wish we didn't—about ourselves." Robert Venditti, author of *The Surrogates*

"Let's dispense with the usual predictable analogies ('Kafka/Cronenberg-on-laughing-gas'), redundancies ('Phillip K. Dick/William Gibson-on-acid'), or accurate-but-somewhat-obscure references ('the most intense and, in a certain sense, the most significant young prose writer since Mark Leyner and Ben Marcus ... establishes Wilson as the Steve Katz of the post-everything generation ... vies with Derek Pell's *The Little Red Book of Adobe LiveMotion* for being the funniest book of the new millennium'), and cut to the chase: D Harlan Wilson's hilarious meta-pulp SF novel, *Dr. Identity*, is a funhouse mirror whose cartoonish distortions continually amaze and amuse—until one realizes that what we're seeing is a disturbingly accurate vision of ourselves. An instant avant-pop classic by a major new talent. Two surgically-enhanced, stainless-steel thumbs way, way up!" Larry McCaffery, editor of *Storming the Reality Studio* and *After Yesterday's Crash*

"This book's better'n the bushelfull of Benzedrine-spiked donut holes with which *Dr. Identity* tries to bribe his students into civilized demeanor! Pomo cybertheory never tasted so good or made you fly this high!" *American Book Review*

"Readers with a taste for wacky experimental fiction will enjoy D. Harlan Wilson's *Dr. Identity, or, Farewell to Plaquedemia: A Pulp Science Fiction Novel*, set in the postcapitalist city of Bliptown." *Publisher's Weekly*

"Madcap, macabre black comedy ... Wilson's sardonic, riotously imaginative vision of the future holds a mirror up to our own increasingly chaotic society and makes provocative entertainment." *Booklist*

David Agranoff says

Dr. Identity by D. Harlan Wilson
205 pages from Raw Screaming Dog press

D. Harlan Wilson like many authors has a lot to say about his job. As a college professor teaching students about literature we get a pretty wide glimpse into the man's thinking by cracking open this book. From the promotional material and the various blurbs (some are hilarious fictional ones) on the cover you can see that

most people reading this book have every different takes on the material from each other.

What is Dr. Identity. Bizarro? Science Fiction? Humor? Future-Noir? Speculative? Satire? Social Commentary? Dystopian? Cartoonish? Pulp? Surrealist? The short answer is yes! All of the above and then some words I can't think of. Not to slight all the other fantastic Bizarro books that have sprung out of the growing movement I would have to declare this one perhaps the most brilliant one I've read yet. Is it the best or my favorite? I'm not sure, but I have to say Science Fiction fans have not had a laugh riot like this on their hands since Douglas Adams got bored with his own books.

The novel is about a professor (Dr. Blah Blah Blah) in a quite absurdist future that has to go on the run after his substitute doppelganger decided to slaughter his class. On the run in Bliptown where time doesn't always move forward or you must shop in stores where bug eyed monsters attack you for not buying fast enough provides a hilarious and inventive back drop.

The level of creativity and invention that appears on every single page is what makes Dr. Identity a must read. D. Harlan Wilson is real talent that has me imaging Phillip K Dick writing for the Monty Python. Fans of Rudy Rucker's funny and bizarre science fiction will also find Wilson's work a good fit on the same shelf.

Daniel says

What did I think, Goodreads? What did I THINK? A few chapters into this and I wasn't thinking, as much I was panicking. Then eventually came some thoughts through the adrenaline-rush of emotion: Just who exactly is this D. Harlan Wilson? And more pertinently to the panic, how did he know about my personal academic existence - or my student-things - to capture it all so perfectly in this bizarro vision of Corndog U, Dr. Blah and his colleagues? What else did he know?

The start of this was like reading about my last semester, yet he wrote this thing in 2007 - or prior! Is D. Harlan Wilson a time lord? Is he watching over my shoulder right now, taking notes for his next expose? Or is that his eyes I see peeking under the door. Maybe that's just the neighbor's cat again? I don't know. I just don't know. For all I know D. Harlan Wilson is just as fluffy as Mister Tittles. He's certainly just as enigmatic. I found his webpage on the Internet, but I don't know if that all is reality either, if he exists at all, if he is human, or Dr Identityesque. Heck, I read this thing on a Kindle, not even physical, feel-it text and pulp, just some electronic ether that vanished and appeared with each flick of a finger. So I'm not even sure if this really exists or if it was just my imagination. So many books. D. Harlan Wilson has messed with my head, and this novel was one wild ride. From photos I know I was going bald prior to starting this. Otherwise I'd pin that on him too.

The beauty of "Dr. Identity" is just how close to real it seems. Yes, it is bizarro fiction, chocked-full of absurdity. It feels so odd, weird, and foreign, passing at breakneck speed like a crazy-assed dream. But its power and relevance lies in the fact that underneath all of that absurdity are bits of truth, of insight and meaningful satire. For each moment of randomness or silliness there is something serious accompanying, buried within - whether with a nod to science fiction tropes, technology, philosophy, politics, education, etc. At such a short length, and with such a 'trivial', chase format of plot, it is quite astounding how much meat Wilson manages to pack onto the skeleton. A lot may be up to interpretation, a lot I'm sure I missed, but there's a great deal there for those who care to look. And what a zany fun jaunt it is.

This type of fiction is admittedly not my favorite kind of thing. I probably won't read everything out there by Wilson, but when I'm in the mood for this genre, I know this is the place to turn. His shorter works may be

more accessible to people new to bizarro, it is hard to keep up with it over the longer form. To Wilson's note, the fault lies in this reader, not Wilson's writing, which manages to keep everything engaging even for a novel. No fan of bizarro fiction should go without this.

Chris Bowsman says

Summing up any of D Harlan Wilson's work is an exercise in futility. However, this line does a pretty good job: "I'm just a product of the future. And the future's been extinct for a long time."

I find D Harlan's shorter works easier to digest than the long form stuff, but DR IDENTITY really delivers. Like most sci-fi, there is an abundance of social commentary, but rather the same old crap about white America shaking its fist around the world, DR IDENTITY is more of a middle finger to everyday nonsense. I'm really looking forward to the sequels.

Rebecca McNutt says

I really liked *Dr. Identity*; it's a quirky, weird and interesting story featuring everything from a dystopian environment to homicidal autonomous lookalikes.

Byron 'Giggsy' Paul says

Who knew dystopias could be hilarious? D. Harlan Wilson mixes plenty of humor into *Dr. Identity* while still keeping it worthy of being a great dystopian novel. I also like surrealism but often complain too much surrealism just doesn't point to it - it can't just be randomly weird, it still needs a reason. I love how Wilson's points aren't lost on the reader (perhaps it is because the novel is often tagged as irrealism as opposed to surrealism).

Before reading this I was afraid to live in Orwell's 1984. Now my fears have shifted to a future-city like Bliptown, but what we all must fear is D Harlan Wilson's mind itself!

Jeremy Maddux says

I am simply drunk on words after studying this paper monolith extracted from a timeline of raw information, free from the shackles of prestidigitation and the eternally recurring Hero Cycle. Though Wilson's philosophical and hypertextual riffs and digressions can still be found in this one, they flow so well against the backdrop of this intellectually honest action movie/buddy comedy that you don't even mind the detours through the Schizoverse where you can watch the Ids of every single person in the universe die for eternity or Littleoldladyville where imaginations are sold to experimental college students in all colors, styles and models, and even ebonics have attained brandhood under the rule of technocorporations.

I also found a codification in this incredibly verbose tome of why exactly Wilson practices his technique in the style that he does:

"The primary reason for this aesthetic is flagrant: such a broken, scatterbrained multiperspectivalism will reflect the fragmented, schizophrenic, technosocioeconomic landscape of the comic's diegetic reality. Under this auspice, I have the freedom to be atemporal and alinear at will and nobody can hold me accountable for not piecing together a coherent, edge-of-your-seat, empathic, hyperformulaic story."

"The only narrative factors I care about are description and dialogue. Everything else is bird shit. Plot especially. Plot is for plaquedemics."

For those curious, plaquedemics are bad.

Emory says

"One man's delusion is another 'ganger's reality."

This simple, yet cryptic, phrase sums up the ultra-violent and entertaining first novel in the Scikungfi Trilogy. Join Dr. Blah Blah Blah and his robotic doppelganger, the eponymous Dr. Identity, as they say farewell to plaquedemia and embark on a journey to destroy everything and everyone in their post(post-post+)post capitalist world. Little Old Ladies beware, no one is safe from the endless supply of weapons and tactics at their disposal.

D. Harlan Wilson in equal parts satirizes our own reality, and extrapolates the possible outcome of our society gone way way way too far. The best question you can ask yourself as you read: have we already come to this? Or better yet, will we? As Mr. Wilson illustrates, we could.

Fast-paced and always funny, Dr. Identity serves up a hundred course meal of corpses and 'ganger parts. You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll kill your office partner.

Bradley says

Known for his surreal short stories, this is Wilson's first foray into novel writing, and he pulls it off without a hitch. The book is set in a city of the future where trends come and go at the speed that it takes a bullet to leave a gun. It's the sort of place where the box set for a season of a television show would be released a minute after the first episode is finished broadcasting. And most of the inhabitants are disguised as someone or something else.

I can't recall a book (or movie for that matter) more violent than this one. It puts the kill count of any Arnold Schwarzenegger movie to shame. But the violence is cartoonish rather than disturbing.

Most of the book is a chase sequence with the occasional pit stop. Dr. Blah Blah Blah is a hesitant Mallory Knox to his Mickey - Dr. Identity, his android simulacrum who teaches literature classes when he's not feeling up to it and has been programmed with the balls to do everything that Blah feels the urge to do but never does because of his inhibitions. In this case, it's all about murdering the people who get on his nerves. Dr. Blah must be very easily annoyed.

Pursued by the Papanazi, a group of maniacal photographers competing to give the public what they most

desire - snapshots of the "Dystopian Duo" in action, the two criminal take us on a whirlwind tour of the city, a locale that throws science fiction, fantasy, and surrealism into a blender and mixes them into a hangover cure where anything can happen after you take your first sip.

James Steele says

[I have deleted my previous review because I recently found a better one! The following review is an email I sent to D. Harlan Wilson shortly after I finished reading the book.]

I finished reading your book last night. It's bizarre. It defies explanation. It will scare people away [...] and nobody will know what to do with it. This is a good sign. Things that are easily categorized are easily forgotten, so people who read this will have no choice but to assimilate its memory into their subconscious and somehow live with the consequences. I'm glad I did. It's a great trip. My heart was pounding after I read it.

"Dr. Identity" seized me by the neck, slapped me a dozen times and fucked me up the asshole while it recited Vagon poetry with the voice and eloquence of the Cheshire Cat singing Jabberwocky. The experience was suffocating, painful, guiltily pleasurable and at the same time suicide-inducing and melodiously gorgeous (in that order).

There is no back story. Little world building. No gradual process to bring the reader into this world. No explanation of why the world is the way it is. No inclination even if this world is supposed to be seen as a real place, a real future, a distorted view of the present, or even anything at all. It forced me to look in the chaos and energy of the events for something to ground my sanity, instead of relying on character development and back story.

You have written a living, breathing, surreal monster of nonsense that the brain will struggle to organize. The brain hates chaos, and it will look for patterns in the chaos so it doesn't get caught in an infinite loop. Because of this tendency of my brain, I got the feeling that I knew exactly what was going on. Somewhere in the chaos and raw energy there seemed to be purpose to the events. On the edge of comprehension, maybe inside a node of my reptilian-derived brain structure that even Freud did not imagine was there, the mechanics, dynamics and hyperphallics of this world *made sense.*

I enjoyed reading it. The energy it contains is incredible and the ending feels appropriate. The hopelessness, mindlessness and total chaos of life in Bliptown...it's enough to make anyone insane. It's funny in a very dark kind of way. I loved chapter one, the lecture scene (damn student-things!). The lobster was great, too. The childproofed dragon vehicle that shot Spaghetti-O's made me laugh, and the newscast was perfect. The questions he asks Dr. Blah's wife-thing all in one breath are exactly the kinds of questions I've come to expect from reporters! And don't forget the politician scenes haha. Then there's the schizoverse sequence. It's downright interesting to read about a place where people's animal nature is blatantly out in the open and anything goes. Can't quite put my finger on why it's there, but it fits in...somehow.

I'm trying to take the book's advice and judge it on the surface. But since my brain is too weak to handle chaos without order, it seems to have sorted it into something like: this is a vision of the future wherein the world has descended into mindless consumerism. This has robbed people of any sort of purpose for living, except to stay alive to keep working in their pointless jobs so they can keep their bank accounts full so they

can buy more and stay alive so they can keep working... Life has no meaning anymore. Pleasures of the flesh and even pleasures of the mind have become irrelevant. Because of this, there's no value on life in this world. No sense of right or wrong, and without it no line between logic and reality. All that's left is media, advertising, consumption, violence, and sex--surrogates for real meaning in life. (And yet, society hasn't stopped functioning even though it's going nowhere and existing for no reason. It just muddles on and on, like it always has.) To combat this purposeless existence, people employ robots to face it for them, so the real people can hide in even more consumerism or lusts of the flesh. Our main character's two halves (representing his Id and his Ego) react differently to this kind of world. The Ego, the part that represents higher-minded desires, seems crushed by it. He doesn't know how to survive where there is no sense, leaving the Id--his deepest, inmost animal desires--to survive for him. But even Dr. Identity is defeated by this world of fickle, media-focused consumerism, advertising and disregard for life itself. This is a society that has crushed both sides of the human mind (higher reason and animal pleasures) leaving nothing to live for but the chaos of media and fads. And in the end, all they can do is be assimilated by it. So if life comes to a point where it means nothing, does reality mean nothing? But instead of asking this question (or making it the moral of the story), the book shoves this chaotic society up our asses and forces us to smile for the camera. Or perhaps this is a distorted vision of the present...?

There's so much going on that maybe it doesn't have one particular interpretation, if any at all. For all I know the book may be just a random, sanity-bending stream of consciousness onto which I'm projecting some kind of meaning. Although I'm confident about Dr. Blah as the Ego and Dr. Identity as the Id, and the effect this kind of society has on them. I dunno.

The great part about this book is that I don't **have** to understand it. I kept reading because of that nagging feeling in the back of my head that somewhere deep down I sensed that I understood everything that was going on. But it's like trying to see a tree in twilight. You can look at it from many different angles and it seems to change shape every time. It's changed my reality. I like having my reality changed. It gives life meaning.

Although honestly I don't know if I would have made it to the end unless I had read your short stories as a prerequisite. I remember that I tried to read a book called *Flow My Tears The Policeman Said*, by Philip K. Dick. I made it about halfway before I gave up because there was no world building, nothing made sense, and the characters were shallow and pointless. "Dr. Identity" feels deeper than that book ever did, but I'm glad I was prepared for it.

And it's definitely not an Oprah book :-)

I hope this is somehow useful to you. [...]

Thank you, Herr Wilson-thing for one hell of a ride. Surreal chaos **can** make for a fascinating read.

James Steele

R.A. Harris says

Tracing lines of flight Deleuze himself would be proud of, D. Harlan Wilson transports us to a future world that is openly recognised as science fictional, like in *Blade Runner*, but on steroids.

Dr. Identity is a wacky satire of everything about the current socio-economic climate that could be satirised. Elements from today are twisted into sick parodies of themselves, and the result is one seriously fucked-up, and yet, perhaps sadly, recognisable world. Advertisements, materialism, the press, consumerism, government, economy, academia, fetishised violence, celebrity, all are caricatured and ridiculed in this fantastic world.

Papanazi press and pig cops, governments that hang themselves, speculative weapons that can be kept in black hole-esque pockets, to a computer generated world known as the schizoverse (where your Id can go and gratify itself by indulging in ultraviolent tendencies or sexual promiscuity (maybe both at the same time) are all the norm in Bliptown, a seething metropolis of advertisements and jetpacking commuters, surrounded by rainforest full of imaginary creatures, creatures that none-the-less, would rip you to shreds in minutes.

Wilson leads us on an ultraviolent tour-de-force the likes of of which we haven't seen since Mickey and Mallory Knox graced our screens. The over-the-top violence and gore are beautifully rendered, and really don't seem out of place in the crazy world Wilson creates. Featuring speculative weapons that turn assailants (and innocent by-standers!) into cubes of meat or reduce them to cosmic soup, as well as ridiculous nazi editors, and lecturers that dish out capital punishment to student-things for being stupid, late or just rude, Wilson's future dystopia is never short of murder, so much that its almost a piece of performance art. A graceful ballet of blood and guts pirouetting off of the page and splashing your sense organs senseless.

The culprits of the murder spree are a schizophrenic plaquedemic named Dr. Blah Blah Blah, and his 'ganger, an android named Dr. Identity, which happens to know scikungfu and be a complete psychopath. Anti-heroic to the extreme, and yet more likeable than 99% of the other characters populating the book, Dr. Identity represents what happens when somebody like Dr. Blah Blah Blah, an under-appreciated, under-achieving, self-loathing man gets an opportunity to fulfil the desire to perfect themselves. There's a reason capitalism blocks the flow of libido, channels it. Dr. Identity is the embodiment of that reason.

The single criticism I have for the book, is that the end felt like it came a little too soon, but maybe that was just the sadist in me being disappointed that all good things must come to an end. It certainly made sense, the resolution couldn't really have come any other way, but it still felt like Wilson just stopped writing, and thought, let's go and have a nice cup of tea after that amphetamine fuelled spasm.

If Deleuze and Guattari wrote novels, they'd still pale in comparison to D. Harlan Wilson.

I will definitely be reading the rest of the scikungfu trilogy, and so should you.
