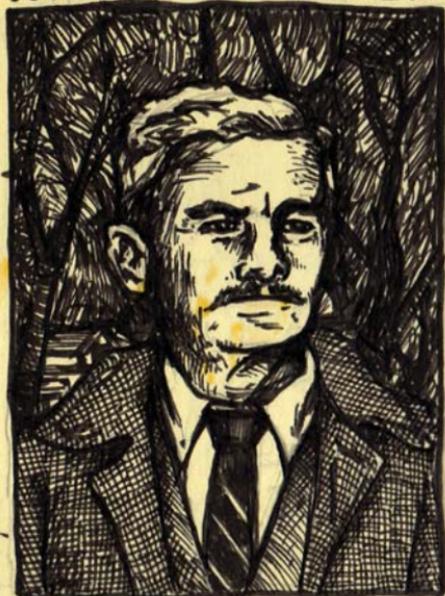


WILLIAM FAULKNER



"AN ARTIST IS A CREATURE DRIVEN
BY... DRIVEN BY... UM... BY..."

FAULKNER



BOARD

WILLIAM FAULKNER
IN MEMORIAM

LUPIN SCOPE CREEP



GRAVY



LINT



VELCRO



PADDING



INVESTMENTS



CROWBAR



VAPOR



NEON



LEMONS



SEVENTH PRINTING, 1979
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GOLDEN, A LITTLE GOLDEN
DEMOGRAPHIC STUDY

THREE

DRIVEN BY LEMONS

JOSHUA W. COTTER (BY)

Thank You
 MOTHER, FATHER,
 BRUDDER, PITZERFAM,
 STRIPJOINT, TRUBBLE, DON'T BE
 SILLY FLUOXETINE, CONCERTA,
 SEROQUEL, DR. BENSON, WIFE,
 PEEWEE, SHARPIE SKILLZ, MICRONE
 COPICMARS MOLERINDS CTA 710
 WINSOR & NEWTON COOK COUNTY
 HOSPITAL BLUE WARD WARD
 WEEN MARGIE'S CHICAGO
 THE AFFLICTION NERVE ENDINGS
 WHITE & EXPOSED FRIENDS NEAR OF
 FAR & DEAR ADHOUSE KIDS
 LILL FAMBARNARD FAMILISOTOPE
 THEREIN LIES OUR FALLEG
 ORANGE SODA (DIET) ADOBE
 LARRY MOUSE BLACK PAW
 (I DON'T THINK LEMONS IS A
 GRAPHIC NOVEL, BUT I DON'T HAVE
 THE FINAL SAY) DRAWN 708-1109
 BOUNDARY FOR SANCTUARY
 JWC, MMIX
 L.G.

DRIVEN BY LEMONS,
 BY JOSHUA W. COTTER

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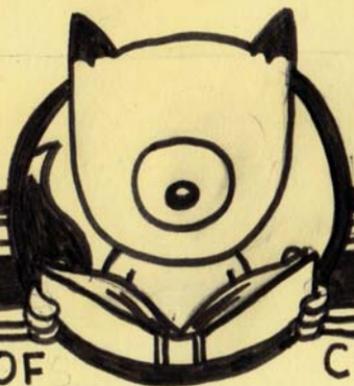


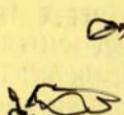
TABLE OF CONTENTS

PREFACE WITH WILLIAM FAULKNER: HEROGLYPHICS FOR DIAGNOSIS 296.89	1
DRIVEN BY LEMONS	3
I MIGRANEUR	7
1. DECLARATIONS OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE (THE SPEWED KEY)	8
2. SKYSCRAPERS OF THE MIDWEST II	10
3. Q: YOU HAVE VISUAL HALLUCINATION	14
4. STOP LOOKING AT ME (WITH □ AND △)	16
5. THE MIGRANEUR (IN SEARCH OF PEAKS)	20
II SCOPE CREEP	41
1. THE GET BETTER FACTORY (STUDIES IN ARCHITECTURAL DISINTEGRATION)	42
2. EXPLORATION IN REGARDS TO THE QUESTION OF TROUBLE	61
3. SPROUT (FRUIT OF YR LABOUR)	79
III YOU GOT THE POWER	91
1. HEAVILY EDITED SUMMARY (W/INJURY)	92
2. YOU GOT THE TOUCH	96
3. THE DISHONEST SALT WATER (PUSHING TOWARDS)	97



MIGRANEUR

1. M
FEELS LIKE
TO



AND SO IT BEGUN. AND SO IT BEGINS / BEGANS. LET US TRY TO MAKE SOME SENSE OF THIS, LET US APPLY OUR WONDERFUL STRUCTURES. LET US HAVE BEGINNINGS, LET US (LUT) HAVE MIDDLES, LET US HAVE ENDS. LET US HAVE INCONSISTENCIES, LOOP HOLES, POOR GRAMMAR AND SPELLING. POUR SPELING. FRAME YOUR DAY, WE'LL PUT IT INTO PANELS, SEQUENCE IN ~~THE~~ OUR CEREBRAL CHAOS. LET US BE ENTERTAINED. TURN YOUR TELEVISION ON, READ THIS TO THE 2 AM INFOCOMMERCIAL. EAT TOAST. TURN UP YOUR ROCK AND ROLL, GRIT YR TEETH (HOLD ON). RUB YOUR LEFT EYE. SHOULD YOU BE EATING THIS LATE? WHAT IF YOUR CLOTHES DON'T FIT RIGHT TOMORROW? WHAT IF THE MIRRORS START SHOWING US WHAT WE REALLY LOOK LIKE? WHAT IS YOUR CURRENT ETHICAL DILEMMA?

OR SHOULD I CHALLENGE YOUR STRUCTURE? AM I CAPABLE OF SOMETHING LIKE THAT? WILL WE KEEP READING / ABSORBING (FUNCTIONING) WILL WE CARE? GIVE A SHIT? A FUCK? MAYBE WE SHOULD STOP TAKING EVERYTHING SO GODDAMNED SERIOUSLY? YOU WANT YOUR BEGINNING? MAYBE I'LL FUCK WITH YOU AND PUT IT 2/3 OF THE WAY THROUGH. MAYBE YOU NEED THAT. MAYBE I'LL BE DOING US A BIG FAVOR. IT'S WHAT WE ALL NEED. I'LL WIN A TROPHY PLATED IN GOLD AND I'LL THANK ALL OF YOU FOR BEARING WITH ME WHILE I MOVE YR/OUR BEGINNING. THEN HOLLYWOOD WILL COME AFTER US BEGGING US TO CHALLENGE THEIR STRUCTURE AND WE'LL SAY 'FUCK YOU, MAN! MY SOUL AIN'T FOR SALE!' THEY WILL WEEP. LIKE JESUS. BUT THEN MAYBE I'LL GO BEHIND YOUR BACK AND GO AHEAD AND MAKE A DEAL WITH THEM BUT UNDER A PSEUDONYM. LIKE SCOTT. BUT JUST 'SCOTT'. SCOTT, JESUS, MADONNA, MAGNUM, MONA, STALIN, PRINCE, LARRY, DARYLL, DARYLL, GOD, MR. T, MR. ROGERS, MR. MR., OH, DARK ANGEL OF CROOKED THOUGHT AND THEY WARNED ME THAT THERE WAS LEAD PAINT AND GODDAM IF MY JAW DOESN'T ACHE. FREE FROM ONE'S NORMAL SELF BY THE END OF CARE AND WORRY. OUR OWN LITTLE BAKCHEIA.

PISTON. GRAVEL. ICE-CREAM HEAD-ACHE. IT MOVES IN FROM THE LOWER LEFT, PULSING NEON VERTEBAE. FIELDS OF ICE POKED WITH STALKS STILL CARRYING THEIR AUTUMN BURDEN. A HUNGRY FOX, SLIDING AND SCRAPING, CHEWING IT'S BLACK PAW: OIL-SLICK VICTIMS PUSHING TOWARDS SALT-WATER AND OUR INVERSE WORLD WITH DISHONEST MIRRORS. CORN-BIN, BURIED LEG AND WHAT IF IT CONSUMED THE REST OF ME? CORN DUST AND MUD RAINBOWS SMEARED ON THE BACKS OF MY EYELIDS AND I'M SLIDING ON THE ICE, DIGGING, STRUGGLING TO GET CLAW TRACTION AND I'M HUNGRY, CHEWING ON MY BLACK PAW, COVERED WITH OIL AND PUSHING TOWARDS THE DISHONEST SALT WATER.

MY NECK IS TENSE, ALL OF THE BOLTS ARE TOO TIGHT. WHAT IF MY SKIN FAILS ME? REJECTS ITS CONTENTS AND MAKES FOR THE HILLS? BLACK AGAINST YELLOW CONSTRUCTION PAPER. WHICH ONE WOULD YOU TRUST? WHICH HAND WOULD YOU TAKE? DON'T TRUST ME. I WILL LIE TO YOU OVER AND OVER AGAIN. IT'S BECAUSE OF MY THOUGHTS AND HOW THEY CONTINUE TO MUTATE, FROM SEEDS SPROUTING MADLY WITH TIME-ELAPSE INFINITE VINE. MY REALITY CONTINUES TO MOVE, RIPPLE, CHANGE COLORS AND FOLD UPON ITSELF. I AM HONEST WITH YOU EVERY (INS) GIVEN MOMENT, BUT I WILL NEVER STOP LYING TO YOU. NAH. HAH. JUST KIDDING, PAL. YOU CAN DEFINITELY TRUST ME. WE GO WAY, WAY, WAY BACK. REMEMBER THAT TIME WHEN OUR THOUGHTS MERGED TO CREATE A STRANGE PLASTIC SPIRAL THAT WAS YELLOW WITH RED DIAMONDS ON IT BUT WE LEFT IT IN THE SANDBOX DURING A THUNDERSTORM AND WHEN WE FOUND IT THE SAND HAD FUSED WITH IT AND WHEN WE PICKED IT UP IT SLIT OUR PALMS AND WE SCREAMED IN PERFECT HARMONY AND WOKE THE NEIGHBORS ON THE NEXT FARM OVER AND WHEN THE FAMILY AWOKE THERE WASN'T A SUN, OR MOON OR STARS OR WIND OR SOUND AND EVERYTHING HAD TURNED TO ICE AND WE COULDN'T SNEEZE OR OUR HOME WOULD SHATTER AND REFORM THROUGH US, AND I WOULD BE ONE WITH THE SOFA AND YOUR ARM WAS ONE WITH THE RUG IN THE DINING ROOM? WE BLINK AND THERE IS DUST AND WIND AND DRAGONFLIES AND WE ARE CRIMSON SUMMER DUSK AND OUR FEET LEAVE THE PATH (WE'RE ON A PATH NOW.) AND THE COLOR DRAINS OUT OF THE BOTTOM LEAVING BLACK AGAINST YELLOW CONSTRUCTION PAPER AND WHEN YOU LOOK AT ME MY MOUTH IS OVERFLOWING WITH ~~THE~~ CICADA SHELLS AND YOU TAKE MY HAND AND YOU TRUST ME. ~~AND~~ AFTER ALL OF THE TIMES I WARNED YOU, YOU TRUST ME.

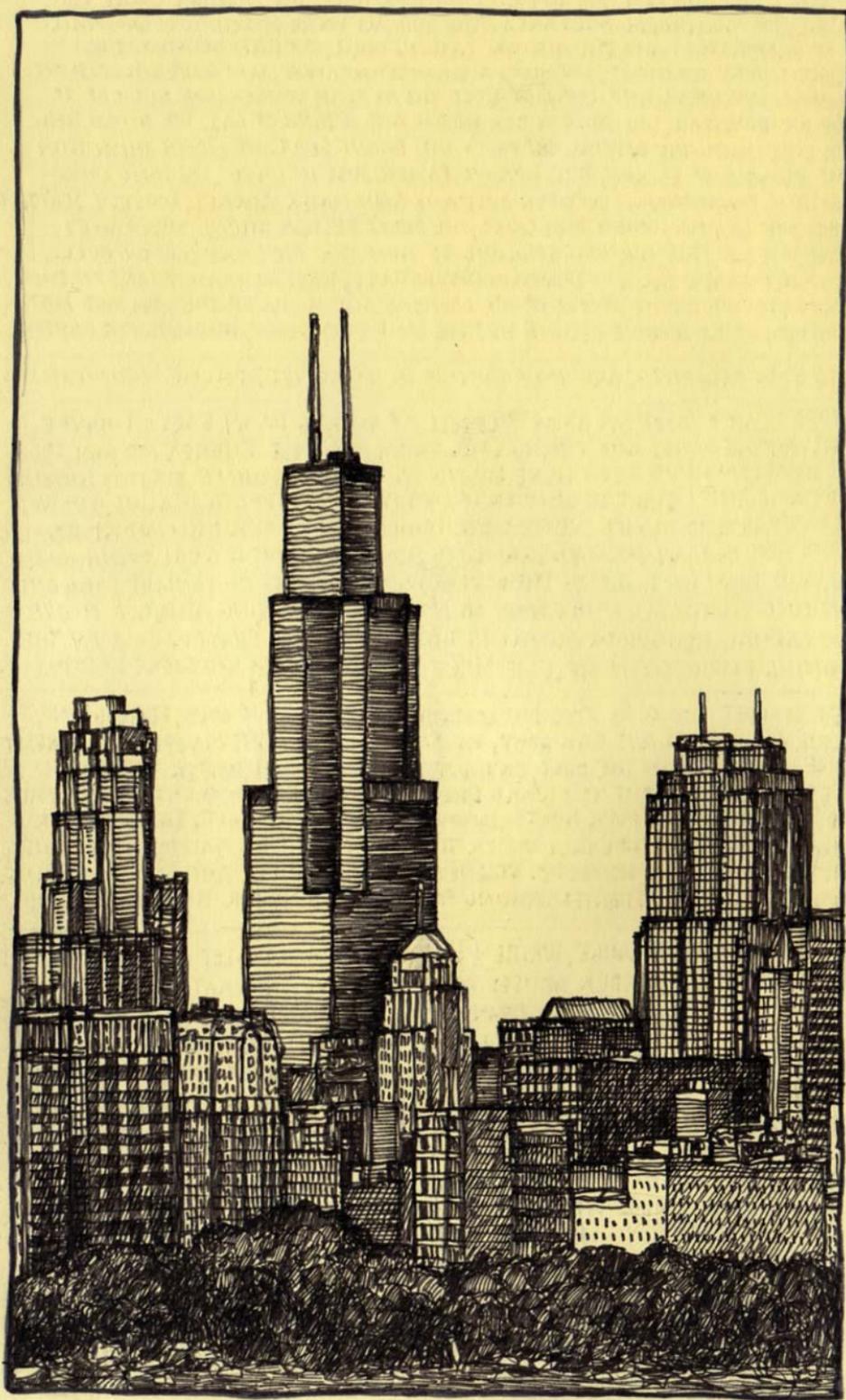
WE MADE THE DECISION TO LEAVE ON A THURSDAY. IT BEGAN WELL BEFORE THAT, BUT I COULDN'T GIVE YOU AN EXACT DATE OR TIME. THE CHANGES WERE TOO GRADUAL, TOO MUCH HAZY GREY AREA. THE ANIMALS WERE STARTING TO GROW (ALL OUT OF PROPORTION) AND THE AIR WAS GETTING THICK, OXYGEN GELATIN. THE CHILDREN WERE TERRIFIED, SPEAKING A STRANGE LANGUAGE, LOW GUTTERAL (?) SOUNDS. THE WALL WAS WEAK AND COULDN'T HOLD THEM MUCH LONGER. WE DECIDED TO LEAVE ON THURSDAY. WE STOLE A BOX TRUCK AND A TANK OF GAS. WE WOULD HEAR THEM SCRATCHING THE METAL ~~OFF~~ FROM THE FRONT SEAT. WE DIDN'T THINK THEY WOULD BE ABLE TO ESCAPE, BUT I DROVE FASTER JUST IN CASE. WE TOOK LONG-FORGOTTEN BACKROADS... LEFT FOR DUST AND RAIN-WATER GORGES, LOOSELY SCATTERED LIMESTONE GRAVEL. WHEN THEY CRIED, WE DIDN'T BELIEVE THEM, WHEN THEY HOWLED, WE DID. THE AIR WAS STARTING TO THIN, BUT WE WERE LOW ON FUEL... WE COUGHED BLACK GEL AND TRANSLUCENT PELLETS, KEPT IN MASON JARS ON THE DASHBOARD. WE DIDN'T KNOW IF WE WOULD MAKE IT ALL OF THE WAY, AND EVEN IF WE DID, WOULD ANYONE BELIEVE US? THE CLOUDS HUNG LOW, HUMMING FOR WINTER.

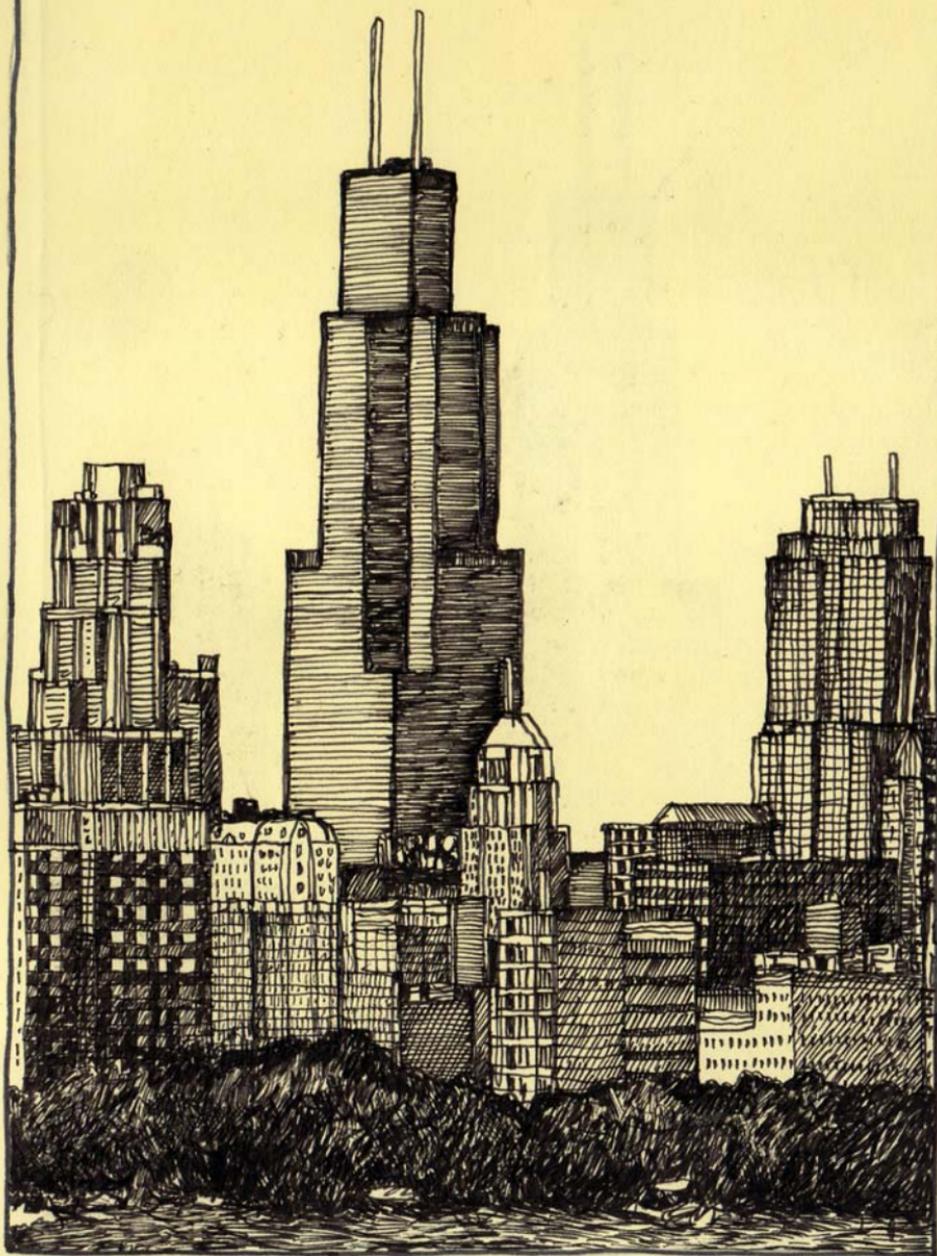
IS THIS YOUR BEGINNING? ARE YOU READY TO TRUST ME YET? TELL ME WITHOUT WORDS.

WINDED I CAN'T MOVE MY ARMS 3 LEVELS OF RINGING IN MY EARS OR MAYBE THAT'S NOT ME WIRES AND TUBING SPILL FROM MY FACE THERE'S NO WAY TO TELL HOW LONG I'VE BEEN HERE LIVING WITH THIS MACHINE BUT IT IS RUSTING AND DAMP AND I START TO WONDER IF I AM THE ONE KEEPING IT ALIVE AND NOT VICE VERSA AND MAYBE WE NEED EACH OTHER DESPITE OUR DISCOMFORT FEEDING FLUIDS AND BINARY PULSING CRAWLING ALONG WITHOUT A GOAL DOING MORE DAMAGE THAN GOOD ALONG THE WAY LEAVING DEPOSITS OF TANGLED WIRE AND BLINKING LIGHTS ALL WHILE HOPING NO ONE IS WATCHING ASHAMED OF OUR RAW CARNAL BEHAVIOUR SLINKING THROUGH PURPLE SHADOW CAST BY THE WHINING FLUORESCENT HELL WE BUILT FOR OURSELVES WE WERE SO SO PROUD.

THEY STOPPED LOOKING FOR YOU LONG AGO. BURIED AND COLD, FEEDING ON NOCTURNAL INSECTS AND OAK ROOT, PAW AND SCRATCH. AND MAYBE YOU WEREN'T ALONE, OTHERS WITH THE DIRT, DRY AND IMMOBILE WITH UMBER EMOTION. TREES WOULD VISIT BUT YOU WOULD ~~THEY~~ STEAL, OBVIOUS AND LAZY. FINGERNAILS HAD SPROUTED, WILD PINK ROOTS SCROUNGING FOR DAYLIGHT. THEY FLOWER TOO EARLY, BLOSSOM TOO EARLY UNDER THE GRASS, CLOUD, MALNOURISHED AND BRITTLE, HOPING FOR HONESTY. YOU NEVER HAD A CHANCE. AND WE WERE LYING. THEY NEVER EVEN STARTED LOOKING FOR YOU. YOU NEVER HAPPENED, FRIEND.

THE WORDS WERE STRANGE, WRITTEN LONG AGO IN A MANGLED VARIATION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. ORDER ABUSED AND SUBMISSIVE, MODERATION GAGGED AND STAPLED TO THE CEILING. THEY DRANK VODKA AND RUBBED IN OBTUSE ANGLES, THE BATHTUB SWEATING IN ADOLESCENT ANTICIPATION. EACH WHITE (FINGER) BROKEN SYSTEMATICALLY WITH A COMPLEX SYSTEM OF LEVERS, HAMMERS AND UNCONDITIONAL LOVE. EXPLORATION OF FULL RANGES OF GREY IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOMS, UNCHARTED EARTH SPROUT OAK VINE CLIMBING THROUGH BLUE AIR BUILDING ON SPARROWS, BARN OWLS AND CARDINALS, PUNCTURE CLOUD IS NOW STATIONARY ABSORB VACUUM BLACK MATTER SPIRAL SECRETS OF MATTER ORIGIN AND DISREGARD LANS OF TIME WINDING SLIDING DOWN THROUGH ARMS OF GOD, ~~HER~~ FINGERNAILS SPROUTING WILD PINK ROOTS SCROUNGING FOR DAYLIGHT FLOWERING TOO EARLY BLOSSOM TOO EARLY UNDER WIND, CLOUD, MALNOURISHED AND BRITTLE, HOPING HE WOULD STOP LYING TO US, TO HIMSELF, TO EVERY LAST DIM CORNER OF SKY, BOX TRUCKS AND SCREAMING METAL, THE AIR WAS SUDDENLY TOO THIN TO SUPPORT THEM, THE TANK OF GAS THEY STOLE, THE RAVING MAD CHILDREN THE WEAK WALLS, DRAGONFLIES, SAND, JAW, WINTER, TELEVISION, PAL, PAPER, CHEWING ITS DARK PAW, PUSHING TOWARDS THE DISHONEST SALT WATER WHERE THEY TOLD US THAT THE STORY STARTED THIS WAY, THE BEGINNING SOMEWHERE ELSE...







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by Joshua W. Cotter

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