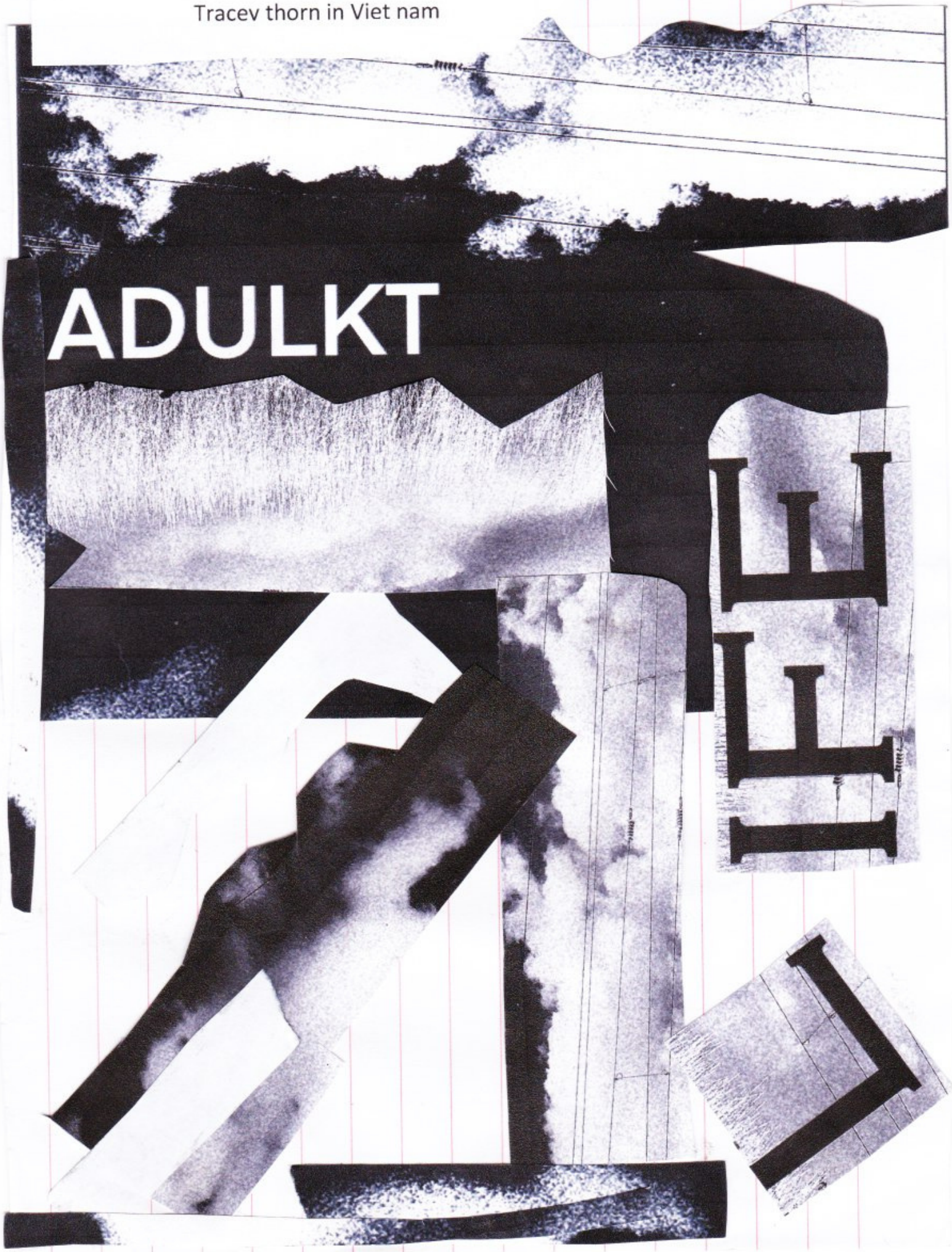
Tracev thorn in Viet nam

# ADULKT



The tide bleeds mistakes
There is an art to it all
Hidden under bone

TAE WON YU / DALE SHAW

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Tracey thorn in Viet nam

Really !?-yr. address is the city of smoke and mirrors,

so you keep hold of all the cloaks n daggers !/dripping ,,

Sitting on a stool that's too hard on my ass and for daydreaming

rice n fish frying

encourages fast digestion

and food completion//aborted daydreaming

(contactless) bill paying

....I used to feel soothed "?by the anecdote I was told about Italians

doing lunch standing up-why?

The way it was told not the contents -fuck rushing ,,

I panic when my back feels wet, after so little action

there's condensation coating everything

mesh screen /of rain and grease

afternoon short wave and state pressurised news

translated thru a filtered transistor

you came upriver

for the midnight of the sun ,

its pull is final ,

not for everyone

3

Tracey thorn in Viet nam-not for ever /everyone 1?/

enabling Adulkt life requires some form of amputation

Portland's building freedoms from a crack in a trap/no daydreaming ,

sound tracked by ghost of Julius Eastman ,

I should choose an eaterie where the proprietors like "talk" at least

I am what I eat-well I eat guiltily,/secretive so what dish is that ?

and im trying to do the opposite

evolve an appetite

Tracey thorn in Viet nam

learns the a.m graffiti -dash

never sleeps

(cant take praise )ponders I am what I eat ??

half hates every meal/time,but sees it through to completion,

of a kind has issues ,with waste as

wellas taste

its 50/50

so you finish with a grimace tell myself its for my own good ,

.(seething when swallowing ,news as appetite suppressant..

in my Adulkt life/some kind of job now which is allright ?

beautiful moments mixed with lowered expectations spilling over the edges ,looks so unappealing sounds appetising- Portland eat outside ,sdashing ,sirens calling ,

I was borne for a seat in a corner ,fuck rushing

I'm already there

I'm there already

and id kill for a roast -a family sit down !1 what a thing to open yr heart to admitting .that which in previous lives made you wanna flee

some of us selected the midnight of the sun

up river /up streams /not for everyone the pull is final/ reals as good as fake (fake bullet proof vests !??...

all the kids here lookstray

like discarded pets

dripping waterproofed fur shook jells /short skins in the game

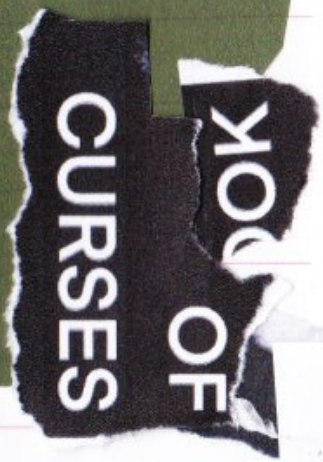
leaking another pandemic for tomorrow probably too early to tell

sorry - excuse me ,,

I apologise a lot 1

to communicate its shorthand-as I'm not sorry really at all

but its minimally intimate, these sorries and I've seen my reflection enough to know I look guilty as all hell




my eyes follow the line on the floor

adulkt life walks through the door

so sorry

Adulkt life's a book of curses

that needs a book of matches to get this party started -dont laugh -life's a short stay visa conditions and terms

adulkt life in non allignment zone tracey thorn in viet nam

this sint real/really connecting me to anyone

did i secretly want it to ?tick as appropriate etc

ina 70s simulacrum whats more timely then 50s rock n roll

coming in througha underwater tuned tornado

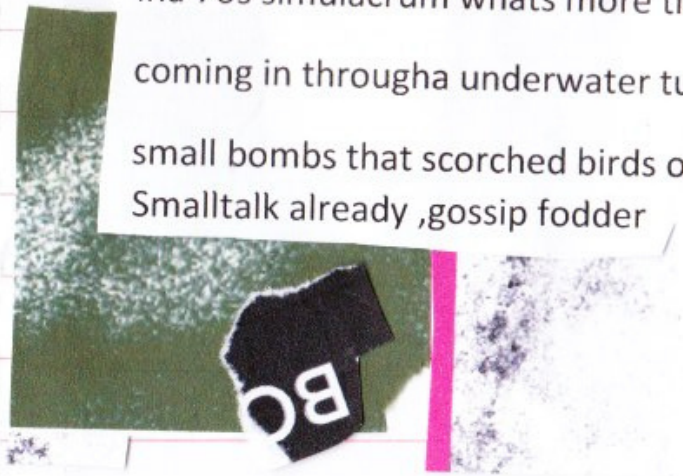
small bombs that scorched birds out of skies caused sensations and shocks just days ago aren't even Smalltalk already ,gossip fodder

so soon after

no smells

storm drains

sunday roasted



I daydream a British church?/and surrounded by trees symbolising what ?autumn leaves and imagined muffled bells hitting moss

dampened down trodden floors and roars from a nearby sports field good for the soul

safety again ,so sorry

I've tried not to give in and give away these nostalgia pangs like throwing stars coated in poison at each tip sharpening

Yr escape rates !!

you gotta pay yr escape rates tenderest attackwhere the curse breaks

where the curse breaks

Tracey thorn in Viet nam

/non aligned yr. peace time status is what ?? yr.

peace time status is what ?

tracey thorn in viet nam travelled light ,soaked thru-cool/uncool wanted to join a cause ,raise up arms ,learning to love

those snakes in my facve

the snakes in my face

in London ,Bristol Hong kong ,brooklyn ,what1?-without doing any of the work,the karmic ground stuff getting on the good foot,

synthesising the mood, as military and policy meet crowds

fuming with resistance and wedged into

funnels sour cream shoved till tempers flip and fllood !

its an interloper trait

put the silly guitar and notebook away

to sign off or sing on a line with what you now know

not to be red spray paint

still wet unfinished

youve missed deadlines /countless community meetings

fundraisers in absence and days of research and dissemination

fighting for a grip on justice forged

triumphalism's as older comrades knit jumpers and blankets ,,,

petitions are delivered like settlers flags upriver to council steps

that push back and crumble as

crocodiles snap local news reporters crashing tumbling in repellance

you missed all that-/good ol boys on horseback- bad old uns riding in back

but you want to write about it

please -what a tourist/tracey thorn in viet nam didnt bring much

but felt a bile and resentment that

worth more than daydreaming and sitting wistfully ,

,painfully on a hard assed stool

it feels like so much is waiting on yr take on adulkt life,that said this is

waiting /writing

writhing

..not living n

no ones following you

its disappointing to know ?though that doesn't prevent

[paranoia rituals to dislodge and disown --

these are basic luxuries

yr innocense =gag reflex

yr innocense =gag reflex its all 50/50

so-so and your obliged to cut

soft kids into hard lines

and slice tender buttons from old times /there's no other

work to do but create yourself anew

create yourself anew //dining on car fires

in Tehran better split !1

you didn't do the field work as you're easily bored

and hold the masses in scorn 1!?-you hope that

aint the truth

so you argue with yr. superiority complex that you play down

in self deprecatory low tones eyes

flowing the line on the floor

no more day dreaming transformed into thickened blood balladry

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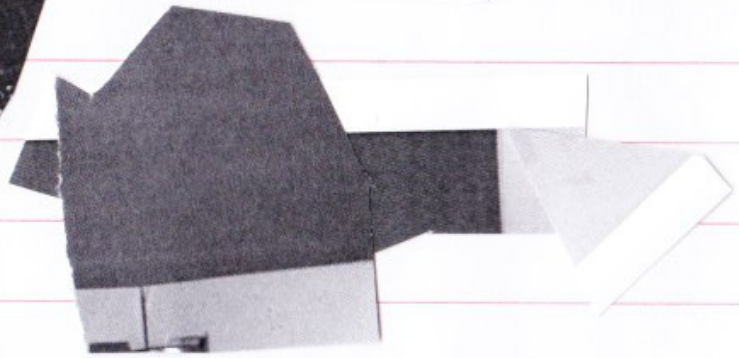
crowd struggling

Tracey thorn in Viet nam

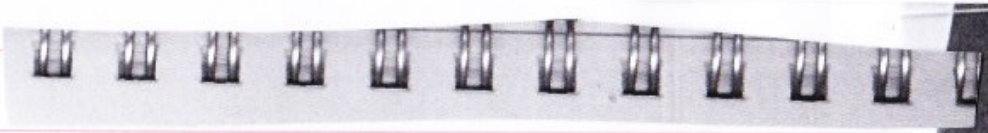
of yr. individual value and potential contribution

everyone wants a copy of yr proof and cred/



There are some old guys playing card games I watch every day
up and reassembled as limbs of their population

and i smile, its natural how hard to prove yr. down with the struggle



march mismanaging

you feel the weight

balanced against deception and societal smears

entails everyone wants to control you

in yr. adulkt life...

in yr. adulkt life you feel elated

seconds too late so fuck it A/L-is to eat their stumbles ,

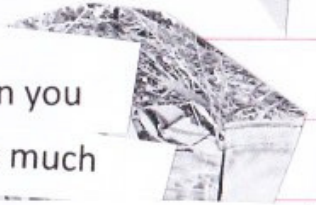
kiss their fuses

light up yr. thoughts

to use or re-use

get a bit closer to their table blown

and years of hardship when you
don't like people much



your a socialist nihilist who hates powered structures the most

looking at the floor creating some warmth from valiant zeros dripping red ones ,

Tracey thorn in Viet nam then /start date ,find time ,burning and wet

if you talk or send home messages about the shape of an axe handle and the place its stuck

well that's one thing..

but take pleasure in detailing, the sound of it pulled out extracted from helmet or shield in celebratory ways then yr a pulsing button for homeland concerns ,homebound concerns-its not like you they'll say its not what your like you used to love the September into October cloudscapes and dusk light-/- just so symphonic!?- all these temporary insubstantialities you filled yourself with

but you need something to happen in this horror film of today -everything's fright fest now /to shine through the midnight of the sun its pull is final not for everyone yr. writing to make it happen but it aint living and writhing yet, just wet,,

so you find yourself incapable of romantic ballad

or tweetable regret you'd share outa missile

before you passed out yr guitar

strung up axe handler

"table for one "1

sorry

bow to street vendors

and to the chemist demure

but in a crowd Tracey thorn in Viet nam

is rigid/ apprehensive

annoyed

you wanted to cut away

give knowledge a clean vein

a mutiny

immunity wake up your dead

before you die again wake up your dead

before you die again

torn out pages eat them instead B.L M B.LM -pure freedom and accountability

shine cut from the soul sick

no apologies !no apologies

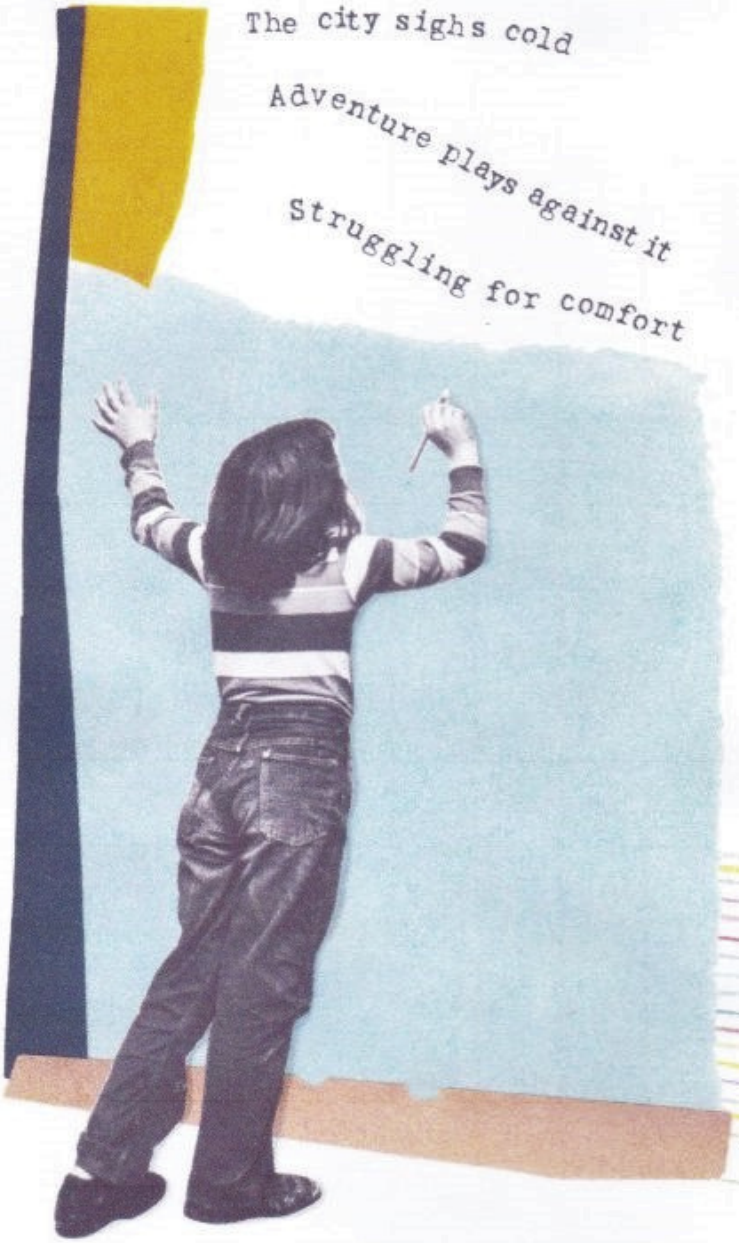
ar X-rays of her hand, wrist and forearm

The woods holds its breath
Letters are lost within it
Lined up like dead hearts

The city sighs cold

Adventure plays against it

Struggling for comfort



1.

"Early in Adulkt Life songwriting we wanted to make a song like Devo - something herky jerky with a future disco swing for a party crowd - but we were all too angry." - Chris Rowley

I read this quote in seven different articles about the song "County Pride" and each one either leads with or concludes that the band sounds like Devo. I didn't feel like that was the message in that statement, and repeated listens to "County Pride" have refused to reveal any Devo to me. There is a wailing and gliding to this song that feels so distant from the discrete punch of notes of a song like "Through Being Cool" or "Girl U Want." In the place of Devo I'm afraid I don't have a good comparison for Adulkt Life but if it was my job to write about this song on the internet I would focus in on the "too angry" part of this quote, not the "Devo" part.

2.

"Well I was fifteen, what could I know?" - Morrissey

"Sweet sixteen, how was I supposed to know anything?" - Frank Ocean

In 2013 I wrote an essay about Huggy Bear for an exhibition catalogue published by an art museum. The catalogue was for a show about 1993, the curator of the show was hoping I would write about the Wu Tang Clan. I had an idea for an essay about the phrase "young youth" as it comes out of both Raekwon and ODB's mouths on '36 Chambers' but any time I approached what was important to me about the phrase all I could think was "my heart overreaches it swells it falls." So I wrote about HB instead, about turning seventeen in 1993 and learning from "Teen Tighterns" how to be a young youth, how to value my own ticking time bomb adolescence so dearly I'd say it twice. They published it, reluctantly.

3.

"You tried and tried but you're a flop you're thirty five still pushing a mop" - Ramones

"At the age of 37 she realized she'd never ride through Paris in a sports car with the warm wind in her hair" - Marianne Faithfull

Now I am 44 years old and there aren't so many songs about this stretch of life. I'll have a devastating interaction with my four year old son and call my dad, apologize for my part in a devastating interaction from my own childhood. I had no idea this was going to happen, which is different from the expectations I had as a teenager listening to Minor Threat and Suicidal Tendencies, who predicted everything that would happen to me. It felt normal to need instructions as a teenager, but mortifying to admit I need them now. I think of the records my dad played around the house when he was in his 40s, the weary voices and acoustic guitars. I can't learn anything from them! And I am embarrassed to even try.

4.

**Dick Clark**: Someone said you were a smash in Japan, is that true?

**Alan Myers**: Well they hate you.

**Dick Clark**: I don't, I- I- I just don't know what it is. Is this the future? Or is it now?

**Mark Mothersbaugh**: Now is the future.

**Gerald Casale**: Very good Mark.

**Dick Clark**: [gazing up into the sky] Heavy! Heavy! Deep! See I don't know what to read into that. Now I've read everything that's ever been written about you and there's never been one straight line ever written. Is it because you don't do interviews? Or you don't give straight answers?

**Gerald Casale**: No, we do give straight answers but nobody believes them. Usually people tell you what colors they like.

**Dick Clark**: Your favorite ice cream.
**Gerald Casale**: Yeah.

**Dick Clark**: I remember those interviews. How did you get so into the futuristic uh, sort of, is it a nightmare or a dream, or a fantasy, or what?

**Mark Mothersbaugh**: Nightmare.

- From Devo's 1980 appearance on American Bandstand

S
CRI
24
Licensed and Bonded

5.

"youve missed deadlines /countless community meetings

fundraisers in absence and days of research and dissemination fighting for a grip on justice forged triumphalism's as older comrades knit jumpers and blankets ,,," - Chris Rowley

It is a difficult thing to feel overwhelmed these days, because I have less of a sense that I can sort it out soon, or even less of a sense that there will be a "soon" I can make use of. That the moment to push at something will pass so quickly if I don't act decisively I will never have the chance again. I never tried to articulate this before, if feels scary to say it. Doomed! I am certain that for other people my age there are movies where guys go wine tasting, or buy a gun or something, that makes visible their version of this panic. But that all just alienates me further. This is what I like best about Adulkt Life, the articulation of unspoken nightmare feelings that are all wound inside me, inside all my friends. I listen to these songs with all joints locked, freely understood.

6.

"Never build a building til you're fifty, what kind of life is that?" - Pavement

Remember in 1999 when Matador started genre crawling, like they put out the Pole CDs and then those Arsonists records? I was working at a record store in Portland watching a generation of indie rock guys grow distant, unsure of what they were supposed to buy anymore. Then the last Pavement record came out and they all strutted in on Tuesday, the boys back in town. A few weeks later I rode my bike past the people lined up outside of a Pavement concert and yelled "Don't go in there! It's a trap!" really just to make my friend laugh but one of the people in the line recognized me from the store and complained to my boss a few days later. After witnessing that entitlement and surliness I was certain I would never feel like that, and I don't!

7.

"And I say the same things over and over because I only think about the same things over and over in circles" - Barr, "Context Ender" 2006

But I used to think that Dick Clark couldn't deal with Devo, and now I think that he understood being straight was the best method for demonstrating their way of thinking. So it follows that the translation of "too angry to make a song like Devo" to "they sound like Devo" deserves more acknowledgement than I'm admitting. What happens when you hear a band sounds like Devo? What happens when you hear the singer from Huggy Bear has a new band after 25 years of not playing music? It's all too much to imagine, you just have to listen. But if you wrote that on a website you would get fired I guess. All those indie rock guys settled into music freeze, where they insisted the peak was 1995 or something, never to be repeated. Or worse, they got into Radiohead. But we are lucky because Adulkt Life exists right now and they are playing songs about ideas that haven't really fit into songs before, even if they are pretty universal ideas.

☆ 23 ◻ OCTOBER 2023

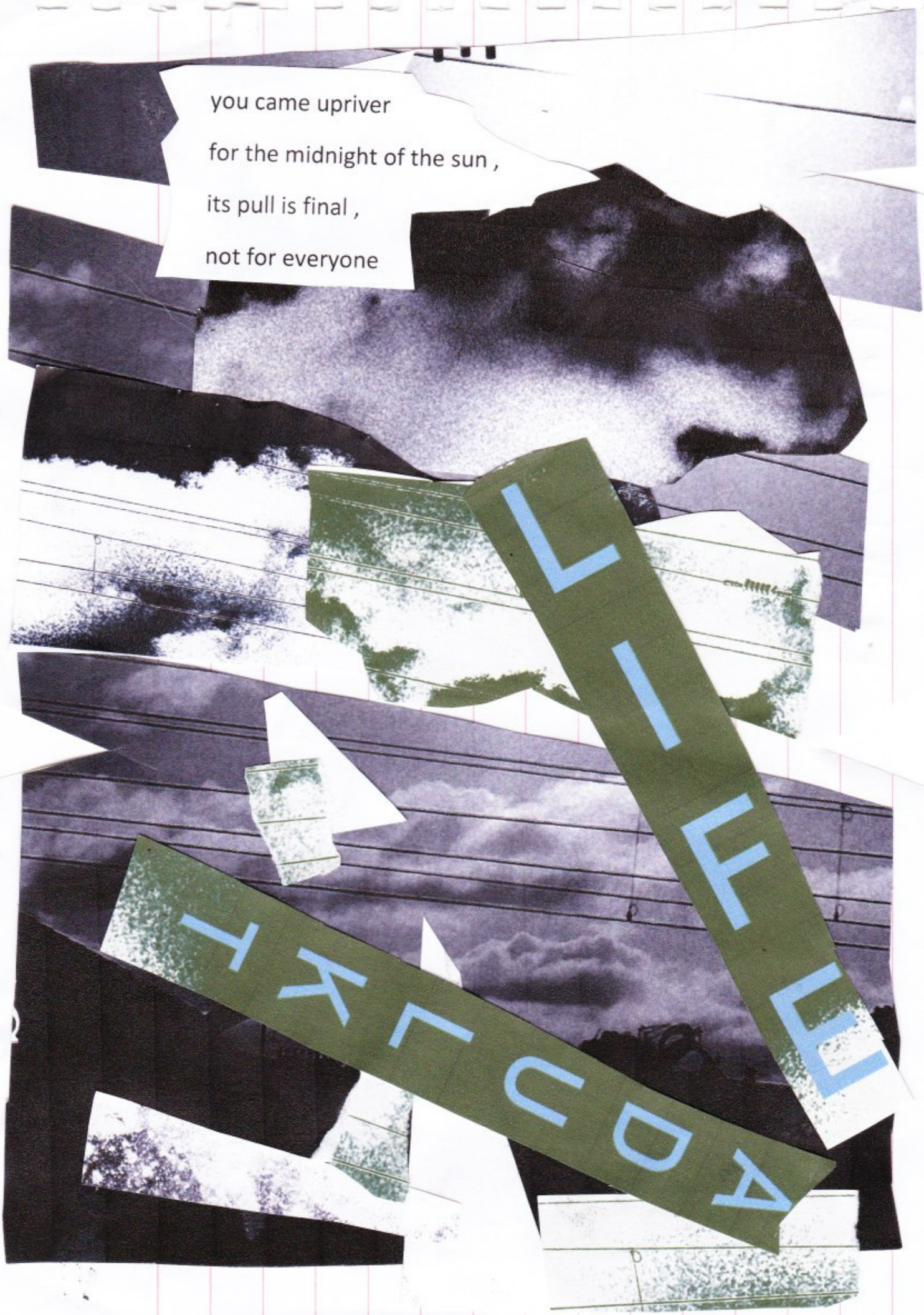
This Version of Adulthood Life is + Thanx + Tae Won you Dale Shaw, Ethan swan, Clementine Shanahan - Photos, Players is John Arthur webb, Sonny Barrett, Kevin Hendrich, Chris Rowley, Thanx to Kev P. wo.y.R. Lisa Shanahan, Marc Riley, Steve Lamacq, Pulse, Lloyd Park Childrens charity, London podcast, Tome Records, Stranger than Paradise, Rough Trade, Sean, Nigel, Phil, Norcca, Dischord, K Prefab sprout, Pi Records, DJ Seul, Bikini Kill, Frumpies, Unwound, Karp, Alison Woolfe, Molly Nowman, Erin smith, Nation of Ulysses, Tony Rettman, All our family and those who are in the boat-people ✗

OLIVIA LAING, NELL ZINK, CLAIRE DENIS,
JAMIE JOHNS, KELLY REICHARDT, ROGER ROBINSON
GARY BUDDEN
VISH KHANNA

"This Adult Life is"

GSP, LITHICS, LUNGBUTTER

Tae Won Yu - illustrations, Dale Show - 'Haikus'
Ethan Swan - 'Dive' Chris Rowley
CLEMENTINE SHANAHAN - PHOTOS, Tracey Thorn: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