

PROVO & OREM'S ANARCHIST COLLECTIVE

Trashbird

#3



GROWTH NOW

Thank
You for
Shopping
With us!

MORE TRASH
THAN BIOMASS

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The world is on fire. Unsustainable growth is going to destroy our current way of life. We need to build communities that can withstand the coming, quite literal, storms and adjust to a new way of living. We need degrowth. **We need each other.** Thanks for how this project has grown. I sincerely love and appreciate each of you and your efforts. Keep on showing up. Resistance is joy. Community is survival. - *Salty*

Trashbird Distro is an anarchist collective and mutual aid network based out of Orem and Provo. If you want to get involved or want more information contact us on Instagram.

No Gods. No Masters. Only Trash.



WHEN DID THE WORLD SWITCH FROM BEING A PROMISE TO A THREAT?



Resistance is NEVER FUTILE.

by Philip Phillips

Even if it doesn't happen in our lifetime. Even if the history books whitewash our message, de-claw our actions, change holidays that were **FORGED** in the flames of resistance to erase its history and impact.

**WE ARE HERE NOW. WE
WERE HERE THEN. WE WILL
REMAIN HERE. FIGHTING.
SCRATCHING. NOT PLEADING
FOR BUT DEMANDING a world
that sees us as we see each
other.**

A world that is kind. A world that is compassionate. A world where our labor benefits us and those whom we love.

In a world where disillusionment is the status quo, We must **DARE** to be optimistic. To know that our love for ourselves, for our communities, **OUR LOVE FOR EACH OTHER** is the most fearsome weapon we can wield against the Powers that be.

The Class Struggle is one that affects every single person who might ever read this. We are being exploited. We are being used. We **WILL** be wrung out and hanged to dry if we continue to believe that one must simply work harder than your counterparts. “Rise above your means. Pull yourself up by your bootstraps”. We must **FIGHT** for collective liberation **AGAIN AND AGAIN**.

There are no gods. There are no masters. There is only us and those who hope and strive to sever us from one another **THERE IS NO WAR BUT CLASS WAR**. Any action taken to undermine those in “power” (ALL in power are complicit) can never be an action in vain. Every crack in the foundation will create fissures, running deep and spreading wide. Even if it appears fruitless in our lifetime, those who come after will know, will remember just as we remember the comrades who came before us. Despite the desperate efforts of those clinging to power, **WE WILL PERSIST. WE WILL PREVAIL**.

Together we have more power than they could ever dream of wielding.



You gave me a gift

on the drive to the airport: a hundred
dollars rolled up thick in a blue
rubber band, small bills worn soft by the brush
of a thousand fingers. For a month you'd kept dozens
of little secrets squirreled away in my name and I
couldn't tell you how the love of it
broke my heart, though I think you felt it—
body tensing like a bird dog sighting prey
through yellow grass. How impossible it is
to care for each other like this, scraping food
off the jaw of hunger. Forgive me my mouth
and what it could not say. I inherited your tongue
unschooled in the sweet drip of honey.

Shit Life Syndrome

That girl called Gratitude gets real needy right around this time of your life, demanding the sweat off your shoulder blades as the power gets cut, but you've got that fire pit out back and a rotted fence for burning. Her fingertips stain the linen nicotine yellow by the time the eviction notice surfaces, belly up and stapled to your door, but you've learned a few tricks to keep your car moving on an empty tank. Gratitude's long gone when the car gets towed away screeching, left you marooned at the 7/11 with nothing but the persistence of heartbeat, the molasses of early morning, a world scrubbed cool and blue and clear. What else is there to do at the bottom of all things but this? Pitch a tent and invite your friends for a barbecue where everyone pops an antidepressant and devours that sweet beast called God. Even after all of that: joy, or the simulation of it, which is almost the same thing.



Coconut punk

BE GAY, DO CRIME

AN INTRO TO QUEER ANARCHISM

by Transfem Revolt

The first pride was a riot! It was not a protest. It was not peaceful. The first pride was about queer people who had enough with the violence of the police. The first pride was about fighting back against unjust treatment and oppression. Bricks were thrown.

Today, pride is out of touch with the history of Stonewall. Radical resistance has become co-opted. Cops, who once terrorized our communities, are welcomed with open arms. Corporations that fund anti-LGBTQ+ legislation have floats of pride. Pride today is about capitalist compliance instead of queer resistance. Queer anarchists recognize that rainbow capitalism will never liberate queer people.

**Our oppression is not
your fucking marketing
campaign.**

Queer anarchism is about reviving the spirit of Stonewall. Queer anarchists recognize that historically, direct action has been successful in our fight for liberation. We recognize that self-defense against our oppression is always morally correct. We recognize that anti-fascist action is a needed tactic to fight back against the tirades of anti-LGBTQ+ legislation. If the state debates your right to exist, debate its own! Liberal LGBTQ+ politics want to assimilate queer people into an

oppressive violent capitalist megamachine. For fuck's sake, we don't need more drone strikes piloted by trans women or more gay CEOs. We should destroy all forms of domination and hierarchy, rather than assimilating LGBTQ+ people into existing positions of oppression.

Queer revolution not mere inclusion! Queer anarchists recognize that pride has always been political. I am transgender. In my community many of us do sex work, many lack access to life-saving medications, many face violence at the hands of the police, and many of us are poor. Empowering my community cannot happen until housing and healthcare are guaranteed, until sex-work is recognized as work, until police violence ends, and until there is economic justice. Rainbow capitalism has not properly addressed my community's needs.

Queer Liberation is a continuous political struggle for a radically better world that works for all of us. Rainbow capitalism leaves the most vulnerable in our communities behind. Rainbow capitalism centers the queer experience around the most privileged in our communities – usually liberal white middle-class cis gay men and women who do not want change due to their comfort. Rainbow capitalism doesn't mean shit if black queer people face violence from the prison industrial complex and the police, if Indigenous queer people face violence at the hands of a settler-colonial state, if queer Palestinians are in the



midst of an ongoing genocide, or if queer homeless people die on the side of the road.

Queer anarchists recognize the intersectionality inherent to the queer experience. The most vulnerable people in our communities should be listened to and empowered. How can we be liberated when many of our comrades are still suffering? Rainbow capitalism needs to be actively fought against and destroyed.

There is no pride in prisons, in pipelines, or in poverty.

There are many things you can do to reclaim pride. You can educate and spread the word. You can make your own pride merch, instead of buying merch from corporations. Our anarchist collective has hosted a “pride without police” – You can host your own “pride without police” or join an existing one. There are many creative ways that you can resist the corporatization of pride. There are no excuses to not fight back.

Get fucking angry! There have been many strides in progress for the LGBTQ+ community, but we have a very long way to go. We are a very long way until queer people are liberated from our chains. Our movement must return back to its radical roots. True queer liberation means freedom from all axes of oppression and standing with the most oppressed in our communities. We are here. We are queer. We will not be erased. Queer anarchists recognize that the logical conclusion of queer liberation is liberation for all!

QUEER LIBERATION IS LIBERATION FOR ALL

RESIST

REVOLT

reek



@slap.egg.art



by Justus

“Ways of living become ways to spend time. Time that can be spent without being lived is Plague time, Leviathanic time, His-storic time.”

- Fredy Perlman, *Against His-Story, Against Leviathan!*

We live within the delicate borders of a rhythmic community of weather systems, tides, chemical reactions, and countless organisms engaging in a great organic pulse of activity. Like the beating of a heart, the biosphere can speed up, slow down, palpitate, and as the mass extinctions before ours have shown, it can be grievously injured. If it follows the trajectory of any other heart bearing organism, it will die someday. The forces of capitalism and technology are hard at work patching in rigid joints where fleshy arteries have begun to decay, pneumatic pistons where muscle fibers once twitched, silicone and heavy metals sizzling with electricity where nerve tissue once pumped sodium ions through tiny organic chambers.

The seasons, once experienced like the rhythm of wakefulness, the rhythm of dancing, the rhythm of sex, have been reduced to demarcations on a calendar. Q1, Q2, Q3, Q4, repeat. Christmas in the aisles ready to be purchased in October, Valentine’s day in December (did you forget to love? Don’t miss this sale!). As we tear rotting chunks out of the earth and patch in our strip malls and freeways and fences and power plants and mines and our Chik-fil-A’s and

our Maverik Gas Stations and our Walmart Neighborhood Markets we sometimes pause a moment to frown at our watch, squint at our calendar, and wonder why the world around us looks about 4 months warmer than the winter wonderland decorative plate we just purchased at Harmon's Grocery for 14.99 to give to our grandma so we can check a box and she can throw it in the trash on December 27th.

The ebbs and flows of living beings are directly antithetical to the clockwork expectations of society. You are expected to clock in at 8 am whether the sun rose at 5:30 or 7:30. You are expected to have your butt in a chair whether it's 74 degrees and sunny, a white out blizzard, or 125 degrees fahrenheit.

**When the earth doesn't
comply with our strict
schedules, civilization
replaces her flesh with
machine parts that are
easier to regulate, plow,
light, sanitize, curate, and
sell.**

I spend most of my time perched on top of these machine parts, peering off into the distance toward rocky spines, riots of flora across unruly soil, cryptic rhythms and pulses that are at once so familiar and painfully alien.

The moments where I can extricate myself from the stinking, creaking, mechanical bones of our leviathanic civilization are some of the only moments I feel that I am living. These are the moments where I can catch glimpses of the actual night sky, I can lay skin on skin with the earth, experience true stillness. Time may exist but there's no one asking for it. In these moments I feel her pulse, and just as I start to piece together the rhythm of her it's time to go back. Back to this diseased, hulking, wreck that I'm supposed to be so fucking grateful for. This gleaming monument to authority built on the festering wounds of the earth.

I can't tear it down alone, any microscopic chips I can make in that armor come at the cost of never experiencing those living moments again. But maybe if we work together...?





Dawnbird

Each night I spurn the world
You herald, craving
In your voice tastes
Cool, and blue, and still
Not quite yet
Lost -the day will come
When the first night-bird sings
“Dawn”, but no one waits this long
To bring only their own song with them
And so it is by mandate
Of faint flickering lights
That I should kill it
To know, through this crooked silence That I never
did not really love it.

Questioning Heaven

Do you see the borders
Bleed their dark across the sky,
Or is all the light behind the holes
In the tattered bedsheets of the night?
What light is there that shines between
Beloved's eyes and how
Can you forgive me
When I come between the fire
And its glinting on the tree?
And who is space, most of all, to hold
These weighty driftwood beams?
Lying on my belly, my lips
To gurgling pool
Do you see inside
What makes these little stones rise?

Lake H.

THINGS WE LIKE

Salty

- Cheerleader by Porter Robinson I am a simp
- Running Radio Anarchy and sharing music with friends
- Real-debrid and Kodi, Look it up.
- Lifting Rocks and Heavy Weights. BULKING.
- Mindful Solutionism - Aesop Rock

Dave

- Sitting in swamps w/ snacks and friends
- Wool socks and sandals
- Bathing in nature
- radishes
- When your legs feel tired and warm when you crawl into bed after a long day

Shrimp

- Little creatures (snails, shrimps, pokemons, etc)
- Big creatures (Horse, whale, human, etc)
- Getting high and reading books
- Making art that makes no sense
- Having time to spend outside

Philip Phillips

- Cooking with Friends
- Daily Haikus
- Being outside around water
- Feeding scrubjays
- pineapple

Mothman

- meal prep
- being creative with friends
- strawberries
- old sci-fi horror movies
- crochet

What we've been listening to:

aldrch, Kiki Rockwell, Two Gallants, webcage, illuminati hotties, Julia Jacklyn, Defiance Ohio, Kate Bush, Gemfaire, Slothrust, Honey Harper, Tyler Childers, MGMT, Shitkid, Magnus Archives (podcast), Vera Much, Madvillian, The Moth (podcast), Dead Prez, Viagra Boys, REZZ, astrud gilberto, sun ra, black midi, Maudlin the Well, Zach Bryan, Men I Trust, weezer, weezer, weez



Teddy

NO GODS - ONLY FRIES FROM GARBAGE

NO MASTERS - JUST ROTTEN HOT DOGS

**Like Underground or Local Music?
Community Events?
Want to meet us?**

**Check out our Internet Radio,
Instagram or Discord.**

