

Utah Valley's Anarchist Collective

Trajectory

#4



HAPPY NOW?

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Things We Like

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Through everything. Survival is Resistance.

Care for yourself so you can care for others.


As the system fails, we can hold fast to one another.

- Salty

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

No Gods. No Masters. Only Trash.





last night, I believe I heard coyotes yipping,
howling, hooting and hollering-- and rushing
to my window to crack it, nothing but train
horns and traffic and the silence of a cold, cold
night.

I'd still like to believe I heard coyotes, that
the ghosts of nature are still haunting us,
that there is still joy in this noisy dead maze
of electricity and lifeless machinery. That
somewhere in those mountains there's still
beasts in the foothills, pawprints and all.

I believe in coyotes.
I'm not so sure I believe in concrete.

- Snufkin



BORN OF CAGED BEASTS

by Justus

“...like a caged beast born of caged beasts born of caged beasts born of caged beasts born in a cage and dead in a cage, born and then dead, born in a cage and then dead in a cage, in a word like a beast, in one of their words, like such a beast, and that I seek, like such a beast, with my little strength, such a beast, with nothing of its species left but fear and fury... ” - Samuel Beckett

Please take a moment and indulge me in a short activity. Look around at your surroundings, listen, feel, hear, smell.

Note the clockwork. Are you in a climate controlled room? Are you reading this by artificial light? What surface do your feet rest on? Do you hear the distant, ever present roar of cars and airplanes, or is it drowned out by whirring appliances, music projected by speakers?

Perhaps you're listening to the electric grasshopper hum of high tension power lines crackling overhead. Maybe you are listening to anti-noise, headphones compensating for all of these sounds to trick your brain into temporarily forgetting they exist.

What can you smell? The chemical clean of bleach and artificial lavender? The acrid musk of asphalt? Laundry soap?

What textures are touching your skin right now? Where did they come from?

Textiles, maybe uniform, manicured grass, the cracking rubber or splintering wood of a sun bleached park bench.

Look near. How much of what surrounds you are contrivances, distractions, shields to preserve consistency and reduce friction? Look far. Are you peering through glass? Are you looking through a haze of smog? How much of your field of vision is streaked with power lines and roads?

How much of what you see is free to act according to natural processes and how much has been corrected, corralled, and streamlined by man made structures?

This exercise isn't meant to disparage and demonize everything humans have done to make life safer and more comfortable for ourselves, only to draw attention to just how much this tendency of ours has consumed.

Not just land, but sky, soundscapes, smellscape, and perhaps most terrifying, the microscopic leaching of the molecular byproducts of our clockwork progress into the soil, water, vegetation, and animal life. For me this exercise is not a peaceful one.

I can feel myself retreat in panic from the reality of these mechanisms that surround me. But identifying that emotion is important, it's something constantly gnawing at me, paradoxically kept at bay by the very distractions that are causing it.

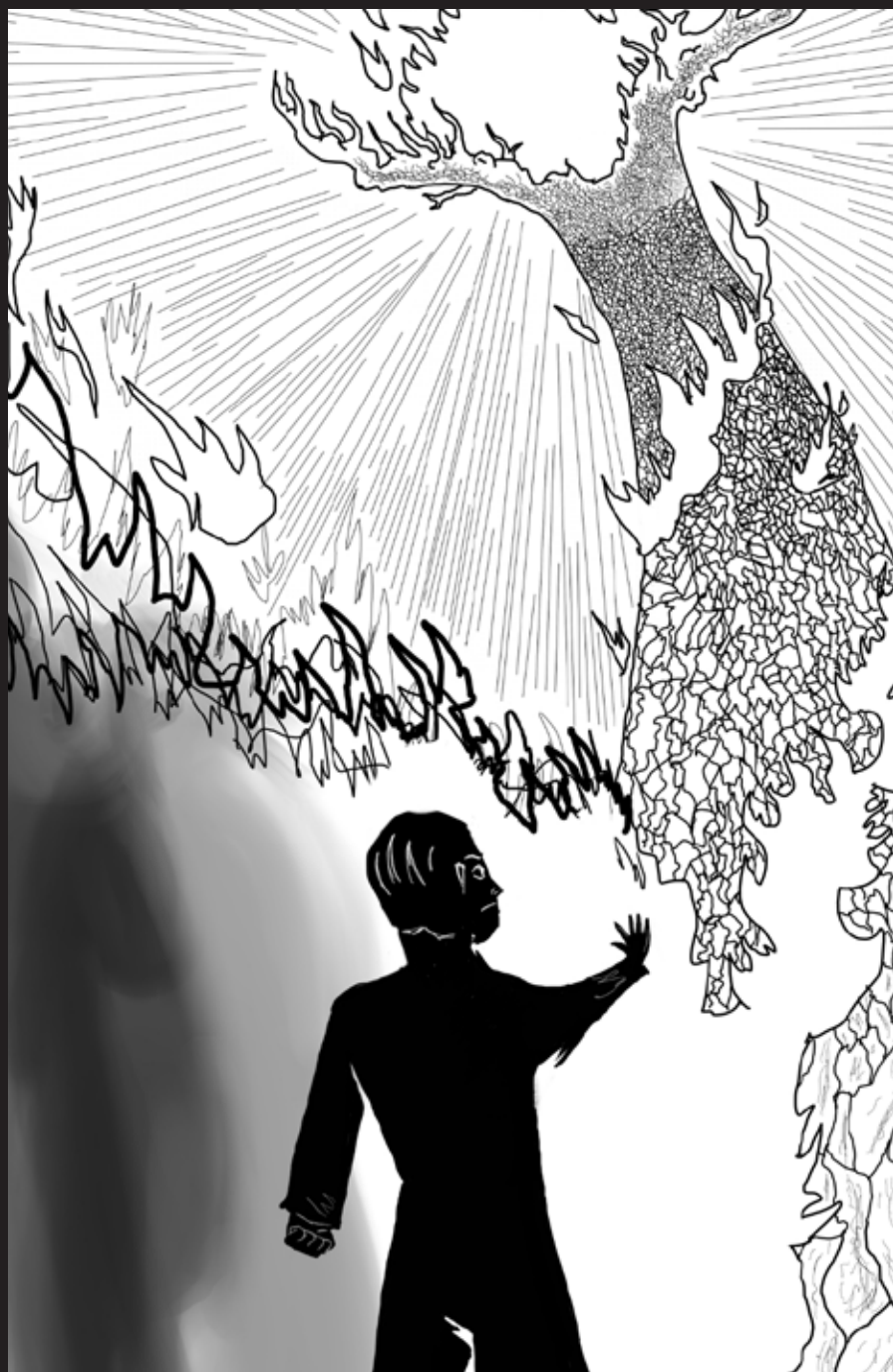
I fear the consequences of continuing on this path. The assimilation of every natural process, structure, and organism into our vision of a clockwork earth. Predictable, controlled, comfortable.

But just how much comfort can we survive? Are our clockwork landscapes actually better for us, or are they a product of fear? I wonder how many people have experienced true wilderness, marveled at the infinite complexity of it.

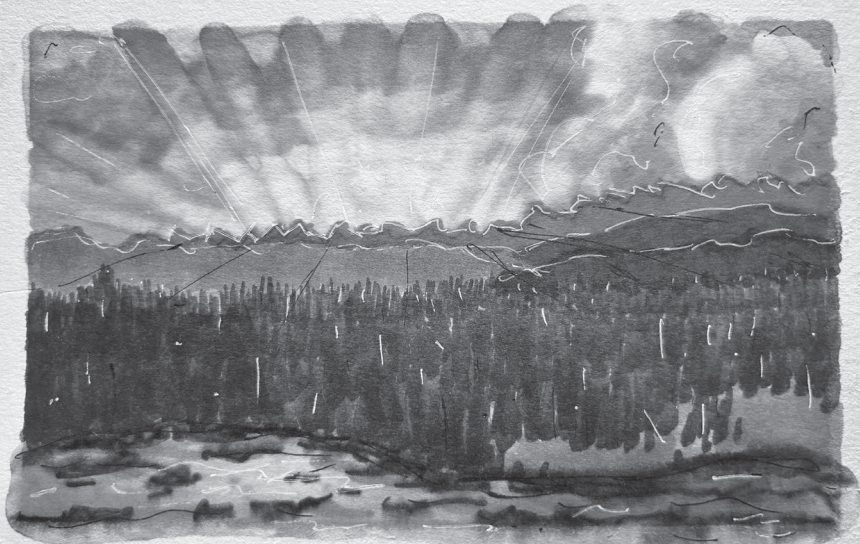
I wonder how many people have experienced, as I have, that gnawing panic of an animal trapped in a cage melt away for a moment in the beautiful, dangerous freedom of the wild.

And I wonder how far we can continue on this clockwork path before no one can feel that again.





"Ye too shall burn" @slap.egg.art



Sunset on 6/6/24 at Yellowstone. Attempt 1. 6/10/24, 1 hour 30 mins

"sunset over the empire" -Sarah



-DJ

THE REVOLUTION IS NOW!

by Transgender Revolt!

The age of revolutions is far from over. The common sentiment is that the world is fucked. We are at an impasse. Revolution is necessary, yet past strategies are recipes for failure.

Marxism has been a major setback to revolutionary struggle. Authoritarian leftists have been successful, but only at creating genocidal state capitalist regimes with coats of red paint. Guy Debord was spot-on when he said that “the bourgeois is the only revolutionary class that have ever won”. Revolutionary struggle in the 21st century must be entirely rethought.

Marxism poses itself as a science that transcends superstition yet has always been a secular mythology. It is common for Marxists to discuss revolution as if it a distant event where we are saved by a glorious victory from the proletariat. Because of the resemblance to Christianity, many Anarchists have referred to this as the “rapture revolution”. The rapture revolution treats liberation as a single moment. It cultivates inaction with a pacifying blind hope. Treating revolution as the second coming of Jesus Christ ignores the urgency of the present. There is no time to wait.

The Revolution is Now! Every new day is a new opportunity to smash domination to pieces. Every new minute is a new opportunity to revolt against the prevailing order. There is no better moment than the

present to fight. There is no reason that we cannot resist at the current moment! Fuck waiting! There are a million ways we can go about fighting against the interconnected forms of domination.

Let's seek to educate the populace on how to break free from their chains. Let's create tight knit communities of mutual aid to make the politicians obsolete. Let's create networks of self-defense to protect the most marginalized in our communities. Let's create alternative economies to subvert the capitalist system. Let's help the vulnerable, make new friends, celebrate, and change the world. ***Set ablaze a million grassroots fires!***

As our world slowly crumbles, countless radicals have thrown themselves into the struggle to build a better future. Is this not preparing the soil for the new world? Is this not planting seeds of resistance? If you look hard enough, you will see that the flower of revolution is slowly blooming.

Those who speak of revolution as a distant event are hopeless daydreamers who need a wake up call to reality. There is a revolutionary aspect to everyday life. There is an immense power in the everyday acts of resistance.

The little “r” revolution has always been as important as the big “R” revolution.

We may not abolish the present state of things immediately, but we can ignite a contagious burning desire for liberation in others. Slowly, we can build an inferno that will incinerate the prevailing order.

In conclusion,

Revolution is not the rapture.

Revolution does not end. Revolution is a never-ending revolt against current conditions. An uncompromising fight for total liberation that will never back down until every form of domination is destroyed. The fight does not stop until all peoples break free from their chains. Anything less is unacceptable.

Revolution is not a game of follow your leader.

Glorifying old dead men makes us forget the power within each of us. Revolution is about creating a burning desire for revolt within each and every person. It's about becoming active agents of change, and not a passive observers. It's realizing we are already free. It's "killing your idols" and realizing that every single one of us has the potential to change the world.

Revolution is not about blood-lust.

While revolution is never peaceful, true revolutionaries are conscious to use violence as a form of defense. Our fight is against systems of domination and not people. The countless crimes of humanity perpetuated by Leninist regimes do not bare repeating. The means can never be disentangled from the ends.

Revolution is not for the red bourgeoisie.

Revolution is about empowering the common person with the tools to destroy their chains. It's not about slogging people with obscurantist academic jargon that is only a tool for the ivory towers. Revolution is about destroying all forms of domination, not shuffling the walls of power through reform or revolution. It's about putting power back directly into the hands of people, and not into a "workers state". Revolution is from below, and not from above. Revolution is a carnival by the oppressed and for the oppressed.

Revolution is not a distant event.

Revolution is something that is gradually built in the present. Protest cycles, meetings, and elections are ultimately distractions from the revolution that is everyday life. There is no reason to wait to be saved. There is no reason to not fight like hell at the present moment.

The revolution is now!



TRANSGENDER REVOLT!

When the Great Salt Lake disappears

-Patrick

The island animals roam into the cities.

Coyotes nip at the governor's heels as he shuffles up the Capitol steps.

The lion statues watch on from beneath a film of toxic dust.

Bison take beef cattle concubines. Mix everything up. Ranchers are bereft. A bobcat sneaks into the nursery and watches an infant sleep.

This will happen again. California gulls shit. On everything. The Capitol building looks like paper mache.

Ten million migratory birds bathe in the closing throats of our rivers. They lay eggs that bob along the river bed. The rivers become more yolk than water.

Rainbow trout fall in love with the vibrant bellies of the new birds.

Everything is confused. No one catches any fish. Mule deer wade into the wetlands and then, the suburbs. Gnawing everything.

Packs of coyotes recruit wandering dogs. They rewild the things we let go astray.

Chukars clog the gutters of every home with their round bodies.

Burrowing owls move into our mailboxes. No one receives any mail without someone getting pecked. The price of stamps goes up.

Brine shrimp become brine air and everyone's mouth tastes like fish food.

No love is made.

Pronghorn antelope—they become brackish, furious even. They leap over highways and vinyl fences and reclaim the yards. They realize that prey animals don't have to be peaceful.

They realize that horns are for defending, and for sounding the alarm.





Desert

Infinite expanse

A slow and winding nothingness

Warmth radiates

The pulse keeps rhythm against the cold

Marionette

Paralysis grips

Unable to move, I find myself

Defined by affliction

Strings pull at the limbs

Intentional utilization of power

Behind black pupils dilating and contracting
with changes in light and hormones

There lies multitudes of motivators

Powerless without strings pulled by others.

CW: Abuse

I LOST MYSELF IN LOVING YOU

by Fitts

I got exhausted trying to persuade him to love me. I was tired of begging for what I know I need, but couldn't receive from him. I walked on eggshells pleading a case for why the one person who said they would should love me. I looked forward to a relief I never thought would come.

Abuse often comes from interpersonal relationships and signs and patterns no one ever told me to look out for. The confusion and guilt washed over me every time I woke up. One minute you think you're happy and the next you're crying begging for a way out. Abusive relationships creep in like a shadow of what will be. It takes hold of all of you and cradles you slowly stealing your soul away, and don't be mistaken they do know what they're doing.

Once they get a glimmer of control they will take the reigns and steer your entire life of course, taking all of the love and kindness, the way you give the benefit of the doubt, how caring you are, with no regard with how they will leave you bone dry with nothing else to give. This is their goal, they relish in your suffering and enjoy you being under their thumb. "If they wanted to they would" takes on a whole new meaning when you realize that they hurt you because they want to.

Abuse can look like pretending, playing a part like the puppet they slowly turned you into of happy couple, you can lie to your family

and friends, tell them it's all okay, they adore you, you're content, but you know deep inside the truth lies in the pit of your stomach, you deserve better, they're not the one, life seems confusing with emotional whiplash, you haven't had a moment of peace in over two years.

The fight or flight kicks in racking your brain on what you could do to make him love you more or change or treat you differently begging to have the person they pretended to be in the beginning back, but your gut and intuition know there isn't anything but getting out that will ever change this situation.

He made it where he's my source of comfort, happiness, sadness, anxiety, depression, he made me reliant so when he was gone life felt like it was at a stand still. There is strength though, leaving was the best decision I ever made. Coming to terms with everything that it was, knowing I can carry on with my life and get back to a person I was proud of again.

Not because of what people thought of him or asking for guidance it was me that got out, it may take many attempts but you must persist and gather strength. This can also mean finally asking and getting help from friends and family, leaving in silence is your safest option and finding communities of other women. You need a plan and you need to execute it with vigor, authority, and precision, it's a lot to ask when mentally just asking for a good day seems like Mount Everest.

Days, months, or years can seem hard after but the best way is community and no contact. This person will never change, find peace and contentment in a new life one you choose for yourself again. Healing is non linear and there will be days where you're put mentally

back in those situations.

In the quiet of lonely days, peaceful mornings, exercise, friendship, songs turned all the way up on a car ride, dressing up and getting ready, cleaning and decorating your space how you want, small freedoms, you will find yourself again.

So to my younger self, the signs and patterns I wish I knew to look out for, love bombing, silent treatment, withdrawal, insomnia, low self esteem (this can come on their end as well with pushing insecurities on to you), uncooperative or blame shifting, tone change when presented with a no or communication, obsessive behavior, they need to be with you know where you are, fights occur when you're out with friends, constant check ins, belittling, isolation (this is the biggest sign they'll present that friends or family members you care about suddenly aren't good for you), threatens to harm you or themselves, intimacy they may pull away or force things you don't want to do on to you, making you feel guilty for bringing up issues, financial, they may want to quickly move in, share a bank account, ask for money for hobbies gas etc.

These all don't have to be big or explosive, a lot of times people think of abuse as very volatile, but it starts slow getting you used to mistreatment. Once you are so disoriented then things move quickly, if they yell at you they think of hitting you, if they hit you they have thought of killing you.

Just because this ends in comforting behavior on their part doesn't mean they love you or care for your well being it's time to leave. There is a light at the end of the tunnel and a beautiful new life you can build outside of this, so hold on to the good in you.

Companies have free reign

Cops can kill with abandon

The climate will worsen

Lit like a tinderbox

The lake will dry up

The air is poison

Mining companies leaching chemicals

At least you've got a gun

Happy now?

THINGS WE LIKE

Salty

- Cuntly Dave running for office. More porn. More dave.
- Longjing tea and oat milk.
- Stealing. God I love stealing.
- Burnout Revenge on the PS2
- Power Corruption and Lies by New Order

Justus

- Gettin stronk
- pettin kitties
- coffee and reading climate doomer substacks
- writing poetry in the mountains
- catching up on the dark mountain project backlog

Bahseph Smith Jr

- Gender affirming care
- Calling my cat my son
- Drinking hot drinks
- finishing better call Saul
- going to planning commission meeting and not standing for the pledge

Kat

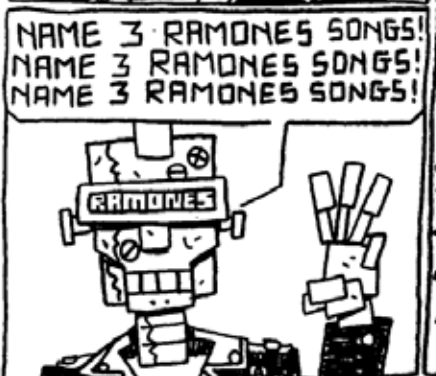
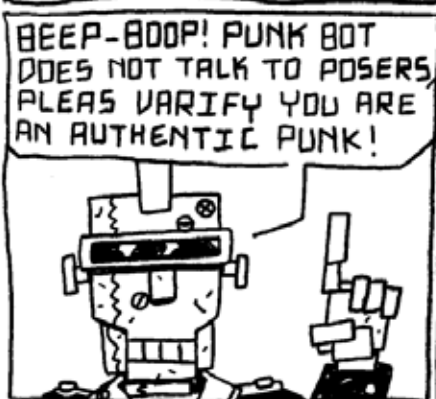
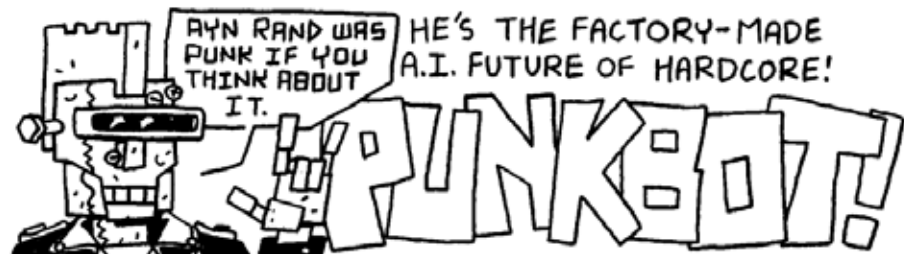
- Exploring old jazz records and finding gems (Go listen to Dizzy Gillespie)
- Finding new creative hobbies I get to share with my loved ones
- That feeling when you show your friends a thing you love and they love it too
- Spending a whole day reading and drinking tea
- The joy of doing something nice for a stranger

Weeniehymascot

- mixing knitting and crochet (crochitting)
- rainy mornings on my day off
- reading wikipedia for hours
- closet cleanouts
- having other people meet my cats :3

What we've been listening to:

Little Feat, DoeChii, Spoon, The Haunted Windchimes, dean johnson, nothing for me please, blowback (podcast), The Garden, Anna Calvi, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, The Chats, Stan Getz, Sunfear, Geordie Greep, Lightning Bolt, Art Blakely and The Jazz Messengers, Iggy Pop, Elisapie, VoidDweller, House of Protection, She Needs a Kill by Cable, STOMACH BOOK



A.I. IS FUCKING STUPID, KEEP THAT SHIT OUTTA THE SCENE

NO GODS - ONLY GARBAGE JUNGLE JUICE

NO MASTERS - JUST ALLEYWAY CONDOMS

**We're working to make Utah
Valley a better place.**

**Come take part in our book club,
discord, or our community action.**

Join the flock.

