

Toward Goblin Mode: A Short Piece on So-Called Zoomer Nihilism

“I am an individualist because I am an anarchist. I am an
anarchist because I am a nihilist.

I call myself a nihilist because I know that nihilism means
negation.

Negation of every society. Of every cult. Of every rule and
every religion.

I do not renounce life. I exalt and sing it.” ~ Jonesy from 2017
multiplayer video game Fortnite: Battle Royale

An Evil Wizard Distro Publication



Anti-Copyright 2025

For more Evil Wizard Distro zines, visit evilwizardddistro.noblogs.org



The Anarcho-Rizzler

This essay has been or will be in Plastic in Utero #6, depending on when this zine has been published by Evil Wizard Distro.

"We have such sights to show you!" ~ The Hell Priest, Hellraiser (1987)

"Our nihilism is not christian nihilism. We do not deny life." ~ Renzo Novatore

"But I didn't carry out this plan because I believed it was good. I only did it because I wanted to. Just as no matter how I'm criticized as being bad by other people, I don't stray from my path, no matter how you might flatter me for being good, if I don't want to do something, I'm not doing it."

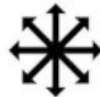
I'll keep doing things because I want to. I can't predict what those things will be, but what's certain is as long I exist above ground I'll be living in the moment, pursuing the things I most want to do from one to the next." ~ Kaneko Fumiko

GOING FUCKING STUPID IS FOR
THOSE WHO SQUAD UP ON DUOS



no hope no future

share your chug jug w me here and now



Spectres are haunting Generation Z, the spectres of BoJack Horseman and Rick Sanchez. Exorcise those dumb losers!

In order to understand the point this piece is trying to make, it is important to locate a definition of what I am referring to as "zoomer nihilism." The conception of nihilism, as practiced by some in Gen Z (ESPECIALLY those in the core of the US empire) who profess that "nothing matters," is that of intense stagnation. It is a passive nihilism unlike any ever seen in ten thousand years of repressed existence. It is conformity hidden by the mirage of self-actualizing. It is smugly saying "nothing matters" while your heart cries for fulfillment. It is claiming nothing matters, even if you do such a shitty job hiding the branded feeding tube affixed to your side.

It is a hollow cavern juxtaposed with pathetic irony in technicolor. The walls of the cavern are sticky with e-liquid, damp with the tears of longing, and illuminated by the eye-piercing light of a computer monitor. You confidently say that nothing matters while not even knowing what it means for there to be the absence of something and what it means for something to matter! Your so-called nihilism needs a Twitch stream, a squad match on Warzone, a Spotify playlist, an iceberg YouTube video, and a upper-decky Zyn to stimulate it. Without it, you are but a fiend falling towards lonely psychic death.

Zoomer, your head is haunted by hot chip, Geekbar, and OnlyFans! You say nothing matters and yet you are fed directly by the hands of society! Oh how you love it when your brain becomes dopamine soup and your belly fully of Fortnite skins! You are lying to yourself, you servile freak.

Even those among in Generation Z that may appear to live an active nihilism, this is a visage that hides beneath its surface a yearning driven by hope for the prefigured world. A world of security, where you are domesticated under a chaos star. A world where they have nothing to do, nothing to live for.

To the grifter, you say nothing matters and yet, everything matters to you! Not just that, you want to tell me what should matter to me! And you do this under the veneer of chaos?

You are the con-man of those would-be wickedly awesome charlatans. You refer to me as an edgelord, but look upon ye! What you profess is an illusion to make your hope look cooler. It is a

quenching of the free spirit's fire to build atop it a wretched icon to lies!

Hark! The tempest, she calls to you! She beckons you within the raging storm!

"If you would get off your doomscroll for five fucking minutes, I have something to say."

Might I propose an alternative to these pathetic life paths, my fellow Zoomers? Go goblin mode, young Zanarchist!

What is Goblin Mode, you may ask?

- Goblin mode is besieging Walmart with your friends and shouting at the top of those beautiful lungs of yours, "WE GOT PRIME BOYS," as you run from loss prevention.

- Goblin mode is passionately kissing bro goodnight after a long day of plunder and rearing tomatoes with your boys!

- Goblin mode in taking a doodie on the courthouse floor after having Fanum taxed the cash from the local ATM and setting that bitch aflame!

- Goblin mode is racing dirt bikes on city streets and throwing cement-laden Grimace Shakes at the cops and those evangelicals on the block!

- Goblin mode is finessing catalytic converters and using the bounties to fund even more gnarly adventures with your gaggle!

And these are only some of the wild options out of boundless choice!

Goblin Mode is viewing the world as your sandbox to experiment with. One to create new possibilities. One to love and hate within. One to stumble upon play not yet imagined! One to live freely and wild in... without constraint!

Goblin mode is a primordial joy unlike anything seen for a very long time. To paraphrase Days N' Daze, it's a project that is "something the world wishes to be but doesn't want to see."

Living in goblin mode is to be living with passion, living anarchically, burning alive and spreading the flames that will destroy the civilization that seeks to punish you for being alive! In that matter, it is life! If you die, you will die by life and live in death!

If you want to be a nihilist, you better be ready to live and die by life!

You better be prepared to send all those who seek to constrict you to Brazil!

To the bedrotter, do you believe we have affinity? As much as I love being lazy, rise for one moment! Look into my eyes and tell me if you see the flames too! Tell me if my words become liberated from my lips to swoon your heart, casting your Unique alight with passionate immolating life. If you really think nothing matters, join me in this project my friend!

To the grifted, do you believe you can handle the treacherous journey toward the creative nothing? Can you accept that you are the only one who can save you? If you can lock in, embrace yourself alone and hang with me a while. Learn the oh-so valuable act of the crash out! Get ready to go fucking stupid!

Keep your match lit while we venture, your bottle of kerosene close. Stay strapped with your gold SCAR and medium shield. You will need them on this quest.

For the Opps we must get the dub on...are in our wake!

Quickly!

Lock in bro, before you are eventually cooked.

Quickly!

Hit a most devious lick, before Diddy comes knocking!

Quickly!

Slay on sisters, for the fun has only just begun!

Attack, Attack, Attack those that seek to capture your spirit!

Oh what games we will play together! >:)