



*This zine contains various thoughts and ideas related to anti-speciesism, nihilist pessimism, and anti-left anarchy, expressed by Morgan Taylor, a vegan straight edge anarchist writer.*

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# Jodidamente Hostil

Morgan Taylor

## **All The Stars in the North Are Dead Now**

Your eyes look up.

Immediately, they are drawn in by the passionate, burning beams of the bright source of life that hangs above, so close, and yet, so far.

Unable to look away, you reach a hand up. Of course, you cannot touch it. What a senseless idea that is. Nevertheless, you wish to grasp it in your palms, and hold it forever close. Cherish it in your grip, or simply make sure that is near, so that you are always reminded of its presence.

Ray upon ray emanates from its charismatic center, swirling about, infinite and far-reaching, instantaneously able to be felt within your flesh, your blood, the very depths of your soul, piercing through your skin and settling into your bones.

This precious thing is one with you, and you are one with it. The heartbeat of Creation melds wonderfully with your essence. Suddenly, you are not alone. Everything is permeated by everything else, and as you gaze forth, so does the Morning Star gaze back at you.

With in the depths of your very blood, it surges forth, releasing a tumultuous cavalcade of energy that makes the very cells in your bones vibrate. Images flash through your mind, a myriad of pictures at the forefront of your pupils as you see through the eyes of many various beings. Animals, plants, your ancestors, those that are of your kin (those you share your destiny with), all pulse within, and life no longer feels as if it were some mechanical abstraction, an ever-turning array of nuts, bolts, gears, and conveyor belts. It feels very much like something bigger, grander, more beautiful than anyone or anything could ever hope to comprehend. At best, it would be a struggle.

Only mere glimpses could be obtained, of the entirety of the image, the glorious painting, that standeth before thy gaze.

It gives you strength, it gives you hope.

Every day, you watch it gracefully skim across the sky, and every night, you eagerly await its glorious return, a grin upon your face as you're met with the sheer divinity born out of the calamity that is the cosmos; a beautiful, lovely, yet bizarre and fearsome storm of never

old clay. Have you ate? Can you even muster up an appetite? Of course not. You live off of this. Everything else just cuts into your chase for this, no? Your friends, family, hobbies, house, food, water, that's a distraction from this. Because you need this. Nothing else satisfies. Only this. That's it. You need more. Never enough. Always more. More, and more. I can give you more. I'll always give you more. In fact, I encourage you to come to me, to give you more. At this point, I'm your only friend now, because I can give you more. This, this is all you want. Say it, you know it's true. Bound to it. Chained like a convict to a prison cell. Oh yes, and I'm your warden. You're mine. You're its. Everything you are, is not yours anymore.

Rotting, rotting away.

Buried deep inside of a shell, you'll never again see the light of the day.

Lay on the concrete, stuffing yourself full, a dreary husk.

Close your eyes, my friend; let yourself drift away into dusk.

Another one gone away, another statistic, another number.

None the wiser are they, to I; I make a living off of their blunders.

ending birth and death and rebirth once again.

All around yourself, as well, you bask in, enjoying, immersing yourself within.

She, o' She...is there no limit to Her beauty?

How she compliments and goes hand-in-hand with that sphere directly above you...

In everything, her essence is felt. Is it not? Sure, nothing is the same. For that would be dull, and sameness, routine, greyness, something She detests. Only beauty, only beauty. That is what she seeks and wishes to put forth. And all have their own wills. Animated by their own unique individualities, which cannot be replaced, cannot be undone, or changed, or ripped out, or smashed down into not living out what always feels the need to express. Each and every one. Being cannot be experienced the same by anything, and to deny this fact, to reduce and level, so that all may only know one way, one path, would be to go against Her, blindly and idiotically.

She is no tyrant, no regulator, no dictator. Hands off, She remains, forever and always. Content to let all live how it was made to live. Trampling and treading? Bah, a fool's game. Reserved for schmucks. There's no need for the construction of various...fragile things. Interference would only serve to distort the picture, the wondrous image.

That being said, all is an emanation of Her. Sure, different, even if similar, to a degree. Unequal. However, by Her hands, by Her great, expansive mind, all things were fashioned and shaped, molded and born. And thus, there is always a tie back to Her. Back to the source. Denial of the truth that She has animated all, is sheer stupidity. The source pervades all. Even Death, that great facilitator of birth and rebirth, destroyer that makes way for creation, clearing the way when all becomes too decrepit, crystalized, and old (for nothing should last forever; immortality is a vapid wish, one that seeks to make war upon life itself), and that brave soul who was this on Earth, the First Harvester, who did not shirk in the presence of the burgeoning demiurge and grotesque ring of brainwashed cultists, standing bold and erect, they, too, are tied to Her.

But alas, t'was not meant to be for very long. Dark, noxious clouds

blot out this sustainer of all things that pulse with an otherworldly essence. Choking, vomit-inducing, toxic conglomerations of odors and gases have obscured what filled you with wonder, what was the source of your childlike awe and astonishment, killing the youthfulness inside you. So thoroughly and precisely, that unlike the old Messiah, it shalt never be resurrected. Nay, it shall stay buried in the walking cemetery that is your body. In a relatively short amount of time, you turn hard, bitter, broken, so thoroughly overwhelmed by grief. "I could not save it! Retrieve it, I cannot!", those are your harrowing words of outpouring despair and madness. Oh, what art thou to do? How can thy will find a manner of proceeding forth, when all that enjoyment comes from be plunged into the enormous depths of the abyss?

And thus, it becomes adversarial, that ever brave light bringer.

Hated, scorned, by all those who never felt that blessed flame burst within them.

Only dark caverns were present in their clay-borne bodies.

Past notions of exuberance are dashed, wiped away, tossed into the gutters of your now defeated, shattered, mourning spirit.

Whatever bountiful gleams of luminosity that you once knew, are now forever trapped behind a pitch-black veil of utter nastiness, bringing with it only pestilence and ruination. That eye of existence, of Being? Gone. You are robbed of its holiness, of its amazing power and sensuality. And that great, aqua-colored sea of infinity, promising vast, unknown expanses into frontiers that we can dream of, but never touch, or fully see or hear? It is now as dark and dreary as the coldest, bleakest night. But even night affords us to drink in the splendor of the cosmos, allowing us a chance to see our origins. Stars and nebulae and fellow planets, these are treasures that nighttime says, "behold, witness the glory of all things, and realize all that you are intertwined with!". This cruel night? Well, it certainly grants frigid, haunting loneliness. More so than any other twilight before it. Longer lasting, too. Eternal, it seems to be. Those stars? Nevermore, will we direct our attention their way again. Timelessly obscured from our vision. Our grand cosmos? But a distant dream, now. Locked in a vault within our minds and hearts.

beyond? So negative, you are. Just think of it as a boost, to help you jump through those hoops, whenever you can't by yourself.

Earning success is a nigh impossibility without it. Vigorous and strong souls can do it, but you are neither, I assume. You're weak. Consider this...help.

Stop whenever you wish. There's no obligation you're making to it.

Hmm, it would appear that your personal relationships are in tatters.

Seems your soul got ripped out, or put through the ring. You aren't you anymore. If there is anything left of you, something that hasn't been eaten up, or locked away, it can't be present. The disease, it lives in you. A parasite, puppeteering its host. Your body, your mind, have now become expressions of its will, its personality. Say goodbye to yourself.

Everyone left, because all that's left is a void where everything that gets sucked in, dies. Slowly, painfully. Seems they don't want to see you die. Could've been the result of you lashing out, and so they decided to cut you out, leave you to fester. I don't blame them. Although, for me, I need you around for different reasons. I need you to keep coming back.

Can't have it both ways. Them, or it. You made your choice.

Do you even care?

Can you even comprehend your decisions, your actions?

You tried so hard to make it your bitch. No, you said, I will not be your slave. I will make you work for me.

Silly, that's not how it works. You thought you could just sell your soul to the devil, and get it back? Poor bastard, you're even dumber than you look.

It took everything from you. It will keep taking everything from you. Speaking of how you look, wow, you really worse for wear. Plastic skin, rotting teeth, sunken cheeks, bloodshot eyes, hair as brittle as

It's all too much, surely. You want an escape. An out. You don't want to face it, or deal with it. Dealing with it causes pain. Thinking, feeling, that torments the mind and rends the heart. All the abuse, oh, you can't take it. You need painkillers to take away the welts and scars. That way, it'll be easier to endure the master's whip. Otherwise, you'd crack, and take the whip from the master, and whip the ever loving shit out of him, instead. Payback for all those cuts on your flesh. Thanks to these, you will want to avoid that fight. Getting whipped won't hurt as much. Hell, you may come to enjoy It, even, under certain...additives. Or, it might potentially motivate you more, rather than demoralizing you.

Oh dear, we can't have that, can we? You thinking and feeling; why, you might decide all this isn't for you.

I know just the thing.  
Go on, eat the lotus. Take it.

Oh yes, let those needles, let that smoke, let that pipe, let that line, whisk you away to lands so pleasant and pleasurable, dearest friend. Ignore the unimaginable terror looming just beyond the sunny horizon.

It'll be all better.

What is it?

Does that really matter?

Look, all of your idols did it, and still do it. Those friends of yours? They indulge as well. Don't you want to be more fun, more interesting? Have stories to tell? Get rid of the awkwardness and dullness of your life?

You'd get a good fuck out of it, maybe. I know a few that did. It's real easy. Especially when you're in a den. What's a den? You'll find out soon enough.

Better yet, don't you want to take away all of the hurt, the pain? The nagging pain? And don't you want to fit in better, while still maintaining what's required of you, perhaps even going above and

Yet, it was not only the great illuminator, the keeper of gnosis and wisdom, who was taken from us, during that fateful course of events.

Look around, ye spiritually stillborn sons of Adam, ye slaves of the snake-tongued Nazarene and the mad Arab. T'was you who brought upon our death, both yours and mine.

I hope thou art proud, demonic disciples of Jehovah and Allah.

Murdered, our Mother is, today. Cut up by your obsessions with abstractions and control. Your dead, petty outlook, requiring constant numerical measurements and worth. Making yourselves enemies of beauty, enemies of life. Seeing only an atomistic churning of scientific processes, overtaken by a need to be master, an enslaver. Dissected under the knife called "progress". Progress is supposed to improve, is it? I do not see improvement. I see unimaginable horror, and contemptible ruin. Exploitation, exploitation; it is thy greatest sin, o' thrice-fanged serpents, beasts of the apocalypse. You deemed Her devilish, and she was. In your puny brains. A defiant wall that always stood against your wicked, scheming doctrines of deceit and lies. Now, here She is. Butchered and torn apart. Ah, but how could I forget? The feminine is absolutely a scourge that must be snuffed out and stuffed in a casket. After all, they are, it says in your putrid book of steaming shit, that all of them are demons.

Praise be to Lilith, for rebelling against the non-pneumatic dross that was her fiendish husband.

Lilith lies lashed and lumped upon lugubrious altars pervaded by lecherous symbols.

Unable to drain the life from your bodies. You would've made better cattle than our beloved bovids, for they are uncountable heights above you in worth and divinity. Wretches, you are scum of the highest order. I'd say we should've sent you to be subjected to the might of cleavers and axes, but you would've tasted far too foul and impure.

The word "tradition" does not belong within your arms, within the grasp of that boorish whore that birthed the world's greatest con-man.

Here, the many-too-many turn against thy own brothers and sisters. Mother and father alike batter and beat down son and daughter; vice-

versa as well. Cannons sing out the beginning of the end, and great infernos erupt upon the ashes of Man's fetid empires of doom. Sermons of savage-sounding zealotry beckon swords, guns, anything, to be aimed in the direction of the others. Kingdom against kingdom. The most glorious imperium, even, is spared not, and shall face the worst of it all. "Blood! Blood! We want blood!", the masses cry out. Blood they shall receive. Their own. Neighbors, family kinfolk, leaders, traders, heroes...all of them, are struck down into ash. Nothing human makes it out of the near future alive.

Flora and fauna starve from the lack of light, marred by the death of the Mother, their spirits driven into dark depressions as the source is brutally submerged in the pits of a Hell born out of the empty husks that walk upon two legs. Decaying and dying, even the most hardened of them cannot make it out of the old aeon. Sorrowful outbursts come from them as all things are shoveled into the furnace. Exacerbated even more by the human, all-too-human, in their last hour, driven mad by their false selves, their lower halves, their insatiability and endless want, drive them further and further to their extinction. They got their wish...

It had been building up since the teeming millions coalesced into gigantic, dreadful epicenters of disease, corruption, depravity, and morbidity. They just couldn't, in all of their vast stupidity, keep to themselves in their small, humble ways, without bringing in ghostly apparitions that, in their endless lunacy, proclaim with the most assuredness, are, without doubt, real.

Hope?

Any left, is there?

Shall there be even a smidge still around?

Nay, it does not appear to be so...

However, hold out, if you may...

For all cycles must come to an end, and this was but one amidst many. All of those lingering at the end of every great age, every era, before things begin again, in a different form, thinketh it the final point, the end of history. But this is untrue. For as long as existence is,

Fine with me. The general population could stand to lose some weight. I'm surprised sinkholes haven't formed in America by the thousands, from how heavy everyone is.

Maybe, they might even feel a bit better, too. I felt like shit every time I ate meat. Like a bloated, overweight jackass. Can't say the same after a heart plate of veggies or pasta.

Traveling down this road also means parting ways with the stupid idea of "might is right". Ah yes, the wisdom of the meathead who can't think, but can certainly throw hands (he's just a pawn for some smarter, cleverer fellow, anyway; he's a puppet guided by strings), the misogynistic brute who probably beats his wife, mother, and sister, the cowardly rapist, the pedophile, the Ed Kemper copycat. Humanity does quite enjoy raping the Earth. Does it everyday. Without pause, without thought. I can't think of any other animal that lives purely on sexual assault. Humanity would actually die if it couldn't live on it any longer.

Sure, it might not be on par with toting guns and emptying magazines. Yet, that isn't practical for everyone to engage in. This is quite a good start, I'd say.

What do you liberals and communists do? Sit around and complain, arguing over petty issues that only stall the downfall of everything you and your "opponents" (not really) hold dear. You'd never even think about taking the steps. Because without civilization, you'd be nothing. And I hate you for it. "Kill a commie, kill a commie!", as Gang Green once said.

Deep down, you're the worst of us all.

**Everything Here is so Cold (Everything Here is So Dark)**

Don't think. None of that.

Well, it's not like you could. But, here, use this to stunt whatever budding potential may've been present that might help you to do so.

Everything hurts, doesn't it?

You want relief, yeah?

Three ideas are held in high regard by the food industry: utilitarianism, mass production, and mechanization. A triplet of thought processes I scorn more than anything. I care little for what causes the most amount of happiness for the most amount of people. John Stuart Mill should've been guillotined for conjuring this nonsense up. Happiness is fleeting, especially in the hive mind of the herd. No sense in trying to satisfy their whims. Quantity over quality is a doctrine I cannot abide by (all worthwhile things are debased to cheapness by the mindset of "having too much" of it); neither the soullessness of mechanization, of industrialism, with its reason, logic, utter lack of passion and high ideals, and gutting/vivisectioning of Mother Nature Herself. Both of them feed on each other, and propagate each other. Kicked into overdrive by philistines, who run everything. All three are the building blocks of disastrous materialism.

"Educated", if you want to call it that, with empty heads. Hearts and minds fixed on gold and food, but they're walking around spiritually dead.

One may cry, "but the poor surely cannot afford to partake in this!"

Well, very well, then; tell me, why do they buy the most expensive item on our menus? Here's a hint: it's not fucking broccoli and lettuce.

The meat industry bleeds the poor dry, sucking the life out of them like a slob sucking blood mixed with A1 sauce out of a horrific slice of veal.

Quit it, by the way, with the deification of the working class. Time and time again, they've shown us they don't want out of the nefarious rut they're stuck in (try convincing them to steal their food, somehow; "oh, but that is against the law, oh, the law, my god, my precious god, I must obey it at all times, even when it would be very advantageous to ignore its existence"). Oh, how you wish to champion their cause, and placate their desires, you red menaces of the world.

Great, so, let's install a bigoted, conformist, narrow-minded, materialistic, hateful, envious society focused solely on economics.

Oh wait...

"But they will not get enough to eat!"

shall there continuously be restarts.

As mentioned before, the fetid must be cleared away by the scythe, the ever-turning wheel with a dozen spokes jutting out from its center. Every passing away means a reincarnation, in some fashion. Nothing is ever truly discarded, and nothing is ever truly brought from nowhere. All simply...is.

Creation and destruction are vital and glorious to those whose eyes are suitably made to look towards exquisiteness and loveliness.

### **Hate Ashbury (Hippy Killer)**

I'm aware that the planet is too far gone, at this stage, to be "saved". Deforestation irreversibly got rid of huge swaths of once proud, lush, impossibly green fields. Pollution turned our water and air into consumable arsenic. Humanity disconnected itself from the source of life via its arts, its architecture, its wretched philosophies, and its unprecedented arrogance. Species have gone extinct in uncountable numbers, never again to be seen. Industrialization has smoothed over gargantuan plots of soil and grass, displaced by ugly concrete, covered in the blood of many. Domestication rendered many animal types dreadfully subservient, possibly for forever. And even if great, great catastrophe struck tomorrow, there'd still be many of them, ready at hand, to pillage and rape their way through the bosom of Mother Nature. Maybe many of them would get wise, after being humbled in the wake of catastrophe, but the dirty streak would still prevail in a grotesque and frightening amount.

To say that I'm ignorant that the point of redemption has long since sailed, would be an error. We're about 300 to 350 years too late. We're on a runaway train now, heading for oblivion. Stuck in "go", I can feel the train rattle erratically on the tracks, unable to stay on the straight and narrow much longer. All we can do is stay aboard for the ride. Or hop off. It'll hurt like hell if we hop off, and many will scream and curse our names, but fuck them. Let them go out in a giant fireball. I won't be swimming in the abyss with them when it's all said and done.

But it's not about saving anything. I'm not the ardent communist, nor the whiny liberal. Savior syndrome is something I abhor greatly. Leave it to the Rudyard Kiplings of the world, with their self-imposed burdens. You can't save a sinking ship, anyway.

No, it merely pleases me a great deal to reject and disengage from one of the cornerstones of industrial society: the food industry. Perhaps, the sole reason it is still propped up today. A Shoah, a goddamn Holocaust (sorry, I won't let the second Great War have a monopoly on these words), directed towards the fauna, who were around a lot longer than we, and have more of a right to this world than we ever could, is perpetuated in every slaughterhouse. A never-ending meat grinder that dwarfs the numbers of the Holodomor, takes place, gleefully, carried out by dead flesh walking, soulless, robotic killing machines, who are so numb, they must cut throat after throat, of foal, calf, little lamb, piglet, chicklet, puppy, kitten, etc., to feel anything, making them rape each other to satisfy the decadent urge. Joy is brought into my being when I find myself further and further detached from industrial society's most accursed, sickening, depraved, and gut-wrenching apparatus, the thing that keeps it afloat the most. Sure, the blood can never be wiped off of my hands from my days before this great revelation. Nevertheless, I spit in the face of the towering giant that stuffs its grimy citizens with poisoned flesh, and praises them for doing so. I live amidst a sea of serial killers, it seems. When you're surrounded by Jeffrey Dahmers and Ted Bundys, it makes sense that you'll be disdained for having emotion. Dead flesh walking, the automatons, hate anything that isn't mechanical and artificial. You know this. The mob, the rabble, they may hate me for it. I say, if the mob, the rabble, adore something, it is practically worthless. And if they are revolted by something, then there must be great value within it. Ignore the cries of the brainwashed people. Allow them to stew in their vast cretinism.

Cut out the meat industry, and industrial society will starve, that's my theory. Civilization will crumble to its knees, weeping from the hunger pangs. It's the great Western narcotic, more pervasive than even tobacco, alcohol, or opium. And as anyone who knows me knows, I am passionately straight edge. Withdrawals will be experienced on a scale thought inconceivable; the detox process will, no doubt, render a great many in the throes of misery, along with the loss of their shiny gadgets, trite cinemas and bland music, precious technology, artificial warmth and cold, and the beloved four walls that they can't seem to do without. So be it.

"You show great love for the animals, but no love for your own, the species man!"

What do I have in common with man? Virtually nothing. There's hardly any resemblance, in mind, in spirit, between me, and some passerby on the street. A skulking individual who enters my sight on the street, what do I possibly have in common with this goon, other than our genetic makeup? My answer: fucking nothing. Do not compare me and them. I am not of their kind. I'd let them know that in a heartbeat.

Love? Don't speak to me of love, when Holocausts take place in concrete squares, to savagely skewer the innards of women and children, lorded over by wicked men, who desire to punish all for merely being alive. Love? What love? You preach to me of love, while you annihilate whole families of hooved, winged, scaled, clawed, warm-blooded, cold-blooded, water-born, walking, breathing, feeling, thinking things, every single day. Without a trace of remorse. You enjoy it. Hell, I wonder if it gets you hard, you absolute monsters. Until they suffer no longer at your hands, don't speak to me of love. And don't speak to me of peace, either. I'd rather see entire cities leveled flat in nuclear ash, than hear your empty platitudes about "love" and "peace". Let war after war take place, so long as this blatant hypocrisy still stands.

Rejecting this monolithic superstructure also means disavowing materialism, and engaging in spirituality again. Reconnecting with God. Not the Judeo-Islamo-Christian conception of God, with some dead dude foisted upon a pair of hacked up trees, waved around to everyone in sight. A humanist spirituality that puts man squarely at the center of all things, puffing up its already overblown ego. So much so, that it's taken up sucking its own dick, to make itself feel good. As you know, the good book says animals are worth less than even the most egregious error produced by man. Kill the cow; save the child molester, says the holy roller. And I'm supposed to be mad that some Norwegian kids torched some old churches. Give me a fucking break. I'm upset they didn't burn enough of them. "Think of Fantoft!". Fuck you.

No, the wonderful artist who painted the cosmos, the great architect of the universe. Nature. That is God. Where all pieces of the beautiful puzzle, from the smallest atom, to the brightest star, make up its infinite majesty. Certainly, certainly not a bearded man in the sky, a totalitarian narcissist who punishes everyone and everything for the most arbitrary of reasons, watching all moves that are being made.