

A GLIMPSE AT NIHILISM AMAZON



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NIHILISM IS NEITHER POLITICS NOR POLITICAL. Some individuals have carelessly applied the political label to nihilism. Nihilism is anti-politics. The political is comprised of things that are contrary to nihilism and with which nihilism clashes violently. Political is interlaced with economics, which is related to capital. Nihilism has neither political nor economic components. Nihilism does away with political and economic social structure: the only regard is to terminate them. Politics involves social structure and laws of political interaction: there is social competition for power and dominance, control of society and people. Political is within a social contract, while nihilism negates all social contracts, the social institutions and social relations of civilization. The political is the collective social culture that imposes collectivity on the sovereignty of the individual. It means participation in such culture, one's place in the structure. Politics ranges across an ideological area from left to right – shades and extremes – that translate into social institutions and enforced economies. The political has boundaries. Nihilism is beyond political boundaries and dissolves them. The political radiates negativity. Nihilists disassociate the political and do not dress nihilism in political clothing.

Radical social activists often find it necessary, practical and beneficial to engage the state in social contest along the state's political matrix (formal complaints, lawsuits, protests, demonstrations, disobedience), with the understanding that though tactical, such a course of action has its reach and impact cut out for it by state law and the state's more blatant venues of tyranny. Raising social consciousness of resistance and encouraging involvement by socially resisting the state itself serves the purpose of propaganda – spreading information in the furtherance of the resistance – especially where moments of social chaos are produced. For example, the institution of prison.

Prisons are operated according to state law and the whims of prisoncrats and politicians, with a great amount of tyranny, most of it permitted by law or ignored by overseers, since “the law of the land,” or the U.S. constitution, enacts slavery and establishes prisons as institutions of slavery: prisoners have slave status, essentially and actually, and thus it is permissible to tyrannize and murder them in cold blood, without legal consequences. Prisons are no longer a mere subdivision of the state but have become militarized mini-states, with courts legalizing their independence of government interference in the treatment and living conditions of the prisoners, independent of courts even. They maintain their own kangaroo courts, where personnel of military rank (sergeant, lieutenant, captain) adjudicate accusations against prisoners made by prison guards deemed “officers,” and refer prisoners for criminal prosecution in society's courts, which they influence and manipulate. The weapons they use on prisoners range from batons to tasers to firearms, and chemicals in aerosol cans

for their worldly indulgences, people who have all the time in the world, people not like us. When we come to the apex of conspiracy, time changes: only the continued endurance and plodding forward remain – everything else vanishes. The difference is that we are now in the explosive moment. Now we are in the time of revenge, which is ours, our time, our day, a time when the tables turn. Again, we have no choice: we must take our revenge or be overwhelmed, trampled, crushed. All along it had been a matter of timing – when, where, how, who. We will determine these things, no one else. We will draw the battle lines, a war on our terms. Now the explosive moments are on us.

We are at the brink of the nihilist abyss, a keener state of consciousness, the one in which there are no consequences, no such things as life and death, only the explosive moment, tunnel vision. All the while we had conspired and disciplined ourselves for the ultimate encounter. And now we have arrived at the time of let-go, the state of the mindness of no-mindness, a state of nihilist negation, no more deducing, just doing, pure free fall, where all we do is act and everything else is not there because we are no longer in time space. We are in a separate reality, more pronounced, the flash-point where we are hurtling through the eternity of the abyss, a place of no space, no time. Here, we are at our peak, the zenith of existence, the apex of consciousness, where everything, including our mindset, vanishes and we are hurtling higher and higher. We have surpassed ourselves.

and grenades with gases. They have severely curtailed access to the prisons and to prisoners by the public and the media, supported by the courts, to avoid public exposure and accountability for their brutal and inhumane treatment of their charges, killing them even, unnecessarily, even for sport, as in the case of California state prisoners, set up with rivals by guards in “gladiator fights” that got them murdered with automatic rifles, prisoners wearing nothing but underwear and fighting with nothing but their hands.

In California, prison facilities have become so expansive, they resemble cities. Prisoners must resort to taking the fight to prisoncrats via their own rules and laws. Such course produces only minimum results at best, and cannot ease the constantly increasing burden of raw tyranny on the backs of prisoners, and “rights” won in previous eras have simply been taken back by courts and politicians, acquiescing to prison officials.

The food service in California prisons is pitiful, with less and less of low-quality food being served as the years go by. A creeping starvation policy is in effect, officially, unofficially. Begging flourishes, thievery, prostitution for food.

Prisoners have nothing to bargain with and must put themselves at the mercy of prisoncrats, courts, and politicians, which is always a throw of loaded dice. It is best that prisoners have some tangible, persuasive leverage in their bargaining, disincentives, and social measures. Tyranny’s only fear is fearlessness in its subjects. All the same, prisons are society-propped institutions of torture that dehumanize, derange, and kill prisoners and must be destroyed as the ultimate remedy to them, along with the society that upholds them with its taxes,

voted and silent consent, its laws, and by its apathy to the barbarous treatment of prisoners. The only way to shut down prisons is to shut down society.

In the resistance, we are one hundred percent involved. There is no sacrifice. We are not going out of our way. We are not doing something we would otherwise not do. If one is in the right mood there is no such thing as sacrifice in this, not for us. It is what we do. It is the way we are, the way we came up in the life, to give it all up for ours, even our lives. We have done it more than once, countless times, on the street, in prison. It is not outstanding, not to us. It is not exchanging something in a sacrifice, not even our lives. It is what we have always done, coming up in society, living amid the constant threat of danger and death. It is nothing new. This is what we do. Resistance is not something outside of us that we take up; it is what we have intimated all our lives: there is no life outside of it, not for us. It is internalized. We call it the life. Others call it struggle, those who never knew our endurance. It is what we have always done. It is not taking us out of our way, a burden. It may have at sometime presented as a burden, so long ago in our young lives, but our endurance broke it down as a challenge and then it became just another day. We have always lived with just one option, the worst one, the one we do not like, the one we hated, often dangerous, freedom and life risking, and we did it, often, until it became a natural reflex in the course of our daily survival that we call it not struggle but the life, living the way we do, under the conditions we have always lived since childhood, not just in prison, the wretched of society. There was no choice; we had to do it, or not survive. We know nothing about sacrifice.

Sacrifice what? We have nothing. We know nothing but survival, without which society would obliterate us. And now in prison we continue to survive in the same way, the only way, with our kind, united by the same life experience, the same personal and social traumas, the same taste for vengeance and distaste for society, the same burning passion for its merciless destruction. A lifetime of social degradation – at times conditioning us to act outside of our human limitations, disgusting unmentionables – assaults on our human worth, has been a severe psychological and emotional pain, stunning, thought-changing and life-changing. We sometimes staggered, sought relief in sorrow, other worlds, suicide, succeeded or failed, shut away in psychiatric prisons. We bear the scars, the memories, must deal with them. We had no choice but to absorb and endure, all the while in a secret place of our heart of hearts conspiring to mutiny, to one day return the blow, a coup de grace, just as traumatically, just as mercilessly, better more so, horribly. Memory, vengeance, and a flaming passion merge, forge our weapons. Through the years and decades under the quirt of society we pained and thought and dreamed and schemed for vengeance. We still do: the flow has never broken for one moment, the momentum has never decelerated but accelerated. It preoccupies us, obsesses us, becomes narcotic, soothing. To explode at long last will be our ecstasy. Our desire for vengeance, to make things right, nudges lesser things out of our conscience, less immediate, less vital, less meaningful, which next to our pain are frivolous, non-existent. We cut them out of our lives, close our ranks, act different, travel light. Time works differently. Life is not the same old clockwork. We come into a reality of no-time. We range our ranks, because we have no time for people,