A Glimpse at Nihilism

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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
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 some-
thing 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 strug-
gle, 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 bur-
den, 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 op-
tion, 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 un-
mentionables – 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 muti-
ny, to one day return the blow, a coup de grace, just as
traumatically, just as mercilessly, better more so, horri-
bly. 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,
obseses 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,