

Asphyxiation

“Neither avarice, want, nor any of the usual inducements to the commission of crime, seemed to govern their conduct. A savage thirst for blood – a deep-rooted malignity against human nature, could alone be discovered in their actions. They murdered every defenseless being who fell in their way.” (James Hall, *The Harpe’s Head: A Legend of Kentucky*, 1833)

Some people die of asphyxiation right away – like Eric Garner. It didn’t take but a minute for that cop to choke him to death.

Other people die of asphyxiation slowly – actually, the whole world is slowly choking to death – most of us in the industrialized countries can’t breathe because the air is poisoned by the emissions of automobiles, factories and power plants.

I, too, am dying slowly – of loneliness. Of being alienated from an alienated world.

I remember when I used to suffer from anxiety attacks. I didn’t want to be reminded of the fact that I lived alone, and so, like millions of other lonely people, I turned the TV on. But soon the TV was sucking all the oxygen out of the room (or so it seemed) and I was suffocating. So I’d turn the channel and the feeling – the *terror* – would pass for a few minutes. But then it would return, I couldn’t breathe anymore and I would have to change the channel again and again. This would go on for hours.

I have been to many political protests in my lifetime. I have protested against fascist violence, nuclear weapons, police brutality, and the eviction of squats. I have been to “peaceful” protests and I have participated in “riots.” I have been arrested a half-dozen times, and I’ve been charged with all kinds of things. But I *hate* protesting – though it is always good to breathe the same air (*to conspire*) with people who feel and think as I do. A protest is always a response to something, to something negative, and so it must struggle to be both positive and negative, to be more than a simple negative response to negative actions taken by someone else.

Perhaps only depressed people know and feel exactly who and what our enemy really is: the forces of death. They kill because they *enjoy* it, because they hate life itself and only feel alive when killing something else. These “sadists” – the word does great disservice to the life and memory of de Sade, that fierce opponent and tragic victim of both the monarchy and the bourgeois State – have found jobs and self-justification at all levels of American society: at the local level, in the police departments; at the county and state levels, in the jails and mental institutions; at the national level, in the U.S. Marshals Service, the Border Patrol and the FBI; and, internationally, in the CIA and among private contractors such as the company formerly known as Blackwater. Supported by various religious leaders, politicians and corporate sponsors – who know *exactly* what they are in fact supporting – these “sadists” have at least two things in common: they all believe in the death penalty; and they believe they themselves are authorized to administer it to the people they deem worthy of it. “I killed him because he deserved to die.”

What can you do with such people? (Let us note in passing that it is understandable why some people can only understand what's happening today in hallucinatory terms, e.g. the enemy is actually a conspiracy of Jews or Freemasons or Illuminati under the control of the Devil or shape-shifting lizards from Outer Space. I believe they're wrong, of course, but my point here is not their delusions, but the fact that murder is so abhorrent to most human beings that they imagine that only something non-human – not just inhumane, but completely alien – could actually enjoy committing it.)

You can't *convince* murderous sadists to stop killing: it isn't just the content of their thoughts; it's the whole way their libido has been conditioned, the way their "character structures" have been built. They will only stop if they are *prevented* from continuing. But who's going to do that – their bosses?! It is obvious that extreme, murderous sadism is not only displayed by "rogue" officers out in the field, but also and especially by the people at the very top of the various hierarchies that demand to have a monopoly on violence. They *like* what their underlings are doing and, when faced with criticism, will reward rather than punish them. What about the other bosses, the ones who aren't sadistic killers, who think that sadistic killers are bad for business? Can *they* be convinced to prosecute or at least force the resignation of the homicidal maniacs? Certainly not: they know that they, too, would be killed if they tried. Thus we get coroners who report certain deaths as homicides but there are no indictments; we get torture reports but no prosecutions for the commission of torture.

Death cannot be fought with more death. Death can only be fought with life. We must reject everything that loves death, be it in ourselves or in others; we must nourish and protect everything that lives, everything that lives despite the presence and inevitability of death. What lies ahead is worse than enslavement, because even slaves can revolt. Corpses cannot.

NOT BORED!

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