

Suicide As A Fine Art

(Homage to Thomas de Quincey)

Written by MM

Non sono il primo e il migliore;
questa è la mia ultima nascita;
non vengo a porre fine
al dolore, alla malattia e alla morte
(M.M.)

SUICIDE AS A FINE ART

Suicide As A Fine Art

Written by MM

Suicide As A Fine Art
©Martin Madera, 2002

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be used or reproduced
in any manner whatsoever without written permission.

For information address: martinmadera@yahoo.com

Printed in Prague, Czech Republic, February 2003

ISBN 80-239-0050-1

Dedicated to
all the lovers
of suicide..

Preface

There is no imagination neither in this book nor in any art which is worthy to be called ART.

As some people know, all of this book is about what could happen, anytime, anywhere and to anyone who knows that the pure reality is the best kind of imagination.

Everything is simple and easy to understand.

It is just necessary to be...TO BE.

MM
Prague, February 2003

Ladies and gentlemen,

Let me, please, tell you just a few words today.

As you know, it is only a few weeks or months since I returned back to Prague from New York City. I have to say, and that's for sure, that it was a really great idea. I'm so happy to be here! It reminds me other day and other year and other rooms and other voices. Those sweet sunny days of January '96 in Naples...but it's other story.

A Biblical expert could say simply: "Psalm 32, Verse 8." As I'm neither biblical expert nor "connoisseur" of good taste manners I can say, not without pride, that you can read everything about that in the story "Marionettes", which makes a part of a book called "General History of Stupidity". Anyway...

Today's "soirée" is dedicated to another "asunto". I was very pleased reading, three weeks ago, your invitation, and, knowing... that I'm here just like a very very modest and little experienced "amateur"...knowing...that you can talk about today's "thème" a hundred times and another hundred times more time...oh my God! what pride for me!!!

So...knowing all that, I will tell you just the 583 words:

I have to say that your idea of suicide as a fine art is really extraordinary, fascinating and a perfect example of open-minded and creatively-structured theory, hundred per cent natural and... say, the very beginning of a new science called, and it's my modest invention, I think... called DECONSTRUCTION OF THE THEORY OF CHAOS.

I expect that every one of you remember those fabulous days before suicide. The decision is taken and you have a lot of time to play the Game. Everybody knows that you are down, everybody takes care of you, everybody wants to help you.

And you?

You don't care.

You don't care. It's not a question of your life. You have quite different problems. Maybe you will agree that you have just three problems: when, where and how to do it! So it seems to be very easy to understand that you haven't any time to live ordinary "mediocre" life. Even a very stupid man, or woman, must understand that. And, as you concentrate yourself just in these three crucial questions- WHEN, WHERE and HOW- you must finally find out that the others cannot do anything for you. Imagine, please, for example, this situation: You have been planning for maybe a half year a perfect suicide, you have spent six months thinking about these three important questions and finally you are sure: it will be this day, it will be this place and it will be this kind of this finest art- the art of life.

Now... you are there.

It is the perfect place. Dark. Calm. You are alone. Your time has come. You feel that strange happiness. Finally you CAN do what you have been looking for so long time...

And suddenly... a young boy, twelve or fourteen years old comes, asking you something so stupid as where the nearest subway station is or so. What can you do, my friends?

You cannot create anymore, you are interrupted during the act of creation, nor could God finish the Creation, if a young boy had come asking Him the nearest subway station.

So you have to stop and you must tell him where the nearest subway station is. And...

Now it's not a good place, you are not alone, it's not a good time, you are not alone, and...

And, "sea como sea", you have something to do.

You CAN go to the nearest subway station, You CAN take the next train, you CAN get out somewhere, you CAN go to the nearest bar, you CAN have a coffee, you CAN smoke a cigarette. And so on. You CAN live.

You know that you've been wrong!

Or NOT?

You have, say, 100 dollars, so you can eat or drink anything you want, as you know that it is the last night of your life.

So what?

It is very important moment now, my friends.

If you are a really deep-self-oriented artist, you cannot quit, some stupid boy cannot destroy your "chef-d'oeuvre".

You must go back, go back to the place and try it again.

I assure you that I know at least one man like that. Personally.

So you go back and now it's getting better.

Nobody's there. No people.

It's even darker. Very quiet. Peaceful.

It's perfect.

Now!

Right now.

You can be a great show-biz star, for the first and the last time in your life.

Is it worth all this?

Yes.

Sure.

You have a last look ahead and around and about...

And then...

Is it the end, my only friend?

I think that at least some, if not all of you, know the right answer.

Thank you for your invitation

Written in Brno and Prague

26.XI. 02

Martin Madera
Suicide As A Fine Art

©Martin Madera, 2002

Illustration front cover: ©MM, Jistebnice 1996

Photos back cover: ©MM, Sevilla 1995, Naples 1996

Cover and graphic design MM

First Edition
Published by MM

Printed in Prague, Czech Republic, February 2003

Note: e-version of this book will be available in May 2003,
Please check web site: <http://www.geocities.com/martinmadera>
or make an order: martinmadera@yahoo.com

About the author

MM lives in Prague, Czech Republic, respectively in New York or Spain. In Prague, you can ask for him at various coffee bars as Duende, Tonino Lamborghini, Patio, Casa Blu, Zanzibar etc...

In NYC you can try to ask at Esperanto Caffè on McDougall Str., south of Washington Square in Greenwich Village.

In Spain it is strongly recommended to go to Cadaques or Mojacar or Café de la Prensa in Sevilla.