

To the Aspiring Suicides...

We talk about suicide a lot these days, because times are hard... Capitalism's restructuring, mass lay-offs, the expatriation of industry, the rising cost of consumer goods, social services becoming more and more exclusive, etc. ... One could believe that it's the fall of capitalism, but capital only shores up its foundations a little bit more with the wave of suicides among employees of France Telecom, Peugeot, Renault, the increase of occupational illnesses, the consumption of anti-depressants and psychotropics to make the pill of exploitation go down a little easier. One even hears now and again that there are workers revolting in the four corners of the world, that often they are too isolated to bring their struggle through to completion, that they are sometimes crushed in a sea of blood. If many are stubborn and don't give it up, many others resign themselves, and sometimes, suicidal, they make the ultimate choice.

If we address these words to you, men and women who are disgusted with everything and who will not be turned back by anything or anyone from a tragic fate, it is not to remind you of a nonexistent duty to look highly upon a life which is not worth the trouble of living. We will not disrespect your decision, for you and you alone are capable of knowing the extent of the pain and the anguish which poisons your existence. Whoever doesn't feel that pain, that anguish, who has never even been touched by these things, because they are warped by money or blinded by faith, has no right to fault your fatal determination.

So we don't want to preach to you, nor to prevent you from realising your firm decision. We simply have the intention of asking a favour of you, a little favour from those of you who have decided to quit this world, but one which would give immense joy to we who, for the moment, have decided to stay. Since you have resolved to undertake the Great Voyage, while you are on your way, could you not focus your gaze on some of those adversities which have rendered your days on this earth so unbearable?

To want to take the final step in solitude is understandable, it's human. But to do it with company is sublime, divine. What's more, what do you have to fear? For once nothing will come to bother you, reproach you for the consequences of your gesture. For example, you could swallow your poison only after having fed it to the deputy¹ who had been making you drink it for years. You want to put lead in your brain? Okay, but not before having shot it into that of the bank director who ruined you. If you would rather pull the noose around your throat, why not, beforehand, practise on the throat of the baron of industry who fired you? Before going beyond you could surprise the bishop who excommunicated your conscience, by setting him up with an immediate meeting with his Supreme Master. And why not take the cop who's waiting beside you for the train or the subway with you beneath the wheels? It would finally kick his bad habit of imprisoning the freedom of others. Don't be offended, but we have never understood why the courthouse or the stock exchange doesn't excite

the imagination of despairing people such as yourself, as schools seem to in the US – a hail of bullets against the judges, the financial speculators, would be a touching parting gift to your companions in misfortune.

Can you imagine what would happen if even a fifth of the uncompromising suicides of each country associated their last breath with that of an infamous, powerful man? For your merit – you, the habitually blamed suicides – we would see a rise in moral awareness; in the highest circles, they would think twice before casting other human beings into the despair which is yours.

Maybe we will find the strength to finish the work that you would have generously started. We entreat you, we beg you, please, great disheartened ones of the five continents, have heart one last time. Do not die alone and ignored,

Choose an institutional celebrity and kick the bucket in tandem.

Rather than throwing this flier in the street, smother a guard with it

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