

Suicide is Cool

BBC Ceefax reported (20 September 2010) that a memorial service had been held in St Paul's Cathedral for Alexander McQueen, seven months after his suicide. Mr McQueen was, we gather, a fashion designer. This national event took place during the observance of Fashion Week, so celebrities from the world of fashion were in attendance. (Kate Moss, Naomi Campbell . . .).

Mr McQueen had hanged himself on the eve of his mother's funeral. The *Mail on Line* tells us that "Not long before it [the body] was taken away, a man with short blond hair who looked distraught and said he was McQueen's boyfriend, went inside. Undertakers brought out the designer's body on a stretcher, covered in a maroon blanket. The blond man came outside and waited."

Query: what turned this death into an occasion of national mourning? Was it the profession of fashion designer? or the grief of the blond man? or the presence of Ms Campbell? I suggest that what may have perhaps tipped the balance for the Dean of St Paul's was suicide, as conferring the decisive *cachet* of respectability.

Would the present state of Christendom be a sufficient reason for killing oneself? and if so would there be a respectful memorial gathering to hear this reason?

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