

HOW TO QUIT SMOKING THANKS TO SPIRITUALITY

*An inner journey from the slavery of nicotine to
devotion to a Supreme Entity, through cognitive
deconstruction, the abundance paradox, and daily
contemplative practice.*

Editor Sebastiano Vottari

This work is dedicated to anyone who, at least once, has tried to put down their cigarette and felt their certainties tremble.

*"Man is not destroyed only by suffering; he is also destroyed by
meaningless suffering."*

— Viktor E. Frankl

*"Freedom does not consist in doing what one wants, but in
wanting what one does with full awareness of the eternal."*

— Anonymous

The silent architecture of the smoker

There's a room inside every smoker that most people never visit. It's not a physical room, of course; it's a place of consciousness, an interior niche slowly built, cigarette by cigarette, in which the smoker has placed a small altar. Upon that altar, in place of a statue or an icon, rests an object as banal as it is sacred: a paper cylinder filled with crushed leaves. This modest object has received, over the years, an impressive amount of devotion. It has been consulted in moments of crisis, thanked in moments of joy, called upon to accompany every minor transition of the day: morning coffee, waiting for a bus, the end of a meal, an argument, waiting for love, a difficult decision. That cylinder has been the intermediary priest between the smoker and his own life.

Yet, if we question the smoker while he is lucid and honest, we discover that he himself does not consider the cigarette sacred. Indeed, he describes it with a subdued annoyance. He says he would like to quit. He says it costs him too much. He says it ruins his health, that it has distanced him from loved ones, that he can no longer stand the smell of his own clothes, his hair, his car. The gap between what he practices in his ritualized intimacy and what he declares in explicit reason is enormous. This gap, this hollow

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space between practice and thought, is precisely where addiction dwells. As long as it remains unexplored, every attempt to quit crashes against invisible walls.

The book you hold in your hands doesn't propose to treat smoking simply as a bad habit, to be corrected with discipline and willpower; nor as a mere chemical addiction, to be replaced with patches, gum, or medications. It starts from a more radical and, at the same time, older premise: the smoker is a devotee. He has devoted a significant portion of his time, money, and attention to an object that doesn't reciprocate, that actually consumes him. The problem isn't smoking itself; the problem is...

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