

SO IT GOES

BY JASON LOVE



I've got bad feng shui. I found out last week from Johnathan, my feng shui man. You can tell how pretentious you are by the number of "my people" in your life: my gardener, my plastic surgeon, my feng shui consultant.

Johnathan didn't warm to my house. It started with the unflushed toilet and went downhill from there. He pranced through the halls, smouldering his sage at my Trouble Spots.

"All these browns and blacks," he said. "Are you trying to be depressed?" I kept my mouth shut, which any married man will tell you is good feng shui.

Johnathan recommended some depression free colours—eggshell, moccasin, alic blue—but none of them sounded heterosexual. So it goes.

Johnathan followed his divining nose through my home, saying tisk-tisk. No. Really. The actual words: "tisk, tisk." The laundry on the stairs meant that my mind is cluttered. The TV in my bedroom prevented a good night's rest. The flies above my sink said it's time to do the dishes.

Here's a question: What's the difference between feng shui and, say, obsessive-compulsive disorder? Maybe Howard Hughes was a feng shui master...

"You'll close the front door with a Kleenex, but not the first Kleenex, the third. Except on Fridays, when I visit with Rain Man..."

Johnathan was "shoulding" all over the place. Bedrooms should not be above the kitchen, which upsets the chance of childbirth (oh, if contraception were that easy). Your bed should face the rising sun, a direction that varies over the year, the point being to always carry a compass.

Dripping taps represent a loss of fortune, as evidenced by how much I was paying Johnathan. Wilting plants are bad feng shui although apparently burning the garden indoors is not.

In the office, place your lamp on the right side of the computer if you are right-handed, and if you are left-handed, seek help immediately. Before turning on your lamp, blink three times and say, "Om mani padme hum." If you live in the southern hemisphere, reverse the order of everything.

You'll need an aquarium, but it must contain feng-shui-certified fish purchased, in person, in Taiwan. The fish will swim in directions dictated by their horoscopes.

We returned to the living room, where Johnathan gasped in alic blue. Exposed beams! Turns out that financial strain comes from exposed beams. How much strain depends on the height of the ceiling, the type of wood, and what kind of job you have.

Johnathan recommended, with a straight face, that I knock out a wall. I listened, with a straight face, as he walked away stroking his emerald pendant, a talisman to keep away the sane. Johnathan is no longer on the list of "my people." He has since been replaced by "my guard dog."

Feng shui goes on to dictate what you should eat, the scent of your clothing, when to procreate and how. If you stick with it, though, you will find your life evolving to accommodate the mystifying ways of the chi. You're getting the hang of it when your home is simplified to four padded walls and a box of Kleenex. ■