

# 2/2

*Photography Jaimie Warren*



THE LUXURY OF DOUBLE ISSUE













Life is complicated and bad advice makes it worse.

**1. Hit the snooze button for us long as you can buy more time. You'll make it as long as you cut corners to avoid morning mishaps.**

**2. Leave your clothes in a pile on the floor wherever you happen to undress.**

**3. You'll remember whatever you have to do—if you forget something it wasn't that important in the first place. Writing notes is a waste of paper.**

**4. White lies save time.**

**5. If you only have one homekey, you'll be more careful to remember it whenever you go out.**

**6. Get the most out of every electronic appliance, tinker with it to increase its life.**

**It'll break down forever at some point, but at least you'll know you got as much mileage out of it as possible.**

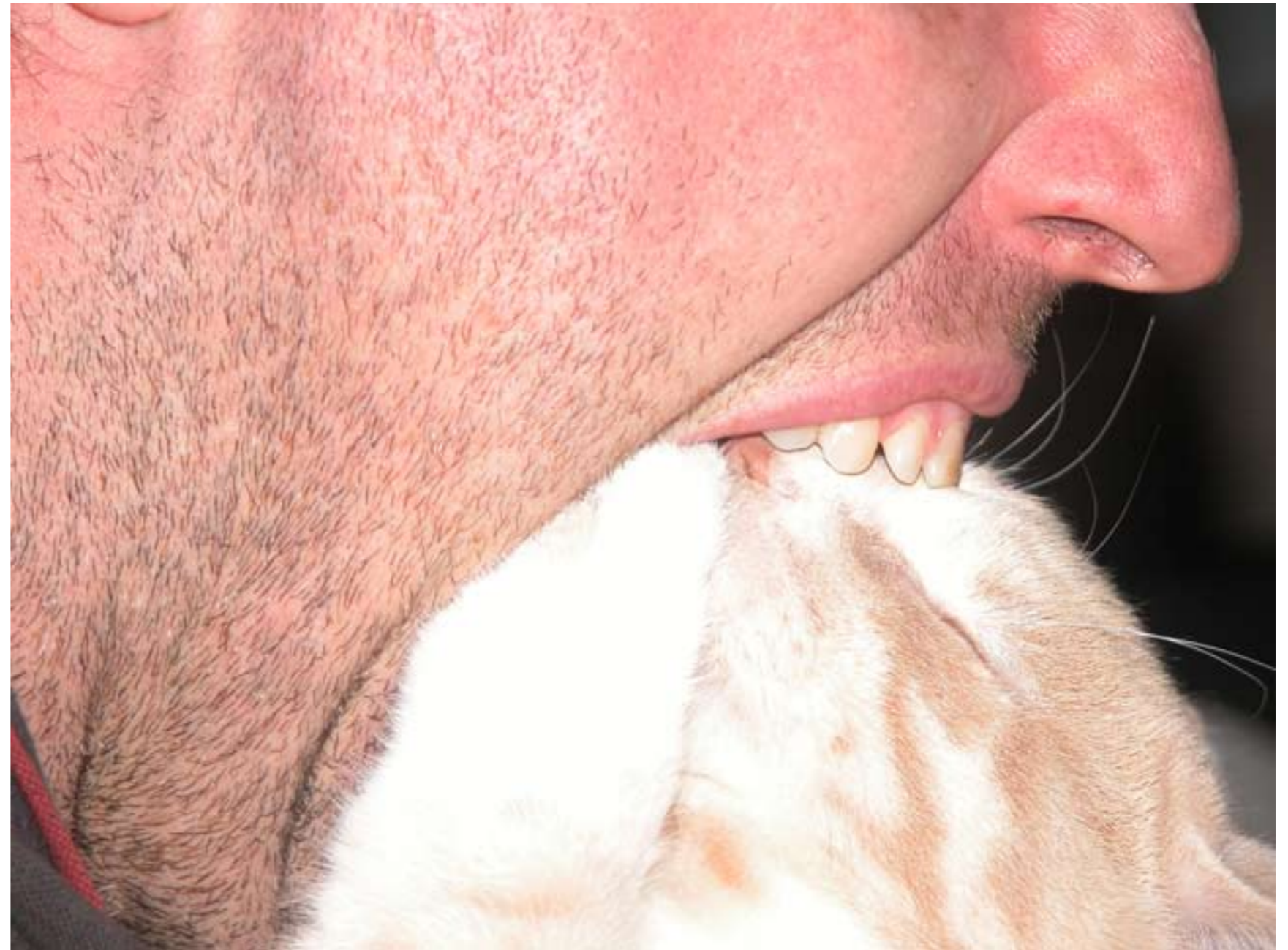
**7. Complaining makes waits go faster.**

**8. Whatever you can leave undone today, you can do tomorrow.**

**9. It's a waste of time to do things too early: the car will signal when you're running out of petrol. Only do the laundry when you have to start using dirty clothes.**

**10. Technology is dysfunctional by nature, so if something isn't working properly that's just how it is. Live with it.**

**11. Being the first to arrive for an appointment is a drag. Leave at the last possible moment to**



THE LUXURY OF STRESS

**make sure you don't have to wait. Better to be 15 minutes late than five minutes early. Most times airlines will take you in even if you are a little late from the recommended check-in time.**

**12. Coffee keeps you going.**

**13. Preparing for the worst is like a self-fulfilling prophecy. Avoid it.**

**14. Never accept anything but the best in everything.**

**15. Every problem is a problem, so each one requires your full attention.**





16. You'll figure it out in the end. Avoid embarrassment and don't let anyone know you're clueless.

17. Say "yes" to every offer you get and worry about getting done later. Every job you turn down might be lost forever. You

can always stretch the deadline.

18. If you shut your phone or turn down the sound you're bound to lose valuable opportunities.

19. Get what you need when you feel like you need it. Or even before if possible.

20. Making things complicated will make you look smarter. Simplicity is for simpletons.

21. Only work with people who have a skill to see the worrying side of every detail. Only worrying will guard your back.

22. Aim to complete every project in one sitting. Getting up in the middle to stretch or whatever just means you'll get out later.

23. If your neighbour is noisy, let it be. That'll let you have parties in the middle of the night without worrying about disturbing your neighbour.

24. You'll go to bed when the day is over, there's no point in worrying about when you have to wake up

the next day. You'll just sleep however much you can.

25. Organising your desk is a waste of time. The more stuff is scattered around, the busier you look. You'll find what you need when you need it. And if you don't, something else might crop up. Losing things isn't a problem.

26. Quick breaths save time.

27. Write down as little as you need to—somebody else might read your notes and benefit from it.

28. Sigh as loud as you can to gather pity from others. Do it often to make sure.

29. Talented people improvise, others memorise. The time you save by not

preparing can be used for something else.

30. Leave so little time to complete something that you can't be distracted by anything before you're ready. Another way to avoid wasting time procrastinating.

31. All personal information can be used against you at some point in the future, so keep your problems to yourself.

32. If you hate your job, make sure you complain about it every chance you get.

33. Whatever you do make sure before doing it you know what it will lead to in the long run. Or, alternatively, take risks that are like leaps in the dark.

34. If you're enjoying what you're doing, it

must be something worthless.

35. Don't waste love, only give it when there's something to gain.

36. If you don't smell bad, you don't need a shower (just keep alert about the situation all the time).

37. If there's a chance someone else might do what's undone leave it the way it is and wait for someone else to do it—eg. making coffee at the office or cleaning up. Just make sure you're not caught leaving it undone.

38. Don't waste time explaining things more than once. If they don't get it, they don't deserve it.

39. Buy new clothes when old ones fall apart.

40. You're never too busy to squeeze in one more meeting.

41. Everything has to be perfect. If you cut corners, cover your tracks well.

42. You can never be too cruel to yourself. Catch every mistake you make—preferably before you make it.

43. Anything you can't finish during the week can be done over the weekend.

44. When your bank account looks thin, use a credit card.

45. Multitasking is the key to efficient living.

46. If you have spare time, there's something you aren't doing. Get working!

47. Annoying tasks can be done later.

48. Do everything you can yourself, you can't trust others to take care of things.

49. Food is an excess, don't waste time on it.

50. Say what you feel like when you feel like it.

51. Others are imperfect, you are not. Help the others become better people by letting them know what's wrong with them.

52. Everybody is lazy and looking to take advantage of you. Get the most out of them before they get it out of you.

As recommended by no-one.



## My Own Personal Luxury

By Antti J. Peltonen  
Photography by Jaimie Warren

### **THIS IS WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT. SO SHUT UP, FOCUS AND INDULGE THIS PRIVILEGED WRITER BY READING WHAT'S ON HIS MIND.**

Jesus, Mary, Christ and Mel the fucking Gibson.

What *exactly* am I doing here?

Why am I sitting—alone at 11.15PM on Saturday while my Girl is out somewhere having a drink—in front of this ugly American computer screen in my chaotic, ridiculously expensive rent flat with the Bahamas' flag up on the living room wall, stumbling in my useless thoughts as they were my own pathetic footsteps sung by Mr. Dave Gahan and the rest of his depeching fucking Mode?

For whom am I trying to measure the very thing that can not be measured in this vanishing Earth that won't even exist 317 years from now, cause all the garbage this overcapitalised sad right wing economy world is producing will kill everything and everyone on it—including myself if I am not already gone?

How could it be that the word "luxury" could even be defined in a way "honesty" for one and "dignity" for another, can be explained and identified universally?

What is that something that could be called "My Own Personal Luxury"?

Is that the bread that I am wasting away daily, cause I do not enjoy non-fresh food in my body, ignoring the true story that there are thousands of my fellow human beings who will be dead in minutes lacking any kind of nourishment at all?

Is that the third Mexican import beer that I am consuming in this very moment, cause I can not imagine not to be drinking it, alone, at 11.25 PM now, on Saturday night, while my Girl is having a taste of her own, somewhere where I am not?

Is that the signature I wrote and flyer I took from the Chinese lady, who stopped me by the railway station and showed me photos of other Chinese ladies, ones that had been tortured and killed for the sake of their beliefs somewhere in the great state of China that used to believe in red, but is now more blue than the fucking Bush and Cheney families combined?

How could I define, even in theory, something as selfish as "My Own Personal Luxury"?

And what would it matter, if I succeeded?

Cause any conclusion would not make a difference to me and it certainly would not play any role to anyone else.

Indeed, even an effort of trying to put down into sentences something as sad as "My Own Personal Luxury" would make

THE LUXURY OF PHILOPHY



me a pathetic idiot.

So, please, let me be one.

Please, encourage me in my mission of giving meaning not only to my life, but yours as well.

Here it is.

My Own Personal Luxury.

It could be the apartment that I am inhabiting. The Girl that I am fucking. Mind that I am thinking. Time that I am having. The computer I am typing. Countries I am traveling. Alvar Aalto -vase that I am washing. The beer, fourth one, I am now drinking. Hands I am moving. Porn that I am surfing. Feelings that I am feeling. Jokes I am used to laughing. Songs that I am singing. The pussy of the Girl I am licking. My heart that is pumping. The dick that is working. My basic right of voting. Tiger of Sweden sweater I am folding. Air that I am breathing. Lake in which I am swimming. My cock I am regularly jerking. Memories from my childhood birthdays I am recalling. Music I am listening. Thoughts I every now and then am wondering. Blowjob I am sort of getting. Samsung 32 inch LCD I am owning. The breasts of the Girl I am touching. Principles in which I am believing. Paychecks I am receiving. My ears that are hearing. The book by Zadie Smith I am reading. E-mails I am receiving. The pictures of Mrs. Smith I am occasionally watching. The beauty of the Girl I am admiring. The relationship that me and the Girl are having and the future that particular relationship may be bringing.

In the world of our own, here in the middle of oil wars, bad politics, greedy white men, more and more greedy white women, and greedy all kinds of men and women really, "My Own Personal Luxury" eventually comes down to definition as the following.

Love could be the luxury of everyone's life, but is not, cause far too often it at first fades out, then simply disappears and, at last, brings the sadness.

But if the love is gone, what is there left to reach for?

Nothing.

Just the life itself.

And the ability to walk.

You think it over.

Next time you see someone perfectly normal, apart from the fact that he or she is sitting in the wheelchair for life, you think it over again.





Please. □

