

## TOO MUCH STUFF

October 24, 2010

By Michael Erlewine ([Michael@Erlewine.net](mailto:Michael@Erlewine.net))

Rained yesterday. Not much chance to get outside, although Margaret and our dog Molotov managed to do it. I was invited along but something inside me refused to go, even though I had nothing pressing that I absolutely had to do instead. It was almost like I was mad that the day was not sunny, so I would not even go out when the rain had stopped. I was pouting. Go figure.

Instead, I made some feeble gestures at starting to ramp up winter hobbies like cleaning the various offices and storerooms I have clogged up with all my stuff. George Carlin was the definitive definer of 'stuff', and he got it right: I have too much stuff.

Lately my idea of cleaning the office is to put everything I no longer want to keep there in a box and put that box in another semi-office, which is no solution at all. I have commandeered two rooms in our center for my stuff. Now I have a lot of boxes with just all kinds of things in them that will take a long time to sort out and get right ... if ever.

At my age all of this stuff I have is converging toward a point of, literally, no return, so I don't want someone else to have to sort all this out. I seem to be always doing so many things that I exude stuff like detritus which then accumulates around my desk in various stages of debris. Instead of finally dealing with it, I just toss it into a box so I don't have to see it ... for a while. I am all about the future, and yet NOT future-oriented enough (apparently) to clean up my own past.

How do you deal with your growing pile of stuff?

Suggestions welcome!

Michael

Photo: Borage outside our door that is still fighting the frost and continuing to bloom against the rising tide of winter.

