

PACKING IT UP

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Whenever Margaret and I travel anywhere, packing is always an issue. She likes to take time to pack, and it can be like a week or more. Sometimes Margaret has a suitcase half-packed on the floor months at a time. As for me, I am more like a ten-minute packer. I just put clothes in a suitcase, zip it shut, and carry it downstairs. What else should I be doing?

So I packed my bag and have it sitting on the couch down in the living room in case I want to add something more. I have not thought of anything yet.

Margaret is not going to New Orleans with me this time because she knows I will be talking astrology from dawn to dusk and she has heard it all before. I don't blame her. She was in New Orleans in 1980 with me for an astrology conference and knows how I am around other astrologers – talk, talk, talk.

I guess I am taking a little more time than usual to get ready because, although I am speaking at the conference, I also have to think about our company's booth in the UAC Marketplace. The booth is a full 20-feet long and was shipped a couple weeks ago. I will have to figure out how to assemble the damn thing. It is one of those frameworks that, like an erector set, expands out of its case some 8-feet high and 10-feet or so wide. I know assembling it will be a mini-nightmare, but only for short time, so I am ready for that. Well, almost ready.

And there is the straw hat. A friend of mine recently stopped by who lives in New Orleans and told me to be sure that I bring a big hat with a wide brim, because I am going to need it if I go outside the hotel. Now that is something I did not think of, the Sun.

Am I ever going to stop talking and leave the hotel? Perhaps, if only to find food. I am told that New Orleans is death on healthy food and, of all the areas of the city that are expensive and also over-calorized, the French Quarter is worst, which is where the conference is. So I will need a hat in order to find a good salad.

My friend who is going to guide me around a bit in New Orleans promised me that he would take me to a hat shop and help me pick out a big hat. But then, so I said to myself, what happens when I go home. There is no room for a big hat in my suitcase. It already is, well, packed. So I had to go on a wild Google chase to find me a collapsible hat, which I finally did, a soft, straw, collapsible Panama hat. But will I wear it?

I am not a hat person, I guess I will have to become one in New Orleans and I can fold it up and put it in my pocket or somewhere. Where? I hate to carry an over-the-shoulder bag around just for a hat. So, you can see the kind of things I am spending my time on while I wait for the days to pass until I can get down to the conference and check it out. Hope to see some of my Facebook friends there.