

## Chaos Theory

adapted from a column by **Tony Vino**

- 1 I'd love to be organised. My wife is a natural planner. Her idea of an ideal "date night" involves a calendar. For me anything more than three days away is a bit of a blur. I will therefore agree to do anything, as long as it's far enough in the future. There are some truly awful things I've been roped into due to my lack of 29. How else could I explain five days bird watching with my brother-in-law? That to me wasn't a holiday, more like a well-meaning hostage situation.
- 2 As well as diary management my wife finds it relaxing to make endless lists of things "To Do". I get stressed by the very idea of creating a "To Do" list and generally don't manage to start one because I can never find a pen. I'm also wired to never remembering important dates.
- 3 Good organisation is a virtue richly rewarded in society. A train ticket to London from Preston booked 3 months in advance is £11.50, if booked on the same day it's the same except you remove the decimal place. Similar case in point with so called "low cost" airlines. They are low cost for those who book early and arrange things properly. On my last trip to Malaga I'd forgotten to book enough luggage allowance so I was charged more for adding a suitcase than the contents of the bag and flight combined.
- 4 Thus the well-planned and well-ordered in life have a definite advantage. 32, the most spontaneous and creative people I know are administratively hopeless. I suppose it makes sense that original creative thoughts largely come out of chaos, not order. A recent report from Groningen University states that the level of disorder in life and surroundings can lead people to think more clearly and simply. They cite, for example, that having a messy desk (Einstein famously had one, as did writer Roald Dahl) can actually foster more creativity and better problem solving because people are forced to simplify their thoughts.
- 5 Perfect! I have some science to back me up next time I'm berated for forgetting my wife's birthday or my child's middle name. I decide to head out to my office with its messy desk of destiny in order to write an original comic masterpiece of astounding brilliance. The only problem is I can't find my car keys...



*Sorted, 2014*