

The clutter of bedrooms

[Friday 24 June 1664](#)

Read Pepys full diary entry by clicking on the link above

... After dinner to [White Hall](#); and there met with [Mr. Pierce](#), and he showed me [the Queene's](#) bed-chamber, and her closett, where she had nothing but some pretty pious pictures, and books of devotion; and her holy water at her head as she sleeps, with her clock by her bed-side, wherein a lamp burns that tells her the time of the night at any time.

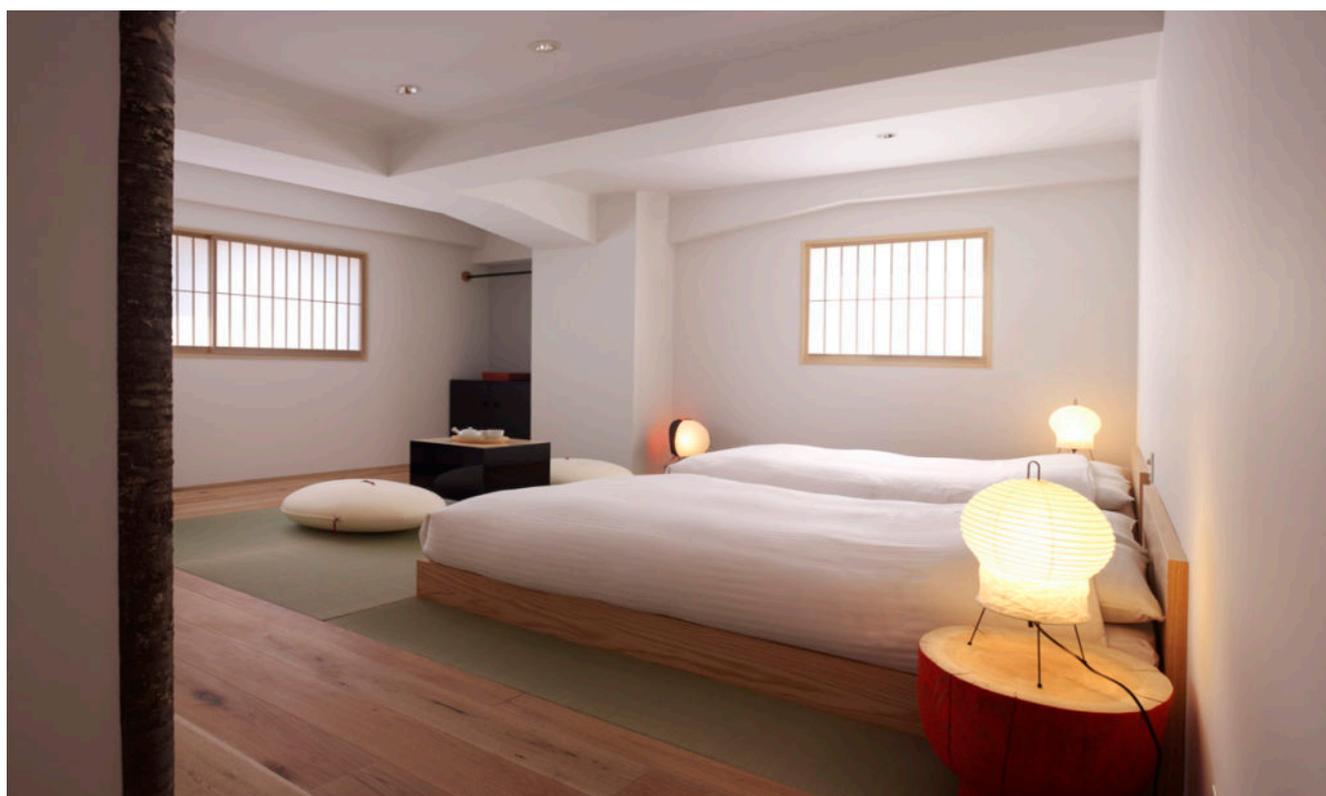


I've always wondered why so many beds have curtains around them. Maybe there are substitute for not having curtains and the whole room

Easyhotel Croydon is not the place to seek refinements in the bedroom. there are no shelves, no hooks, no wardrobes, no

shares just a double or twin bed. There is a light or two. There is a bathroom. When it opened about three years ago I remember paying about £20 for a room. if I wanted to book now for next Friday it would be £51 for a night. Hotel prices in London are very high or should I say steep.

I like hotels that have rooms with plenty of hangers. Not the miserable selection of wire hangers that look as if they are 10 years old and that make noise when you touch one of them. I enjoy silent air-conditioning, lights that enable one person to read while the other can sleep, and a television that does not have five channels each of which are as boring as the others. It does cost a fortune for the licence to have Sky TV in each room which means that only the more expensive hotels can budget for Sky.



I must admit there is a certain calmness indicated here. We can only dream for bigger properties.

The style of Japanese rooms and some Scandinavian rooms is the absence of any form of clutter which may well be conducive to sleeping.

So here we have the Queen of England in a sleeping environment that could be likened more to a puritan bedchamber. It is not clear from the text but I suppose the candle is a crude type of clock where you can see what time it is by how much it has burnt down and there are probably black rings at hourly intervals. The holy water is a reflection of her religious faith as are the books of devotion.

Our own bedroom by contrast is a muddle. Between us we have about a dozen books that are waiting to be read. In the cupboard next to the bed there are a variety of hairdryers. On the bed table there is a light and a radio which is left permanently tuned to Radio Five of the BBC. There is a small cube clock. At the end of the bedroom are three drawers full of clothes. It is a mess even when cleared up. Underneath the bed there is a blowup mattress for the benefit of guests.

If we had a bigger property we would probably move everything out of the bedroom and have a dressing room but I will keep store of books for dipping into. This is part of the end of day routine that I would be reluctant to give up. However, we do not have a bigger property and we just have to make the best use of the space we have.

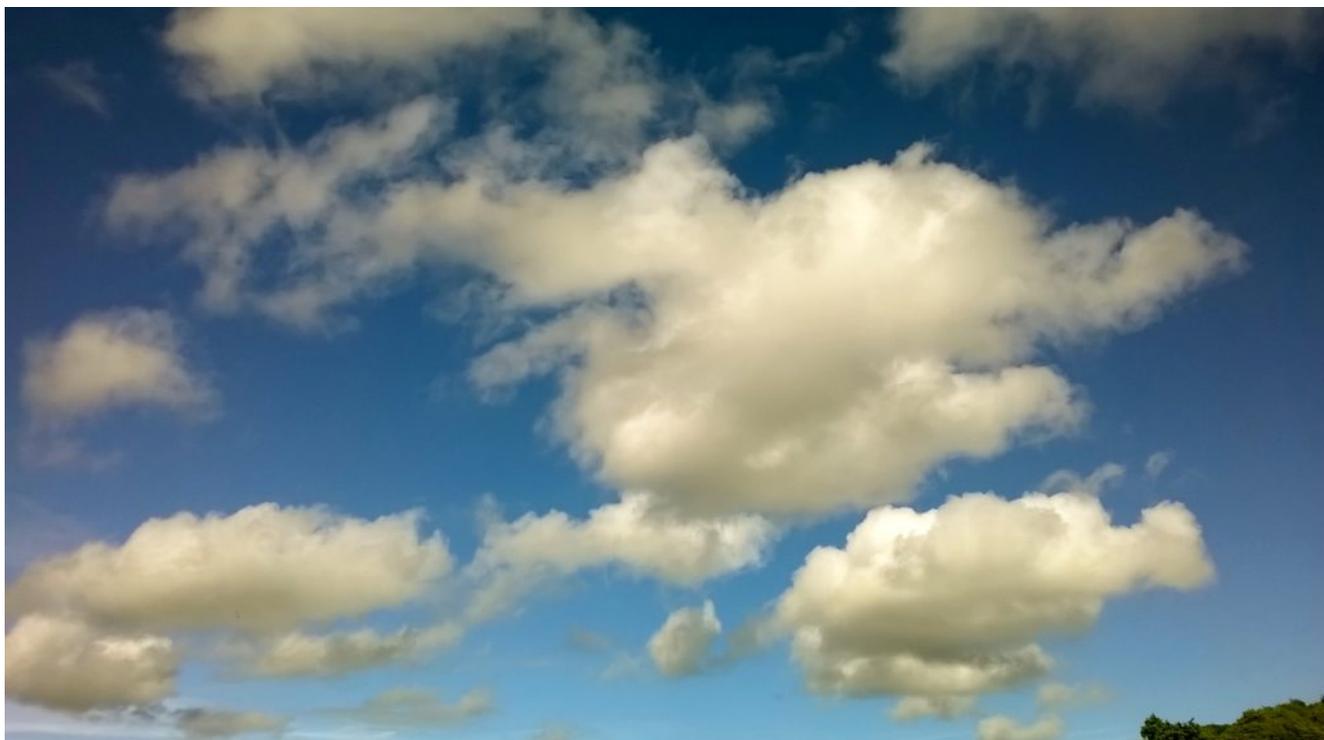
The last gardening person we assisted was 90 years of age and he never threw anything away because they 'might come in useful' sometime. For some people the thought of throwing things away is too much. We have TV programmes illustrating this where people have homes that are so cluttered they can scarcely move around their living room or any other room come to that. Françoise and I am not as extreme as that, but we do have a tendency to hold on to things which we have not used and probably will never use.

Don't even talk to me about the contents of the attic wherein lie memories in material form.

I sometimes wonder if we possess things or whether they

possess us.

This afternoon, a stroll / walk with our local Nature Reserve society. The entertain or even mildly amuse you, some photos.



lovely scudding clouds amidst the sunshine and gentle breeze



Yes it is a real signal and yes there is an abandoned railway line amidst the overgrown greenery.



An 18th century bridge over the upper reaches of the River Somer



ripening wheat – warm breeze – birds flying around. You cant beat the country, my friends.



Beat that for a colourful bed of flowers