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Since the premiere of Marie Kondo's new Netflix show, *Tidying Up*, the Internet hasn't stopped talking and creating memes about it, and I totally understand the obsession. Although Marie Kondo has been a household name for years, her show has brought her back to the media, leading to a huge comeback for her book, a life-changing magic of cleaning, Japanese art decluttering and organizing, in the New York Times bestseller list. After reading the book myself, I still can't get over the information I've learned and how much work I have to do before I can KonMari my life successfully. As... apparently most of us have folded our underwear wrong all our lives, if at all. Here are some of the other amazing things I learned about cleaning from my book. Yes, it's really all life-changing: It's more than just an organization, it's life-changing. One thing that really stood out to me in the book was how many people's reviews were about how much the KonMari Method changed their lives literally. According to Marie Kondo, the question of what you want to own is actually a question of how you want to live your life. It is so true that one woman literally revealed that she actually ended up getting a divorce because the course taught her to see what she needed... and the fact that she didn't. Obviously, her husband is not causing joy in her, so it's time to say goodbye. This content is imported from an embedded name. You can find the same content in a different format, or you may be able to find more information on your website. For many people, myself included, the goal is to get everything organized at once and as quickly as possible, so you don't have to keep looking at all things, at least for a while. At the same time, notes Marie Kondo, we are actually adjusting to the rebound. Yikes. The rebound occurs because people mistakenly believe they are removed carefully when in fact they are only sorted and stored things halfway. In other words, rushing the process just to do it actually gives you more work because you'll be back on the starting line again in a week. To pass the finish line, you have to actually run a cleaning race... even if it takes a little longer. This content is imported from Instagram. You can find the same content in a different format, or you may be able to find more information on your website. Putting things in storage ≠ successful cleaning. This one really blew my mind because I never thought of it that way. If it's not cluttering my space and instead neatly hiding out of sight, isn't it neat? The short answer is no. Shelter experts, Marie says, putting things away creates the illusion that the mess problem has been solved. But really, there's only so much storage space, that will eventually become a mess again. The mina trap is within the term storage. This certainly doesn't mean that Marie doesn't want you to store. Instead, it invites you to strive for simplicity when it comes to storage. Her absolute best advice in this is this: When you choose what to keep, ask your heart: When you choose what to store, ask your heart. This content is imported from an embedded name. You can find the same content in a different format, or you may be able to find more information on your website. If you haven't followed the KonMari method to tidy up your house, you might assume it's best to tackle one room at a time, but Marie says it's hard not to. By organizing room by room, discarding and then putting everything back, you are not doing yourself any favors. For example, if you remove your bedroom first, go to the bathroom, you might end up creating two separate spots for the same type of item. Why save space for hair ties in the bathroom and bedroom when you could neatly store all of them in one place? By categorizing, you'll keep all the items of the same type neatly in one place. Key: Choose what you want to save, not what you want to toss. Instead focus on what you want to throw away, which of course naturally brings unhappiness- Marie encourages readers to focus instead on the things we want to keep. To do this: Hold each subject and ask yourself whether it really causes joy. If that happens, she says, keep it. If not, dispose of it. It's that simple. The last step? Take the items you want to get rid of and say goodbye to the ceremony. This content is imported from an embedded name. You can find the same content in a different format, or you may be able to find more information on your website. The goal should be to organize the content so that you can see where each item is at first sight, Marie wrote. So when each item of clothing is stacked on top of the other, it becomes impossible to see what's in your drawer without lifting and moving the contents inside to find the right piece. Instead, it's important to make sure your items are worth it. To do this, the key must fold each element compactly into a sleek rectangle. This content is imported from Instagram. You can find the same content in a different format, or you may be able to find more information on your website. HOW TO FOLD MARIE KONDO STYLE 1. Fold each long side to the center. Lift the short end and fold it to the opposite short end. 3. Fold again in half or thirds. This content is imported from Instagram. You can find the same content in a different format, or you may be able to find more information on your website. SHOP MARIE KONDO'S BOOKS Follow House Beautiful on Instagram. Content is created and supported by a third party and imported to this page to help users provide their email addresses. You may be able to find more information about this and similar content at piano.io © 1996-2014, Amazon.com, Inc. or its affiliates be careful whose advice you are buying, but be patient with those who deliver it. Consultation is a form of nostalgia. Distribution is the way fishing past from recycling, wiping it, painting over ugly pieces and recycling it more than it costs. --Maria Schmich, I'm trying, Mary, Yes, really. Oh, screw it up. It was the most intense book I've ever read. I haven't been thrown into such a hate frenzy since the book thief, and as a book thief, I'm amazed that audience be careful whose advice you buy, but be patient with those who deliver it. Consultation is a form of nostalgia. Distribution is the way fishing past from recycling, wiping it, painting over ugly pieces and recycling it more than it costs. --Maria Schmich, I'm trying, Mary, Yes, really. Oh, screw it up. It was the most intense book I've ever read. I haven't been thrown into such hate madness since the book thief, and as a book thief, I'm amazed that viewers are massively taking such codswallop. I'm baffled as to why it's a bestseller. My best guess is that Marie Kondo took aim at the most materialistic generation in human history, and since then they've passed the book on to their equally superficial, spiritually empty and stuff-obsessed grandchildren who have made this damn thing viral. At this point, we should just acknowledge the fact that when our compatriots gobble up 4 million copies of the book, it's rubbish. Seriously. Stupid just hit a whole new level. But before I go tearing the book and its semi-literate fans to pieces, let's be fair: I'm not an intended audience. Aside from the fact that I'm an unnecessarily harsh critic of everything I've read (I'd like to call that using my brain, but whatever), I already live minimally: I live in one of the rainiest cities in the country, but I'll never buy an umbrella; With the exception of four absolute favorites, all my books are in the cloud; Trinkets make me want to hit someone, mismatch a mess of eclectic style decorating nauseas me, and I never buy anything if I need it or love it. My house is almost always immaculate, and I don't make a mess. The excess of things stresses me through. When I read Kondo's book, I realized that I wasn't the typical American drowning in a glut of useless shit. (Living in Europe and the merchant continents four times at the age of 20 can do it with a person.) So why didn't I nod in agreement with her guide to decluttering? You mean it's not obvious? Come on, people! Good god. When Americans' ability critical thinking has reached the level of blind acceptance of all things Marie Kondo / ConMarie, we have bigger problems than too many things. Take a look. That doesn't exist. Exists. KonMari method for cleaning. Her ideas should only hit you as new if you've ignored the folding techniques of every retail store you've ever entered, or you've never poked through the Feng Shui catalog. Saying that you follow the KonMari method for cleaning is like saying that you follow the Harpo method for finding the spirit or Martha Stewart Omnimedia method of designing Christmas decorations from pinecones and chimney-cleaned. There's no ConMari method, idiots. This is not some ancient Japanese art decluttering put forward by one diminutive woman from Tokyo. Marie Kondo was manufactured by a Japanese publishing house, and KonMari is not a method, it is a media company. I'm not worried about the woman-as-face-of-media-company thing. It's been done before. (Oprah and Martha Stewart, anyone?) What disgusts me about this book is the deception behind it. I didn't dig Oprah, but at least she got people talking about uncomfortable topics like sexual assault and racism, among other things. And at least Martha Stewart has been outspoken about her makeovers and relentless focus on her business functioning as coping mechanisms during an ugly divorce. But Kondo? This chicken packaging her brand is crazy as a way to joy. I mean, trading your mental illness as the new normal? Hell, it's cold. Take a look. If you're an American with an abundance of junk, you're normal. Are you okay. Marie Kondo wants you to have garbage problems so she can make money. Dealing with her problems doesn't make her rich - selling you her psychosis does. Do you really believe the condo found joy in decluttering when she says that her cleaning obsession started at the age of 5, and was custom (she) maintained even after going to school as she sat on the floor for hours sorting things? If you're going to ignore the fact that Kondo chose to clean up over normal after-school activities - work, encouraging boys, exercising - it's easy to shrug off her mention of having a teenage breakdown because her room wasn't clean enough. (Amm, it's not a happy baby.) The path to joy is indeed. But we don't need psychoanalysis in the early years. Kondo admits that her passion for cleaning was motivated by a desire for recognition from her parents and that she had an unusually strong attachment to things rather than to people. (Hi, sad.) But a childless 20-something/former souvenir seller, fresh from a miserable childhood, is actually the one you want leading you down the supposed path to joy? Think about what this chick says: The purpose of the letter is fulfilled at the moment when it is received. By now, the person who wrote it has long forgotten what he or she wrote, and even the very existence of the letter. Jesus. It's a grim view of life. But I think Kondo is right. My grandmother doesn't care about the letters she wrote me - she's dead. Again, I'm not holding on to a letter from grandma for her. The goal is to perfection. Jesus. The only thing I hate more than and eclectic is a living space created with perfection in mind. Ideal living quarters are stressful. These are bloody mausoleums devoid of character and humanity. There's a bit of genius in a (small) organized mess. A little bit of clutter is humanizing. There may be beauty in a bit of chaos. Hey, Marie, here's the idea: go outside more. Perfection is a fleeting organic moment: a newborn baby, a sunset, a Fibonacci sequence in blooms. This is not the state in which you declutter your way into. Here I usually put steel racks, bookcases, cabinets or shelves that can also be used to store books. This is. Right here. That's why I found this book so damn annoying. The aisles like this made my immaculate and clutter-free city apartments feel like it wasn't good enough. Take my bookcase. I hate bookcases. I see them as a way of storing trash, and in my 30s, I've only seen one bookcase done well. But I have a bookcase for my 6-year-old. (No damn way I'm going to put my books on the cloud, giving it another reason to look at the screen). I never bothered with the bookcase until I read Kondo's book, but now I can't wait until we can throw that damn thing away. And moving it out of sight magically will make me hate it less? Yes, no. This is my son's house, too. Sorry, Marie. I don't want your book to make me miserable about the children's bookcase. I'll come back to miss it. Thank you. Never, ever tie up your stockings. Never, ever stick your socks off. God! Who the fuck cares about them dropping their socks off? I would love to scribble all over the condo wall just to see what it will do. Turn your closet into your own private space, which gives you a thrill of pleasure. Heh. Organized closet, causing awe of pleasure? I would recommend another person or battery power ... nothing, to get awe of pleasure, anywhere, it's none of my business. When you stand in front of a closet that has been reorganized... Your heart will beat faster and the cells in your body are buzzing with energy. Isn't it strange that Kondo describes an organized closet with words usually associated with falling in love/physical intimacy? Well, it's... I screwed up, but anything. I had a very different experience. When I moved into a new apartment a few months ago, I set up my own lobby. Then, I stood there wondering if I'd done anything or just wasted a ton of time. When my 6-year-old wandered around and, near tears said: When you clean, we do not get to play. I went ahead and decided on the last. It's a routine I follow every day when I get home from work. First, I will open the door and announce to my house: I am home! Picking up a pair of shoes I wore yesterday... I say: thanks for you hard work, and put them away... I put on a jacket and a dress on a hanger, saying: Good job! ... I put my purse on the top shelf of the cupboard, the closet, You did well. She's talking to her stuff. What f%\$#!?!? And why do Americans so quickly dismiss Kondo's conversation with inanimate objects as some kind of cultural quirk? No one talks to their shit in Japan unless they are certifiably nuts. The best way to choose what to store and what to throw away is to take each item in hand and ask: Is this spark a joy? LOL, the wisdom of people under 30. Anyone who has children (or a general understanding of life) knows that it's damn funny. I mean, let me rest! Going all slash and burn on your life, except for items that spark joy? I wonder what the people who lost everything in the fire will say about it? I am sure that people who have experienced major disasters will completely enlighten you about the joy aroused from their belongings. Obviously, if your mountain of garbage makes you miserable, your stuff owns you. But if you condo-ize your home, as long as you only have things that bring you joy, your diminished pile of things still owns you. Let's face it. If you're looking for joy in the material, you don't need Marie Kondo - you have to rethink your life. Okay fine, maybe I'm unfair. People really suffer from their environment, and decluttering can feel satisfying, even cleaning. But look who tells you how to do it: a chicken whose childhood obsession with cleaning came from trying to please others whose only work experience involves selling garbage in shrines, and whose descriptions of joy include rules, repetition, ritual, and speaking with inanimate objects. Yes. They make medicine for that. At this point, I have to pick up Marie Kondo's book and ask myself whether this is a spark of joy. Well, no, it's actually infuriating. To trash with it, then! Sucked... More... More...

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