

I'm Finally Here

Posted by Birshusi - 20 Apr 2016 05:43

This post is over a decade in the making. A decade of struggling, falling, disappointing myself, and a whole lot of tumah.

The first time I watched porn was completely by mistake; actually it was more like mis'aseik. Someone in my house had been watching before me, and it was in the relatively early days of the internet when many websites used the Windows Media Player on the computer's desktop as their video platform. I, an innocent eight or nine year old, opened WMP stam, and up popped a video that, although not immediately apparent what it was, was clearly going somewhere. So I watched. And what I saw then remains to be the most explicit, obscene sight I have ever seen. An entire world had been revealed to me, one that I couldn't believe actually existed, but one that was just as intriguing as it was disgusting. I spent the rest of that Friday afternoon in my family's closed-door computer room, googling for more of what I had just viewed. What I ended up finding was eight year old stuff, but pritzus at its worst just the same.

I don't remember specific incidents after that affair; there must have been something. But a few years later, the iPod Touch came out, and I desperately wanted one, because it was cool new tech and I was a curious kid. My generous parents bought it for me, and of course made sure to remove the Youtube app and Safari. Shkoyach. A couple of sports apps later, and I had easy access to whatever I wanted to see, whenever I wanted to see it. Every night, I'd come home from school, and drown myself in whatever my imagination dreamed up. This went on for over a year, with me feeling worse and worse about myself as time went on, with numerous honest attempts to stop all ending in depressing failure.

[Agav, I always knew that I wouldn't cross certain lines. For some reason which maybe I'd be able to explore with the oilam here, I only allowed myself to see basic porn, but not the worst of the worst, if you chap what I'm saying...]

One night I had enough of myself. I went downstairs to my father who was in the kitchen preparing to go to sleep, and I said to him, "Can we talk?" He chapped right away. We sat down on the couch, and I told him how I'd been using my iPod ever since he bought it for me. Long story short, he was incredibly understanding and supportive, and I felt renewed. He took my iPod at my request, and that was that.

For the iPod, anyway.

We still had computers without filters, which meant that any time I was home when nobody else was in the house, I'd find myself in the same chair, finding more garbage to enjoy, and to suffer from. (I also found books in my house that contained everything I wanted to see, just in writing.) I still remember my Rebbi asking me once how my off-Shabbos was, and how difficult it was for me to just smile and say "Great, boruch Hashem." What a shahkrin.

But that issue would sort of fade, because my parents got a good filter, and I started to become more of a masmid and more attached to my learning in general, which I realize now is a tremendous neis considering all that my eyes have seen and my brain has absorbed.

But it was always there, a problem whenever I was home and alone, the draw to the computer magnetic and suffocating. Slowly it has become more of a constant mindset than a periodic struggle. Whenever I'm home, it's not a shailah of if I'll end up on the computer, but when, for how long, and how bad it will be.

My mind is now dominated by the desire to see an attractive woman, and when one does come close, I feel basically powerless to look away. It is so bad that driving is sometimes dangerous for me, because when you're in a frum neighborhood and there's a minivan coming your way, you can bet that the driver is wearing a sheitel and makeup, and I want to see. And even worse than that, this thirst for lust leads me to violate people's privacy, which besides for being extremely selfish, could land me in jail if I'm caught.

I've thought about all this for a while, and have finally admitted that this cannot be chalked up to normal male behavior, but rather, I have a lust problem, and I guess it could be an addiction. I can't go on living like this, because it messes with my basic functioning, menuchas hanefesh and my ability to shteig. I had planned to join GYE at the beginning of Bein Hazmanim, but I was so busy that I barely had time to sit at the computer. I naively thought that I might be okay. But first yesterday and then today, I caved (fell?), and it's clear that if I don't act now, I might never get this yetzer hora under control.

If you are still reading until this point, I can't thank you enough for getting to know me. I need the oilam here to help me become like you - focused and determined to remain pure in a world of shmutz. I really hope that I'll be here often, feeling the support of other Yidden that are fighting the same battle I am. Because I really want --and need-- to get myself under control.

Yedidcha,

Birshusi

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Re: I'm Finally Here

Posted by Birshusi - 28 Apr 2016 03:52

[inastruggle wrote on 27 Apr 2016 06:12:](#)

So feeling lonely does make it harder to control ourselves but I don't think that it's the cause of the problem.

Getting married brings it's own stresses that we don't have right now. Maybe you'll be less lonely but you also might be way more stressed even if your marriage is good (which it won't be unless you put work into it, which is its own stress).

Your comment about the couples bring to mine something I heard b'shem a wise man. He said that bachurim think that being married is walking down rechof sorotzkin with your wife on shabbos. You have to realize that that has nothing to do with marriage. Marriage is when you're inside the apartment. (I'm paraphrasing here)

I was wondering more if loneliness and longing for an intimate relationship is in itself lust, not just if it is the cause of other behaviors.

Being a bachur is definitely great, and it's become a mantra of mine to not always be looking forward to off-Shabbosim, Bein Hazmanim, etc., because I know that these are the golden years, and I want to make the most of them before the next stage of my life. But the loneliness makes it difficult sometimes.

I like that line at the end. I know it's so true but it's easier to understand it than to feel it.

[abd297 wrote on 27 Apr 2016 14:14:](#)

I'm a little younger but I often have similar thoughts. **I think it's a real motivation to get clean so I can get married in a healthy way.** Also, it's possible that these thoughts can be satisfied through stronger relationships with relatives, friends, or mentors.

That was one of the things that pushed me to join GYE finally. Shudduchim is around the corner for me, and I've seen on here before that marriage doesn't solve your problems. Marriage without this under control sounds like it would be torture, besides for the fact that I'd be dating while hiding what is essentially a dangerous mental illness.

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Re: I'm Finally Here

Posted by inastruggle - 28 Apr 2016 04:03

I'm already at the shidduchim stage. I dillydallied until it was too late. A nice chunk of my friends are married already. I'm seriously considering pushing off shidduchim because of this. I plan on finally telling a rebbi of mine after yomtov and discussing it with him.

Take a lesson from me, don't come into shidduchim with 20 days clean.

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Re: I'm Finally Here

Posted by Birshusi - 28 Apr 2016 04:17

[inastruggle wrote on 28 Apr 2016 04:03:](#)

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Take a lesson from me, don't come into shidduchim with 20 days clean.

Got it. Registered, filed away, labeled as important.

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Re: I'm Finally Here

Posted by eslaasos - 28 Apr 2016 16:26

[inastruggle wrote on 27 Apr 2016 06:12:](#)

Getting married brings it's own stresses that we don't have right now. Maybe you'll be less lonely but you also might be way more stressed even if your marriage is good (which it won't be unless you put work into it, which is its own stress).

Not all marriages are created equal. Some don't require as much stress to make them good, especially in the beginning.

The "L" in HALT was a major cause of acting out for me when I was single, and in that scenario, getting married and starting out with a great relationship really helped a lot. Now, as you posted so eloquently, there are other factors that need to be dealt with. I was totally oblivious to that, and GYE was not even a glimmer in Guard's eye at the time. BH you are aware, and have better tools to help.

Hatzlacha

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Re: I'm Finally Here

Posted by Birshusi - 02 May 2016 20:55

Crazy day today. It's the beginning of a long week before the zman starts, and for me that always means that it'll be a week of struggling to stay pure.

So I went on cordnoy's phone call, trying to start my afternoon off right. It was fine, but I gotta warm up to it a bit before I can get involved and appreciate what's being said. It was a big move either way, calling into a lustaholic's conference. It was great to hear real Yidden sharing their thoughts about their path to sobriety.

Through the day I had some lust-triggering lonely feelings, but I was busy and being productive(!) so I was able to push them away.

And then I fell. Sorta.

I wrote in my opening post that I selfishly violate the privacy of others sometimes, which is the most shameful part of all this for me. Well, you can only spy if you can see, and being that there's a fair distance between me and one of my victim's house's, I couldn't see much the last time I tried. My lust wished that I had binoculars, and I knew that I had a pair somewhere in my house, but I didn't know where, so instead I tried using a camera to zoom in, but it didn't do much thankfully.

Today I was going through the back of my closet, and guess what I found. My binoculars. My first thought was, Oh no, I'm in trouble now. And my second thought was, Let's see how well they work; after all, my lust said, it's daytime and you won't be able to see anything, so why not try it out. And I felt totally possessed, totally powerless to fight the urge. I went to the window and aimed at my targets. Darn good binoculars they are.

Now I'm petrified that after two weeks of being on GYE and free of porn, wet dreams, and generally in control of my thoughts and eyes, I'm gonna take those binoculars tonight and once again be that pervert, that despicable dirt bag who lies in the dark, waiting for and watching people --my wonderful, frum neighbors--who think they are safe and have privacy in their own homes, and they have no idea that their top bochur ben Torah neighbor is actually their worst nightmare, trying hard to watch them as they go about their business.

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Re: I'm Finally Here

Posted by markz - 02 May 2016 21:02

You bring back memories of my youth, just behind the last corner

Difference is I didn't have gye and now we both do!!

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Well I need GYE to come through for me now or it's gonna be a baaaaaad week.

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Re: I'm Finally Here

Posted by markz - 02 May 2016 21:05

I think the first thing we gotta understand is that the binoculars is your friend

Do you have any substitute?

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Re: I'm Finally Here

Posted by cordnoy - 02 May 2016 21:47

[Birshusi wrote on 02 May 2016 20:55:](#)

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heck of a call!

heck of a share!

i tried slippin' today for over an hour; nothin' worked out.

Darn!

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Re: I'm Finally Here

Posted by markz - 02 May 2016 21:53

[Birshusi wrote:](#)

[markz wrote:](#)

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Birshus I have a surprise GYE position to bestow

Can I give you the honors?

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Re: I'm Finally Here

Posted by Birshusi - 02 May 2016 23:18

[markz wrote on 02 May 2016 21:53:](#)

[Birshusi wrote:](#)

[markz wrote:](#)

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Can I give you the honors?

Uhhh...Sure, I guess.

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Re: I'm Finally Here

Posted by markz - 02 May 2016 23:23

It's a little complicated...

And you may get GYEs "[in toilet house comedian](#)"'s wrath

Have you got guts?

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Re: I'm Finally Here

Posted by Birshusi - 02 May 2016 23:30

[markz wrote on 02 May 2016 23:23:](#)

It's a little complicated...

And you may get GYEs "[in toilet house comedian](#)"'s wrath

Have you got guts?

I trust that you have my best in mind markz.

Be back after Mincha...

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Re: I'm Finally Here

Posted by Birshusi - 03 May 2016 00:12

I'm back.

Waiting to be honored.

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