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Respect pentru oameni și cărți

BOGDAN
MOLDOVAN

ROUTINALITIES

AMBITION · CONSISTENCY · CLIMBINGS · MINIMALISM

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Contents

Foreword.....	7
Part 1 Reasons	9
1 Reasons	11
Appearance.....	12
The social networks	12
Miserable lifestyle.....	20
Toxic people	22
Consumerism	29
Generation X.....	31
Wrong values.....	35
Part 2 The Minimalism	45
2 The Minimalism	47
Valuable things.....	58
Atypical	62
Part 3 Fights.....	67
3 Fights	69
Physical cleaning.....	70
Digital cleaning	76
Mental cleaning.....	82
Life cleaning	95
Constraints	122
Routine	123
KPI	125
Maintenance	128
Part 4 Messages	133
4 Messages	135
Message for teenagers.....	135
Message for adults	136
Message for parents	137
Message for the elderly.....	141
Epilogue.....	143

Part 1 || Reasons

1 | Reasons

Have you ever wondered WHY are you still here and not there? Or HOW would it be if you were there and not here? Or WHAT you should do to be there and not here? Many questions without answers. The reason? *I don't have time to answer these questions!* Or *I'm afraid to answer myself!* Whatever the answer, it certainly doesn't favor you. Actually, you are lying to yourself second after second, with the hope that one day this unlimited endless universe that we have been struggling to explore, and especially to understand, will react in your favor. Sad. Pathetic.

If you have the impression of standing aside with regards, probably lying on the couch while waiting for the digestion of the trashy food you just warmed up in the microwave, staring at one of the non-cultural entertainment shows moderated by the ridiculous presenters, running on the 165 cm TV you recently bought at the stupid promotion, someone will handle your stuff so you feel better and will be more successful, I have other bad news you won't want to hear for sure.

I have always had a revulsion against this shabby expression: *to be successful*. What the hell does that mean exactly? According to the Thesaurus, *success = favorable result; success; victory*. So, what does it mean to be successful? Passing an exam? To have money? What does many mean? Does it mean to have more than you can spend? To have a well-paying job? To have many

friends on Facebook? To have a fulfilled family? To have well-educated children? Being known by as many people as possible? To afford an 800-horsepower car? To have a model wife? To what?

Appearance

We're living in times when a movie beats life. Yeah, you read that right: a movie beats life. There are times when appearance leads absolutely in the ranking of personal values.

I was talking a few days ago, during the corporate lunch break, with a buddy who was also born after the glorious moments of the deceased Ceaușescu. We were talking about the society around us, and how we're deeply affected and influenced by these new trends.

They're the trends that increase the value of the emerging new market named *appearance*, from the *human stock market*. There are many trends that can make us slip easily into the abyss of stupidity or even depression, sometimes without realizing it. First of all, let's take the platform that supports and accentuates the hundreds of toxic trends: **social networks**.

The social networks

They're built to make you addicted. PERIOD. Okay, they certainly don't produce the same effects as heroin, but I hope you get the idea.

Coming back to these channels, as I like to call them *the social sanitation networks*. I don't intend to say they don't sometimes have their usefulness. Of course they do. Some. Sometimes. Unfortunately, those that

contain those functionalities designed to ease our lives, practically don't do anything but *suck*, connotatively speaking, the most precious good: OUR TIME. We live in an era where plaster matters more than brick, voice more than the spoken word, fame more than the quality offered, and others' opinions more than our feelings. Which is sad. Very sad.

We see people who give up, or at least neglect, the most valuable things to accomplish ephemeral satisfaction, when they don't even realize it. You're physically close to your family, your child, your friends, your spouse or even to your mistress, in vain, if you're staring at the smartphone, like Quasimodo. Being connected to a world that actually doesn't exist. Why do you think that it's called *virtual world*, in the first place?

Social networks are very useful if you know how to use them smartly!... said my buddy proudly, in the hope of my belief that giving up this virtual tool was uninspiredly giving me more advantages than disadvantages. Something I allowed myself to do some time ago.

Indeed, as I already said, this tool can sometimes be useful if you know how to use it in a smart way. In other words, if you know how to limit yourself to the functionalities that really make your life easier. That's what I have already known since 2009, when God got his hands off of my head, giving me the opportunity and the vulnerable freedom to create my Facebook account.

I couldn't say I was addicted to this platform. I could easily not check my Facebook account for 2-3 days or add a picture and not check it out for a few days to see who commented or liked it. Many reasons triggered my desire to quit social media.

Certainly, I was not depressed with thoughts of isolation or even more serious, like suicide, as I see it's fashionable in the Western countries. Nor did I catch my girlfriend in bed with a guy reading La Fontaine's fables. I wasn't even in any kind of amorous breakup process, and my Facebook was full of pictures and syrupy statements which I was too lazy to delete.

Certainly Steaua didn't lose a soccer game in front of Dinamo, so I would be up against the reactions of my buddies who sympathized with the Red Dogs.

I remember the 4th of April, 2015. A beautiful spring day. A very special day for me. It wasn't my birthday nor did I win the lotto. Despite the fact I was very low on sleep the night before, due to a *refined rural plot* with many Jagermeister shots, I was paradoxically awakened at 4:30 AM without feeling any fatigue. Perhaps it was due to the adrenaline triggered by the magical liquor.

I was in a plain area. At Zau de Campie exactly. A village in Mureș County from România, where the sunrise reflects in the ponds, once filled with fish, and the sunset leaves behind *Peonia Tenuifolia*, a unique peony species in Europe, the emblem of the locality. 4 AM in the morning in the rural area, with the exception of going to grass scything or cattle milking, doesn't offer you many alternatives in terms of entertaining;... a very coveted thing nowadays in the combat of boredom, that has become an incurable disease for many lazy people.

As the sun still hadn't yet come out, and it wasn't possible as an IT guy with such fine hands to scythe the grass, take a guess what I did? Exactly. I turned my attention to the time vacuum: the smartphone. Since I

caught up with notifications until 11 PM, except for the 2 emails from eMAG containing *unbeatable super-mega-offers for Easter*, I no longer had any notifications to check. Basically, I had no urgency, in the false sense of the word, to react to.

Yet, you guessed it. I impulsively opened the Facebook app. Not because of my desire to look for something, but simply because my subconscious thought it was the most available (read foolish) option to spend my time.

Facebook. This burlesque ring of people's vanity, which is clear evidence most of the urgencies aren't really urgent; that most of its users don't share other messages than, *Hey, look at me!, Look at what I do! Look at what I'm visiting! Look at the car I just bought! Look how rich and successful I'm! Look how beautiful and smart are my children! Look what book I read! Look what jewelry my husband bought for me! Look how acknowledged and clever I'm! Look at what gifts I bought for my family! Look at how many friends I have! Look what a happy family I have! Look at what I have accomplished!*

As I was scrolling through this virtual amalgam of the posts from my virtual friends, some of them flashier than the others, when a rather atypical post popped up before my eyes, in contrast to the monologues of the limited spectrum of knowledge; about 4-500. I say a little, because at one point I had over 2,000 such profiles, most illustrating, of course, the perfect life.

Going back to that post, this was an introspection based on its title: *Why do I regret so many things in life?* I want to tell you that before I clicked onto that article, I was quite skeptical about both the utility and the quality

of the content, considering the experience that I had on my own with the many traps found behind bombastic titles.

I faintly admit that in my almost 6 years invested in Facebook, I saw extremely few valuable things. I refer to things where the main purpose is to distribute valuable information; no impulsive titles, no tear-free content, no lies and exaggerations, no infusions, no syrupy stories, and hidden advertisements.

What's more, have you noticed that Facebook people generally have two types of posts? The most common ones are from their personal life and are self focused. This includes pictures of the much planned and little-enjoyed holidays. Pictures with aesthetics and perhaps unnecessary made purchases. Basically, pictures to show their personal success.

When we refer to famous British researchers, they demonstrated the fact that the level of dopamine is very high when we talk about ourselves. Apparently, people like to do a monologue in the viral environment about themselves for this very reason: it offers a state of pleasure.

The second type of posts which I noticed were negative posts. They're also meant to bring many hits and appraisals. In this type of posting you find a lot of criticism, rarely justified, without solutions, negative assumptions, hate, hostility or other things in the same unconstructive registry.

So, let's return to the post that drew my attention: *Why do I regret so many things in life?* It was a picture of a blue tie, probably from a nice ironed silk material, with

a Windsor double knot, and it was beautifully placed on a wenge color wooden table. A yellow duck was printed on the tie, giving her a young appearance. A slight smile snipped onto my face, just as I saw it. Right below the picture I find the following text:

This is my favorite tie. I have just found it among some of the clothes I had forgotten. It's the tie I wore many times in my high school years along with my uniform. Unfortunately, I didn't have the opportunity to wear it later, although the tie was an intrinsic component of my everyday clothing. This was my apparel that was required by the place where I have spent at least 8 hours everyday.

I express myself in the past tense, because at the moment I had taken a break. A break in which I had time to recapture and look at things from a different perspective. A perspective I didn't allow myself during that busy, under pressure and stressful period. As I stand and think, I realize the former period of my life brought bitterness, and disappointment as well as turning me into an anxious person.

I'm not a depressive guy. On the contrary, many people have told me, I always have a smile on my face, having the ability to loosen the atmosphere in a group. This doesn't necessarily mean my external state always reflects my inner state. The first thing I regret is the fact that I was often fake. I rarely said NO. In addition, I have never opened myself up and allowed others to get to know me. This includes people who are close to me, like my family.

I have spent the last 4-5 years working in a sober, full of indoctrinated people who still had a similar attitude I

found in the Romanian's heads before the ,89. Although it wasn't necessary for my job, I have always wanted to learn a foreign language. The objective became intangible due to negligence and poor administration of my spare time.

I always wanted to learn how to swim. I wasn't good at making time and prioritizing what I wanted to learn. I shared with my friends when I was in high school, that I knew how to swim, but I definitely refused to join them when they were calling me to go to the pool or to the sea. I regret that I lied to not seem inferior to them or lose ground in front of them.

I also wanted to see the Eiffel Tower in Paris, but my relationships were of a short duration and I could not go with an ex-partner on a vacation 100 km away from my home. I always wanted to do something useful in the short time I had in the evening after the 9 to 5 time. But watching TV and the Internet always seemed to overcome my motivation.

There are things I regret from my past. But their number is much smaller than the things I have not done. Although I have had plenty of chances. It's far more painful to regret something you have not even tried to do. In order not to extend my desperate plea, I hope I won't regret the choice of the tie from the picture... for my funeral that will take place within a few weeks; maybe even months if I'm, let's say, lucky.

I was far too late to be diagnosed with an extremely aggressive incurable illness, 6 months ago. The disease whose name I don't want to say at all. It doesn't matter anymore now. Every day is said to be a new chance. Well, my chances transposed into days that can be counted on my fingers.

So I made the decision to write these lines. At least in my last moments on this planet, I want to live the joy of knowing that, although I'm in a deplorable state, I'm myself: without remorse, without filters, without lies, with nothing. I'm in my purest and in my most original form.

Don't be merciful to me! I really don't need your mercy. I can't take it with me as I can't take the material things, that at this point, don't really matter to me at all. I don't want you to take my post as a depressing one made by a subjective dying person.

Take it as a lesson of life that I have learned late and which, unfortunately, I have experienced prematurely! *It's said that the day you stop learning and evolving, is the day you start to die. Let's see each other again on other realms!*

A.

In spite of the fact the author was an ordinary person, at a beautiful age, with no opulent achievements in life, with millions of easy-to-manipulate fans, for me that was the most depressing, but at the same time the most motivational thing I found across the Internet in my 15 years of navigation.

I say this because, as far as I'm concerned, at least the desire to try to perceive and spend my time differently, was finally triggered. I decided to do more important things and invest time in what really matters to me. Accessing quality information. Keeping more quality people around. Learning new things. Being more free and authentic. Avoiding the grotesque tendencies, and ignoring toxic people who are preoccupied with stimulating their ego and feeding their pride.

Miserable lifestyle

When did you last put your head on the pillow in the evening, satisfied by spending a useful day and not just living on the planet? You know, worse than a parasite doing nothing for you or for society? How many times did you use the famous excuse, *I don't have time*? We all are given 24 hours in a day when we're born. Why do we say *we have no time*?

Well, I know many people who use this expression, just to place themselves on an imaginary pedestal of the important people in a particular context; in the sense that God knows they have lots of responsibilities and it's hard to find available time. Thus associating the lack of time with their own *immeasurable* importance. But I don't see things in the same way.

For me, a person who frequently uses this expression, except for the situation I mention above, who automatically self-catalogs himself as a bad administrator of his own time. Ok, I understand, sometimes there is more busy time than usual, but if you get to the stage where you have no time to honor your responsibilities, it means you have a huge time-management problem.

You are the only one who can solve this problem. Did your manager charge you with too many responsibilities? Communicate this matter to him and find a solution together! Are you afraid by doing this you'll upset your manager and you might lose your job? Well, then you deserve your fate! Assume this and continue to stress in honoring your responsibilities miserably.

Otherwise, if you want to work with love, to the maximum capacity possible, by delivering high-quality

work, do well and take action driven by your mind which whispers to you that this isn't your ideal workplace. Get a job where you cannot exploit your abilities to the fullest.

When was the last time you got up with the enthusiasm of starting your day doing sports? When did you last recall going to work with a burning desire to continue your projects? Unfortunately, today's society has made us refocus to some obscure places to reap the fruits of our work. Whatever goal you manage to accomplish, the first person you must please is yourself. I know, it's very tempting to distribute enthusiasm to others. But from enjoying time with the loved ones and distributing it to some strangers, in order to cheat your ego, is a long way.

The financial security given by a job you mostly do with love gives you a pleasant feeling. But it's frustrating to look for this financial security at a job where you don't enjoy it. It's also difficult to be in a job when you don't feel appreciated. Or where you have no passion or interest. It's very sad that many people, even though they hate their jobs, choose to stick with their jobs just for financial security reasons.

When did you last buy a coat, strictly for your needs and not for the flashy emblem, hoping to capture the looks of those around you and make them feel inferior? Did you buy the coat to accelerate the process of gaining respect by simply displaying a banal label for which you have made a considerable financial effort? If you choose with discernment, to continue living with people who judge you by the label of your clothes, I'm sorry to say you deserve to have them around you.

When did you buy any other goods just for your own needs and not for the potential situations you're likely