

Test of Journal Compilation

me

April 14, 2020

November 2nd, 2017

8:33 am day 1

I'm especially optimistic about this new strategy of fixing my garbage life. Already I'm at the bus stop and have nothing to do, so I naturally go to make a journal. Perhaps this isn't as productive as reading a hard book, but it is better than browsing crap. "An interesting note" – stop conforming to fit into a stereotype mold of what you imagine your ideal self-embodying. The human is complex, the ideal will just be, not exist as some mental heuristic or predictable interaction patterns- just there (referring to the previous sentence starting with perhaps) I caught myself conforming to a previously observed bullshit speech format. "Perhaps I haven't done x, and maybe perhaps I haven't done y, but I've done something that superficially relates to some wholesome aspect of human living and behavior, thus all external observers must acknowledge the 'holy' nature of this deed and use that deed to justify the entire act being described. " I'm noticing my mind isn't clearer in terms of mental fog, but more relaxed. Things feel empty, vanilla. The multicolored hurried worries of whatever I'm doing to entertain myself are gone.

Act in a way that acknowledges a superior role within an expected hierarchy. The minds of people you talk with should naturally assume this hierarchy and then acknowledge and respect your status.

November 3rd, 2017

Day 2,

Though it may be me trying to find confirmation in my first impression of monk mode because it was a positive one, I do think I am more in tune to my body and emotions. YouTube and videogames actually feel quite distant now, I feel much more adult. I saw one of the nachman golf carts with the old guy, I found it genuinely hilarious. It does seem my sensitivity to happiness has increased.

typed during Friday night dinner party

I genuinely need to stop being weird. My natural intuitive self, where social interaction is concerned, is wholly ineffective at being cool or socially regarded highly from years of malpractice (ie, a shit social life). Because of this, social interactions can never be natural, at least not until the proper social practice becomes intuitive. I need to be conscious, always, of what I'm saying. Restrict all impulses and conform in major marginal events that serve as a test of acceptance within a perceived society (organized games regarding sex, physical contact, or other "tween" topics that are forced for the sake of mutually understood desires, sex). Intellectually identify yourself as an individual, but don't emotionally respond.

A dinner party is not a gathering of your friends with whom you can act naturally, it is a test to determine and reconfirm that social status of those present. (edit next morning, I'm being a bit disingenuous here because of the later mentioned bitterness and the perceived wrongdoing, in my subconscious thought process, having the potential to justify this disingenuousness when the inconsistency with reality will, in my current perception, be inevitably confronted. This is not the reality itself, or at least I haven't thought through that at all, this description is the reality which would produce from me the desired responding behavior. I want myself to act as if it is a test and not friends, though a dinner party surely is meant to be a gathering of friends. This reminds me that I must have a good time as well, seat placement is very Critical to be close to people you can talk to freely.) When embracing an unconscious assumption underlying your behavior of shared fundamental value (or behaving as if they are true friends) you expose your weak points and firmly situate yourself as shit. You have no friends, you have a specific friend at a specific time. Two friends can never exist at once, when interacting with one as a friend another can never be a friend, at this point the social game begins and requires intensive thought (next morning edit: again, this is disingenuous. This is the reality that produces my desired response, not necessarily The reality though it does, I believe, have relative truth in comparing 1on1 with group conversations.). Even then, one on one interactions are still understood from a context of a larger society. Unless you are close enough with an individual where they can place you and themselves as the top of a pyramid of truth and context, where the relevant society considered is you and them and no one else (ex, Matt), they can and must never be a true friend.

I'm speaking slightly bitterly now to express to an external observer bitterness, and ultimately direct anger and blame at this observer at this time emotionally substituted with myself, for the unfairness or incorrectness of this system, being the dynamic to which the aforementioned friends are supposedly directly responsible. Do not reject the system, do not reject the dynamic. Acknowledge it is flawed and that it wouldn't exist in the presence of extremely well minded and open individuals (ie, proper adherents and scholars of the Torah), however don't reject the flawed system. Embrace it, understand how to excel in this system, for it pervades throughout every aspect of advanced adult life within a nonreligious society. It will inevitably be useful in

business and everything there related.

(After eating cookies and shit) I should also remind myself that my current state of hyper observant retrospection is because of monk mode, including not gaining happiness from crap. Junk food is crap, find a way out of the situation rather than endure it with shit. Psychopathy is totally on the tables, justified by the previous observation showing they are not your friends, but players in a game. Lie and tell them you're not feeling well.

Don't be open minded about arbitrary conventions, be a doofis. Adamantly demand conventions are followed by your knowledge of them, further, specify what these are mentally beforehand so as to enable me their strict adherence. Never acknowledge them.

November 4th, 2017

Day 3,

I felt angry just now at light rail. I additionally felt nervous about paying the ticket. If I used a device to calm me down, I'm unaware but I'm now quite calm. It seems to pass quickly with time, so something like meditation is probably ideal for

November 5th, 2017

Day 4,

I began writing my college essay. It has the necessary elements of a thesis, body, etc. but feels empty and badly usual. The topics I'm writing about are lacking meat, I think that ultimately is a necessity because of the word limit. Instead of trying to make profound statements with little words, of trying to fit your entire being into a small essay, it's likely better to talk about one more meat moment or to briefly touch upon many things into an overarching conclusion that is evident from the content itself.

November 7th, 2017

Day 6,

I have been having horrible insomnia lately. I only think about sex at night, though I have surprisingly little inhibition at the thought of making moves. Hopefully will get laid this week.

November 9th, 2017

Day 8,

I've made what appears to me to be a profound epiphany. I'm far too focused on attaining women and that is exactly what will inhibit me from doing so. A woman will judge a mate based on a perceived approximation of their life. In a constant underlying pursuit of a mate, one is impeding whatever other goals in life they are pursuing and will, thus, not complete those goals as effective to the standard. One must simply live their life in the most successful or satisfying way possible and mates will come naturally, as creating a coherent and fulfilling existence improves the mentioned approximation evaluation.

Its later in the night now. I'm fairly drunk but actually quite depressed instead of happy, seemingly more so than I was before drinking but hindsight about the same. I came on this trip with the idea in mind that I'd be accompanying Lucy on the bus, etc. I wouldn't say I have feelings for her in a romantic way, however I do very much enjoy her company.

November 10th, 2017

Day 9,

I've come to realize the experienced depression I felt last night and now is because of a lack of use and application of my "genius", being the subconscious pattern recognition that is the source of brilliant ideas or acknowledgements of the concealed reality. (By "genius" I'm defining a mental process, not boasting about a personal genius, hence the quotation marks). I believe now that the genius is vital to one's sense of worth and personal identity. I need to pursue activities that activate and use the genius in order to feel I have an individual value again. These activities are also likely the things I'm naturally good at.

This is later in the day now. I should mention that the depression was allowed, however not initiated, by lack of application of the genius. My emotional state prior was that of an underlying depression however that depression could not be pushed to the side with immediate emotional response and self-deception (ie ignoring the impending reality or emotion by populating your existence with action and very superficial emotion) because I was not properly accompanied by the friend who convinced me to come in the first place.

Also, regarding attaining women through fulfillment of one's life, the most immediately ascertainable aspect of a man is likely that he is happy in the immediate level. Women, and likely the men as well, perceived my marginal unhappiness and this associates with a lack of confidence, somewhat in yourself as the unhappiness is internalized and not blamed on a separate entity and, somewhat in your decision and life direction, that you know at the very least what is best for you. The practical application of this is conscientiousness – think about what's next and don't do what you don't want to do! Conscientiousness will ultimately lead to higher perceived, and real, confidence.

“Judge people by who they are today, not by what you know of them from the past.” The guy from the kibbutz appeared to, over long periods of thought and interaction, have discovered many important aspects of maintaining and developing relationships. One of those things I could gather was the above quote. It seems obvious that people are constantly changing yet we often may not acknowledge this in our relationship behavior. It is thus important to continuously run a check for who it is you’re talking to. Eli today is different from Eli yesterday.

November 11th, 2017

Day 10,

The fact that my lack of a feeling of satisfaction or fulfillment in my day is due to my lack of use the genius is very clearly apparent to me now, so much so that it seems necessary to make an organized effort to fine fields that utilize the genius (of me). Without this genius my mind feels vanilla, and empty, as if a blank piece of paper. Not clear or transparent, but nothing in a space of nothing. The fulfillment and satisfaction felt when using the genius makes me consider that it may be part of the soul and intelligent human influence, despite it being intuitive and seemingly subconscious in operation.

I had a glimpse of it last night during the meet and greet, I was discussing and it just appeared. I’m thinking back to when I would stare out the window and write the videogame ideas on my white board. That was seemingly a controlled and forced application, perhaps something similar, being a distinct goal of knowledge or understanding rather than a simple improvement of knowledge, might trigger it again. Another point is that it seems to emerge when my mind has had an abundance of information to work with.

-unsurprisingly, it just occurred to me that I experience this activation in talmud class.

November 12th, 2017

Day 11,

I came in my sleep last night but further I ate junk food, went on twitter on the bus, and indulged in bullshit. It all must correlate. Strength of the groin is strength of the palate is strength of the mind. It is time to apply the more abstract principle behind monk mode. Unproductivity, in any means, must be eliminated. Being with friends, past the extent of maintaining and strengthening relationships, is unproductive. A kibbutz trip is unproductive. Lolli gagging in the shook is unproductive. Even this journal is in large part unproductive. The main concept can no longer be “not to do this” but “you must do this and those things impede that goal”. Idea: begin to analyze and

develop a theory for social interaction among teens. Conceive (or really observe) the incentives and goals behind social action and apply a sort of game theory to that.

November 14th, 2017

Day 13,

Since I've been eating not crap but lots of dates and enjoyable foods, I've noticed I'm tired like I was pre-monk mode, feeling the lack of immediate stimulation. I need to actually start meditating and work on programming as a genuine priority. Programming seems, at this time, to be the one outlet for what do I do with my time.

November 17th, 2017

Day 16,

Profound day. I was about cum, had actually planned on doing so, but then I fell asleep. In the morning I decided I would end nofap unless something on the subreddit could convince me otherwise. What I found was a general theory that is not quite fleshed out by the author but something that seems to be correct for its practical implications. It claims that our body has limited resources for operation. When we masturbate or engage in immediate gratifications, our energy is put towards those means and necessarily away from our minds. Over time, this changes the brain to respond to incentives of limiting that resource and we lose or weaken mental abilities. The way to change this, and the part I most believe as useful, is that one must abstain from the supposed energy sapping immediate gratification behaviors of masturbation, social media fucking off, etc. and then meditate to direct the now extra and unused energy towards the brain. If this is not done the energy will simply try to release itself through the usual means. Monk mode necessitates meditation. From now on I'll follow this regimen. This not only gives me ample reason and understanding not to fap, but also provides for me a potential solution to the missing piece of the shit life puzzle, partially solved by monk mode. The implications of this are also semen retention, meaning I must actively remain a virgin. At the very least, these benefits will make it so social gatherings are ones I truly enjoy, not ones I attend to further the possibility of sex. In the back of my mind I'm thinking that I'll try not to get sex and then it will come to me and I'll be happy, but that cannot be my thoughts. Being offered sex and declining must be a feasible reality. I must decline sex. This seems impossible to me now, but I will accept this fact and hopefully my body will respond to this acceptance. This is the road for me to greatness. The glory I was emotionally addicted to throughout my childhood will only be realized by relieving myself of these very such emotional

addictions. Glory must be expressed in awe of the world rather than awe of yourself. Become secondary to an existence that you work to fit into. I feel as I'm writing this now a potent emotion, almost as if I want to cry. I think I've encountered something divine. I'm being careful with my words here not to abstract and emotionally misinterpret reality. I feel a physical tension in the top back of my head, slightly uncomfortable in pain.

November 18th, 2017

Day 0,

I fapped tonight. I need more mental data, nofap could still be an unnecessary product of monk mode, with a large downside of constantly thinking of sex all the time. Right now I feel very tired, though it is quite notable I experienced horrible pain after ejaculation. I feel more prepared now for Monk Mode take two. Next Shabbat I will make a decision on whether or not to maintain nofap. This time, I must 100% meditate every day. I believe the activation of the genius is necessary to direct the energy in the above theory to the mind. Monk mode is certainly the future. Looking back, it was a vital first step.

November 19th, 2017

Day 0

Fapped again, not much to say. Meditated though, was very useful. I'm going to wake up at 6:30 with cold showers and meditation starting tomorrow.

November 20th, 2017

Day 1

I definitely noticed a mental fog when meditating. Nofap seems to be 100% necessary, along with monk mode in both food and behavior.

November 21st, 2017

Day 2

Felt quite sick this morning, didn't meditate or cold shower, went back to sleep for an additional 3 hours and went very late to first class.

November 23rd, 2017

Day 4

7 habits is getting juicy. Proactivity, referring to internal onus of control, is an obvious habit but it's distinct acknowledgement is probably beneficial. Also, I'm scared that these valuable habits may not resonate, that in thinking about them I'll naturally be inclined towards other bullshit self-improvement schema and thus the entire concept will collapse as nonsense in my head. Perhaps I should tread carefully, thinking in very basic logical abstractions. I've seemingly lost what initial intuition I had of my thinking in the matter. I've thought of something else just now though. Sort of in line with daily planning, I can articulate what I can do that day to benefit myself. My success thus far has been reactive to negative emotions. Instead of working to be rid of negative emotions resulting from stagnation and poor life projections I can work for positive benefits of good feelings upon being productive. This would change self-betterment from a negative to positive benefit, which would make it more consistent. This makes the most sense, it's interesting to me why I haven't realized this till now.

December 2nd, 2017

Day 1,

I've essentially broken monk mode, played videogames on phone in Netanya. I've been feeling shit and unproductive lately. Physically I've been quite well considering the inflamed lymph nodes and cough along with cold showers. In my mind, however, I feel the same emotional dread and self-pity/sadness that I believe prompted me to start monk mode. This was triggered by my conversation with Matt's dad, which I reckon caused me to consider and confront the inadequacy of what I've accomplished while being in Israel. I have a lot of guilt over that, and it feels like game development may be the only way out of having accomplished nothing (by "feels" I do exactly mean feel. thinking about game development relieves an anxiety, along with giving some excitement perhaps because of the envisioned success or because of the resulting lack of general anxiety about not being assured that I will live up to an acceptable standard of success). If I develop a game, I can say I did something. Right now I would ask God for help, but it's probably there in the prayers, so I should really learn Hebrew instead. It seems necessary to me to set two goals now that must be met every day before considerations for grades or Hebrew. 1) study the prayers and what they mean, translate and break down the Hebrew. 2) do the fucking programming tutorial, one complete video per day. My mind needs to be emotionally rooted in the reality of productivity. I've just observed the lack of habit. I need to then be very strict with these goals so as to develop the habit. I must accept that I will study the Hebrew, will do the programming. Not just in symbolic language where the real action isn't fathomed, but in complete understanding and knowledge of the implications. This is my life now, like gym is my life now.

Something else has just occurred to me. I am most able to achieve my goals and complete my intentions when I hit some sort of marginal or local rock bottom. This is because it is the potential emotions of these realizations that give me a sort of energy or force to drive toward my goals. Additionally I think faster and feel like a superhuman described in so much self-improvement literature. It isn't just a matter of maintaining proper physical existence, or any specifically physical existence for that matter. It is maintaining properly the goals set out for oneself in their, to some extent, subjective value system. But further, there is doubt and thus less proper maintenance in a value system not derived from God. Thus, the extent of this contentness phenomenon will be limited by the coefficient representing the proportion of the used value system that is derived from God. I then need to pray every day to reinforce the value system underlying the marginal decisions I make within the outlines I've created in my life. Further, praying provides the realization that ultimately triggers the emotion, but every day. What I feel right now should be how I feel at all times and it is prayer that achieves this. Prayer gives the realization and emotionally power only otherwise derived from failure and self-analysis.

Our capacity for learning and retaining knowledge is not limited. Remember 20 words in one day doesn't mean you can't remember 20 more that same day and retain them. Theoretically the storage of the brain is incredible. Be aware of, know, pay attention to, and learn everything. It is free knowledge. Lucy remembers all the terms she hears, to some extent, because she knows from experience the mind is not limited in this way. That is the hypothesis, I'll implement it and see if it's accurate from now on. If I believe more confidently than I do now that for some reason this hypothesis is wrong, I'll come back here and correct it. (Edit March 6, unsure about this now, in truth haven't considered it in a while)

December 12th, 2017

Win Hoff, or perhaps monk mode 2, has made me more in tune with my mind again. I questioned what I'm waiting for, and it occurred to me yet again I'm waiting for value in my life. I still haven't done anything meaningful, and on a side note a girlfriend wouldn't change that. I need to make money. Value as determined by dollars someone else is willing to pay for what I produce. Sure, I wrote an essay, but grades aren't giving me value. Sure im working out, but unless I want to work in construction I still don't have value. I have the long term tools to work towards a life of value, but at present am producing nothing to pay back the debt of societal investment. I imagine when I first make money, not within an employee job for I would likely encounter the same issue, but within producing a product that others value, that I will experience great euphoria. It can't be just some product, however, it must be something that I am uniquely good at, something that utilizes my genius. This reaction is based in that it helps me achieve something of the truest value, intelligent children with ample opportunity.

Daily analysis journal.

December 17th, 2017

Rule 1, No distractions:

Failure 1) This morning I spent a little more than an hour reading about net neutrality. My justification was that I was becoming informed, that it was research, not a waste of time. In reality though this knowledge has no worthwhile practical impact on my life nor does it get me anywhere closer to my long-term goals.

Solution - before doing anything questionable, especially on the internet or in a groggy, not 100% state, question and prove to yourself if that action will benefit you in light of your long-term goals. If yes, you may proceed. Otherwise, no.

Failure 2) More innocent this, spent collectively an hour searching online for injury's. I'm going to see a doctor if it doesn't improve, ultimately this research was useless.

Solution- don't research injuries. "research" of WebMD bull shit is no longer exempt from the tech distractions category.

Rule 2, Health:

Completed

Rule 3, productivity

I didn't finish Hebrew homework within the 3-hour timeframe and then didn't have time to do an important thing. There was a lot of mundane things to be done today – cooking, gym, gym recovery – that wasted a lot of time. Programming was completed, but I wasted a lot of time fiddling with the themes.

Solution – If you sense yourself wasting time, stop. Find an immediate solution to the largely unimportant issue and continue. Also, try rushing through the gym procedure next time. Waiting for the perfect moment for everything takes too long.

Conclusion

Rule 1 – wasted time today, but is somewhat innocent.

Rule 2 – Except for shoulder injury, no issues

Rule 3 – need to be more time efficient, otherwise good job. I struggled through Hebrew.

December 18th, 2017

Rule 1, No Distractions:

I was doing quite well earlier today, but as I progressed on completing my Talmud paper I went on Facebook for an hour than talked to Ellie and Evie for another hour and a half, getting to sleep very late.

Solution: do a concise greeting then unapologetically say “I can’t talk right now, but I want to catch up after I finish this paper”. Further, if mentally fatigued, take a walk or sleep. Do not go on Facebook, Jewish argument is unproductive all the same.

Rule 2, Health:

I got to sleep quite late because I was talking to Ellie and then Richard. Again, unapologetically say I need to go to sleep, let’s talk on the morning. Articulate this need but acknowledge that you want to engage with them.

Rule 3, Productivity:

I did programming and Hebrew, though I grew tired and disenfranchised towards the end, then I did Talmud paper. I ultimately got it done, though I wasted time. Again, take a walk or sleep. If something is wrong, acknowledge it and find a solution. Do not just sit there and Facebook, or go get a snack or something – that’s another form of Facebook.

Overall

Rule 1- did crap, need to address problems and stand my ground. Even if tired, you must not converse before work.

Rule 2 – got to sleep late, same principle as above

Rule 3 – I got my work done, but could do more.

December 19th, 2017

Rule 1) I again spent some hours in the morning on bullshit. New rule, when I wake up in the morning I either a – go back to sleep, b – immediately make a hot drink, or c- do 10 pushups. I also find myself on Facebook just when I feel dead and it seems like a decent thing to do. I should stop this, even though I’m getting my work done, it is still unhealthy. I can check Facebook for specific events and note if they are achieved. Otherwise, I must go for a walk, just to laundry and back. This means if I have a craving for Facebook I either work or walk. Also, I find myself getting hot drinks and the such during work when something doesn’t feel right. These should be prepared in advance. Caffeinated tea is permitted at all times now for this purpose.

Rule 2) Ate a few too many carbs, maybe 150g, otherwise it was fine. The number itself is not exact so no pressure, but no more than that. It should be

centered on 125 still. Also, need to better plan my workouts with my meals. 4 hours minimum between protein and workout.

Rule 3) Didn't finish Hebrew in time, largely because It seemed an insurmountable-esque task. In the future, immediately when you get home vet if the homework given is good. If not, make your own with disk and texts in aleph book. Listen to the disk and read the text on bus rides and such. Also, am adding translation to daily thing, 30 min. It thus must be accomplished first thing when I get out, after programming.

December 28th, 2017

Just a thought, all ideas are only truly understood when they are at the highest level of abstraction possible without losing any significant details. If two ideas can be consolidated into a broader level of abstraction while still specifying those specific things, then our prior understanding was limited. If I know of apple only as apple and not as fruit or food or organic matter etc. I don't understand as well as I would knowing those concepts. Similarly, if I know a behavior, say smiling, as only the act of smiling and not as a more abstract principle of being happy, I don't understand smiling. This understanding of understandings is necessary for how to win friends influence people. Ultimately, Carnegie describes a surface behavior. Yes, he describes the mental state of the performer, but not the natural motivation behind the performance. This motivation is the principle. Applying concepts of 7 habits and this book, identify the principles using Carnegie and assume those principles using 7 habits

March 6th, 2018

Day 1,

5:00 am

I just consolidated my Journals now because I wanted to look over them and reflect on what I wrote. What has struck me, and which is horribly obvious to me right now in my lack of eloquence, is that I've regressed. My mind is blank. I have stopped thinking really. The genius is gone, but even the earlier foundation for the genius is also gone. I had maybe a small glimpse in recognizing the separation of my mind several days ago, but even that took lots of time looking at a whiteboard. I've since been desperately latching on to that one moment of possible clarity, progressing nowhere. I can only reason that I suffer the same ailments of the mind that prompted the first monk mode. I feel I've descended into normalcy. Sure, my social skills have improved I suppose but they were never really broken – I was just unwise.

Along with this miniscule wisdom during the break I've reacquired mental fog. My mind is empty, blank. I have nothing to say, no connections to make. Utilizing the genius is strained. "Why make yourself desolate?" – because what I presumed to be desolation is freedom, I know not true desolation. The middle path is not to be confused with horrible myth of a balanced lifestyle. I refuse to let my mind become a reactive, empty, dead sheep (not primarily in following, but in being a dumb animal, though following is included).

Today I start another Monk Mode. I pray God will help me in knowing my failures and avoiding the same mistakes. I will adhere to the necessity to write in this Journal as I adhere to my belief in Judaism. Even now, one can easily see the similarities in my simple-minded conviction with that of the stereotypical nave protagonist, or perhaps of a 14-year-old boy. This is all the more reason I must be strict with this monk mode. I've tasted the nectar of genius and to lose it is unthinkable, though only in memory as I can't comprehend its value in my current state.

2:14 pm

I do think I feel different now, not much improvement of mental fog that I can identify, but I feel more relaxed. The path forward puts me at ease. I would also say my countenance is a stern one of conviction. I also seem to be taking my actions with a slowness, as if I don't know what's right so I won't make any rash decisions. I know much that is right, my knowledge is just limited. I should subscribe confidently and unapologetically to what I know, and seek to find what I don't when its relevance demands its knowledge. This thought will be reconsidered in end of day journal/analysis and a practical behavior change determined if appropriate.

*I do agree with the existence and discussed explanation of a "slowness" and think it's rooted in a sort of apologetic mindset. This should naturally subside as my confidence increases. If my confidence doesn't increase, then I'll address that and, therefore, the "slowness".

9:58 pm

I successfully adhered to my rules without much difficulty, if I'm honest. As a result, my productivity wasn't anything remarkable, but was at an acceptable pace. I spent a lot of time fatigued, napping while awake, just staring into nothing. I imagine this means my mind is healing. As I continue my energy and vigor should naturally return. Immediate gratification seems like poison to me. The thought of it is associated with headaches and mental ailment, as if classically conditioned to dislike a food from bad experience. I feel as if I can readily and easily make progress on my mind by sticking to this monk mode. I'll gradually become more efficient and refined as I maintain this pace.

March 7th, 2018

day 2:

12:41 pm

I'm a tad sick but will completely ignore it, except for non-interruptive remedies. Apart from that I feel alright. I grew very anxious doing my Hebrew homework I think because my surroundings weren't thoroughly organized, too much potential energy. As my confidence grows though this shouldn't become an issue.

March 8th, 2018

day 3:

3:40 am

Fuck me upside down, ignoring the sickness was a bad idea. I'm now very sick after going to gym.

March 12th, 2018

day 1:

7:11 am

Perhaps it's a bit unfair to myself, but I reset the day counter since I was watching movies while sick – even though I maintained nofap 6 extra days than the day counter.

7:54 pm

Just had an idea while avoiding laughing and trying to be productive by reading software engineering book. - When reading with music it feels as if the normally present negative space that allows for consideration, manipulation, understanding, and critical reading is filled by the music. You can immediately easily assign abstractions, understanding what is being read. This is why some like listening to music while studying. They're filling the negative space to make the reading in question sort of cookie cutter, acquiring a face value understanding of what is being said and nothing more. This may be faster but lacks true understanding. It is this method that most easily and immediately enables you to know and follow the route while ignoring everything in the map, blocking your peripheral vision with music. This is consistent with college kids listening to music while reading or studying. They don't need, nor want, to look out the window and the surrounding landscape. All that matters is the route I'm taking and recreating this route, though no true knowledge of the map is gained. A line, a route, has no area.

11:53 pm

I ate some cereal with milk today although I was specially allowing myself some carbs. Tomorrow this stops, will gym Wednesday normal schedule. I also didn't do any Hebrew homework or translation. Today was a busier day on top of seeing a need and working most of the time on restructuring the code once more, reorganizing the classes. This is causing me anxiety since I feel unsure of how to reorganize classes still. What responsibilities to what, what variables should I include in each new class, etc. Because I'm unsure, continue reading and finding sources. Ease your anxiety in the knowledge that this change is inevitable and doing it now is better than later. I will not have a 2000 line player class. It also seems fit I should make a sick regimen for when I'm sick and how to be most productive during that time. Still unsure of game reorganization as well.

March 13th, 2018

11:30 pm

I'm kishing the days until I'm fully healed. I'm not being entirely strict with the monk mode since I'm sick and eating garbage kind of taints it. I also haven't been meeting my productivity goals, instead seeking to alleviate the anxiety of my messy code by restructuring all the classes and everything. I can definitely see though how, in the current code I'm writing, I'll be able to write it sloppily first then refine it later. There is some concern though with GameMap not representing a game map but the game map and all the other problems. Player won't be a player but the player. I'm thinking I shouldn't include the changing of the game map in a GameMap class, or at least remove the list of all GameMaps from it. But then should the changing of GameMap to a different Map entirely be in the class itself or in another class of something like MapDetermination. No, it's not different game maps but different Map files so we're good. I'm drunk so journal isn't so successful. Will stop now, night night.

March 14th, 2018

11:30pm

Im hoping I can start counting days after tomorrow. I didn't do Hebrew homework tonight and I didn't do translation. I was a bit preoccupied with programming though, but now I should be settled into a context where I'm not existentially considering the whole thing, but can simply work and apply in one aspect. I just need to do a once over my class allocation and which classes are accessing/changing what, but I should be ok. Once I start counting days again I'll be in normal routine.

3:58am next day

Seidel also fucked me tonight. I believe I decided to go because of emotional appeal but also because of allowed flexibility. I think the friend rule should be a limiter, not a minimum. Additionally, I should plan for the late nights in these excursions as well. To maximize my life performance these things need to be planned. No 2 hour relax time after school to do whatever I want, that's bull. Day needs to be planned with objectives in mind and opportunistic allowance determined from a weekly context.

March 15th, 2018

7:07 pm

The sides of my throat are now irritated, not the throat but the sides – strange. Two tasks are in order, and I need to/ will do them tonight. First, I need to denote a sick protocol I can follow. Something requiring a treatment/remedy once for every waking hour. Second, I need to compile a nofap motivation list in this journal. Nofap is broken because one has lost awareness of their motivation and superego, awareness of god. This state represents a split in the psyche, it must then be immediately consolidated by reacquainting oneself with this awareness. Thus, I'll put down all the motivations behind nofap, which will restate my goals, reacquainting me with God in the meager capacity in which we're acquainted, while demonstrating the direct connection to nofap.

Sick protocol

- at the change of every hour must perform some remedy to your ailment
- can eat carbs but no candy, limited sugar intake as well
- if mental state is impaired, productivity goals are suspended.
- no Netflix or aids to existing.
- must sleep a lot. If tired not allowed to go out nor do anything but sleep.

March 16th, 2018

4:48 pm

I adhered only hecke to sick protocol, and only did programming. I definitely let myself go and I 100% think it was food that did it. Starting Sunday I'll be strict about what I'm eating again and on Sunday I'll start day 1. I'll also allow myself Netflix and the such if I absolutely need it, but if I get an erection at all I have to take a cold shower in order to resume watching. That is the contract.

March 18th, 2018

day 1:

12:32 next day

I've gone to sleep quite late tonight, though I woke up later so it works out. I felt a bit sick but was able to overcome it and workout. I definitely wasted time today, meandering and waiting. Also I'm feeling the super powers a bit but not a lot. I think I'm maybe starting to flatline. Urges have been, for the most part, under control. Im somewhat confident I can avoid wet dreams. I don't want to lose super powers, it truly is a consequence of not living in reality. I must acknowledge my reality is I will not experience sexual pleasure for a very long time, perhaps not even a year. I don't need to find a girlfriend, but I do need to be successful and perhaps I may meet a person whom I can spend lot of time with. If not, I'll focus on programming and success, the yooj. If the time comes that I'm older and still a virgin I'll ask Dad, see what he thinks. I should be ok so long as I don't obsess over it. If I can become content with no sex it shouldn't skew my sexual desires. Really I have none right now, I fathom that sex would be pleasurable but no type of girl is so especially appealing.

March 19th, 2018

day 2:

10:16 pm

So tonight I went to seidell and had chips and beer and carbs. Those were most certainly pleasure foods. I will start gluten free tomorrow. Carbs will come from brown rice or the pita allowed until next Sunday, just what I've already purchased. But, something much more profound is that I've come to realize I'm hanging out with Richard, forcing myself to go to jeffs and events I don't want to do, because I want friends and I also want to be cool. I was fixated on being alpha like a delinquent when I should fixate on being alpha like me. Find those who share your interests and become friends with people who matter. Don't conform, don't become part of a community, don't be alpha, be you. Now, there is the concern that me is old beta self, but there is a difference between plain alpha and confidence. I shall be confident in being me, that is... I've just realized I don't really know what values regarding other people define me. Should I be nice, helpful, tough, overly confident, joke to have a good time. I've been avoiding assessing a trait by mimicking successful ones, but ultimately mimicry is mimicry. This is now where Maimonides comes in, The key is the middle path. Should I be nice or tough – I should be both when appropriate, tough when someone displays malice, stupidity, or harmful ideas and nice when they seem good-natured and well intentioned. I should joke when appropriate, but be serious during serious matters. I should express humility in knowledgeable matters but confidence in values.

I also have a suspicion that quizlet activated the same immediate gratification response in my brain, perhaps this is why I'm sluggish lately. And perhaps there is a value to nofap reddit, but this value must then become a task, and relegated to a specific time frame with goals for effectiveness in its benefits. Reddit will now be accessed only on my computer and only during a specified time slot. For the next week, however, I will not go on reddit at all. I need to first go to the opposite extreme before approaching the middle path.

March 20th, 2018

day 3:

12:36 next day

I feel much better acting more myself, however I did go a bit nishech when talking to Ethan. Again, the middle path is key. I shouldn't be joking to much, but seriously talking of life and things of significance with a jest here and there. The average over an extended time is irrelevant, it must be an average over a very short duration, maybe 5 minutes. Also, confidence in values – humility in knowledge. Also had a bit of an argument with momzair. I think I need to be more genuine with her with my criticism. I tend to hide what I'm really saying, quite effectively, but it might still show and lead to frustration. It's not like momzair doesn't do that either though, shes far worse than me with that.

March 21st, 2018

4:25 pm

So I've just gone on Reddit when I wasn't supposed to and spent time on crap. On a side note though, I've realized, though not for the first time, that I'm assessing people's value and then greeting them with a forced effort based on that value. I should be assessing who they are, and greeting them based on that. If some is looking needy I should be nice, if someone looks confident I should be happy. I also found myself to, again, be quite chirpy. Well, not true. Richard doesn't like to talk at all, so when I talk to him I ignore that aspect. When he genuinely doesn't want to talk, then I become annoying. So, I should allow him to talk to me, and engage him well, but from now I won't prompt conversation.

March 22nd, 2018

day 5:

4:37 pm

So I didn't journal at night last night because was drunk and forgot, but I had Mac and cheese and smoked a lot of hookah. My lungs were rather nigger this morn and when I went to the gym it got worse, but I was alright in the end. I fucked around on Reddit for an hour because was tired then napped for 1.5 I think. In the future I should go to sleep immediately when tired. Nofap reddit definitely has value, specifically in the Valhalla motivation memes, but this value has diminishing returns. What I'll do is one session at the end of the day, not before bed, for 30 minutes.

10:49 pm

After programming I basically broke. Was tired again, lost energy. It could be the fact I went to the gym and was tired, but I also did more reddit today than before. Reddit must be the link. I don't need their motivation. I already have my own. What they say will only consume my time at this point. I am done. No more reddit.

March 24th, 2018

day 7:

7:14 pm

I forgot to journal yesterday because of Shabbat, which has been very significant. I resigned, and mostly succeeded, to fully follow Shabbat. I texted matt once to tell him I wasn't texting on Shabbat, and plugged in my phone (unsure). Regardless, I spent most of that time reading and with myself and have realized things through Faur's book based on my previous realization of self-deceit and based on being alone with those thoughts. Firstly, self deceit is not merely harmful to the soul, it is idolatry. By subscribing to a false reality, a human made reality, we are rejecting the reality of god, the one true reality. The myth of reality only existing in our perception of reality directly contradicts with Judaism and further encourages such idolatry. The poet, through "charming" (as Faur puts it) the people into subscribing to a false reality, has them worship and follow an idol of his creation. This idea isn't my own, but that of Philo and I likely heard it before, but this is the first time I've truly comprehended it. Thus an alphabetic society cannot grasp god because it cannot grasp reality, the only domain in which we can find god, or rather what he is not.

Second, when one abandons the false idols of self deceit made to "save" people from bearing to experience the reality of God, there is a darkness. This overwhelming darkness is likely the result of being accustomed to idols of human fantasy as well as the lack of knowledge or training in the Tora as a result. This view was confirmed when Faur, too, referenced a darkness. When I removed all that I now acknowledged as idolatry, as self deceit, as not a part of my future, I found that much of my previous goals revolved around

something other than god. When I removed sex, movies, TV, pleasure of all forms other than god and accept there is nothing but god in the ideal future, the darkness appears. If you do not understand god and then remove everything that is not god you are left with nothing except a faint light, so unbelievably faint that you wouldn't even call it a light. It is a shade of slightly redder darkness than the surrounding darkness.

It is then evident that this darkness is the true reality, completely inevitable. But further, that it is so dark and so far from illumination, that the prospect of going back to the idols of fantasy and not working to illuminate it is terrifying. All of this was written based on memory, so it isn't completely an accurate representation of my thoughts at the time. As I read the chapters of Horizontal Society again I will come back and edit this entry.

11:28

I don't know what happened, but after writing my journal I totally collapsed. I ate a pizza and my stomach then hurt, I browsed reddit, further hiding from reality, and even considered looking at the old nudes of girls from omegle and the such, which would have assuredly led to masturbation. I need to sleep and to be healthy. I need my mind working.

1:47

Definitely did not want someone to talk to on omegle lol. Nearly relapsed. Will go on Reddit now, then go to bed.

March 25th, 2018

day 8:

12:11 next day

So there's the fact that I peed out cum, nuff said about that. I also did nothing really today. I tried doing things with the program, didn't get anywhere, and didn't end up doing translation. Went to the gym though. Won't go tomorrow. I also think there is a huge thing with my diet. It's all fucked. Tomorrow and Tuesday I am going 100% no carb. I'll decide on Wednesday morning if I want to go carb, but I don't think I will. Even if I'm tired and sleep all day – no carbs. I want to be free.

March 26th, 2018

day 9:

11:29 am

I skipped ulpan today and went on Reddit the whole morning. I didn't get enough sleep and thought that affected me. As much as I love reddit, and the

support of nofap and the belonging of a community, I must realize this is an internet addiction just like porn, just like YouTube, just like fapping. No more reddit, forever. It is now part of monk mode. I am seizing the light for myself. Today I will be no carb, today I will be no internet.

2:27 pm

I need to make some strict and concrete rules.

1. I'm not allowed to use any internet of any kind unless explicitly permitted in these rules
2. I may look up YouTube tutorials or Google a programming problem
3. I can check WhatsApp for new messages, however I cannot review old messages or images except for necessary information
4. I may chat on Snapchat. No viewing of stories
5. I may browse the mishne Tora for a very specific, productive purpose. Such as amassing information, or looking at his opinion on a specific practice to determine a rule regarding that process.
6. I can only read my journal directly before making another entry. This means not in the morning.
7. I can check new emails, but if they are irrelevant I must unsubscribe from the sender or stop reading after I realize this.
8. I cannot review or look at old photos except for a specific productive purpose or reason.
9. If there is something productive I want to do with an unknown time, if it takes 15 minutes or longer I give up on it unless it is necessary.
10. No Facebook except to RSVP a certain event.
11. No Jeff unless I can demonstrate it is productive. Netanyahu is productive in a few capacities. Barbecue is not in any.
12. Hanging out with friends isn't productive, however it is necessary. I am allowed 4 passes per week to do something that is not productive, but with friends. I may use them at my discretion. Ades counts as 1, Ben is number 2. These passes exclude Jeff events except for parties, for which I may use them.
13. On Shabbat I may spend as much time with people as I desire. The mandate is that I don't escape to reality, I can, however, be as lethargic as I desire, assuming I complete the Shabbat tasks of prayer and Friday preparation.
14. I cannot go farther than making out with a girl outside of a serious relationship. Hands may roam, but not under clothing.

8:24 pm

I'm feeling better overall with my rules. More free and more pure, as always when I start monk mode. Remember to commit to your promises to yourself. If I say I'm gonna be nocarb for today and tomorrow, God damnit I'll be no carb.

3:28 the next day

I stayed up late tonight talking to Matt, I really hope he sticks to this plan or shows similarities to my efforts, so that he might have my success soon. Regarding me, this was a rather successful night. When I was hanging with naco and "the boys" I acted very well and had a good time, naturally. Everyone laughed at my jokes and I was serious when I should be, and funny when appropriate. Story telling may still be an issue but we all had a good time last night. I'm also happy I made progress on the prayer translation again. Slowly slowly I'll become closer to god. I also stuck to my diet very well. I had salads with hummus and the steak with veg. I'll shoof haircut tomorrow, see what I want to do. Valhalla is on the way.

March 27th, 2018

day 10:

3:30 pm

The rules seem to be performing very well. Although I just ate and I'm going to go to the gym very soon. We'll see the effect on my stomach.

9:37 pm

I didn't end up going to the gym, will go tomorrow morning after a rest and meat plate gives me strength, hopefully. I also noticed, again, I am fucking smooth as fuck. I can talk to people and I'm cool. Of course, once I got into dodgy territory with the whole reality thing it got a little out of hand, but now I need simply avoid such conversations until I'm knowledgeable proper. Knowing what I need to do is very simple now. I talk to people and have a good time and can tell that those who are awkward are below me in this scale. Though, some self reflection now, I shouldn't think in such a way. No one is below me, we're all made in gods image, all with capabilities and so forth. Only those with improper values should be shunned. In a concluding note, life is good. Life is great, full of possibility. If only I was like this through highschool.

4:12 next day

Woke up at 3ish and have for some reason been stressing about rutgers. I came up with a good essay idea though. To describe the process of finding a

solution as a cat chasing the mouse. The essay could be titled “the little mouse in my brain”.

March 28th, 2018

day 11:

8:25 pm

On the bus back from tel Aviv. I haven't done much productively for past 3 days, though it is vacation time so it is permissible. I'll keep reading at the very least. Matt also seems to be bullshitting. The obsession men have with girls as if they contribute to happiness is total nonsense. I think I'll stop engaging Matt as much and let him find his own way to get his shit together. Like a parent with a child gone astray, the only thing you can do is let them find their own path. Hopefully his positive regard for me is enough so that my anger didn't uproot the seeds of success from monk mode and everything. As for myself, the one thing I must do every day is work on translating the prayer. For now, my source of translation will just be sefaria, but I should find some artscroll pictures or something.

11:21 pm

So I ended up heavily smoking hookah with frenchy. I feel impure when I do this. I've stopped it in monk mode.

4:34 next day

Just had a wet dream. To impair the mind is to submerge in weakness, to turn off the light. No drinking. No hookah. I will have an unimpaired mind.

March 29th, 2018

day 12:

4:50 (approx, forgot to timestamp)

After shopping at the shuk I feel very fatigued. I would reason it's because of the hookah. I am now adamant in never doing hookah again. Hopefully I'll heal during the weekend and become productive again.

7:36

It just occurred to me I've lost my superpowers because of the wet dream. I must now commit to no women. I'll be shomer negja outside of a relationship. Girls need to be out of my life completely as entities with a separate status from men. If I meet a girl and become friendly with her enough that we mutually agreed to start a relationship, I may think of her and only her as the female I consider now. Life is what's important, nothing more.

12:20

Albi told me of book bigger leaner, stronger. Will get for Kindle.

March 30th, 2018

day 13:

3:59 pm

Was feeling sick today after tubi last night – very sick. No more alc when sick. Also, I’m allowed to get with gs when out, but no more than that. Even still, it Shou be about for actually getting to know people. I also spent most of today doing nothing truly productive. I hecke slept until 11, then went on Reddit and looked at nofap videos on YouTube. Then I ate cereal and carbs. I can eat carbs in the meal, but under no circumstances can I eat cake. I don’t eat desserts, sorry. I’ll spend the time with reading and discussion.

March 31st, 2018

day 14:

7:15 pm

I was sick and fatigued for most of the holiday, and they were speaking Hebrew so I never chimed in. The correct thing to do would be to run the conversation with English, but do I have such authority in a house where I’m a guest? The whole guest dynamic seems a bit shit to me. Too much politics and too much, “what can I do for you m’lord”. Should guests only be people you already know? Or should there be a way of getting to know the guest properly after their invitation? Additionally, I think if one is hosting, the topic of conversation should be something all members can participate in. This requires contentful discussion probably, and thus people who seek and discuss content. What is conversation? There are the initial confirms to convention to situate the relationship, but once that exists what do you discuss? It is probably based off of good principles, like getting to know a person and then providing the insights and perspective that you can.

1:17 next day

I thought to myself when I went out that shomer negia is ridiculous, but didn’t I think no sex outside of a relationship was ridiculous too. My life will not improve by getting with gs. My identity and my value come from my accomplishment, not my ability to get girls. Getting girls is worthless. No more. No more girls dominating my life. No more wet dreams. I’ll touch girls for hand shaking, greeting hugs, but that’s it. No romantic anything with girls. No relationships until I find a girl I would marry. Girlfriend means nothing.

April 1st, 2018

day 1;

1:30 pm (approx)

I've reset my counter again because reddit is self deceit. I lack friends. Just like porn provides an ideal and completely unreal mate, so does social media provide ideal and false friends. People with whom I associate on reddit, with whom I make jokes and engage in behaviors normally exclusive to friendship, are simply not real. This isn't to say they aren't real people, but it is not a real friendship. I don't know these people, they aren't my real friends. I assume them to conform to a mold, an "abstract class", of a friend with the minor differences and uniqueness they do present. My mind behaves as if I'm hanging out with the best of friends, with whom I share values and have a good time, but I am utterly alone. Real friendship and real acquaintanceship does not work like this, just like real sexual practice does not work like pornography.

This morning and last night I wasted far too much time on reddit. Hours. I was escaping from reality to the world of imaginary friends, who I don't even know, just like an imaginary online girlfriend. Both parties are simply providing a service to the other, the deceit of friendship or the deceit of romantic love. A medium for us to deceive ourselves. Man should not be alone, but to be with false friends is only to secure your loneliness. When necessary, from now on, I will be alone. Perhaps to be together with another I must first learn to be truly alone. If I make myself tolerable to myself, If I, as my only friend, can occupy myself, then I can surely bring value to others. We should be strict with the tora so that we may plan ahead in light of these restrictions with our natural incentives. The natural incentive is to have friends. I will be strict with no reddit, acknowledging I should not be alone, because reddit will take me no farther from loneliness than porn will from lack of sex. Listen to your body, assume its conclusions as truth, and it will lead you to the correct path.

I don't know why, but I'm even getting dopamine from this. I don't believe its because I think someone will be reading it. I think I'm simply coming to love myself. My conclusions make me proud of myself. I feel a deep, chest pressing happiness. Not because my life is ahead of me, though I'm sure that happiness will come with time, but because no longer am I imprisoned by this form of self deceit. With toil and time I will rid my mind of these idols, and come to embrace the world of god.

2:24 next day

So I completed all the tasks, although I only meditated for 8 minutes, did little Hebrew, and didn't translate much at all. What I did do, though, is situate myself in a context to accomplish those things better, tomorrow. I properly meditated by experiencing and observing, I niggured out the sepharia, and got a decent understanding of the hebrew I need to do. I felt much better today,

both in sickness and in mind. I definitely should not go to tell aviv in an Airbnb, but also I experience fun and exciting shit in Israel, no? Tomorrow I'll have real work ahead of me. It will be as much of a challenge as today was from yesterdays existence of escape through reddit. I also am very proud of myself. I was fixated on the Arab girls speaking English and I was about to leave the gym. Then I said fuck it and went up and talked to them. The pretty girl was 26 and didn't care to talk once I revealed I'm 18, but the not super pretty one was very nice. Educated Arabs are fine.

April 2nd, 2018

day 2:

2:47pm

I meandered a little bit in the hot shower and in the morning, but did alright following monk mode. I had planned on eating way to late and became ravenous after programming so I ate a matza with 2 eggs and then one with peanut butter and Nutella, not great. Regarding nofap I've been totally urge free, which is good. I really think it's important I finish and fix the code for the algorithm tomorrow at the latest, or else my productivity is truly wavering. I'll give myself infinite time to finish it, with set breaks only for eating.

3:58 pm

I went to the shook and got a fruit juice. I've also sampled some pastries. Now my stomach hurts and I feel tired. No more sugar. Rule is can only eat carbohydrates in a meal with protien.

9:49

I would have for sure gone on Reddit had I not stopped myself, and then my night would have been a waste like many others. Though I wasn't so productive in the end, I did not regress, and thank God I am still in reality. I've been in the moat so long that holding myself out of it is so very difficult. After long thought, I will become at home in reality. Additionally I skipped Hebrew and faur tonight. I feel justified in skipping faur because I'm genuinely fatigued and will sleep, the Hebrew was just that it's uncomfortable. Again, discomfort is not bad but good, it is to be embraced. Try again tomorrow. If I fail, then I will bring up Hebrew again when I am situated in reality and able to withstand discomfort on Sunday. I sincerely hope I need not wait a week to do my Hebrew, but if necessary I must succeed in long term, even if it imparts short term stress.

April 3rd, 2018

day 3

8:27 pm

So today I was rather productive, did everything on the list except faur. At some point after coding for the third time today, I got very tired and looked at a specific youtube video that was in my head. I wanted badly to go on reddit but did not. Then I invited jae over for charoset and we ate charoset. I then had more after he left and chocolate spread. I then became very tired and was desperately craving reddit or any form of dopamine. I didn't partake, though I lied on my bed for a while and decided to write this journal. I feel better after starting to write this now. I think I'll investigate livestreaming. Once I get this code finished and cleaned, it's streaming time baby.

10:21

So I google streaming advice then watched a YouTube video then watched Jordan Peterson. Intrinsically I don't think there is an issue with those videos but I know in my heart I shouldn't have. It was because I was tired and couldn't do work, and that's because I wasn't disciplined and ate charoset. Eat only what your soul requires, till 3/4ths full. This is when I'm most productive. This is how I progress. Accept that after 3/4ths hunger you won't be eating anymore, for at least 2 hours. That's new rule, in addition to limited carbs with every meal and sweet only at beginning or first meal. I also feel as if I may have a wet dream tonight and I won't. I keep saying it, but I'm unsure of whether or not I'm fathoming it. I will not have a wet dream. If presented with an opportunity for sex I will decline, for my life is too valuable to be hindered by short term pleasures. I have no need for such idols when the grace of God is before me, and I before him. It is so important I make progress with the prayers. Without them I am lost.

April 4th, 2018

Day 4,

So today I relapsed. No, I didn't fap lol I'm not that weak, but I did go on Reddit for probably an hour. This shows me, I can't even abstain for a week. This is just like nofap. I need to break it. If I am alone I am alone. If I am tired I must sleep. If I sit and do nothing I shall sit and do nothing.

April 5th, 2018

Day 1,

10:00 (approx)

Wet dream. I know exactly how it happened to. I was in the party, and the girl was grinding and twerking. I went up to the hottest of the uglies and grinded on her for 5 seconds, then came. Then, as if to save me, the girl I

knew through chabruta suddenly asked and became my girlfriend, a completely religious girl. We did a sort of cuddle thing in the dream and nothing more. No more clubbing, or rather, aspirations of clubbing. Is a good story all that worth it? Do we really bond drunk out of our minds? Perhaps it increases status to get girls, so I might pursue it, but success I assure you will increase status more than anything. No more clubbing. My values are such that I don't wish to have any sexual interaction with girls, so I must act out this behavior. For all the times I wanted to go clubbing, I will not go not once, unless you count that disaster with Lucy. When I get to college, perhaps I'll go to sophomore dorms. I need real girls if I want them, not whores and sluts. If I see girls dancing, I will leave. No Jeff parties no nothing. Boys nights out, sure, if a girl becomes involved I no longer will be, end of story. I'm done with this shit.

1:14

Today at the gym I felt really good, was talking to people, met Nazer, looked good. Even though I relapsed, I still have super powers. It's important I make friends though. Being alone – just can't do it. There's not enough to find within yourself, or maybe there is.

April 7th, 2018

day 3:

So apart from a single omegle conversation I stayed strict to the thing. I watched a lot of YouTube lectures and went to meals to keep myself busy. I'm gonna do no carb for a week starting tomorrow, I think I may have the yeast thing forgot the name. After this I need to get and stay healthy. Brown rice, sweet potatoes, etc.

April 8th, 2018

day 0:

2:00 (approx)

So I went on Reddit again for some 5 hours last night. I really should have kept to my principles with ades. It's great to go out with him, but I can still eat healthy. Regardless, u behaved as if I will be carb free for a week so now I must stick to the plan I've laid out. Cook all your own food. It's not worth it. Everything is more connected than I explicitly realized. The health, the mind, the body, success, relationships, the soul, everything is connected. What is bad for one is bad for all, what is good for one is good for all. It is then so imperative to pursue the correct path in all facets of life. So, for school, we really need to start working on the projects. Procrastination brings stress and poison to the body.

12:38 next day

So I spent the majority of the day cooking and hackying with libgdx, also did some reddit. Didn't do other stuff, was too tired I guess. Tomorrow I'll have a lot of work to do, may end up napping.

April 9th, 2018

day 1:

Bollocks to lot of work to do lol. I wasted too much time watching the nice Australian doctors YouTube videos and recognized I need to stop. Also, someone showed me how to clear the screen in libgdx from stack overflow, which worked out well. I also feel like I'm back. When I was doing the prayers today, the only thing I really had time to do, I felt that same productive feeling as before. Tomorrow I should really try to make a rough script and eclipse doc for the tutorial. So not in the mood for neuro ec, too much stuff to do. I also think the sort of weening iff reddit where I can respond to responses but can't make new comments is good. But I really need to stick to no lurking and no new comments.

April 10th, 2018

day 2:

11:53

I drank carrot juice, had mayo at Burger market today. I felt like crap after, had bad gas at the gym. It could also be the chocolate though. Tomorrow Im cutting out chocolate, mayo, and carrot juice. Productivity wise I was ok. Was befriending Kayla in hopes of connection to my girls, which isn't bad I guess.

April 11th, 2018

day 3:

7:48

I'm feeling white hungry and tired in resent, hopefully as a result of the diet and the candida going away. I've also been less productive. My genius feels depleted I think. I feel an anxiety as if I can't be productive at all, it's been quite saddening. Perhaps it's because I've been focusing on YouTube and not making the actual game. I do think the skills I'll gain becoming a YouTuber will benefit me in life though. Presenting yourself before a camera can help you present yourself to a public, hopefully. I then need to try to compile some values, use my analytic skills to determine ideal concepts. Idk. I fear I won't

be able to do this analysis. I probably only need one YouTube video. The rendering part is the bit we need to understand.

April 12th, 2018

day 0:

Full on watched YouTube videos today, just so tired all the time idk. I think it's very related to success in your field. You need passion to give you energy. On a positive note, I went out clubbing without drinking and was rather confident and alpha. Freya got with that total beta, but then I wasn't really trying to get with her. I just enjoyed the pheromones of hot blooded woman, with the two others are not – nish.

April 13th, 2018

day 1:

Though I'm still incredibly nervous about Rutgers, and this is a point of stress in my life, the future looks bright. I felt incredible today. The combined benefits of going out with people and not drinking are fantastic. I must do more of this. Tell Aviv every thur, work every Friday. Also, the benefits of a proper diet with weight loss further contribute to this enhanced mood. When in tune with reality, you must craft for yourself a good reality. Then you will have reality based emotions which are the most potent and real. If the reality is good, your good emotions will be incredible. If it is bad, the bad emotions will push you towards the good. Even if I don't get into Rutgers, I still have options. Don't think permanently about an unknown. arrogance is harmful for others, but most importantly it is harmful to the self. I can still be successful, not on a long shot but in Reality, regardless of whether I get into Rutgers. If I don't, I'll need to work hard to create a new plan, but I am ready and prepared to do this necessary work. God has equipped me with the tools, I need simply use them. I am 100% capable. The Tora will never be outside your grasp.

April 16th, 2018

day 1:

So this entire past weekend I've been paralyzed by the stress of Rutgers. I felt I needed all the youtube and crap to cope. It's because I can't think my way out of this one, any work I'd do towards a solution will be meaningless. I simply need to wait until the decision comes out, then I'll have a stable life to work towards improving.

April 17th, 2018

day 1:

It seems I won't be seeing my application decision until later. The only solution then is to recover from the horrible binge, and proceed as if accepted. I must continue to code, I must reclaim my life regardless of college. All the progress I've made with staying in reality may be lost. This is terrible. I can never let something like this happen again.

April 18th, 2018

day 2:

I've seemingly calmed down from Rutgers. No need to think on it further. As for my productivity, it wasn't great yesterday because of the tekes, but I must be fully productive today. I don't see myself going to the gym today, but if I can get some Hebrew and programming progress done I'll be happy. If not, I really need to start addressing where my time is going. I chill with Richard every morning, perhaps I should just close my door and start working idk. Maybe I should work before the shower. Definitely need to enforce rule, when I am awake and look at my phone for the time, I go in for a shower. It doesn't have to be cold, but I should end cold.

April 19th, 2018

day 0:

I had a wet dream, or something, last night. I was awake as I came, I first thought I was peeing. I'm not sure if im craving the pleasure or the release or both, but I'm craving something now. My dreams also were dark and terrible. I was at some event with friends and a group of midgets was there. I would taunt the midgets and run for my life as they chased me I should've been able to outrun them, but could not. Additionally, a few little kids kept on teasing me, before this (unsure if in same dream) about why I couldn't do some Jewish thing. I don't understand it, but I felt this horrible feeling at the end of all the dreams, feeling more and more shit as the night progressed. I seem eager to claim these as a manifestation of my minds failure in my dreams and then to use this as some sort of turning point, but I shouldn't be strict now more than ever because I felt like shit last night and came. I should be strict now because I always should have been, because I'm failing to fully embrace god. When I think "no, I can't remove from myself the internet and all this stimulation", I am denying god. I am doubting the faculties with which he has presented me.

This is the same scenario as every other failure. I doubted god. I don't want this to seem as if "theres the revelation, there's t ticket, I was doubting God

now I have the knowledge and caution not to doubt him. “ I will emphasize again this is exactly the same as every other failure and if I fail again it will be the same as this failure. It can’t all be the same though, if it is then you would simply fail again in the future. What will be different for next time? My resolve maybe? Have I seen some light in my dreams last night that will better enable me to withstand the struggle? No, it is a choice. There is absolute free will within humans and this time I will choose differently. This does not leave room for a comprehension of why I chose to fail in the past, but this is an absolute proof of free will – not that one was needed. I am the same person I was yesterday, and the day before, and likely for some 3 weeks now. Yet, this time I am choosing to do differently. For my happiness, for my soul, since one can only be happy if they are developing their soul.

Further I must be cautious of tongue, for I don’t know anything. No, I shouldn’t be eager to display this fact – boasting about how humble I am. I should acknowledge I don’t know much in every facet of my being. But what then if I get cucked, so to speak, by an arrogant buffoon who claims to know everything. Don’t, reject their posed reality, but only for yourself as we are justified to do.

My new attempt now poses an issue. How am I to handle the emptiness. The past response has always been to fill this with content, but what if I know within myself this content is poor. What will I do when I find myself at Ben’s house with nothing to do on Saturday evening. I must think this through now. Is preparation really the key? But we can’t prepare for everything – there must be another solution. Maybe this solution is applicable only for the small frequency of scenarios where we were not capable of preparation. If I were to become imprisoned, in a room with nothing and no one but a phone before me with YouTube videos constantly playing in loop if I want to watch them – what could I do to not watch these videos? I can always expand my knowledge of what I know by utilizing the logic potential energy in my experiences. I can meticulously go through every experience I’ve had, and try to learn something from it I did not recognize before. It even has a limiting factor, because if this energy is used up faster than you can accumulate it through experience, then you will be left with nothing again. What else? I should not fantasize either, as this would be to worship and idol. If God’s reality is such that I am placed within a room within a compound within his world of creation than so it is – and is not me in a different place somewhere else. Journal writing, even, is capitalizing on our logical potential energy. Im starting to be convinced this is our only option, save prophecy. Perhaps prophecy is even the next step. Once our logical potential energy is exhausted, once the some core patterns of the world are discovered and no more information to be learned in the traditional manner from considering our experiences, perhaps our mind is then ready for prophecy, and we begin to hone in on the central understanding of everything available to humans. Though perrenialism garbage kind of hijacked the triangle, we can keep reforming and reforming our thought until we reach the most singular understanding which would apply to everything in the universe.

April 22nd, 2018

day 2:

7:00 pm

I started my new diet where I eat healthy carbs. I think I ate too much though, next time should do less rice.

12:32 next day

Didn't get a ton done, but got some done. Tomorrow I'll hopefully do even more. IAt the least I'm not disgusted with my progress. Healthy carbs is definitely the way to go though. I'm also stressed about Hebrew, but it is what it is. I can still get a good grade, and can still learn a sizeable amount of Hebrew in the coming two months. This week I really need to prioritize getting something going for the summer though. I want to give momzair flight info by the end of this week 100%.

April 23rd, 2018

day 3:

I'm feeling better, I feel good when I eat, am very tired after eating the big meal though. Could be just because I need sleep. I hope I can get some coding done during kabbalah. After watching the movie with Woody Allen and the such, I'm feeling a tad existential. As if I'm at some point in my life where it's near the end, like we're getting ready to move out. Since, when major things happen you consider everything in a major scale and thus the remainder of life is not even fathomed as you think of life as one step or a series of steps in a larger picture, with undue focus on the other parts.

9:47

I felt emotionally insecure after getting my 86 grade back. As if it hurt my intelligence. My mind is totally not in sync with reality when it comes to grades. I must be careful with grades and be prepared for the possibility of failure. I could have failed my philosophy paper too, and if I have I am no different than before. I choose to do real work over trying hard to get a grade, so the grade is only important insofar as it is an accurate assessment of real knowledge, which it is clearly not.

April 24th, 2018

day 0:

8:38 pm

I will call this a somewhat unintentional relapse, so though it doesn't have the implication of consciously rejecting god as I have so foolishly in the past, it will have otherwise negative impacts on my health and mind. I played fortnite today, even though it was with friends, I have a headache and feel tired. No more fortnite. Also no more Instagram, I don't even know why I allowed myself that. I must remember I'm not yet healed, I've only just begun to heal.

April 25th, 2018

day 1:

11:26

Got into Rutgers! My life won't have that struggle and hardship, this must be a platform to ascend to greatness. Speaking of ascension to greatness, I felt rather unproductive today. Going over what I did, I translated prayers, worked out my biceps and triceps, cooked and ate food, and worked on editing, finishing tutorial and just need to work on introduction. If we break down by expected time, translation is prob an hour, biceps triceps another hour, cooking and eating should be around 2.5 for today, and editing would be an hour. That's 5.5 hours yet I woke up at 11 and it's twelve hours later. I need to rush through the unimportant things. It's nice to take life easy and be relaxed, but we can still be tranquil when rushing. Maximize your time, it is valuable.

April 26th, 2018

day 0:

I'm in the most severe relapse yet, eating icecream and watching anime as I type this, but I realized something. When you try to abstain from things for so long without due diligence of necessarily filling it with content, you get sick. You stop believing in your current method. I have a responsibility to be productive and successful.

April 27th, 2018

day 0:

1:00 the next day

This is the real relapse. I fapped. The counter is reset. I must absolutely fill my life with content, with productivity. If it is hard I will struggle. If I feel like crap I will still do, even at the production of a bad product. I will keep producing no matter what. In sickness or in health, in hunger or in

satisfaction, in exhaustion or with energy. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. What I've lost needs to be mourned. I can build it back, I will build it back. I will be productive. I will pray. I will no longer be a slave its done. It's done. It's done. Monk mode 4 starts this Sunday. God help me. We are in survival mode. This is our life. To not do this crap is to live. After Shabbat ends we are done.

April 30th, 2018

day 3:

10:58 pm

I woke up at 6 today and it is 11pm now. That is 17 hours. I had class from 8:30 to 12, then again from 3:30 to 8. That is 8 hours. What did I do with the 9? I showered, prayed, translated, went to gym, cooked and ate food, talked briefly with udren, cooked and ate food, then fucked off texting. I need to be more energetic, especially with the cooking. I need to save time.

May 1st, 2018

day 4:

I began to relapse today, watched a few YouTube videos, but was able to bounce back. Just consider that the YouTube and garbage won't benefit your situation or ease the fatigue and physical ailment. It is still very much a long term issue.

May 4th, 2018

day 1:

6:33 pm

So I have been steeped in relapse over the past few days. This has led me to incorporate punishment into this next attempt. Incorrect behavior is punished with a water fast, for every incorrect thought I must take a cold shower for 1 minute. Today I thought 5 times about biting my nails, once about sex, once about an omegle girlfriend, once about videogames, starting singing music to myself once, and thought about movies once. This totals 10 minutes of cold showering at the end of the day. Even just ensuring my thoughts are always on what is at hand, I find myself more relaxed and more like what I envision a sage to behave like in superficial matters. I've also done other things like relegate all internet use besides directions and communication of irl people to my computer. Before I could check youtube or look up a tutorial on my phone, now I cannot. If I'm doing this correctly, it shouldn't be hard. Once

you actually realize the truth your physiology conforms to that truth and the urge is gone. If It is hard it means I have fucked up, and I'm undoing something of the past. This is where the defenses come in.

May 5th, 2018

day 2:

Today I walked through the old city for some 3 hours 45 minutes. During this time, I found it incredibly difficult not to have songs playing in my head. I also found that I had troubling really absorbing the surroundings as I wanted to. Later I was doubtful of the singing prohibition and sang for 2 minutes roughly. I immediately got a headache, this tells me music, even self created, is immediate gratification and, for my specific case, must be eliminated for the time being. I also feel a bit dead and tired, perhaps I am healing. We shall see, 2 days isn't enough for positive change. In a week I should probably start to feel better.

May 6th, 2018

day 3:

11:42 pm

I feel the water fast really helped me set my goals straight and be conscious of what I'm eating. I also had what I believe to be a productive conversation with Noam, hopefully my insights can help him improve his life. I don't feel like writing right now, Richard believes in kabbalah suddenly and I would rather like to dissuade him of this nonsense.

May 7th, 2018

day 4:

12:34 pm

I felt very good this morning, but got incredibly tired during ulpan. I mean, I usually do, but I suppose I survived reasonably. I'm also very hungry right now, am going to gym to work off the hunger. I should be able to finish my list today.

12:30 am

Finished the list except for faur after poker, which was dumb to think I could do anyway. In poker though I became a child after winning and lost in the end. I was playing well in the beginning though, I think. I notice my mind

healing, it feels good. I still lack the super powers I once had though. It will take time and more healing to build them back. Hopefully soon.

May 9th, 2018

day 0:

12:30 pm

I relapse last night with YouTube only, but right now I'm feeling pretty good. I think the lasting effects of an immediate gratification binge are definitely less than a food or fap binge for sure. I think it's in the fact that I'm engaging with a community, even in a false skewed sense. An idea that makes a lot of sense now immediately comes to mind, friends give you the emotional energy necessary for productivity. New rule, do something with friends every single day. People you can enjoy. I really think I've found the common cause of relapse, loneliness. But it just can't be hanging with friends, it has to be people your comfortable with. And then we can only develop this through nofap. That's the in, it's the key. Starting with shit life, the first step is noFap with as much productivity as you can muster. Step two is increase your friend pool by a lot. Make friends with everyone, get to know people and consider that we're all very similar. This should lead me to a genuine neutral position.

I will now describe this ideological position to set it in stone, so I don't forget it and know to embody it. My natural inclination is pragmatic libertarian, but I consciously decided not to judge people based on political views and then also not to take my political views so seriously, and certainly not as facts to use in concluding other things. I decided this because I figure that most other people would decide the same thing as me in my situation. That's not to say everyone is right in their own way, or this sort perrenial thing, but I think certain situations are more conducive to a true conclusion than others.

May 11th, 2018

day 0:

10:34 am

This is perhaps the most shit I've felt in a very long time. I feel extremely fogged, so much so that I fear I can clearly see the path to clarity, putting me in a negative feedback loop. I also am feeling a love, for mankind for everyone for everything. I feel a power in my loins, I believe this is the source. Though I feel incredibly sad at the same time I am joyous and happy. What's happening is I have a physical response of some type of excitement. I don't know if this is happy or sad excitement, fear or love. Because I feel very fatigued and foggy, I'm going to state the goals I consciously recognize or remember recognizing

and move from there, starting with ones I have the most confidence in. In a way I'm situating the absolute truths for myself to conclude the rest of my life, like descarte.

I want to be Jewish and follow Judaism, follow god. This is true 100%, perhaps the most true. Reducing that to less abstract goals, I want to be successful in secular life, and with god in mental life. Further, I want to be productive and I want to know reality to the greatest extent. Now an emotional pursuit, I want friends. I love mankind and want to be with them. Even further with Jews, for we are a tribe. Right now we have productivity, accurate comprehension of reality, and human relationships. I also want to love god, but I don't know if I do. If I don't this is because I don't understand properly what god's presentation to us is. One reason I love people or things is because they provide something of value to me, and God is certainly the greatest source of bounty. He gives everything that is given, creates everything that is created. I state this as fact, ready for logical manipulation to conclusions, but I really don't comprehend it. Must I see examples maybe? Is it impossible to comprehend? I will throughout today and tomorrow look at everything not as I normally see it but as gods creations, which they are. I first thought that someone loving me also makes me love them, but I'm reconsidering. I think now that love of one as a source of bounty must come from a full desire to provide you with bounty, proven by its manifestation in behavior. I've lost my train of thought and have become tired again. I will go to shook, eat bread, and reassess my goals. Maybe I will have a food only diet, allowing bread and things, for a week. I feel hunger will impede me.

5:12

I fapped at 5 pm. It is high time we stop fucking around. This "Oh I'll just start over the next day, a fresh start" is pussy liberal bullshit. Man the fuck up right now. We don't have time. While we have wasted 19 years of life, those who man the fuck up and experience the discomfort, regardless of what comes their way, have succeeded. I don't have the capacity for sympathy of others. Simply, I am not worthy. I am lowly piece of shit. I shouldn't have confidence, should not have friends, not until Sammy comes. Then I may be confident in the values I espouse. Thinking ahead I see, trying to escape the current reality through time. Fuck that, I am here and now. I suck. I have always sucked. I do nothing. I accomplish nothing. I am a beta male faggot piece of shit. A real man does not need a family to push him to greatness, only god. Extremes, this is what will bring me grace, and what I need. DO NOT EVEN THINK about that smut. Extremes of health, extremes of productivity, extremes of god. I am not ready for friendship by fault of my own. If I want to be a pussy and not take control of my life because no friends is sad, I can go fuck myself. I disgrace god and everyone I supposedly befriend.

I have no right to even be mad at myself, I conceded to my primal self. I now understand. I allowed it to rule me. I was the primal self's master. Now the primal self can go fuck itself. This declaration is abstract and meaningless and

unproductive, but I have chosen to express it as an abstract concept behind my new actions. If they are not in line with this text I am a piece of shit. If I behave in line with this text, I will achieve morality. Let us begin.

May 12th, 2018

Day 1,

9:18 pm

Shabbat was mostly a success. Was tired during the reading at the end, and didn't finish all of it, but occupied most of my time with productive things, pushing through fatigue. It is also good I read what I wrote yesterday. Those words are clarity. Man the fuck up is correct. Now that I've done it my entire countenance had changed. I'm focused, my head is in the game. The shit I'm studying now is so fucking difficult, life is easy. This is a good thing. The one violation was that I ate watermelon to my content. It doesn't matter how much you eat, it should never be to the point where an additional piece won't taste good.

May 13th, 2018

Day 2,

8:23 an

Strange dream. I went to a hotel on Shabbat for some event. Was with my famy, can't remember event. I order pan fried vegetables from the hotel restaurant a bit before Shabbat ended. Was rushing to leave. Once we get in the car get into semi argument with Rebecca. She tells me I'm fat, I tell her she thinks her ass is big only because it's fat and it's actually chubbed out and miss-shapen. I compare Rosa and Jaime's butts and stay confident in my decision, not in a sexual way. There is also a third entity among Rosa and Jaime's who I compare the ass of. I believed this girl to be another sister. Was taller, dark Arab skin, long black straight hair, and generally larger in stature and more fat, but not in an unattractive way, more like classic whore with big ass way.i never saw her face. I woke up some time after. Genuinely the fuck is going on with my dreams.

9:19 pm

I've finally firmly grounded myself in reality, but I still now need to find my way. I have the capability now not to binge, but I still must strive for and achieve perfection. I do believe a mostly all meat diet will help me do this. Today was a relapse btw, I started it with the falacy of bread though. Not tomorrow, but right now, I am starting without this fallacy. Low carb all the way, yet still practical. The strawberries in limited amount at the beginning of

a meal. Otherwise no sweetness. I'll eat mostly eggs and chicken. Also perhaps the kale cabbage salad.

10:28

God in his Mercy has provided us with a two step plan for success. To know what to do, and then do it.

May 14th, 2018

Day 1:

So I went out with Ben tonight and the lack of superpowers was disgustingly obvious. Nofap is more important than anything. I definitely have urges like Friday, no matter what I can't give in – even if I were to become permanently debilitated. The diet was successful though, I'm very pleased with how I feel on carnivore. Hopefully I'll have more to say later on, I feel fatigued and headache now, probably because no exercise and dehydrated.

May 15th, 2018

Day 2:

Dream, 8:24 an

On a different bus to philosophy, landscape is different. Looks almost like outside of a courthouse and inside uni is a shopping mall layout with ice cream shop inside. y my dad is here and wants to review classes I'm taking. I get there and end up up being hungry. Me and Richard and others go to a restaurant that is expressively homosexual, and someone in the group made a gay joke. We're eating appetizers as they come to kick us out. I start scarfing down food because I'm hungry. I try and act nice throughout, then at the end I'm pushing it to finish my food, kind of refusing to leave the restaurant. They say something like "we were so happy, you were the nice one but now it comes out". I come back to philosophy 7 minutes late and say "ah, 7 minutes not an issue" and go into class. My dad comes in with me and we try and sit but can't find seats or can't fit, so everyone turns their desks 90 degrees and teacher teaches from the side. My dad starts screaming quietly that I should apprentice with someone teaching a trade, and leaves. He was interested with the ice cream shop, wanted me to leave class to go make cones that are really tall soft serve. Teacher chastises one student about a single absence in their career, which makes me nervous as I missed a lot. I think I have classic liberal retard discussion with liberals about my dad, with sort of implication "those damn boomers don't understand us, stuck in their old ways". That's all I remember.

12:33 next day

I feel like, even though it's only day 2, I'm starting to get very mild super powers. I'm become relaxed and I'm hacking easily with friends.

May 17th, 2018

day 1:

11:39 am

So I did another of those stay up till 6 am on phone because can't sleep things, and I think it's 100% because the hookah. No more of that. Otherwise still Gucci with everything else.

May 22nd, 2018

day 0:

1:56 pm

Haven't journaled in ages, will update everything in tomorrows entry. I had a good idea though for exercise that emulates predator prey. One person Chase's, the other runs away, full on Sprint. The predator tackles prey when prey is caught. Slower is always prey, fastest is always predator.

Things to ask reddit: chicken liver

May 23rd, 2018

day 1:

10:00pm

Getting to sleep a little too late tonight, but it's alright. Mostly on schedule. Did well today, though still needing to figure out diet. What is committed is I'll still do keto, with mostly meat and follow Maimonides guidelines but more strict. Within keto and Maimonides I have free range. I've definitely got most of my super powers back as well. Also should update, on Shavuot I figured I would just relax and do nothing and it totally fucked me. Was tired all the time, actually got readdicted to videogames again which was ridiculous. I said that yesterday would be my day 1, ended up a day 0.

May 24th, 2018

day 2:

7:13 am

Dream time boys. Me and some friends had found an old game that was broken, we fixed it up with someone putting more effort than everyone else into fixing it, and we played it. It was 2d, almost looked like MegaMan. You would jump around and shoot each other with a volley of machine gun bullets. You had to jump far though and the map would start falling. Interesting.

10:00 pm

Waiting at bus stop to go out with ades. Today I felt ok, did work but also did a lot of sleeping and read Robinson Crusoe for a long time. Perhaps I should limit this as well on weekdays. I felt a little insecure as if I was avoiding work, but I should know in truth what I am doing, and need only look within myself for the answer. I definitely felt I needed a fresh perspective, at least regarding my presentation. We'll see, don't stress about the quality I think. A passing grade is an A+. It is also notable that I was very tired, then had butter with Cacao, then felt energized. I'm gonna make literal Cacao butter a staple food. Overall, I feel content but the anxiety of these final projects is definitely there. I should do them perhaps months in advance for the future, so as not to disturb my tranquility in the slightest.

June 1st, 2018

day 1:

4:45 pm

Bread makes you tired, makes you relapse – so we've learned. Monk mode 5 has begun, because I've been horribly sick since binging on food and computer, though that surely can't be all. Diarrhea is a still runnin'. I think I'm coming to realize some wise truths now. For social interaction and the such, beliefs should be determined by behavior. If one ought to do something, like be friendly to others, his beliefs should incline him to do that thing, so he would believe everyone has value so as to be friendly to everyone. In other news, very tired today. Well, wasn't so tired but I'm certainly tired now so whats up with that. I'm supposed to read an article before shabbat, I'll just read both on shabbat though, still read what I can before too.

I get a certain emotional melancholy whenever I see something picturesque, in this case trees blowing in the wind. It's removed, leaving open the world to possibility, it's color and figure are quite pleasing, and it seems as if it would be part of an ideal living. That such simplistic beauty would surely be in my ideal life, when I say no more to bad destructive behavior and ascend towards the heavens. It's at these times that I feel love. Its not for a human though, which says something about love. Maybe it's towards a human I desire, not a specific individual just having someone in general. I feel I'm still dreaming towards an ideal life, but I feel as if all of it will be the same as what I'm doing exactly right now, and that the joy is there for us to find. On a likely

unrelated not, all art is describing life. Back to the trees, good times with friends? Is this the source of happiness that prompts my emotions? Holidays with Christmas socks and hot cocoa? I'm not even Christian, this is just in my mind from culture, so this is not quite an accurate source. Perhaps, and it feels accurate now, perhaps I'm longing for the childhood I never had, probably a bit over shot for the proximity to such an easy cliché, but something in my childhood maybe. Riding bikes with Connor and Brian, childhood adventure, is this what I'm so reminiscent of? Why? Perhaps it was a necessity to be exercised out in order to see it's meaningless and it is meaningless because it is not of God which we have situated must be source of absolute meaning so we can ignore it with that simple logical proof or simulate it's happening in our head to see it through to meaninglessness, but then what? Find meaninglessness in the next thing. These are just like the empty pleasures of so many other things, but "childhood friends stuff is natural, not computer. How can it be meaningless?" nature is not meaningful necessarily. Fine then so how are we to find the deep, emotion inciting meaning. All these emotional invocations relate back to past experience, again, the artificial potency of emotions through childhood I suppose, but maybe they aren't artificial. Maybe they are more pure because the proportion effect, where they encompass a higher proportion of our experience, or rather our experience hasn't been muddled by excess or bad behavior. Is there real emotional excitement left in the world for one in adulthood? Surely this is found within the realm of Judaism, or God, but in the mundane or only the *pardes*? Are we supposed to perfect our fulfillment of the *mistvoth* until we are prepared for the *pardes* and then reap the rewards of cosmic understanding from there? Side note, we must labor to fulfill the *mistvoth* because if we were to take without experience this cosmic understanding we could very easily jump too far or too little, Our minds must be firmly rooted before stretching so far, lest we become lost from reality. I suppose this is madness, and that this journal entry has been quite a ramble. Ending it now, will read over a bit.

June 16th, 2018

day 0:

1:06 next day

Well boys, these past two weeks have been rough to say the least. The *derech* has been lost in near totality. There are things I regret frustrations upon me, but the realm of purity I may have once glimpsed need not be out of reach. I must and can try to get it back. Let us go through what must be done.

Food. Well, I'm skeptical of a fat based metabolism, so let us combine them w

With a plan. We know that working when hungry is good, so I say intermittent fasting is the way. 8 hour windows, with 3 meals of approximately 750 calories each. This way it will be controlled hunger. The restrictions will

be general health as we know. Must have meat every day, must have fat every day, sugar from fruits, no processed carbohydrates besides natural breads, when out to eat we can order what we want, but it must be the closest dish to those items possible.

Purity. Omegle must go, we know in our hearts it is wrong. But how, then, are we to fulfill our desires for people, our loneliness. Patience is a virtue, and we might befriend the past authors of time through reading their books.

Productivity. We know it is scary and daunting. It doesn't matter. What is scary now will be exciting later. Embrace it with every fiber of your being.

Workout. Weight lifting daily. If tired we do a contrast shower or sleep.

June 17th, 2018

Day 1:

11:31 am

There is too much uncertainty in the logistics of my life right now. I need to plan and organize everything, make a proper system so I can focus on what's important. The demo must be finished by this week, period. Today I need to settle in entirely. I must have sleeping arrangements, a planned diet, and all of my stuff must be unpacked and in a place.

June 18th, 2018

Day 1:

12:52 pm

So yesterday I ate carbs and was exhausted. Legit ridiculously tired. Carnivore is really what I need. I might be generally tired and fantasize food, but I'll be productive and free from ailment.

June 20th, 2018

Day 1:

12:17 pm

So I fapped and feel no difference, aside from the slight stomach ache. This tells me the super powers we're very likely not even present, suppressed by my other ailments. Computer, food a big one, and really a lack of utilizing the mind. I just feel uncomfortable all the time, the heat, my head, everything. I need to learn to become at peace with my environment again. Meditation is

key, and reading. So rules will be must pray, meditate, and read every day. Then programming will come naturally. Also must journal daily, the analysis really gives me insight. No, don't say it's important to have your own room. But, at the same time, I can't have people reading my journal lest they take it out of context. Should I write it at empty times, and close it when people walk in, being adamant about not one reading it? Idk, but I can't give in to anything. Yea, I don't think there's a way around it, a private or semi private room is necessary. Don't raise kids unless you have a room for each.

June 21st, 2018

day 2:

11:59 pm

So, I'm 19. I don't see this as a time to reflect though, it's only another arbitrary day. As for relevant things the most important is my programming. My progress is still slow as I pursue perfection I tried working today but ultimately worked very little. I've begun to settle into my proper self though. I just felt a huge urge though, and though I'm tempted it is still this moment that I do not give in. Tomorrow I will wake up stronger or weaker. An urge is a test, a choice between mediocrity and greatness and I must take this chance to rise to greatness.

June 23rd, 2018

day 0:

4:01 next day

Monk mode 5, the failure, has officially ended and Monk Mode 6 has begun. This chapter is Monk Mode: The Summer to Start a Lifetime. I will not fap, I will not waste time again, for the rest of my life. I proclaim this now because this is my goal and because it is wholly attainable I will simply attain it. As for the science not being settled, I will have an opportunity to change whatever I want one month from now, on July the 23rd. Everything is in place for me, god is with me, and my life begins this moment. In moments of uncertainty I must clarify after thoughtful consideration and stick to my clarification until July 23rd. One clarification, for example, my diet will be strict keto and approximate carnivore. Honey is allowed to make food palatable within the restrictions of keto, but food itself is for fuel. Cold showers every morning too. My mornings will be pray – shower – exercise. I will fill my evenings with productivity. Tomorrow, I must settle into the basement. I must fill the shelves with items essential to my success. I must eliminate my negative impact from this house.

Fatigue must be met with fire. Resistance and physical ailment met with masochism. Desire met with punishment and laser focus. Do not fantasize. Ever. Ever. Ever. Do not consider the pleasures of fapping, of food, of immediate gratification. These things no longer exist for you. Resonate this truth within, all these things are non-objects within your life. When one mentions it, it is like a tattoo, like a hatred of math, like a following of sports. These things are not you, you are semantics, philosophy, Judaism, self improvement, natural ways of living, humility and awe of the world, and witty good hearted humor that seeks not to alienate but to accept people. Thank God for the beautiful life I've been given and thank God for the faculties we all have to enjoy it.

June 24th, 2018

day 1:

10:16 pm

Today was a moderate success. I abstained from crap, but was almost wholly unproductive. I maybe spent 15 minutes writing code, absolutely nothing remotely substantial. I need a whiteboard and I need to plan. Coding is a struggle because I know I'm always lost and struggling, but it is precisely this struggle that makes me a better coder. Toil, work hard, and you will be amazed at your progress. New rule, must code for 1 hour every day.

June 25th, 2018

day 2:

11:46 pm

We made great progress in the game. The halls of Valhalla await us! Next, we must read.

June 26th, 2018

day 3:

8:42 pm

I still don't quite have super powers, but I'm getting there. Everything is really good. I'm becoming who I am. Can't think so great atm, genuinely exhausted. Diet is good, still have energy.

June 28th, 2018

day 5:

Was not as productive as I'd hoped, resisted urges though. Tomorrow I'll do gym and stop Reddit until Saturday night. Well try cream with low carb veg, no honey though. We'll see how it goes.

June 29th, 2018

day 6:

8:53 am

So last night I had a dream that Lucy was here. In this dream I loved her, I felt the emotion, and we interacted as if in the pre stages of a relationship (flirty, playful, etc.). The dream ended this way and then I woke up, reminded of Rose and the similar event I remember those years ago. Then I, feeling love for her, looked at past pictures of her and saw her promiscuousness, her whoring really, and almost entirely fell out of love. It's imprint is still there, but my love for God has resumed itself at the highest point of my belief. This makes me immensely glad. The idea of fapping is completely repulsive to me, I feel in the presence of God.

July 4th, 2018

day 0:

5:00pm

So today I decided to fast because my previous failures, really sins, have been troubling to my psyche. Well, it is more really because I have been unable to change my habits and I hope this will give me some emotional easiness to change. But, it isn't the affliction but the behavior that changes you, but the affliction must play some role psychologically that makes the behavior easier, right? Perhaps the behavior has a set difficulty level of psychological strain, no matter what you do it'll be just as hard. This goes well with the nothing is changing idea, that every failure I have is truly the same.

I think I must now approach this with a scientific method of sorts. That is, to approach this like a research. Document how I'm feeling, when I feel an inclination to deviate from my ideal path, and what I need to address. Perhaps in the notes we will start some journal, or perhaps we'll make a physical copy. Right now for example, I want to stop writing. Why? I feel tired perhaps, there is a tension in my head, I am uncomfortable, it's too hot, my pinky is discomforted from an awkward position

July 5th, 2018

day 1:

2:52 next day

I wasn't gonna journal today, but couldn't really sleep so decided to. As far as the log goes I was semi productive today with coding and c++ all that jazz though I was eating crap and didn't exercise, or meditate, or practice typing, or read. So I'm for sure missing some big shit here and it's all part of it. You have private time when Sam is at work, use it nigger. Get your books in order, get your whiteboard in order.

July 11th, 2018

day 1:

10:16 am

Anything is possible. We can succeed if only we put forth the effort and refuse immediate desire and relief from the pains of long term success.

July 13th, 2018

day 1:

8:57 am

I was typing a comment on Reddit and it suddenly occurred to me that I'm tired. I must be tired because of social media addiction. Everything in the body is connected. Listen to it. Understand it's signals. Before Reddit was the outlet of our great ideas, now it should be here. A format may be "what am I feeling, what is then happening in my mind, what can we do to fix it." What is happening in my mind right now, then, is that I'm tired. I looked at porn images from 4chan last night, I watched a movie, and I'm still suffering internet addiction. It has to end now. I'm scared to death I won't be able to break it. I know in deep truth that it's fucking my head. I pray that this knowledge will propel to a greater state of mind.

6:00 pm

I'm in the bathroom reading my past journals and there is a nagging sense that I have a certain brilliant quality, and in tunedness with my emotions, only in Israel. Of course, I want to believe this is false and find some way to prove to myself that it is so, but the real proper course should be to leave it open ended, and pursue greatness regardless. This has given me a feeling of freedom and pride just now. Whether or not it is possible is not a concern. If it is, fine, if not, fine. I need only pursue it, which makes me think it is possible. I do need to read more, I'm suddenly though excited for my life and feel good that I didn't look at Reddit or other assorted crap. Remember this

feeling of satisfaction, of warm tranquil pleasure, and know with your very being that this is the result of abstaining from what seems so norousing at the time. We are deceived until the brief moments in which god may reveal to us the light penetrating through. He does this every so often, yet we are so forgetful of it. How is that? Will discuss more later, I'm beginning to feel the potent emotions once more, this time a love perhaps for myself, nay for God for gracing me with this understanding, for it was not me that got here.

July 14th, 2018

day 0:

10:46 pm

Though today wasn't anything major, I simply watched some anime and YouTube for 2.5 hours perhaps, I do need to call it day 0 to acknowledge the ideal life exists without this. Face the void, man. The void is bliss, the void is life.

July 15th, 2018

day 0:

3:12

I just fapped. I don't even know what happened. I just lost all vigor, all my fight. I had nothing to live for. I'm in a job I don't like, working on a project with no direction, and no ability to move forward. This is an opportunity though. I'll now pursue complete extreme, the perfection I've so desperately been seeking. Anything is possible now, but don't feel pleasure from this. Pleasure in any form will be your downfall. Cold showers every morning, then pray, then workout, then work. After 1 hour of work we may eat. That will be the schedule from now on, no excuse. On Shabbat we will wake up, cold shower, pray, then read faur. During this time and utterly no form of online anything. A YouTube video must be directly related to work. No Joey Diaz, no fortnite, no Reddit. This companionship is "needes" only as an excuse to hide from the void, face your susceptibility to sexual arousement but don't think on it. We fail every time because we are loose, there is no discipline. We wake up and sloth, get home and sloth. Time matters – use it.

July 25th, 2018

day 1:

8:32 am

Oh how we have fallen. Perhaps matured, perhaps not – either way I am not what I want to be.

July 26th, 2018

day 0:

2 next day

After reviewing some of my journal from my true streak of march, Monk mode 3, I have rediscovered the motivation that excelled me to greatness. What is Valhalla? It is the realm of God. It is connection with myself, deep interaction with my subconscious and an understanding of comprehension of what is value in life. The teachings of the stoics, everything. Girls are meaningless – no sex until marriage. No girlfriend, nothing. These are empty desires. I will remain celibate and I'll be fucking happy as a virgin. Why? Because I will devote my life to God, to success in the faculties I have been given. Then when the time is right and my money is plentiful I'll surely procure for myself a wife to bear my children. I've fallen into the trap of a goy. Life is not about having a family and being a successful citizen in the eyes of others and yada yada yada. I must never forget this. Never. I'll create for myself a new constitution here, and transfer this to notes. The rule will be I must read it every morning first thing after waking up. I may make changes to it in the first week in line with my goals, but only towards the more strict with 2 exceptions to account for errors. Here we go. I pray to God that he will give me guidance, and help me remove from myself the physical ailments that inhibit my mind. I pray to God that he will help me in recognizing the truth. I must pray with tefillin, I must create the translation of the amida again – there is no choice. Prepare everything Tonight, to start a day tomorrow that serves justice to God and his glory, his grace and his mercy. How many times I have failed him, desecrated the gifts he has given me, and how many times I have been granted wisdom to get back up and reacquire brilliance long lost.

Core beliefs and values:

1. Our main pursuit in life for the current moment must be success. I will not have a girlfriend, I am forbidden. I will not have sex, or any form of sexual pleasure. It is mercury injected into the blood. It weakens the bones and decays the soul. Success and god, though this distinction is really non existent.
2. Life would be glorious even without children. What is the purpose of life? What is the key to true happiness? It is god. Not women, not family, not friends, but god. Though one who approaches the true brilliance of which we are capable naturally acquired a wife, naturally acquires friends, and naturally attracts family.

Rules

1. No immediate gratification whatsoever. Ever. No YouTube, no Facebook, no Instagram, no Joey Diaz, no Vin wiki, no fiction books, nothing. Food must be eaten before a workout.
2. No pleasure of people that doesn't serve a productive purpose. No beach tomorrow, no lunch dates, nothing.
3. Must go to the gym or do a cardio workout every day except Shabbat no matter what.
4. Must meditate every day.
5. Foods must be eaten in basic form, never changed to be more enjoyable. No splash of milk to our cream, no chocolate unless we need fat, no strawberries with whip cream, nothing. Food is for the soul, not the palate.
6. We must wake up at 5:30 every morning. Naps are allowed after 8 am.
7. The journal must be written in daily, no exceptions.
8. The day must be planned, even if only roughly, and it's schedule must be adhered to with allowance for productive leniency.
9. There must be a dedicated reading time (the first time will be used to find books to read)
10. We must not have pride. We must not be arrogant. We are shit, this must be accepted and internalized. During our job we may act with confidence, but in other realms acknowledge our ignorance.

July 27th, 2018

day 0:

4:54 pm

It's just failure after failure after failure. No more.

July 29th, 2018

day 2:

6:37 pm

I think I've got something going now. Have certainly not been perfect. Watched YouTube videos, ate garbage, the works, but I'm water fasting now and very excited. The fatigue makes resistance easy if I'm honest. I also still feel terrified of not being productive. Maybe a therapist would be good for me? Idk. At least for the moment I won't have access to one and going to a

therapist at Rutgers would be an orwellian nightmare. I think I need simply look to the Torah. I'm excited I'm doing the translation at least. Or I have the artscroll with which to do it.

August 5th, 2018

day 0

3:41 next day

Woah buddy this is a late one. I've noticed I always feel tired before I go to write the journal but that once I do I feel a lot better and happy I'm writing it. Tomorrow morning we have to plan a system. Steak and eggs diet also, 100% because we are getting very very fat. If we lethargically starve it's ok, we can always rest or meditate or read a book, perhaps even go walking. We also need to create a system. This is why a room is so vital for productivity, or at the least a whiteboard that I don't mind sharing. If I were to write my shit on the whiteboard in the basement I'd advertise my inner most thoughts to the whole fucking house. Ultimately, maybe I should be comfortable with this, idk. At the very least my kids will have their own room. A schedule is something I can write down though, it's just the constitution I really have to hide. A primary goal must be to recreate the translation and to harass dad to make the recording. It's a fucking disgrace, I have no capacity for prayer. Or perhaps I do but I'm a pussy, halas. Also, even if I'm tired on keto, my productivity will never be optimal until I've been clean for at least a month. I need to accept that and take the 40% instead of the unrealistic 80%, which really results in maybe 3% efficiency. For example, what did I do today? I spent maybe an hour and a half installing whiteboard. 3 hours were spent working, the rest were on garbage. I woke up at something like 10 this morning. That is 16 hours, 5.5 of which were actually spent doing something (when building bookcase is included). My net productivity was about a third, and worse of that third none was spent programming. Fuck dude. I hate work. Don't hate it though, don't make it another source of blame. Be glad you have the opportunity to work rather.

August 6th, 2018

day 1:

9:07 pm

So today was definitely more successful than yesterday or my usual days. The improvement wasn't massive but was good. I feel at peace. As I continue to heal I hope I'll become more productive. The job is bothering also because I'm afraid I won't get paid for the lack of catalyst data. Just distress. Even if we don't get paid our situation is still good and optimistic. God has given you

many gifts, there is no need to be upset if he takes from us in addition to giving.

August 7th, 2018

day 0:

10:55 pm

I watched avatar with Sammy just a bit ago. My mind immediately felt worse. No more of that. Leave the room or some shit next time. Also, finally settled on a Thinkpad which is nice. Otherwise I was very unproductive today but not indulging in crap. If we break down my day, I woke up late, went to gym, then went to work, then gazed for far too long, investigated some videos maybe? I'm not sure, I don't actually remember at this point. Then it became 6 ish and I went to pick up Rosa and do butcher. After that I went to Dean's, ate cream, and did a good amount of nothing. I chatted with Jared and then shoofed laptops, before ultimately and lethargically showering and retiring to bed, where we watched avatar. Be more productive tomorrow.

August 9th, 2018

day 1:

9:39 am

I didn't journal last night because I was tired, but today is true day 1. Yesterday I was watching the fortnite videos on the bus with the kids and I finished avatar. It's also been disturbing my tranquility that I haven't put in the data for work. I must do that first thing today. Its harmful to my soul to maintain this stress. Otherwise I pray to God this will be a good streak now, where I finally and truly break free of nonsense once and for all. Break free. Also, I met an old Christian who started preaching to me about god, and I suppose it made me a bit nervous. Was it because I doubt Judaism or I am simply afraid of doubting Judaism? Should I investigate it further and purposefully doubt? No. I don't think this is necessary. The doubt will disappear with study – it is only natural that an educated person would have fewer grounds for proof than someone like daddy. That guy was searching for meaning though, not finding it. He created meaning from nothing, like all idolaters in the end. They're too weak to perhaps face the desolate truth before facing the abundant truth.

August 10th, 2018

9:06 am

Dream. We we're in Matt's new Audi and I crashed it, fucked up the bumper. Was depressed and mom picks me up from apartment somewhere and I get marshmallow fluff. In the apartment I came for some reason, I think just jerking off because of sadness, and wet dream. There was an a'bed in the apartment and I came in my hand in the bathroom for some reason. Then, an a'bed told Mom about this and then she got me the marshmallow fluff and I told her about Matt's car.

August 11th, 2018

day 2:

11:37pm

So even though I ate crap on Shabbat and watched some more Lenovo reviews, I still think I performed well over Shabbat, though I should work on belonging with my family I guess more than what I'm otherwise doing. I'm not necessarily their friend or counselor, but their family (at least regarding mizrahi children). I also came dangerously close to relapse but also saw the new benefits of my streak. I was fucking on today at Paullete's and it was great. Also with dogie I was ok. I was cringey with Jaime on the bike though, speeding to get validation if some kind. Overall I'm happy with how Shabbat went and look forward to next week. I do need to plan my day though I still have a level of anxiety over unfinished projects etc. Also need to email people asap for my dining at RU.

August 13th, 2018

day 1:

7:32 am

In gym parking lot, relapse yesterday on youtube, not importabt. In the carride to the gym just now I was able to rediscover, not a belief in Judaism, but how the path forward is through Judaism. The idea is fleeting, but the god we worship is arbitrary, he outlines a set of behaviors we should do to improve ourselves and these behaviors are the law. At the very based level, we may at some point feel we have no control over our lives, over our inadequacy. At that point I told myself "at least I can control my behavior, keep going to the gym and keep not immediately gratifying". And then it "hit me" that we are lost truly in what we should do, and this is the necessity of a god, to define what behavior we should have. The behaviors God has laid out for us are how we improve, it's bot about the concept, it's not fairyland abstraction, it is about the behavior in all it's low level glory.

August 18th, 2018

day 0:

4 next day

Well, we've fapped again. There is no longer anything left to think. It has all been thought. When the urge arises tomorrow, and it will, remember your motivations. The world is beautiful without it, Valhalla awaits, and the terror and regret that will result if we break it. Just because I don't feel terror now, does not mean I am not terrified. I will be, just wait tomorrow we will see what terrifies me. I will look fat. I will behavior mediocre, despite my best efforts to embody the confident true self I once knew. Carry this motivation with you, like a torch growing brighter and burning stronger. When you next fap, go outside and walk. When you next look negatively at the potential work ahead of you – gym, translation, prayer – know that it is in these things that we will find grace, security, and happiness. It is in sleep, right now, that I will find grace. Tomorrow it is in prayer and gym and translation of prayer and coding and reading that I will find grace. The true battle is not the beginning, the true battle is at around 3 weeks. Once your mind has accustomed to it's true self, you will be faced with inadequacy, with unachievable happiness because of malpractice. The time is now, right now, to fix your life. No longer tomorrow. No longer waiting for the next day, the next chunk of time. Renounced forever, to the life of happiness. No symbolic meaning, but ineffable existence in true intention. Not every day is a battle, not every hour, not every second but every instant. Each infinitesimal moment is a battle, and one we must win unquestionably. Good day and good night.

August 19th, 2018

day 1:

12:20 pm

It seems fitting to call this Monk mode 7: Maturity (7 is just the next one in line). I even reformed my goals to an extent. No longer do I desire success, I desire to be my best and to work at my most efficient level, to be as close to god as I can or rather to serve him as effectively as I'm able over my lifetime.

7:20 pm

Well I shoofed Reddit while waiting and it wasn't a good idea. My head hurts now, I feel fatigued not invigorated. Tonight I'll find something to do when I have free time.

August 21st, 2018

day 1:

10:58 am

For fucks sale. We've done it again. No more. Understand that you will not be happy at Rutgers unless you have healed, and we already have not given ourselves adequate time to do that.

August 23rd, 2018

day 1:

9:34 pm

Today was mostly a success. I was very productive in the morning and then not so much so in the evening. The schedule was integral to success, for sure. We will do again tomorrow. Also, new laptop is fun

August 29th, 2018

day 1:

12:53 next day

You are not special chapter of not giving fuck. Though I didn't think I'd learn much going into it, I now see that my specific chronic problem of addiction to immediate gratification and escape from reality must be commonplace. I'm not the only one with this problem. I'm not the only one who's an unproductive fuck. I'm definitely on the lower end I must think, perhaps my basket was shit in this way, but there are people much lower than I am and there are people at precisely the same level too. The problem must have been solved, but I'm getting ahead of myself because I still haven't resonated that the experience I'm having is being had by many many others if not most others. It's something big and prominent – and no don't become special by beating the problem everyone else has. Become valuable and integrated by achieving the best success possible along with everyone else. Maybe it's grow the fuck up (probably if I'm honest), maybe it's just to be comfortable being uncomfortable. Perhaps I can't feel happy as an adult because I don't enjoy the other pleasures of adulthood – notably personal relationships. It may be unfortunate that I can't integrate like I imagine I ideally would, but maybe it's not unfortunate but average. Maybe growing up is always this hard, regardless I need to grow up with or without friends if I ever hope to enjoy adulthood with friends. Don't do extremes, but you know what you need to do. You need to lose weight and eat less – you need to tell Jared you want to assess your schedule before moving forward with the game, you need to apologise for not being as productive as you'd hoped you'd be – careful not to entice pity. You then need to finish the amida translation because we need to pray meaningfully. We also need to say the shema with tefillin because it is beneficial.

August 30th, 2018

day 2:

9:38 pm

SAoNGaF prompted me to question why I'm sad that I wasn't so popular today, especially at the end. And it really all comes back to a girlfriend. We are done with this. I'm hesitant to restrict myself from having a girlfriend because it seems it would be beneficial, but I would never marry this woman anyway. It does not matter. No girlfriend – done. But maybe I don't even desire a girlfriend, maybe I even desire just being playful with a female. No being playful with females then? Yes. That's a move. Just as I'm not playful with men, I shan't be playful with women – at least for a month. I must stop desiring anything, and start being content with what I have.

September 1st, 2018

day 0:

7:37 pm

I call this day a relapse for a number of reasons, all of which are non traditional. Firstly, I pursued seriously someone who I won't be in a relationship with. I've started caring for the social life – and this has made me once more a socially inept fuck. Secondly, I broke my streak as apparent to me through the conscious wet dream I had. In short, I was in the dream and the weird girl was there. She was willing to be sexual, representing my ill viewing of her. I then made a decision at some point that I was gonna cum and then I forced the situation to become sexual, almost forcing myself on the girl but she was complicit, and then I came. I woke up immediately from the dream realizing my choice and since then my super powers have subsided. I was an absolute social train wreck today. I actually want to crawl into a ball and die. I felt a grand depression today and that ties into my final sin, breaking Shabbat. Work will set you free, and if I'm not working I need to be following the tenets of Shabbat. Observe how god will care for you if you allow him to. I broke Shabbat thinking, "it will be good for me to socialize through text" and it has brought me no good. It brought me despair. I would have been much better off if I had followed with the strictness of one who loves god, one who doesn't question the rightness of God. In my hubris I thought being popular through fucking girls would bring me happiness. Not only have I not even attained the false source of happiness – which is honestly for the better – but I have even sabotaged my social life by behaving and then situating myself as a damned weird fool. My roommate probably thinks of me as grotesque. The reality is not one of despair, however. Sure, my situation is worse today, but incredible minus 10 is still incredible. I must follow god, for it is he and no one else – especially not myself – that will bring me grace and proper living.

1:54 next day

I'm drunk – tho I didn't hook up with the girl. Is it right that I should do so? Should I be so focused and honed on hooking up? Fuck. I'll find grace in my class. I also would prefer a girl more feminine, more gentle. IDK man. If she is in fact so innocent maybe I shouldn't pursue her – or maybe I should to get some medals on my belt or whatever the fuck the saying goes. This is my drunk , poo perhaps unadulterated and real thought process. God is with me I hope.

September 3rd, 2018

day 2:

12:24 next day

So I've yet continued to pursue Skylar, and consciously I do acknowledge it as a problem but I don't actually believe it. There is an uncertainty. Every time I visualize myself and her hooking up, I look at it as if it will benefit me, but will it really? Perhaps I'll fool myself of a relationship once more and then fuck myself over. I must stop fantasizing – must stop pursuing. She isn't real. She is a slut. She will not be your girlfriend – nor is this what you even desire. You desire the high, the pretend of marriage and intimacy that could never exist. Firstly, stop desiring anything period. Don't desire, simply pursue. Secondly, cease to pursue things that don't matter. Sex doesn't matter – I could graduate a virgin and be wildly successful. Why? Because fucking and false intimacy will bring you no happiness – only escape from reality. The reality is we may have passed the test for a fuck buddy, we may be accepted as an empty form of dick and balls, but we have yet to be accepted by the opposite sex in our whole person. We are still a failure, we still need improvement. Our work is far from finished, it has merely just begun. Don't pursue girls. This sounds horrible, but hear me out. Success in your field will make you more happy than a girl ever could, because you'll be far closer to true marriage ntham everyone else. .

September 4th, 2018

day 0:

9:33 pm

So I missed my bhuddism class and fell into a depression. I then watched a Jordan Peterson and Sam Harris debate. I feel sad and then lost in the world, and this leads me to question everything. Should I “hold on” and wait for my emotions to return to a normal state. If my fundamental rules for the good life fall into question, then the good life must have something to do with my

predisposition. Perhaps it is a result of health, perhaps it is a necessity of love. I don't actually think that's it. It's true, I feel like crying, so perhaps live seems like an outlet for that anima. I want to hold tight to something I enjoy, knowing at least I have that. But is this right? At this time, we know it is actually feasible that not hookups but relationships are good.

September 5th, 2018

day 1:

3:56 next day

That's right. We were about to text her again, but we didn't. Now we see – it is identical to addiction. It is no good to text her, to desire her. Remove her from your life since she has not responded to you. Such is grounds for excommunication – never again.

September 12th, 2018

day 1

4:21 pm

I've just started a new, proper Monk mode where every behavior in doubt is cast away. The indecision, the unknowing, bothers me. It is an identifiable form of suffering so it should be removed, but then is that in itself conceding to a demand of the mind rather than changing it? A question for later, but the motivation, which is passive which I'd like to label as hopeful for it's consistency, stems from the realization and acceptance that our behavior is absolutely arbitrary. Buddhism class served me well, because it had me face the arbitrariness of our existence and consequently our behavior. If behavior is arbitrary than anything to cause doubt of pursuit of God, our ideal, is to be cast away. The Buddha cast away everything in this way, and lived perhaps not the ideal but the lack of common horror.

Just like the Buddha, I should cast away everything as far as I personally go – I should have no dependency on anything, and then be open to accepting whatever I am lead to believe is the proper path to God. In this way I pray every morning, not because it fits within my emotions to do so but because it is the correct path. Instead of holding on to my feeling of comfort or holding on to an alleviation of an emotion (anxiety being the product of not immediately doing a pressing matter), I am empty and open, a blank amorphous ball of clay to be molded however God has deemed fit to be, as per the determinations of the axioms of logic created by him. Are we really individuals then if the ideal is a deterministic behavior? Perhaps this determinism is for an abstraction of behavior, a single category yes but not a single behavior allowing choice of equivalent idealism.

I feel that was a bit too eloquent for the simplicity of the thought at the end, this is likely to be I'm deriving pleasure, somehow, from the perception of intelligence here or effectiveness. It makes sense though that I would be happy that I'm smarter, happy that I'm more effective. But then it more supremely doesn't make sense because existence is arbitrary. What is this metric of effectiveness, of intelligence? There is only the metric of how closely ones behavior follows the path of God. That is conflicting with some belief I still hold – an attachment I encountered that must be severed. “No” I think “ it is good to be intelligent, it is good to be more effective at what you do”. This is false, there is only adherence to the behaviors layed out by god.

The problem arises because I've simply stated, with no coupled path to reason, that I must achieve a 4.0 . This is based on prior reason, yes, but that has aged and must be rediscovered if it is still our goal. I immediately do believe though that money is important for a good life. The power it provides gives a security, and also better enables one to follow the path of God. It better enables one to study unbothered, to study one more verse instead of preparing food or cleaning a house. The same with friendships, because they lead to money and success but only certain ones at certain times. Relationship activities that matter, that are important to the individual in question.

But here we are sort of assuming an omniscient perspective, but perhaps we still require wisdom from others. Yes, we do as it relates to effectiveness in society. We must be wise to navigate the sea of civilization better so as to better enable us to serve God. So relationship activities as they develop the relationship and grant us wisdom are within this metric of God. Well the natural conclusion to this has now become I'm robotic. Behavior is arbitrary, so I need only act (and I already see it now – the solution) what is desirable by the metric if God, the misvot. But, as far as our ignorance is concerned, perhaps the standard metric of how other people view us is not bad. As a default act with the values that produce the popular behaviors. In other words, rely on the innate wisdom of collective human as your guide in the face of ignorance. Will clean this and paragraph it later. I am glad, it is a good break through to determining what to do (not in addressing a single problem, but simply what to do period.)

8:05pm

So now I've become quite situated with the ideas and concepts above, the arbitrariness of our behavior, but I have now encountered a new issue. After talking, or more closely lecturing, someone on these topics and in writing down the journal entry itself, I felt a pride, a happiness. The fact this is a happiness gives us the connection to a metric and is itself the solution. I am proud, why? “Because I did something good, I was eloquent and superior in the heirarchy, I was effective”. But we need only go back 3 paragraphs to see the error. Let go of intelligence, let go of superiority. Let go. “Well, perhaps I have let go but simple wish to enjoy the pleasure without a dependency”. But to label it a pleasure is to say now is better than before, that before is worse

and therefore bad. No, this intelligence of sorts I've gained through truth realization is meaningless. It is not better nor worse. It just is. Do not be happy at an event of no change. Now pause, consider and absorb these words.

September 16th, 2018

day 0:

2:15 pm

Was on the true verge of relapse last night. I don't know what to do, but I cannot do immediate gratification on YouTube anymore. I require intimacy, perhaps, but reserve that intimacy for God. This is the solution. Well don't say marry yourself to God cuz that's gay but nohomo love god. Confide in him, our father. He will protect us, but cease disappointing him. It is only when we live under him that he is there for us.

September 23rd, 2018

day 0:

9:44 am

I still call this day 0, why? Well I've set to release myself from technological immediate gratification. I am still trapped. Break free, brother! Let go, there is happiness beyond immediate gratification – a happiness ferociously burning, an inferno of life. No more Reddit for a week. No YouTube ABSOLUTELY. No movies, no computer, nothing. Turn it off and don't turn it back on. Texting because I need friendships – desperately. I need to enjoy them – desperately. I need to enjoy work – desperately.

September 28th, 2018

day 0:

3:26pm

I'll use the journal now as an outlet. I've decided again I've lost super powers, even though nofap is day 37. I've lost super powers because pleasure again. Just gotta get off it. Whenever I need something to do, when I desire pleasure – which I will – I'll go to this journal and describe what I'm feeling.

October 5th, 2018

12:22 pm

The day counter will be the counter of my own righteous, of my accordance with the path as is best befitting my circumstance. I am unsure of what I will do as regarding women if Molly seems not to work out. The purpose should not be sex, not such desires, but intimacy. Intimacy because it will have a lasting impression, a benefit to my soul and mindhood to better enable me to pursue the knowing of God. I'm every renouncement of women, I have caved in severe lack of intimacy. Make no mistake, the intimacy of a women is something irreplaceable. Or, at least, it seems to me to be a tangible need. Perhaps we could, however, like the Buddhist renounce too this pleasure – for only the duration of college. No. The interaction is key to being a realized man, one respected. This pleasure is one expected of men..

October 9th, 2018

day 1:

9:35 am

I say this is day 1 because I downloaded tinder last night and it properly corrupted my mind and day. No more tinder. I'm adding it to the list of Monk mode - not until after a month. Also, if it goes somewhere with Molly limit your interaction with her. Have her come over shabbats for sure. Also was very tired today and didn't wake up at 5:30. This is bad, tomorrow definitely.

October 10th, 2018

10:34 am

So yesterday I relapsed in watching YouTube and the such. Not fun, my social skills went in the toilet. I was ok on my diet, I need to eat more though. Have some sort of snack or two scoops of carb at lunch.

3:15 pm

I'm walking to my tinder date, decided to write her to relieve some nerves. Why be nervous. If she hates you then your golden, you'll have an exam to study for and do well on. You're a genius buddy, get with it. If there's something you don't know, derive it like back in highschool. . You're a genius, again, focus on the unconscious, not conscious communication.

October 11th, 2018

day 1:

10:16 a m

I was actually about to go look at Reddit and the such, then I thought it would be more productive to check my journal. I then felt a strong aversion to checking it and figured it is then very important that I do check it. I now feel the aversion is gone and feel more open I suppose. This was progress, I am glad. I was sabotaged today by breakfast. Too Carby. I don't think it's a relapse, but should avoid in future by eating enough during the day prior.

October 12th, 2018

day 1:

9:19 am

Oh boy wasn't a relapse in the end. Nofap, but felt an urge and watched anime all night. I killed myself. I skipped Buddhism class. I need to be strict this Shabbat. Don't go to the gym, or should I? I'm afraid I'll go and be pooped and then succumb to hunger and garbage. Maybe it is the gym that will enable me to not succumb. This is a good time to check past journals.

10:26 am

Well. After reading the past journals, starting from the very beginning almost a year ago in december, I'm not quite sure how to begin, or even what it is I'm beginning. I noticed back then I was much more analytical. The genius I purported to utilize was this analytical, hyper observant quality. Even now though, I am still conforming to stereotypes and tropes, This sort of monologueish disenchanted writer who has come to accept some fate, even going as far to consider the sound of the keyboard in the silence as harboring some symbolic value of this fact(in that it contributed to my assignment of this specific trope). Before, I was very open. It came to me while reading that this was perhaps because I had annihilated the identity I once was and had great freedom in fleshing myself out, only for this freedom to taper with a diminishing return of growth. I am then prompted to reject this idea, that I am capable of that same growth now if I only choose to do that growth. Now I'm quite tired, I have a headache. This is surely attributed to the horrible binge of pleasure I had last night.

I felt I should have some sort of retrospection since I now have finally passed my prior streak of nofap, but I don't think we need to much of a retrospection, we simply need to learn from the past in addressing our past failure, and string of failures. Let us begin the diagnosis.

First, I was pursuing women, pursuing especially normalcy. My emotional state juggled between girls and social normalcy (Sexual Market Value essentially) to academic success and the right path of a "based" individual. I then in large part abandoned God in favor of SMV. This, being a suitable god for goyim, is not for a Jew. What seemed to bring me happiness in the past was simply a truer, stricter following of monk mode. It was an alleviation to

anxiety. And yet again, I feel the anxiety of not having a girlfriend, of not being in life as a baseline what a man “ought to be”. Before this would lead to the conclusion, “I need to get a girlfriend, I need to be succesful in academics, I need to be a based individual.” Is this what will really give us happiness though? For now, we will assume I need to be content in order to be happy, and this contentment will come form long term, permanent success. Why not simply befriend mathematics, simply befriend programmiong, academic success. This seems to me to be the most stress free solution I can fathom. Have all things be secondary to this success. To yourself, in other words. Build for yourself a large cushion of comfort. That isn’t to say a bed of pleasures, but a strong and stable raft, one with padding that is high and will protect you from the turbulent waters of failure. There will then be a desire, or more accurately the capacity for an inclination, to liquidate this boat for pleasure. To sell your sail for videogames, to sell your hull for the prospect of sex, to sell your oars for sexual market value – validation by others. Don’t do this. Not doing this also requires a reevaluation. Before, there value was in their liquidity as pleasure, but this is not where there true value is. There value is in their use. Use the boat to keep you afloat. Use it to keep you comfortable, high on your cruiseship which is steady enough to build a ladder to god. While the lost goyim squabble on rafts, doing the bare minimum to keep themselves afloat to liquidate the next asset they acquire, the wise man will continually build his ark. Higher and higer, stronger and more stable. Once it is suitable enough to for god, he will not liquidate it, not ever, but instead stay atop this vessel in the pursuit of god and the training of his children in this pursuit.

I must be the same way. I will build my vessel, not liquidating it for friends, for food, for pleasures of intimacy and longings of the heart. Even now, I yet feel a need for intimacy. This is a good oppurtunity to analyze this feeling. It creates an excitement, an exit of frame to one higher. This demands more urgency. The end of this demand seems to be a child, and then life. Life together, as a family, this is the ultimate demand. Look upon this emotional longing. Look upon its futility. See it for what it is, a faade. I long for the skies yet my vessel is bloody sinking! How foolish it would be to build a ladder at this time. Further, the fathomable points to pursue before me are not even the real ones I seek. I would be dissapointed only to find these islands built on foundations of mud, sinking to nothing and leaving me stranded without a boat, for I will have abandoned it in coming ashore.

To put it shortly and concisely as I can, one’s freedom from “objective” pain and distress is their boat. This includes your school work, your livelihood, you providing. This can be compared to the “basic needs” of Mazlows heirarchy. The ladder which we seek to build is self-actualization. This is the highest level of Mazlow’s heirarchy or pyramid, or the self fulfillment needs. One thing I may be forgetting though, and this is a demon come to haunt me, is the needs of friendship and love and belongingness. This intimacy Mazlow identifies as a psychological need. How am I to express this? Am I not to express this? I fear I will choose not to and then refer to some

buddha dala lama compassion crap and be nice to everyone, this is the wrong path surely. In what, then, to I express this? Or is it even possible to not express this at all? Should I become a cold individual? Psychopathic? This would necessitate removing everyone from an expression of intimacy, a very dark path. Using this darkness as a default, I am now tempted to try something new. Befriend and feel intimacy for those valuable. For those who are not, be as cold and as psychopathic as the worlds most abominable killers. Express for them no compassion, no mercy. No, this is not accurate, but close. If they are to come to me, palms up and in submission, mercy and compassion must be provided. But their ego, their confidence, is something to be psychopathic towards. As long as they are not in submission, they are a nothing. That is, unless they demonstrate themselves to be of wisdom or value. This circle should be incredibly small. Including a small number of valued friend and nothing more. Even then, those with ego who are your “friends”, who are yet useless still, they will be dropped. This is the middle path. HaHA! I feel such an elation. I have discovered something. God has given me such faculties, and yet remains owner of this faculties I must be cognizant of. God, our king, owns everything. We are but action figures of his sandbox, possessions of his. We must not do what is not his will.

While the above was meant to be a summary, I had a realization while writing it. This paragraph, then, will be the true summary. Firstly, the protections from anxiety and what we may call “direct” suffering are your life boat. This boat should be a beautiful masterpiece, furnished lavishly. Build it up, and do not liquidate it for pleasure. Every unjustified pleasure is a degradation of this boat. Build it high, a beautiful cruise of fundamental needs (I use fundamental instead of basic to avoid the negative connotation). Then, when this cruise is ready you will use this platform as the base of a ladder to god. This ladder is your self actualization. Don’t think on it now, as you’ve no fathoming of what it is. In the meantime, however, there still appears a need for intimacy and love. This must be achieved through the middle path, and psychopathy used as a baseline. Those who submit to you, who prostrate themselves before you and god, you will show them mercy. You will elevate them as an ally. Of those who show ego, however, you will be cold. There will be no mercy and no compassion. Your intimacy and friendship of these people must be earned through demonstration of wisdom or value. What, then, am I to do if I encounter such a person who does not demonstrate. How am I to be cold to them. Perhaps be open and acknowledge there will not be any extra friendly relations between you. Don’t respond accusingly. Though also we should not bear compassion for them. We should not wish them the best, this is to be self righteous. Firstly, do not engage them. You have no need for them, so engage them only if they do you. Then, and this is a very good idea, mimic their level of engagement, or something as a function of their level. If they do not ask how you are, in an attempt of prostration, do not prostrate yourself in asking how they are. If they ask how you are, you may ask how they are but no more than that. You do not need to reciprocate in the rate at

which you reciprocate. If they initiate a reciprocation you do not initiate a new one, escalating the reciprocation. This is foolish, nave, and nonsensical. Those who are in our circle, however, we shall engage with compassion and kindness. We shall seek the best for them and elevate them. Let us now list who is in this circle, who is inbetween, and who is explicitly out.

After recapping I shouldn't match their level of compassion. I should match only if they thoroughly prostrate themselves before me, if they accept a role as mutual subservience, or if they have earned my respect and it is acceptable for me to prostrate myself before them. Be kind to those who respect you or those who have earned your respect.

October 15th, 2018

day 0:

6:55 pm

Music is key, tomorrow.

October 16th, 2018

day 1:

9:35 am

Yesterday I said tomorrow, now I say today. I'll commit to these precepts for 1 month. No, fuck that, the rest of the semester. Valhalla awaits, happiness awaits. In the path of God we will yet find her, god having created both her and his path.

October 17th, 2018

day 0;

4:40 pm

It is clear to me now my convictions are fleeting, temporary. When the tests of failure come, what prior seemed such a certainty of misery seems then to be a benign antidote to the poison of desire. I then need to rediscover my convictions, a thorough investigation of confident conclusion. This past self then must be remembered, and the emotional state enabling my willpower reinstated. Is it not just enough, though, to remember in the past I was miserable, or even now the remnants of misery that are more speedily yet returning? The extremes have brought me grace in the past, yet I don't follow them and the slope is grotesquely slippery. My mind becomes blank, a genius

of repression. Instead of isolated focus, I maybe should practice focusing on everything all at once. Or perhaps just elucidating for myself once and for all, then referencing that confident conclusion. Make a document and go through every single belief I hold with such absolute certainty that I am never to question the document. The success of this document would then depend on how many conclusions I could make of necessary confidence. Too few and the list has no implication and is disregarded for something for encompassing. Too little confidence and the whole document is invalidated. Fuck, there needs to be a way. There must be. Perhaps prayer. Make monk mode again, and pray every time a resistance presents itself. Pray to conquer it. This is what we will do, for I must commit before I decide to decide later and let myself slip beyond repair for the valuable night. We'll start right now. Please, God, enable me to conquer all urges and embrace the coinciding change of this conquest. By conquering such resistance I will build for myself, for you, God, a valuable servant. You have given me the tools and I pray now that you will help me utilize them and cease neglecting the great gifts you've given me for empty pleasures. I am using your tools wholly incorrectly. This is wrong, I should not do this ever again. My convictions are not strong enough to say I'll never knowingly use them incorrectly, but I ought certainly to take this oath. At least for a time to rid myself of this poison of extreme. That is what I'll set out to do. Resistance is healing. Resistance is healing. Pain is healing. Pain is greatness – yet only pain that is temporary. Permanent pain is futile, the grace of the useless and goyim.

8:48 pm

I wasn't able to prevent myself from consuming crap yet again for the remainder of the night, but even just typing the journal I feel my genius hasn't abandoned me. My intelligence, my gifts of God, are still well present when if I only endeavor to use them. The last excuse has come to past. From this moment forward, it is completely and utterly fitting to follow monk mode with a strictness. An extreme to treat an extreme. I also completely forgot about rjx tonight, no need I'll let them no I'm no longer interested. I've no need to stoop to the level of deserters, Jews who have abandoned God. I disgrace god in my own ways, in my own negligence and delusion, but even if I have thus far failed to conform my subconscious mind to this belief, with the directness of my soul I will always know such delusion to be wrong. Those Jews, who I must never hate but pity, those Jews act disgracefully. I pity them, I would show them mercy if they came to me. It is difficult not to despise them, but I am absolutely wrong to. Enough melancholy speech, you are not Dumas. The morning of morrow is the morning of redemption.

October 18th, 2018

Day 1:

8:36 pm

Success! I stayed with monk mode today. There were somethings I showed to friends and some wastes of time, but for the most part I stayed true and was productive. More of this please. Thank god. I'm rather tired and perhaps too tired to write something proper, but I'll have something better to say tomorrow I imagine. This fatigue is actually quite good. I cannot concede on shabbat though, of all days concession on the most holy would be horrid.

9:54 pm

As I tried to go to sleep ironically my fatigue left me and I suddenly was overcome with sadness. Am I so horribly inadequate that I have no friends, or rather no real friends. I don't hang out with people, I'm not invited to chill. There's just misery and sadness and misery and sadness. I talk to people and they talk to me, but our conversations lack meaning, are without substance. But what is this substance I am seeking? It all comes back to intimacy, I feel unloved. Yes, this is quite the terms for it. It is humiliating, a horror of horror. I seek to love others yet this love is never reciprocated. I now see. Love no one, no one but god and family I suppose. Fuck. I need monk mode. There will be no saving grace if I am a sad fuck my whole life. No saving grace at all. I'll just be worse than everyone, with no reason to be worse. Just a trap of mediocrity, destined never to marry, destined to amount to nothing. That is what I'll become I must rightfully fear. For now, perhaps, it's essential to learn not to love. Perhaps psychopathy is necessary, to break from one extreme to the ultimate middle path. Starting now, we repress all warm feelings toward anyone. Manipulate and achieve, manipulate and achieve. No laughter, no interaction. This journal will be my friend. In other words, I alone will be the protagonist of my life, save family. You can be sad and yet psychopathic, we don't need to be this sort of dick dadtardly. Simply sad, but caring not for others.

October 20th, 2018

day 0:

12:53 next day

The day 0 upsets me, but it was on Shabbat only though so b'seder. What is more prominent is that Matt had planned on fucking this Kelly girl and she agreed to a threesome. Matt didn't tell her it was me who was the third member, he just said it was a friend. This prospect is exciting, but it mustn't change anything. Don't expect anything, don't fantasize. We are unattached to sex, and it makes us happy to have no attachment. I enjoy having no attachment, much more than I would sex.

October 22nd, 2018

day 1:

6:43 am

So, to update on the last entry, the girl was supposedly busy. Anyway, yesterday I ate hella garbage – it was bad. Today is day 1 then. I have my midterm in 2ish hours. With gods help we will yet get an A.

October 23rd, 2018

day 0:

12:24 next day

It has struck me that I am 1) acting as if I am different somehow than the average redpilled AFC but further that in my pursuit of perfection I am limiting myself. A powerful true is that the pitfalls of indecision are far greater than those of a wrong decision. Stop waiting for the perfect mindset to come, and start pursuing it. It's ok, you can always change your mind. Right now, simply begin to internalize the lessons. Ah, but what's re the lessons. This is a difficult question, the behavior is not so stone. There are a few lessons I'm confident in accepting as the teaching, however. Firstly, my goals and relevant considerations before all others. Talking to Afam was not only counterproductive to this purpose, it was my own childish pursuit of comfort. It feels good to be smart, to speak in a domain of which you are knowledgeable, but this is not where you will learn. Save it for dinner parties, not for the dorm room. During that time you should've been studying. Incorporate that right now. Additionally, I don't send good reason to befriend girls. You want to have sex, so only talk to girl who you think will provide what you seek. Maytar and Luigi have already situated you as beta, as have all the chabad girls. To hell with them, they no longer matter. At this point, I shouldn't even pursue girls – no this is perhaps a cop out. I shouldn't really pursue friends that aren't valuable. Have a good time with girls? Sure, but not even at the slightest expense of my own goals. Don't care about them, not even a little.

I fear this journal entry, seemingly like many others, will be yet another wall of text that will fade away, lost in time. This is to address a constant throughout my life – I don't pay attention. I never take anything as true, thus I never remember anything. My frame falls apart because everything is fallible, always. I must now adopt the new view, what you observe is truth. Why? Because God would not create false truth. There we have it. Take it as iron rule that people behave as they do. Start to finally Garner experience from which we can truly learn and apply. Go with it until it's wrong.

October 24th, 2018

day 1:

2:34 pm

I'm not sure if this is day one truly but I supposed I'll refer to it as such since I'm not wasting my life on videogames and garbage. The interview, however, was a total and utter disaster, worst professional experience of my life hands down. Thank god it was horrible though, it gives me yet insight into how the world works. It is yet another piece of the puzzle. Let us assess. Firstly, I rambled. Terrible. Secondly, I had absolutely no direction whatsoever – it was a travesty. I tried hurriedly to talk about random garbage and she wanted me to ask questions, which I had not prepared in any capacity. I then tried to bullshit question which communicated “I am open to you”. It did not communicate strength, but the greatest and most profound weakness. I feel shit because something is being challenged. What is being challenged, my belief I have attained alpha. Lose attachment. Don't be attached to an internship, don't be attached to even the dharma, even alphahood. Be attached to none of it, for as we have just experienced, the wound still raw in our minds, attachment brings suffering. For internships moving forward, you will be honest, probing, and real. The ideal company like the ideal woman does not exist. It is fantasy you assumed. Fuck them. AWAY. I will return their call, so then this is attachment, no? For fucks sake, my life must not come to attachment. I just again dipped back to resentment and glory. This is not the path, brother. Do not resent, for they have done no wrong. It is you who has done wrong. Be kind, and grateful, that such opportunities exist in the world. Instead, we must acknowledge our own shortcomings and say to ourselves, “It is unfortunate the relationship is no more. This is from entirely my own doing. However, the relationship is not so necessary.” I have even, in my flusterness, lost the idea I had grasped. Become unattached, for the love of god, become unattached. No, the nirvana I seek is still attachment. I feel in being unattached I will attain what I desire, but what I desire doesn't exist. In being unattached I will only see the truth. Don't go home, to the wedding. This is not a time to engage with parents and their limiting expectations.

10:24pm

I've just realized, while reading the rational male, that it is important to dispel the fantasy. Life is not as complicated as I make it out to be, or its complications do not exist in my juvenile understanding of mysticism. It isn't a realm of infinite possibility and mysterious connections between things in this world. It precisely transcends things in this world. Life, as I shall live, is not complicated and thank God it isn't. This seems to be one of the keys to why I wasn't able to accept anything as true before, When all this complexity is introduced into possibility, there is nothing likely enough to be legitimately accepted.

October 29th, 2018

day 2:

12:51 pm

It is clear to me now why a successful man shouldn't express his emotions carelessly. Like masturbation is the liquidation of sexual energy for delusional purposes, careless emotional expression is the liquidation of emotional energy for delusional purposes. Once it is expended it is no more. In my fit of joy from getting a 97 on my midterm, I lost all emotional energy of the joy. This joy should've carried me through my day, as I savored it silently and contently. The energy is not from expending, but from the option to expend it. It is as if in every moment you are expending it when you have the option to. Just as it is as you are eating every junkfood imaginable with immense pleasure when you are fasting. All expenditures, then, of any sort of emotion or pleasure should be savored and used only when appropriate, only when their value is needed.

Also, I call this day 2 because I ate icecream and a dunkin donuts bagel item on Saturday night, though Saturday was a rather successful day. ather successful day. Also, in the sake of keeping this journal as a logically congruent documentation of my process of improvement, I'll strictly enforce that 8pm is journal time.

November 2nd, 2018

day 1:

11:00 am

When I say day this time I mean to keep it. This needn't dominate your life, but write in this journal every day and be cautious in incorporating new habits. One habit at a time. Anyway, I was prompted to write in my journal over a confusion of what disposition I should have. On one hand we have the extroverted friendly character to play, on the other we have the solemn, serious and manly disposition. Perhaps the middle path of these two extremes is to have in your heart the extroverted individual, and have in your behavior the male. No, this wouldn't work, it is one extreme. It occurred to me earlier, perhaps the best way is to pursue actively and with value the things that you value – the use of the genius. It is ok that you aren't perfect, but you must learn. Never must you stray from the pursuit of perfection, but it is always acceptable not to be perfect. It is even unacceptable to consider oneself perfect. Yes, that is the fallacy of what's caused my poor confused disposition. I considered my job done. No, never. There is work to do, not just within a known framework but in expanding this framework and discovering frameworks anew. In this way the right now is everything. There is no far shore, I am already on the shore. Nirvana is not some distant place, nirvana is ordinary. Nirvana is right in front of our eyes.

Now, as far as practical implication goes, I think the solutions will overlap of my inability to have a consistent monkmode and my delusion of perfection. Quite simply, modify monk mode to include the baseline of behaviors, the default. Things like studying, sleeping on time, and working out. Then we will incorporate, one at a time, behaviors till they are formed into habit. This allows us to focus on that thing, to investigate its nuances and modify our approach towards it to ensure success. Once that is learned, thoroughly investigated, and incorporated into our person and identity, we will start a new project. I think two weeks is a good start. So, we will begin with this very journal, since journaling on a consistent and not sporadic basis is still something quite foreign. Good day to you, reader, and see you tomorrow. Looking briefly at my past journal I see how much of an AFC I am, even so recently as 2 months ago. Grasping at impractical extremes in an attachment to the past. If I am mediocre, so be it. I will try to improve, but in the event I am unsuccessful, in the event I am a fat virgin for life, then it has thus happened. I need not cling to the past, to some prior idea of elitehood. Elitehood is not good enough for me nor is mediocrity, nothing is good enough for me. Good enough here means that at some point you are done. I am never done, I take the card I'm dealt and I play it. That is all. The outcome of the game matters not, so long as I play it effectively. If my past self did not play it effectively, that is my past self and that is not me. As I write this I cease to exist, the time it takes for each letter to display being plenty enough for the person who conjectured the letter to cease. You shouldn't think of yourself wholly as a different individual, your past self is not remy, for example, but you shouldn't necessarily identify with and feel guilt for those actions. They are indicative of what YOU might do, so then you should repent to rid your physicality of the defilements of your past self, but do not feel this personal responsibility.

November 3rd, 2018

day 0:

12:43 the next day

One thing I noticed in my past journals is I always take it as an opportunity to declare "here and now" that I'll finally shape up, and finally become a person I'm not ashamed to be. My natural response is that I'm not accepting my state and I think it's right. Instead of always feeling bad about what happened and proclaiming "I'll finally change, this time I'll see the light", it would be better to accept what I've done, accept that I am the aggregate of my actions, and try to have the best future. Who I am is not a matter of conscious choice, it is a dependant result on the conscious choice of action. Who I am right now is someone who watches meme videos and anime all day, who doesn't interact with people very much and drinks gatorade because he is addicted and attached to pleasure. That is who I am, and that is fine.

Tomorrow I will be a new person, yet one with a physical inclination to such behaviors. Whether the brave soul will handle it in stride and study for the Buddhism exam or sloth further and watch meme videos or read the laws of power or the next rational male book all day, that choice is up to him. Again, I feel like I'm trying to change through proclamation in this journal. Alright, well then lets change the format. Instead of a rambling essay of thoughts, we'll have two main essays or likely paragraphs. First, it will be an analysis of yesterday's journal and theory. We will have a theory document in which we write down the theory as we come up with it. Today, for instance, we'll talk about identity being an aggregate of behavior. The second paragraph will be a practical analysis of our behavior, or identity for that day. What we did wrong, what we could've done better. It hurts just to even think about it, so I will indulge and save that for tomorrow when we don't have to address such a massive failure complicated by shabbat.

November 4th, 2018

day 1:

10:08 pm

I felt again the same inclination for change through proclamation that I felt last time, but reading yesterday's journal has helped me reassume correct frame. I don't have an enormous amount to say about yesterday's journal except that I agree. I think it is fitting then to summarize the concepts for retention of the theory. Firstly, the self is a product of the empty (buddhist empty) physical body and the soul, which we will not say is empty nor non-empty, as it is something we fundamentally don't understand. Who we are, then, is too (also) empty. I am not who I am a moment ago, there is a connection no doubt, but the individuals are different. What comprises who I am is my behavior (the influence of my soul) and its interaction with my body (which is morphed and changed by prior selves). This is how a congruent individual forms. One may say that the body is empty and this is true, but it is the basket in which our experience is aggregated and then prior reality used to communicate the current reality.

As for today, the good stuff, I was holy unable to do buddhism work today. I think it must be a result of my failures and indulgences in immediate gratification of yesterday. I had a bad headache and felt fatigued, as well as very hot, every time I tried to study. Before we take the practical steps as to how to fix this, let us investigate some theory behind the observation. What comes to mind is the idea that my mind began its acclimation to false reality yesterday, and that this headache is a result of its now unacclimated state to proper reality. Lets expand on this. The mind acclimates to whatever reality the soul chooses to adopt. Yesterday I think I took steps to incorporate what was a false reality into my own reality, not just rejecting my own reality but

through delusion deigning to accept it and the false reality, which necessarily contradict each other. Through this belief that I was actually accepting a true reality, I was able to convince myself, well... convincingly, to readily believe the false reality I had produced through morphing myth and truth. My, in both not being suited to that reality and beginning the acclimation process, rewired itself into the mess we find today, where I'm disconnected with my genius and incapable of studying.

Since this is a physical sensation I am experiencing, I am also lead to believe that there are physical causes behind my ailment. My diet was heavy in sugar, heavy in menthol, and was very sedentary. I didn't get as much sun as a should. Well, I feel right now very hot, very uncomfortable, and sort of "icky". I feel like a plague, unclean. As part of my healing I'll then do everything in my power to feel clean and cool. Firstly, the nails must be preserved. No nail biting. Secondly, our food must be healthy. Shredded wheat and milk, no greasy carbs. No cheese, probably no chabad lunches. We'll do it formally in the monk mode. We'll update on the success tomorrow, I feel I'm so out of it, I feel what I'm writing is completely incoherent so I'll stop here.

November 7th, 2018

day 1:

12:57 pm

I abandoned my monk mode when studying for Buddhism, now the exam is behind us. I was going to journal now, but my mental state wouldn't be able to describe what I experienced yesterday adequately.

November 8th, 2018

day 1:

2:39 pm

Another failure. What I experienced yesterday was a pure sort of focused state, but I readily shifted back to the attached self. It was sort of like the edge of death, like the present doesn't matter because a great journey is ahead. I wouldn't pursue what was yesterday, I'll just continue as I am. Also, fast is going exceedingly well, but in building this potential for food I must be careful not to spend it. Frivolously and be bankrupt once more. You should be rich with all the things you could eat, yet never spend your riches in order to maintain security. Tomorrow is Mono diet time. We will live off Shredded wheat with milk and tea.

8:57 pm

Well, today has been a success. I held frame for the most part, whenever I used the internet I asked myself “What is it I’m using the internet for”. Day 2 is a long time coming, lets not fuck it up. Tomorrow will be monodiet except meat on Shabbat. After Sammy communicated through Rebecca that he has issue with my interaction with the chabad girls, I’ve resigned to not interact with them. Sammy was mad and his anger was making me mad and disturbing me. I told him I won’t interact with him until he relieves the tension, which I am always open to do. This was a good diagnosis. Now, back to monk mode and the such, I didn’t study much today, nor did I go to class in the morning, nor did I work out, but all is well. This day 1 is a precursor because we fasted. Tomorrow we’ll also start our precursor week with the monodiet. We’ll be allowed lean meat (grilled chicken, burgers, steak)

November 10th, 2018

day 1:

5:39 pm

Only because was drinking last night and lost frame. Don’t drink anymore as a rule, you don’t need it for game. Otherwise I held frame well enough through Shabbat. Lost it on discord and temple OS, but recovered especially with music.

November 11th, 2018

day 2:

1:31 pm

How quickly we are susceptible to insanity. I’ve lost frame, and I can’t seem to retain it. The only way I was able to save myself was from 1- my admission to kurt that he can have the icecream, so that if I eat it there is shame, and 2 – classical music. Even now, I’m on a steady mental IV drip of classical reading music just to prevent myself from relapse. This journal is also serving that very purpose. I believe it was the food. I didn’t need to eat, I chose to eat. Never choose to eat, be forced to eat. There are always options, don’t fret for timing, with anything, ever. Pursue food when hungry, and be late. The body can compensate, a missed meal here, and extra there. It should work and lets try this strategy. Only puruse food when you feel a need.

November 13th, 2018

day 0;

10:58 pm

Really didn't want to do this journal right now and that's precisely why I've done it. I've lost my 83 day streak and fapped, once twice and three times. Today is day 0 and if we keep it our streak will be consistent for both monkmode and nofap, which is convenient. So don't fuck this one up. Very high energy from the caffeine, just took 111 midterm2. Anyway, so what went wrong was a loss of frame, of realization, of the positive benefits of monk mode. The prize escaped me. It's not good enough for me to consciously recognize it, this position isn't strong enough. I must emotionally feel it's value. An easy way to do this is to befriend many women, of course, and perhaps this is the route I'll take. I should hang out with women more, be more aggressive and get numbers, hang out, everything. Female friends can be your salvation, but of course not alone. If you use them to escape doing work you will fail. Work must still be the number 1 priority. Study up that linear algebra tonight, since you won't be asleep for any time soon. Lets get fucking cracking nigga. Monk Mode whatever begins.

November 16th, 2018

1:25 next day

Failure here, failure there, failure really everywhere. Up, down, all around. I hate it. I hate that k watch movies. I hate that I'm addicted to YouTube. I hate that I am dependent on these immediate gratifications, that I can be conversation with someone and my energy is dead, that it suddenly is a burden for me to talk to them. I hate the headaches, I hate the impact it has on my psyche, j hate how it requires my brain to crave and respond to and seek out this shit, how my brain has interpreted reality from the standpoint of it's necessity. Why can I just not want to waste time, why can I just never get tired of working. Well, hang on a tick, physically I think it should be possible. Now, our Lin alg midterm may be a failure, this is unavoidable. Further, being 20% of our grade a failure can be really bad. So, it's very possible because of our incompetence we'll only get a b+. If that happens, so be it. We weren't ready. The failure is then perfect. If it is a result of my behavior it is the reality that is a perfect remedy to my crippled soul.

November 17th, 2018

day 0:

4:37 pm

So, we fapped again and found the source of the headaches. Very clearly, it was fapping. So, now we will try an extremist idea. There is the concern, of course, that it will be too extreme. EVEN IF IT IS NOT OPTIMAL. I repeat, even if it is not optimal or even very far from optimal to act this way, it is

certainly better than what we fear is inevitable relapse. Go to monk mode and update it.

5:33pm

Cut the bullshit. Our systems aren't linearly independent because deep down we know we've been full of shit.

November 21st, 2018

Day 1:

10:42 am

I'm considering starting a new journal. Right now, at least, there is no question or anything to consider. There is only improve and get better, with the acceptance that our current state is sick.

December 5th, 2018

day 4:

12:12 am

From the wisdom of Pook I have made a revelation. When meditating, one is enabled to see their true nature, their buddha nature. But wait, one may ask, if one's true masculine nature is to be that uncompromising idea we know is successful with women, how can this be when typical buddha nature is not like this? How can one have compassion in this way? You fool! You great fool! You do not see compassion for it's true nature. It is not compassionate to be nice to women, it is not compassionate to cater to them, to laugh at their jokes when they are not funny, to give them unearned kindnesses. Nor is this compassionate to do for a man. Should it be that people are rewarded for no merit? We know this reward, we are regrettably familiar with it. The reward of no merit, pornography, has brought us nothing but sadness, nothing but deep debilitating depression. Do not reward a woman for doing something beyond your interests, for it is not in your nature to do so and, therefore, not within her nature to be rewarded. Reward without merit must be extended to those only in need. Just as honey is healthy to the sick, it is harmful to those of good constitution. Hold for all people the utmost compassion by rewarding them for nothing, by **never compromising your own goals for theirs**, by enjoying life in your true nature, without concern for theirs, for God in his perfection constructed us that your true nature will never compromise another individual. To be true to yourself is to be compassionate to all others. To be compassionate to your self is intrinsically coupled with being compassionate to others. We all win together, or we all lose, you more than others. To win

for yourself, then, is to claim victory for all of humanity. **Claim this victory. Embody your nature as a man. The desires of a man.**

December 27th, 2018

day 0:

2:13 next day

Deep, debilitating relapse. A fatigue only known to those at rock bottom. Everything has been prepared. Tomorrow I must begin anew, but I don't face tomorrow empty handed. I am armed with knowledge and wisdom.

1- You must study things, and they must be hard. We will do very difficult CP problems tomorrow, no need for baby shit.

2- The conditions for happiness are not of this world. They are respective to a moment, and within the realm of your soul. To be truly happy for a moment, one must seek to see the truth. Then they will be happy.

What can I say that would be unique? I've had this very journal entry many many times. What do I do? I psych myself up? I proclaim, desperately holding on to a mindset I am scared shitless I will lose, that this time I'll be different, that this time I'll change. It never happens though. Why doesn't matter to me. I simply attribute it to my own desires as reflective of my own attachments that I refuse to cede. Cede all attachment. That's it. I'll do that. I'll pray here that God helps me, though I don't even need him to help me especially more than he currently does. I have all the faculties necessary to lose attachment. I need simply do it. That's all.

Also, as successful as I was in my classes and all that, I shouldn't look on my streak as success that I need to reach. I was still watching YouTube and garbage every other day. That wasn't success at all, it was corruption that avoided fapping purely for symbolic value and not a continued wisdom. If I ever feel myself faltering in wisdom, I should eat something (ensure I'm not tired) and then re align myself with the truths above.

February 1st, 2019

8:18am

I haven't put a day counter up because I'm afraid putting a 0 might deceive and entice me to relapse, while a 1js disingenuous. I haven't journaled in over a month, nofap is on a 36 day streak, though I was very close last night and urges still present this morning. I went on Kik and Omegle again, thank God I didn't get any nudes. Also had a good streak going of waking up at 5:30. When I start that again, I need to focus especially on meaningful work. I also

need to investigate clubs literally asap. There is a longing in my heart. I feel alone. And yet we have control over this, we should be able to just be happy, but we lose sight of things. Even now, my negative conception is bullshit. I need my own fucking room too, or someone who wakes up as early as me at least. Not this 9am bullshit. Honestly don't know if there's anything useful to right rn. I'd like to focus on essays about theory in here moving forward. Instead of responding to people on Reddit, respond to yourself.

February 14th, 2019

Day 1:

11:00pm

In this new Journal, there won't be ramblings of my emotional diarrhea, but valuable ideas. If you wouldn't send shit to a friend, you shouldn't send shit to yourself.

As a result of the dopamine fast (which is also a regular fast) I slept a lot more and feel much better. I'm much more free than I was, though I don't yet feel fully in control. We should be absolutely free to pursue what we want.

My mind seems open to suggestion and emotion.

New Journal

February 19th, 2019

11:57 pm

Wow, so quick and so insightful. He is right, I am focusing on marginal things that will magically make me better, but nothing will happen this way. I lose sight of motivation because there is no improvement. Suffering for the sake of it is not a goal in and of itself, it is not an achievement. Here is an achievement. Bench press 1.5x your body weight by next January. I currently weigh 170 pounds, if I lose weight that 150. Bench press 225 by January.

Goals:

- 1) To weigh 150 pounds by the end of the semester (3 months).
- 2) To be a week ahead of all my classes, while on track for a 4.0.
- 3) To have a morning routine of waking up at 5:30, praying, running 5 days a week, and then lifting for 3 days a week for 30 days, until March 20th

I've rediscovered a fire of perfection under me again. No more. No more. No more. Fuck that video, I don't need it, it will only serve to sap me of my convictions as so much immediate gratification has. For God, but also for me. I want to complete these goals so I am a better man, one able to utilize the faculties upon whom God bestowed me.

February 20th, 2019

8:07 am

I woke up at 5:30 this morning and felt the same lack of conviction that has characterized my life since I relapsed from my morning routine, but likely was even present throughout everything. I asked myself again, why am I doing this. I then read the Tora for an hour or two, stopping after chapter 28 of bereshit. I answered this in my notes:

Why am I doing this?

Why do i want to lose weight?

Why do i want to get good grades and master my subjects?

Why do i want to wake up at 5:30 every morning and pray, then have a fitness routine?

I will be honest here so that the path i take is accurate of the desires of my soul, so that ill stick to this path. There is a long tradition of men in my house, though my connection of them may have felt weak, it has always been strong. I am the son of their sons, an heir to the house of Jaacob. They are my tribe, and this tribe is one of honor, but God's honor. One of capability and righteousness. We've enacted a covenant with God to fulfill his misvot. In this fulfillment we achieve our ultimate actualization, prophecy. We will achieve an ultimate pleasure directly, intimately linked and as a result of that reality. Slowly, as we begin and continue to pursue prophecy and a closeness with God, we will see a healing of our soul, the restoration of our humanity we feel being lost. We may connect with people, accepting them as the imperfect beings they are and not expecting of them beyond their means. There is a certain feeling now as if on the cusp of the end of a reality and the beginning of a new one, bringing excitement for the future, coming with the light like a spring bearing the future. In truth, isn't every moment the end of a past and the beginning of a future?

With that being articulated I hope to maintain a motivation to keep to the misvot, encompassing all the positive and beneficial qualities/achievements I seek and more.

February 22nd, 2019

3:08 am

It's been a few days since I've started my new goal focused program. The largest difference now is my diet, where I eat little and savor every bite. I've also started to really push myself in being productive. I try to do work every day, and though I'm not meeting all of my quotas, I'm meeting some of them. For example, though it was difficult I finished reading expos today, which took about 2 hours because of the inefficiency and inability of my focus. That is something to work on every day.

I'll also mention that I feel my mind healing. I wrote on Reddit about how I felt dead, emotionally disconnected and without emotion to motivate my behavior. Now, my emotions are being restored. This is a result, I think, from disengaging with sources of immediate gratification, most notably food, and also through the consideration and visualization of tangible goals, emotion then being incited by past experience suggesting what it might feel like to achieve them.

February 23rd, 2019

7:13 pm

I fapped last night and binged on milk and irish cream. In starting a new plan to recover I've identified 3 categories of behavior.

There is Do:

mentally or physically strenuous work that engages all one's faculties. This includes dedicated study and intelligent production.

There is Wait:

behaviors that don't engage one's faculties yet take up time. This includes resting, meditation, errands, and pipe smoking.

And there is Consume:

A passive engagement of one's faculties, your faculties being engaged for you. This includes immediate gratification, over-eating/pleasure-eating, and consumption of material for the sake of it.

On consumption:

It typically utilizes the senses, overexciting our emotions through delusions as falsehoods or compartmentalizing interdependent reality, or physical senses through hyper stimulation (food, sex).

What we suffer from is an addiction to consumption, and an aversion to doing. Doing brings you, apart from financial security, grounding and confidence, assurance and healing. It is the foundation for growth that underscores fulfillment. Consumption overuse stems from a lack of doing, and our lack of

doing stems from our aversion to it. It is a cycle, the more we consume, the less we are able to do and the less we do, the more we are inclined to consume. The new program, then, will be to restrict almost entirely consumption and focus on doing. Why almost and not entirely eliminate consumption is some behaviors innately harbor some consumption, but it is in combination with other things. Watching a play, for example, has some consumption but then has doing in the form of the plays interpretation. Similarly, pipe smoking has some consumption in tasting the smoke, but a small amount of doing in keeping it lit and then is mostly waiting. Most of these things will count as waiting, but will still be restricted in use. Which brings us into the important topic of waiting. When we attempt to Do, we will encounter resistance because of our aversion. Like a muscle, our capacity to Do is weak when we haven't Done. We must Do more and more every day, starting with what we can (Doing until failure) and Doing more the next day, after we've resting and our capacity is greater. When not doing, it is important not to usurp this capacity by consuming, and thus we will wait most of the time, doing when capable. Succinctly, then, the new program is this:

Maximize Do, Wait when needed, never Consume.

February 27th, 2019

2:39 am

My sleep schedule has been pretty insane lately and I've been using it as an excuse to be mediocre in aspects. This is ok, tomorrow I start the whole working plan. Writing my expos essay has unexpectedly enough (since I thought they would be of zero value) provided me with a bit of a realization, a tiny one. The Above is true, with Wait, Do, and Consume, but separate from Do and perhaps filling a need for interaction or entertainment is Produce. The idea really bloomed after thinking on the consumerism of today, how we just buy and buy with no using. What I keep doing with information is essentially buying and buying, without using and appreciating what I have. I then, in addition to no consume, want to truly solidify that with not a quota but an allowance for Produce, in journal but also on Reddit. I feel giddy and excited, even though we should be nervous for exams, so that's good. God does his work.

April 15th, 2019

10:30 pm

It's time, once again, to attempt to get my life on track. Seeing the fruits of success, not just of being top lobster, but of developing powerful emotions with other people, creating a thus powerful bond. When looking at my last

lecture, of my losing weight and how far I've come, I was then motivated to pursue the greatness I once had. Looking at me in that attractive body is especially so appealing. It represents value. It represents social acceptance, a security necessary for greatness. Looking at Mazlows hierarchy, hitting social acceptance unlocks new things. Upgrading 10% up the line moves you 50% up in productivity. I think we were most successful when we did cold showers at 5:30 every morning. Tomorrow when we wake up and nominally can't fathom reality, remember greatness. Remember how good it felt when we were offered by Marshall, how good it felt to feel a powerful powerful emotion, in both sharing your vulnerabilities with others and in being accepted thereafter. It is a love, for all of it. You can find love for God, it is there. For the love of God pursue it.

The new plan:

Essentially, I think we had a very good thing going with the cold showers and lifting program, let's try to get back on that.

Morning routine:

Wake up 5:30

Cold Shower

Pray

Write something motivating, something real. A journal entry is good. For now those will be in consolidated, later can be moved if it works.

Run – don't kill yourself but sweat.

Take a 20 minute break, listen to music or do something creative though lets stay away from youtube. Reddit is ok. Smoking a pipe would be alright if the occasion permits (longer break needed). If new episode of OPM is out that too is ok, only that though. This is short, not so long.

Go to library and get to work. On the breaks here, do something that isn't IG (Immediate Gratification). Maybe even a power nap.

Diet:

Full kosher at the dining halls, so no cheese anything. No sugar or obviously unhealthy stuff. Simple carbs only if you have to. Try to get protein in.

Exercise:

4x cardio and 2x weights I do think is a good system. Lets keep it.

General restrictions:

Big things to avoid are youtube/reddit/IG, sugar/food pleasure, breaking Tora, and poor values.

April 16th, 2019

8:21 am

The life goal, what we should pursue in the moment, is not happiness but what is good for our soul. There is something wrong with us, we are in exile after all. Happiness in this state is never true happiness. What we can do to be content is heal our soul, do what is good for it. This means follow God, follow what you know is good. When I say this I'm reminded of the misery I might feel and the nihilism that will say "fuck it, let's just watch YouTube what's the point anyway". That voice, that lack of awareness is a poison. Even now, I feel the lack of awareness – so focus. Good, get back your awareness of what we should do and pursue.

April 17th, 2019

8:44 am

I am fatigued but if I give into the fatigue I know it only leads to awakened and energetic misery. Be peaceful with the body, such entertainments aren't peaceful, they're a strain, a sour and twisted one. They will only work to sour and corrupt you, so that you can't be peaceful with the intellect. If you are fatigued, then be slow for a time, that's it.

April 18th, 2019

12:20 pm

I feel myself slipping. Yesterday we were very lethargic, we didn't go hard. The real joy only comes from going all the way, no half ass anxieties. Don't watch the porn of a shit life, eliminate it. Get back at it. If not at the gym, then in the books.

April 22nd, 2019

10:24 pm

It comes time to ask the question, what do I want out of life. My life is out of control, being swayed back and forth by the rivers of circumstance. I act, not with soul, but with animalistic inclination. It comes time, then, to consider being on the most abstract level of what it is I aim to achieve in life. I've always responded, immediately, with "prophecy", but this argument is no longer convincing and I find myself switching back and forth from the life of pleasure to the life of toil, the life of pleasure being my default state and the life of toil what I believe to be an ideal, and I'm fighting my nature in order to

live the life of toil. I am rather sick of fighting my nature. If necessary I will, but wouldn't it be far better if my nature aligned with the authority of God? Perhaps, then, I can change it. This is thus an exploration of my nature. At the moment, my nature is very confidently the life of pleasure. I haven't considered or comprehended this choice with my being, because I've always regarded it as temporary. Now I will regard it permanently.

The life of pleasure:

The aim here is to do what is absolutely necessary for survival, for provisioning sake, and then spend the rest of your time devoted to pleasure and enjoying life. For the sake of consideration, let's say we studied game to the necessary capacity and let's say we developed, somehow through personality, money, or other, a popularity so that we had the pleasure of people in addition to that of technology and materials. Essentially, let's consider the life of the hedonistic King as the ideal here. He need not work, he need not toil. He merely enjoys and consumes. He fucks women, eats to obesity, heartily laughs with friends, plays videogames to his whim's desires, watching television series when tired.

Review of past journal:

I talk of a "nectar of genius" and that "to lose it is unthinkable". I don't even know what this is. Is this what is worth pursuing as a life goal?

I later retrospectively about this beginning. Even then, I had an "analytical nature" of intelligence. I've now realized something I suppose has been forgotten for the past few months. My intelligence has died. We've seen my eloquence dissolve away, but further I don't think like I used to. The intelligent discourse, the analytical and impassioned search for truth is gone, burned out and smothered. This was something beautiful, and I feel good now to feel sad about its loss. Is it something I can get back, but more importantly, is this something I want? Is it something worth pursuing? I look back and, perhaps because of a nostalgia, perhaps because of a grief, I feel quite sad. I feel a passion, and this passion is a gift from God. I must harvest it into action. I've been living the past months of my life in self destruction, in meandering confusion, in deadened awakeness. I believe this past retrospection has enabled me to enter anew state of consciousness. I'm on a search for truth, for God. The fanatics life is wrought with emotion, I am desperate to maintain it, carefully stepping with my words and thoughts.

Do I dare even make a life plan? Do I dare associate myself with the past efforts of failure and despair? I feel, now, meditation is possible and of use. We still need articulate our planned procedure of life. Whatever it is God commands of me to achieve prophecy, I shall pursue. I yet need be open to what that is. The social character perhaps limits me, it sentences me to stupidity. I don't know at this time how it is I should act regarding others. Perhaps a new monk mode is finally in order.

To summarize here of what we must do with our life. God is the only answer.

The fat King is starving. I am starving. The end is not in people, the end is not in women, the end is in God. In prophecy. I seek to perceive truly.

Monk Mode 2-1 : Have we yet escaped the desert?

Enforcements:

Religion:

I must do everything in my power to facilitate the state of consciousness that is this prophecy, that is this heavily emotional desire. Completely adhering to the commandments of the religion is part of this.

Health:

Physical ailments impede my prophecy, they impede my clear vision. I must do everything in my power to create a healthful body, so that I am better able to perceive truly.

School/career:

I need take care of my school work to the extent necessary that I am not anxious about it, that it doesn't take my mental realstate and therethrough impede my efforts to perceive truly. This means studying for and completing assignments on time in a timely manner.

Restrictions:

Immediate Gratifications:

These are idols for the mind. They are not the reality of God. Youtube is an idol, Netflix, all of it an idol, human fabrications. I need perceive the world. It should not be separated from my mind as a mysterious unknown. Do not block it on webblocker. Instead it should be fathomed, though we should not take it's idols.

Junk food:

These impede our perception by negatively effecting our health. They cause stomach aches and disturbances. You have a sense of which foods won't hurt you, use this sense.

Fapping:

This hurts you by utilizing a sexual energy in an improper manner. It should be used in profound service to God, in presence of a woman. When fapping you corrupt yourself through an incomplete incoherent behavior.

April 24th, 2019

Day 0:

11:22pm

We knew on Monday what we were writing was a bunch of whoreshit, it was simply better to explore what we have than remain with nothing. There is no such thing as my “nature”, and Jordan Peterson’s bleak view is dark dump of bullshit. What you experience now is, in part, a product of your past behaviors. To do what is right and just, what brings meaningful existence and contentment to the mind, what best enables you to serve God, to do what makes you more than another worthless pile of crap among worthless piles of crap, is an amount of hard work. It is neither struggle nor rest, to characterize behaviors incorrectly as such is to project human conception on reality and therein skew our behavioral adjustments. A plan must be made with discipline, for try as we might the mind cannot always be in “prophetic” awareness of seeing clearly and truly. There must be ritual, discipline, and blind trust to bolster being when the mind is weakened or physically limited. Drawing from Goggins, we will make a plan of discipline now, realization later. Our undisciplined, fap stricken, candy weakened, lethargically inclined, nihilistic, and shrouded mental and physical state is not ready (or feasibly capable) of proper realization, and as a result we are throwing what is logically immensely valuable, perhaps even all that is valuable, down the toilet. There will be toil and struggle and hardship and horror, but it will lead to the wisdom for which we are so desperate. To see we must first claw away the tumors impeding our vision, tumors that have been there for 20 years.

The plan:

Wake up at 5:30 in the morning. A new environment builds new routine.

Cold shower an incrementing amount, then pray, then meditate, then exercise.

A schedule be made and followed, with 1 hour of school studying dedicated each day excluding 24+ hour holidays.

3 meals a day of bland or healthy foods.

Reddit will be allowed for r/nofap as it helps in reforming my mind to discipline others as I should myself. Otherwise, no videos that aren’t educational, no Facebook YouTube Snapchat etc. Bring certain social platforms back on later when we are responsible. This will be more explicitly fleshed out as we encounter issues.

May 16th, 2019

10:06 pm

As I was reading Mastery (one of Robert Greene’s books), he described how we may learn with a certain creative passion and energetic, more capable capacity. That we might learn faster and more readily solidify things in our brain. When looking at the great masters, indeed, what seems to differentiate all of them is that they started working in whatever it is they were great at

very early. For Mozart this was very young, and Einstein it was 16. This then filled me with a regret, or perhaps, unhappiness that I wasted so many crucial years not pursuing things with such a vigor and passion. That my capacity for great learning which I sometimes have an inkling of is stifled by my own stupidity and misbehavior.

The problem here is that this disagrees with our axioms of happiness is always attainable. I wish then to explore this. What if I were to waste the next ten years of my life, the next twenty? What if I am to be inevitably mediocre. What path then do I still have to happiness.

And now whatever it was, that last spark I was endeavoring to write upon, it is entirely lost. Perhaps I can reclaim that idea. . . No, it's all gone. At the very least, the negative emotion I sought to eliminate is eliminated, but is this not a result or symptom of my own emotional disconnect due to my abuse of immediate pleasure, internet and fapping and so forth? Once I am more in tune to things, which will take time doing things properly, perhaps this regret will come up again, and philosophy developed to deal with it.

May 20th, 2019

4:53 pm

After just writing a damage report, I feel an urge to remind ourselves not to forget how close to relapse we always are. How a life of horror and regression is very close. Further, of how we derive such great pleasure from success, both physical and career wise. I see how this success is certainly the path to finally exercise the emotions which we by necessity repress. Never forget, you, as you currently are, are absolutely defective, incapable of securing a woman's love. This must be changed. It must, and the two known vehicles of this change in which we can place confidence are working out/dieting – perfecting our body, and being successful in our career – securing a respectable rank in society. May God help us, that we may upgrade our life condition yet.

May 23rd, 2019

10:51 am

When we speak too much, we often get carried away by emotion. Speaking is so habitual we prostrate ourselves before our sisters in letting our tongue run loose. We use a near baby's voice when we communicate with our family. Observe, how the literal pitch changes when we talk to those family versus when we talk to strangers. Last night, as a realizing communication, Rosa and Jaime started to ridicule me. Called me annoying and the such, when I said certain things are bullshit. This wasn't, however, an attack on my idea, but an attack on my person. I, in my whole, was deemed "annoying" and this was

said with a smile on the face, as if, “we think nothing of you, you are near worthless, but perhaps on occasion you are good company – though certainly not worth any effort to preserve. I will then ridicule you as I please, and I do so lightheartedly, for I don’t anticipate a conflict. You will simply submit, you won’t do shit.” This relationship is utterly toxic to the soul. I came to a realization last night, when motivated by this affront to think of them critically, that they don’t offer much. They are feminists, deny the necessity of hard work, are entitled, and by god have the indecency to prostrate me before my very eyes. And thus, with that realization, I began to be more cold to them. More deliberate, more Machiavellian, more within my own interests. I put a flag on my thoughts, claimed them as mine. You can’t have them unless I expressly permit your having them. The good faith has been breached. But, this behavior resultant from the new paradigm, this behavior is what should be held in near all interactions.

This is, perhaps, a pre alpha stage. Territories, now, are in transition. I am conquering what I had for so many years ceded. For the moment, I will be at war in conquering this new position. What will be alpha, later, is once my claim is situated and found solid, once I have given it a worthy defense against the attackers that may come, only then might I be absolutely confident in my claim and, from this position without wanting and worry, I might exercise some compassion and good will towards them. Till this point, I need be at war. Just as is necessary in real war, there is no room for jesting or relaxation in this dominance struggle. An anxiety and a caution will be absolutely necessary. You may not, and should not, have much fun with them for a long time. Become distant, absent.

The same is to go for Sammy. We are shit on, every day, by him. We are always torn because on one hand we want to interact with him as feels natural. On the other we can’t support him prostrating us. When we become distant, observe how he even attempts to bring us back to a friendly and jesting state, by poking and making nice and the such. Why? Because by resituating that state, he maintains his power to me in the relationship. He still gets to shit on me. It is his counterattack. “You want to be respected? Watch, I will bring you back to prostrated goochie goochie play time and you will submit like the child you are. Get back to your cell, bitch, you have no back bone you have nothing but empty desires backing what you say.” We should, then, make the attack and reclaim what is not a difficultly defended position of at least self-respect. We should expect a counterattack, no question. I doubt people are wont to lose territory, even if it is of little use to them. At the very least we’ve shown that Sammy will fight back. This campaign is as, if not more, important than any other we’re currently endeavoring upon to fix our shit life. It should be treated with an equal amount of care and caution.

As for how to practically implement this war, perhaps we can not speak to them, any of them, unless absolutely necessary. This may pose a number of issues, though. For one, they may try to talk to us. For now I seem burnt out,

I'll finish editing here, but the campaign still requires further consideration. For now, the strategy will be this: Do not talk to them outside of logistics. This isn't to say you should necessarily assume an "I don't care" aloof attitude, that would be alpha behavior, which is perhaps not appropriate for war. No. My attitude shouldn't be "I don't care, I won't engage in conflict". The interaction should be a battle, as is appropriate for war. Instead of saying "I'm sorry Jaime, I don't really care". Say, with intention of readily escalating to outright illogical conflict if necessary, "Jaime, I don't care". The problem is, we feel as if need hide the fact that we are in a campaign at all. This is not a coup; this is a conquest. There is no hiding it. Be upfront in what you are doing. Keep in mind, "I am important, what I'm doing matters more than whatever you could possibly contribute to and thus I don't care for your presence or interaction. For a long time, I have been prostrated by you. For the time being, then, you will leave me be." Also, further keep in mind that we aren't to talk to them like a pussy, that is, as if they are a child out of behavior. No, acknowledge them for what they are, warriors and my past lords. Treat them with a respect, and to this figure of respect, proclaim, "I am taking what has been yours for too long, what I have a right to, and that is the respects of my person."

May 26th, 2019

11:34 am

Last night, after going to sleep far too late, I had a dream. I had been selected because of some circumstance to enter a competition in which participants were given a "capability" value corresponding to advantage in the game. Mine was initially higher, instead of starting at 0 it was 1, and it all culminated in ultimate purpose, I believe, to the fantasy that I was "special". A signifier of value or condition of happiness dependent on other people. I, obviously, dispelled that to the best of my ability knowing the futility as I do in such an evaluation, but I don't know if I yet see the solution for which true happiness is actually obtained, as something independent of all people, or at least their perceptions anyway as in vanity and so forth.

I'll leave that thought as that, but the main reason I found it necessary to write a journal, once again, was my extreme discontent, lethargy, and mental instability this morning. I felt physically ill overcome by a horrid fatigue this morning that, in spite of sleeping in, I despised nothing more than getting out of bed. I spent a large amount of time in bed on my phone, as I would often do, reading some wikipedia at first but then reading Roosh's eulogy for his sister. In truth, that is a complex jungle of a matter which is yet still entirely foreign to us. Its only use would be to detract us from our purpose right now, which is to fix our shit life.

A number of things are then on the agenda, and because our mind has become confused and lost purpose we will reiterate the entire plan here.

Firstly, we must abstain from immediate gratification and dopamine pleasures, so as to accustom our mind to natural being and superior capacities of awareness that need be trained. Explicitly, for I feel some anxiety in the leeway of this decree, let us address Reddit, Wikipedia, and fiction books. Observe how their use has brought troubled and busy worry to our lives. Observe how we are unacquainted with our nature and being once again. How there is a positive poison, a barrier impeding this. They can't just be ignored, these barriers, they must be addressed. On reddit, we will just use it as a sight for research in MaleFashionAdvice as well as any other fields that suit our fancy. We may post as is useful to these research purposes only, and it may only be on the desktop. As for Wikipedia, we don't need it. Fiction novels we will exclude to shabbat, reserving for all other times non fiction (mastery, for now).

Second, our OCD compulsion of nail biting. In brief, we will absolute refuse all compulsions as they come, cutting our nails short yet somewhat visually appealing. Also do exercises which we will determine in detail later, but for now let us look at our nails often, observe their capacity to be bitten, and the refuse to bite them.

I've grown tired now, perhaps we'll finish when we are more mentally capable, for now with the above changes we'll just continue our same plan.

June 2nd, 2019

1:30 pm

It's dawned on me that all of my motivation is rather short lived, in the span of a week or two, because it doesn't apply well to the right now. The grandiose motivational incentive of a better life or of prophecy needs to be met with a short term reward. Or my frame so long term that I can accurately envision a cycle of hell from which I never escape that is relapse and mediocrity without that which matters truly, prophecy. In my head I'll justify relapse. "Its just one day". The answer is not to foolishly imagine that one day equals many, for it is true one day is only one day. Rather, we should truly perceive the value of a single day. It should be thus that my rewards aren't only in the future, but immediate. Perhaps an immediate benefit to my soul. The philosophy I take on should produce the same behavior if today is assumed to be our last day or if it is assumed we live till 100.

July 14th, 2019

12:30pm

I've opted to write this entry in the journal rather than in the damage report because I expect to come to some philosophical exploration, as oppose to a simple damage reevaluation. Where I'm at right now, since starting my job

really, is new territory. We haven't had this much success in a long time. Not that we've been so blithingly successful, but compared to what we were (and have recently regressed to) we have. When I chose to watch youtube and Netflix again on Shabbat, it was an effort to hide from our reality. In the house we were uncomfortable. Surrounded by the wise father and, otherwise, enemies but no friends. No persons of companionship, an incomplete tribe. Further, I had no purpose of my own to supercede social pursuits. For whatever reason, I was only half interested in academic/philosophical pursuits. Perhaps because social development with men too, but mostly women, has been a focus for me. In short, my life at that present wasn't quite bearable or enjoyable. When I went to work, I had something to do. I woke up, drove, worked, drove back, exercise, and had miniscule time for life, bullshit or otherwise. The little time I did have was easily filled with friends or other beneficial activities. Now, however, when I have no such productive distraction, no such autopilot, I am left to face my stark reality. In truth, it is one I'm unhappy with. I don't have my own place to improve. I don't have women quite yet in my life. I don't have a business or something to grow. I don't have a personal project of some variety to drive me, or not one that I've started viably and seriously yet.

And it is thus, that having nothing to do when awakened from corporate employment I turn once again to pleasure and poison. In short, I have yet to develop a life of my own to focus on, build upon, and improve. I continue to drift as I did throughout all my adolescent years, which should have remained in my adolescent years, caught in undecided experience with the winds of life. I get happy when I see my improving physique, my improving ability with women, for they are resources and tools with which to build my life. But, I have yet to start this building process. Perhaps, in part, because it makes me incredibly nervous that I may begin to assign and devote resources incorrectly. I don't really know in what direction I want to take my life.

General statistics and computer science, perhaps, but where should I truly be going with all of this. Perhaps it is a safe option to pursue social development with experience and pleasure, as many do at this age, as a primary goal in a sort of incubation phase before you're ready to make a decision of your career specialization and life direction. I do feel as though, whatever I do commit to, it must feel right in the bottom of my gut. It must have security and promise. This sense I feel is an indicator of to what extent this embodies what is often referred to as a "purpose", though I don't believe in a life purpose. It is, really, something that is enjoyed, competitively advantageous, and fiscally valuable. In trying to narrow this down some, I do believe I want to do some variety of online business. I think I need to be studying some minor app development perhaps, I want to be able to deploy some simplistic programs that could make money. Perhaps also doing courses on what I learn.

To conclude here, I do need to find a purpose or pursuit but it seems, at present, I don't have enough information. The incubator idea seems appealing to me, but I can't just hoard resources waiting for the good investment to

come. This won't be something that can save me from the enticements of poisonous pleasure. I then need to find a pursuit that still allows me to incubate in the extent that it is general enough to encompass what I anticipate will be my purpose, but specific enough so that I make real progress and build upon something, so that I'm not swept away by too long a term.

August 1st, 2019

10:41 pm

I just got back from Evyatars bbq. I left this event with a sour feeling in my stomach. My subconscious, I think, was communicating something is wrong. What I felt was that I wasn't connecting, perhaps at all, with Evyatar or Segev or anyone there, really. I felt very alone. With people who don't value me. That same loneliness and despair I felt as a sperg, as someone with no skills and no love. I don't quite know if it was a problem with them or a problem with me. With whom do I confide, I suppose, is the real question. My emotions now are so raw, I'm feeling nearly overwhelmed in what? Shame? I don't know. Again, I feel that yearning for the love of a woman, not necessarily because I so desire a woman, but because I know it means acceptance. Being all alone, I'm maybe yearning for a place in society, and this is, to some extent, what a woman provides. You become a team.

Need I simply become content with myself alone? But what use is you if no one else likes you? I feel like an isolated caricature, forever to act a role in submission to others. Perhaps I wasn't being "real" at this event, and perhaps I need to be what I want to be, who I want to be, even when nothing comes to mind of what I should be. All this talk of a purpose and it's seeming I forgot mine already. I think what was maybe happening was I was too caught up in the routine. Basing my actions of purpose on faith of a general principle of sorts. That sort of, "talk to people, be social, interact, bla bla bla". The why behind why I chose this habitual principle to begin with has been lost, and with it the nuanced focus has gone off track. I've stopped taking shit, it's true, and this is a good thing. But possibly I've also discovered therein from people's reactions that I am not inherently so valuable, and thus I have no real partners in life.

Well, of course people won't value you when you aren't bringing value but going haphazardly through conversational routine aimlessly. I am feeling now a certain anxiety. I have no friends in whom I can truly and completely confide, and I therefore have no mode of expression and acceptance of who I am. I cannot, however, rely on others for my innermost dependencies. The only person wholly interested in you is you, and it is then with myself that I must confide, and God.

If all these people were to go away, to disappear. If I was face to face with oblivion and God, with no one but myself and He, even then I must be

content. For is this not the base, the foundation upon which my everything relies? And thus again we are taken to the need for purpose. A life condition whose retroactive fulfillment is my condition for happiness, that I recognize as my primary, with others in interactions being secondary to that. In the absence of a God I would select this as “What do I want?”, but in His presence I acknowledge this as 100% overlap of both what I want and what He wants. But how should I judge his desires for me, in determining what I desire for myself? I need to provide value, in career, for one. Not just something as a subjective value to others, but a value that I recognize as I guess legitimate. I’m met again by that feeling I felt starting the 2d game engine project, that I’m worthless. Embarking on a goal will, perhaps, give me worth. Solving difficult problems, ones truly difficult not just nominal and useless goals. We’re not going to find this goal concretely, not yet anyway. But we do need to recognize that it is this goal towards which we must strive and nothing else, even if we can’t articulate that goal quite yet. To that end no one else matters. Again, confronting that I am alone in my pursuit, as is everyone in theirs. To the extent these individual goals overlap, perhaps, we interact, but to seek this fulfillment in others is to repel them, they having no interest in our goal and knowing we are on the wrong path in pursuing them with this. As far as habitual convention is concerned in the avoidance of conflict we interact in disagreement with this truth, but emotionally and subconsciously this is felt.

The conclusion this exploration is heading towards I think is this, that there is some purpose for which I must live and be unashamedly self-occupied in completing. Towards this aim I must strive with everything in my power. I must put all else under this goal, whether they people, pleasure, or anything. Especially relevant in light of tonight’s experience is subjugating people to this end, and communicating on your terms. The proper path being circular in this sense, leading to success in all other avenues, your interactions with people will become better. Acknowledging the true nature of a good relationship, utilizing each other for mutual benefit of our individual goals, or meanings, will make people attracted to you, for your meaning will then overlap with theirs. When you pursue your meaning in these people, however, the lack of overlap is blatant, and your value to them is no more.

Again, we arrive at the need of something concrete, for though it is good to recognize a purpose to which we ignore all else insofar as it doesn’t contribute to this purpose, we must have some basic criteria with which to practice this behavior. Well, and perhaps this is a workaround but perhaps it is legitimate none the less, what if our purpose is *to find a purpose*. To that end we might explore things, work hard in things that seemingly do provide us value, at least in monetary gain and, therefore, means of a purpose’s pursuit, as well as things that are of general benefit, such as looking good, having sex and a viable romantic life, and learning Hebrew, a means to study Judaism which will certainly be a vital tool towards that purpose’s end.

Some things to keep in mind of a purpose might then be this:

To make money, that I have means necessary to pursue this purpose I must demand of myself. – and further to invest in a great money making asset, my mind, through “academic” pursuits of computer science.

To be healthy that I have the physical capacity to pursue this purpose.

To learn Hebrew that I can consume content that will help me to find this purpose.

A key here is that I must demand of myself the pursuit of this purpose, and further that I must demand I subjugate others in and to this pursuit. A request of something that would derail me, of something that does not at all contribute. No. I must reject it, I will clench my chest, ground myself in my core, and prepare for all necessary conflict that may come as a result of rejecting this off-setting force. I am going to pursue this purpose. That is what is going to happen, if you choose to strike do your damn worst I will obliterate you or die trying. I will pursue my purpose with absolute optimal effort, no matter what you do.

And it is thus we pursue that purpose in now going to sleep, pleased with the wise conclusions God has granted me. Whereas my intense emotion was first of anxiety, it is now of love for God. I wish to grant Him the highest praise. I am sick with love for God and I am happy. Thank you.

August 4th, 2019

12:46 am

I just got back from chilling with Matt and his employee Joe. Though I tried to implement some aspects of “don’t talk to people”, I still explained a lot, talking about cold approach and women. What I’ve discovered? Don’t talk to these people unless they specifically ask you to. And even then, only talk to them inasmuch as they request you to do so. You’re time and insights and conversation are worth a hell of a lot more than something to just give away without a request even. Any aims or goals you might have, to expand a cold approach club, to build valuable relationships and friendships, to have someone with whom to discuss your cold approach stuff, none of it is worth the strain and humiliation we incur when we overspeak and beg people to listen to our conversation. No more, I’m making a pathetic fool of myself. If someone wants something from me, they’ll have to come get it. They’ll have to add to my life. There is no reason I should prostrate myself to others. Let them contribute to me equally or more than I contribute to them, because yea, I’m fucking worth it.

Practical steps to take, have in mind always when talking to someone, “what are you offering me in this conversation?” “Are you worth my time?” “Do I see something in you and are you contributing to me enough that I should risk

my interests in imparting to you what wisdom I may have?” “what have you said about yourself, that I should reveal something about myself?”

Always err on the side of silence and maintain that they must earn your endearment, must earn your speech, that they must earn your wisdom and ideas.

Further, I will add, this is a very important and necessary step in developing into an alpha who is desired, which is necessary for making people feel good and being gregarious as you like to. Attention is only valuable when it is not free. It must be earned. When an alpha speaks, people listen, because he makes himself and his words valuable. We’ve for a long time now, felt subconsciously that we are fucking up when we speak too much, when we give our words away without value. We ignore the voice and give in to your emotions, which want to talk. We need to listen to this voice. It is wisdom.

August 11th, 2019

12:54 pm

Again, I’m dealing with a form of nihilism. I am sort of lost in my mission again, especially in the specifics of what to do as a personal project or free time. I have found, however, that I should definitely pursue standup. I’ve also found though that at least lately my social skills have been way off in that I’m talking too much as we observed before. I’m not teaching philosophy though, this time I’ve just been entertaining. It really all aligns. We’ve been “shit on” for so long that we can no longer afford to be talking more than the other person. See if they want to talk to you about things. If they don’t, they aren’t worth your time. We learn from others when they speak, not when we do. It is an over-defense, but a necessary one until we can be adequately fortified.

Back to the issue of our nihilism, we will remind ourselves we’re pursuing a sort of wisdom, to perceive truly, and that it is the pursuit and progress toward this goal that brings us the absence of much suffering that we may find a contentment, along with the fulfillment of these needs in themselves. Further, that mastering the physical aspects of life, addressing the needs common and essential to all men is the first step in achieving any sort of prophecy. These needs being our health/diet/exercise, our work capability, and our social success with both men and women. One sure aspect of our short term plan is keeping our diet and exercise program. Another is keeping the mind clear that it may think adequately and, very importantly, pursue the creative ideas and products which provide for us career potential or personal enrichment.

To that end, we need to once again cut out entertainment feeds. In short, we can’t be happy when consuming them because we will always suffer when our mental acuity is weakened as a result, and when we are so fatigued that all progress toward anything enriching or career providing comes to a screeching,

ugly halt. Even if we need suffer bored the whole day only to do a small amount of work, we can go to the next day knowing we made some progress and not feeling a need to upheave our program of stagnation.

As far as interpersonal relationships go, we must continue to cold approach and standup, that sort of thing, but also be strict when interacting with others, especially men. Strict perhaps isn't the best term, but cognizant of the reality of the dynamic. There's zero reason we need to take shit. A lot of people like us, a lot of people value us, like a lot. If people don't demonstrate an interest in talking to you, don't demonstrate an interest in talking to them.

Practically speaking, what we'll do today then is perhaps meander and relax still, maybe cook something, but work towards a project. Also clean the room. Further investigate coding, that sort of thing. Do errands, to do list stuff.

To conclude the motivation bits.

Why we shouldn't consume the entertainment feeds:

We can't be happy when consuming them because we will always suffer when our mental acuity is weakened as a result, and when we are so fatigued that all progress toward anything enriching or career providing comes to a screeching, ugly halt. Even if we need suffer bored the whole day only to do a small amount of work, we can go to the next day knowing we made some progress and not feeling a need to upheave our program of stagnation.

Why we should stick to our diet/exercise program:

Mastering the needs of our life is a necessary prerequisite to prophecy, and we must then feel healthy and look good so we might attract women and better address that need.

August 15th, 2019

10:20pm

On Tuesday night we had a bad relapse, but were able to save ourselves. Going from such a low, we've gotten a haircut today and with that new image has been allowed a new attitude. Cold approach went exceedingly well, and I am far more content with my appearance matching who I want to be. I especially wanted to document how we observed the a'beed approach, very masculine and demanding, and incorporated that into our own approach. When the girl is far away, don't walk towards her but say "come here", even insist on it and they come. Very much frame control.

I also want to address our work situation. There's no more point in trying to hide or feel bad about our lack of progress. Be honest about it and ready for conflict. I'm not taking any shit, I'm not apologizing. If they fire me so fucking well be it, I don't care. Do some work when your there, try and do

what you can. That's all. Bring the c book for when you want to die. That's all we can do

August 23rd, 2019

11:03am

Last night we wrote a damage report and had essentially a relapse, eating protein bars and that sort of thing. Today we vowed no social media and I definitely feel much more relaxed. Fuck all of that, create content by writing. Make guides of whatever.

October 11th, 2019

9:01am

I opted to write this in the journal because I don't want that same frame of damage report, I need to settle my thoughts freely. Since I've been sick, really, things have been shit. I've been gaining fat, I haven't been able to work out, the only saving grace has been the frat. Except, they don't even fucking like me. To my pledge brothers I'm a clown. To the brothers I'm fucking weird. I don't give a shit anymore. And no, I shouldn't have in the back of my head "oh, now I won't give a shit and then they'll like me". No, fuck that. Do not stay where you aren't welcome, ever, ever, ever. It's not fucking worth it. We are feeling again first hand that shit, bottom of your gut, feeling of prostration and it's not worth it. Either the people in the frat like me, or they fucking don't and they can fuck right off and I get back to the individuals who do like me.

In truth this past week and a half since I've been back has culminated into an inevitable and perhaps rightful depression. I haven't done anything worth anything, I don't have many real friends at this time, and my prospects with women are certainly in the toilet. I think this calls for a monk mode. Social attendance and focus will be relegated to what is necessary for the frat, nothing more. The focus becomes inward, on myself. I need to get my shit in order, do things I want to do, further my own career, my own prospects, my own peace of mind and contentment.

Naturally, this involves lifting. All this repressed frustration need be expressed. Further, I need to be improving my physique again. It very frankly pissed me off to be fat right now. I'm wasting my shit away at this frat while my body literally deteriorates. No, that is not the mission. We don't sacrifice the fucking mission. At the end of the day, it is all you have. I don't have friends of the fraternity, I don't have women, I don't have nothing except God. And the mission is the pursuit of him to some extent. It is what I want to do with my life to feel content. You only have your own decisions, and deciding to

do something that matters is the only thing that matters, fuck everyone and anyone else.

My cravings for candy and crap are also an enemy. An enemy to my happiness, an enemy to the prospect of an end of suffering. Not worth it. As much as we'd love to starve and say fuck you to it all, however, we need to eat. Stick to a system. Yogurt with Ezekiel, you're hate of it will maybe even let us express this darkness in your heart. Darkness as a loss of faith near totally in others and the systems they provide. Regardless, a system must be made. A designed default of the food I eat and that's it. Something doable and providing proper nutrition.

Further if there is any happiness or even peace in my current moderately depressive state it is in the clarity with which I now see my life. What the priorities are, what must be done, and what must be avoided. It is known to us that the various entertainment feeds will steal from us this clarity. They will cloud our thoughts and judgements that we don't see what is directly before us, that we waste away in a good little blind box, blind to the life that is being destroyed by our misbehavior. Imagery of a drunken man regressing to a baby comes to mind. Totally oblivious and very clearly malcontent, but he just doesn't know. He cannot see what is the truth before him. I must keep this lens clear, no matter what. I very desperately don't want to fall to the same patterns of last year, of mediocrity and suffering. I want to be buff and looking excellent, but further I want to have much success in my career, in programming. I want to make money and eventually study torah. All of those things are material gain and are ultimately meaningless. The clarity with which we perhaps now see things, that is all that matters. So long as we maintain this clarity we might live out our days observing.

October 23rd, 2019

9:52 pm

Today I did indulge in some crap, some youtube or twitter or reddit, but stuck well to my diet and gym program. I didn't have balls to approach most girls, but I was close. I contacted some girls on my phone and got not real responses – they aren't so interested. Today, I didn't feel loved but I also feel more in touch with my emotions. I feel there's a path forward. Unhappiness paired with content and tranquility is truly not a bad program.

November 4th, 2019

2:10 pm

I'm eager to study philosophy again, that life philosophy which I consider and explore by necessity. It aligns my mind.

November 5th, 2019

12:28 am

Looking back on my past journals I see how far away contentment truly is. Even when disciplined, I'll still be unhappy. Even in the greatest successes, I reckon I'll still be unhappy. I perhaps should give up on happiness, perhaps even on contentment too. All the things I'm doing, I'm doing to pursue happiness or contentment, but perhaps I should accept everlasting discontent and cry out to God for salvation through good action.

November 6th, 2019

12:39 pm

Journal check in. That same fatigue has overwhelmed me. My physical faculties perhaps need work, or perhaps my mind needs to adjust to the fact that this isn't a time for rest. Losing weight is always a rather lethargic thing. It's ok if we don't do much this semester.

November 7th, 2019

11:17 am

Journal Check in. Woke up earlier today which is good. Still tired, still not wanting to do work. Still have that inclination towards crap. Haven't touched Zarathustra because reading seems so unbearably boring before actually doing it. That's because I'm thinking about it beforehand, I shouldn't think about things before I do them, I should just do them. Your powers of predicting experience are weak and inaccurate – yet how much we use them for making decisions.

November 8th, 2019

12:27 pm

Journal Check in. Today was a slow start in getting up. It has been troubling me that I acted like a child last night at the meeting. I don't want to be a child. I want to be someone who has respect and doesn't need to act like a clown to garner other's attention. Fuck that, I must become content alone once again. Go into all of it as if you're not going to interact with anyone at all. I need a break for a week. If they come to you and control the conversation as if to tell me something, fine. Otherwise, my lips are bloody sealed.

November 9th, 2019

7:50 pm

Post Shabbat journal check in. I succumbed to simple pleasures again today and binged on food to the extent allowed by my diet. I very seriously considered fapping and felt that same emptiness of addiction. It didn't feel like there was any way to go on without them, no droll to occupy my mind. At the same time, it definitely made me compulsive again, something I'll have to struggle to switch back. Relying on people is no good either because you'll inevitably interact in a beta way, giving more mental grief than it's worth. Next shabbat lets try making up some task to do to keep busy.

November 10th, 2019

11:33 am

Journal Check in. I woke up sick today with a slightly sore throat. I won't be going to the gym, but I need to make sure I don't succumb to all the bullshit again. It's better to get sicker physically than mentally. Every time I'm sick all my programs go down the tubes and I don't even get that much better.

December 8th, 2019

10:20 am

The day after Christmas party. It's interesting how things have come full circle. How one persistent wrong thing in one domain ultimately manifests itself in another, as if a symptom of a sick organism. Perhaps my subconscious, desiring the explication of the problem, forced through my actions a problem to occur. I believe I got drunk out of an addiction to pleasure, but maybe it was, too, a subconscious motive to bring to the forefront the cloaked elephant in the room. I am pathetic to my frat brothers, I don't respect myself and they then don't respect me. I'm always weary of the social disparity, of the "what if they don't like me" possibility. The solution, as we know, is to escalate as much as you want – and perhaps your want should be finite – until they stop you, then take two steps back. With Rosa and Jaime and Sammy in the summer we did this in a platonic relationship scale by holding radio silence. The relationship was destroyed and built from the ground up on a new frame. I definitely need to do this with my frat brothers. Absolute radio silence. Not a fucking word. Attend chapter, initiate zero contact. It's better for all sides, as we know, but it's ok if it is done and expressed with anger or resentment for now.

I also want to mention, I was nearly begging for a reaction to my shit, I was begging for someone to blow up at me because it communicates love and caring. No one blew up because, to that extent, no one cares. This isn't a fault, there aren't sides in that lack of caring. It is simply self-interested

individuals being self-interested, just as I too am self-interested. Rejection is not an affront but a natural result of differing incentives and social market values.

Alongside that radio silence, we also really need to work on productivity and getting shit done. How are we to be competent productive members of society, or even just financially secure, in our current lazy state? This isn't some natural disposition, this is developed and learned behavior. We should design something to mimic a work environment. Arrive at library by 9 am, take a lunch hour at 11:30, then return to work until 4, then exercise. That's 6 hours, very easy. The days should fly by and my productivity should increase, and slowly I should return to a solid state of mind and hopefully a solid state of life. Today we should focus on ensuring we have enough work, including getting everything we need to get work done.

11:48 am

Considering all these events for the past however many hours, I'm starting to feel paralyzed again. That I may get me-too'd, I may get kicked out of the frat. The scene on the roof where I took out my dick and she wasn't about it is what scares me. At the end of the day, I must face the possibility that my college career is over, that I'm kicked out of the frat, that my parents are severely disappointed with me, possibly even jail time, etc. etc. If that possibility is to happen, there is nothing I can do. It is already done. Whatever life I have is the perfection of existence as given to you by God and your past self.

If your life was to end now, if you were to lose everything and had to sit in a jail cell for the next however many years, you do your best and that's it. Don't be daunted by the necessity of living through a life of shit. If our soul truly lives on in a manner not dissimilar to how it exists here, it's all going to be the same in the end anyway, same as now that is. All of this thinking and worry and bla bla bla, it's all in human conception and abstraction anyway. Can't we just ignore all that and focus on the present? Is that feasible?

December 10th, 2019

12:37 pm

I tried to address my productivity, but perhaps the first problem I should address is my entertainment feed addictions. I can feel them fogging my mind and weakening my body, always tired without the "fix". So we cut off the dopamine and embrace discomfort. Not just from internet use but from everything.

9:58pm

Now I'm sick, and I was drawn towards watching movies, relaxing in bed, and eating garbage. Just because we're sick doesn't mean we sacrifice the mission.

Unless there is legitimate reason to, continue not to consume garbage, continue to eat right, continue to do work when you can. Perhaps don't work out, but otherwise stick to the plan.

December 23rd, 2019

8:47 pm

I will briefly address our mind has been lost entirely to immediate gratification and comfort. Our thought is mostly occluded. I don't know or perceive or realize as much as I can. Any greatness is no longer desired for or really fathomed. In any event, I know that I do desire that greatness and freedom, and I especially don't want to end up like my father – stuck and bitter and seemingly helpless. No way in dick do I want to believe my financial capability limits me. And so, in these few precious moments we have left, I would very much like to make something of myself. Seemingly a newfound emotional yearning toward that making of myself is rising, which is nice, but we know too well it will soon flee. When I'm left desiring to the point of physical discomfort, assorted immediate gratification, when I'm starving or nauseous or tired – how will I behave in a way to make something of myself. The metric I think is very easily productivity, so how do I stay productive? Even if I made money with Judah, it's not really something that would make me happy or proud or accomplished – that's really just shooting arrows into the ocean until one hits a damn fish. No, I should produce and live, be en route to accomplishment and actualizing into an actual someone. Manifesting all my pent up individuality. It's not a matter of lacking individuality, it's simply putting the damn paint on the canvas. Bloody enough, just do something.

That expression said, without too much emotion which is perhaps good news for it's consistency, what is a practical plan of action. I know things should be considered in terms of positive and not negative benefit, but we should be off reddit and youtube and Minecraft and that sort of thing firstly. Secondly, we need to exercise, of bloody course we need to exercise – the best time to do it being when exceedingly tired as a pick me up. Thirdly, in order to facilitate that physical exertion the diet, of course, has to be right. No bullshit. Fourth, we need to get shit done. Responsibilities, tasks, whatever they may be – just push through fatigue. We've been fatigued our whole life, why? Because we succumb to it in the first place. Tell fatigue and physical limits to go fuck themselves and perhaps they will. I know for a fact we will never be as productive as we ought to be if we don't address this problem of chronic fatigue. It's not in diet, it's not in some physical attribute – it is all about the mental decision to move forward or lie down.

So, in conclusion

1- No entertainment feeds/ video games

2- Work out

3- Eat right

4- Battle fatigue with action.

5- Also, don't be a bitch. Don't interact with sisters or Sammy for a long time. Notice how hard it is – that means you really shouldn't do it that you'll experience change.

Lets apply these new practical things right now, not in morning bullshit. It works at any time of day. Lots of things need doing, and we shouldn't rest until a time. Midnight is good. So now go home, shit, shower, and start organizing your room and belongings. Then, decide a book and start reading. Then comparch. Then bloody sleep. Break.

January 1st, 2020

1:24 am

This is after the new years party.

Over the past week I've seen some success productively. I'm not entirely addicted to immediate gratification and sugar, but I haven't been perfect. I've watched a lot of tv, I've eaten crackers, chips, that sort of thing for a while, and I've been ODing on cream and barista drinks. I've grown fat, I've grown boring, I've grown unattractive, and I still feel its sting after the sudden adjustment of my surroundings to what has become of my inner reality. In fairness, that sounds like a load of essentialist whoreshit, but I'm too tired to care to analyze it so deeply. All I know is I need to get skinny, I need to continue to be productive, and I need to read. I need to build myself up and perhaps after that address social things. Really, I'm in dire need of a monk mode. The specifics of how I will address these three goals, fitness (lose weight), productivity (coding), and reading/abstaining from entertainment feeds, these specifics I'll leave out of the journal. One thing for certain is I need to exercise and wake up at a consistent time. 5:30 or earlier is ideal for this now. I need to get on a schedule outside of people.

January 8th, 2020

9:02 pm

Have just gotten back from the gym.

Things have been going very well and, to an extent, very not so well. It is the not so well that has prompted me to write this journal. I say prompted but it is more nagged. I've felt it for most of the past week. Although we've been, compared to recent times, exceedingly productive and well on a diet/gym

plan, there have been some problems. Of course, I refer to the more red pill social problems. The goochie goo shit with Sammy, for instance. Our prostration to our family, having resurfaced. Our moderate inability to socialize, especially emphasized by the new years party. Most of that remains. I also refer to some issues still with my productivity, after I had the hot chocolate esque drink I became very hyper and incapable of work. I've been still watching tv most nights after I've done some work in the day and am too tired to do much else. I also haven't been reading as much as I should, and have perhaps been too much on reddit.

As far as concerned with comparch study and things like that, keep progressing. Next project will be perhaps standup or competitive coding. Also, be strict with vim. Disable mouse=a in our vimrc, get github going, and set up vim on the pc.

With diet and exercise, keep going. We will yet have a body in which we can place confidence. Keep things strict, however. 2 drinks a day, period. One cappuccino and one tea latte, finish. Also, investigate possible ways to incorporate more protein into the diet.

With reading, we need to do more, and it can't just be when we're about to go to bed and are too tired to read well, or the content of the book wakes us up and we don't fall asleep for a while. Tomorrow, after we've woken up and showered and would normally browse reddit, lets drive to the park or somewhere and read there. That period when everyone's still sleeping so I can't use my facilities to work.

With people, be cognizant of over investing. Whether it's the recursion inclination or habit or whatever it is, don't over invest. This is no longer driven by an angered resentment or frustration. It's from the fact that I know it is best for me, and I also am growing increasingly apathetic towards my siblings. What do they do for me that I couldn't live without? Because I know I can't live well without respect, so unless in my subordination and prostration I receive in return something more valuable than that, the answer is to demand respect at the short term, or even long term, loss of the relationship.

And with that we can close the journal. No intense emotions, no deep pensive thought and analysis of "what the fuck is going on". It's rather peaceful, almost boring. It's through the repetition of this vanilla boredom, however, that we may culminate in peaceful, powerful brilliance.

Closing out, there is actually another thought I want to express. The idea of we are ok, flawed as we are, is sinking in again, and I'm espousing the reality of what and who I am. When trying to sever relationships with Sammy and others, he will near violently pester me with further interaction. We can expect this violent pestering to continue as we now increase our efforts and attempt to demand respect with dedication. We must hold frame. What is this frame. "I'm ok as I am, what you say or think is silly, funny, with no

impact on practical reality. I am what I am, whether that is Billy Beta or worthless slob or what have you.

After reading some of my past journals:

In some of my most emotional and intense moments, I come back always to the fact that the ultimate pursuit must be wisdom, knowledge, understanding. It is to observe with security and peace, that is all. To understand we must act. To see we must experience. Ah, I'm feeling a slight confusion come on. Perhaps this idea is too complex or deep to address just yet. Just keep in mind our prior conclusions, our practical steps to take towards a good life, prioritizing the lack of prostration.

It's just been revealed to me slightly in how we might execute that defense against prostration, it's simply in the definition of what is demanding respect and what isn't. Lead. Operate on your terms exclusively. Before I was thinking in responses only. "oh no, what will he do next", but that is the wrong thinking. I should be thinking "what will I do, what will I allow and disallow. How will I steer and captain the interaction effectively?". Greet people, say hello, then dismiss them and move on. Simply. Don't wait for them. The Sages describe a man who greets others before they him. It's not out of politeness, it is to govern the interaction, to conquer it and operate it on one's terms. One who has the courage and desire to take the wheel often will do good for both parties, and thus this conquest of the good king is encouraged to all. I would be more than happy to submit to a competent frame if one such existed, but alas it is, almost by design, rare. And even then, I would need to be my own person. Even in consideration, it doesn't make sense in my head as a frame perfectly aligning to my own is near impossible. If not simply for momentary circumstantial differences in emotional balances. Every man is meant to captain a ship for himself.

January 9th, 2020

9:14 pm

Today started out ok, not great. I woke up far too late, then got to work but only on navigating windows vim and windows context menus. I still haven't even gotten windows vim to work properly, only gvim.

I was very very close to fapping. I watched youtube and crap again. This is not how we want to exist. Don't take for granted experience of life and progress we've had recently. Don't take for granted how quickly and peacefully the days have gone by, where before each day was agony. Day after day of headache, stagnation, decay. Rejection from women. Prostration to men. The deepest and most profound emotions I've ever felt, only being the direct result of my own shit status, of my own absolute and petty mediocrity. I can't let this continue.

As much as I now want to go to sleep, I know I need prove myself. Going to the gym right now is truly the last thing I want to do. Perhaps it's physically even suboptimal. But, change in action never comes without change in mind. Going to the gym right now, slow burn or normal, however I do it, it's a big fat fuck you to the mediocrity. It's a big fat fuck you to descending into the warm cozy life I would so normally just descend back into as I go to school, then face the horrors and anxieties of stagnation and lack of ability. FUCK THAT. Fuck it. I've lived virtually my whole fucking life this way and we know how shit it is. How can we not?

What are the practical steps then? First, see if we can get command line vim working so we don't have to deal with that crap in the morning. Then Gym, then sleep. 4:30 tomorrow we're going for a run dick face.

January 11th, 2020

8:56 pm

After shabbat.

Shabbat was not spent great, not horrible though. I watched a lot of youtube and crap, wasn't super productive coding wise. Also failed in repeatedly acting childish and prostrating myself to family (Ma). I stuck to nofap ok enough.

What's slightly bothering me is my interview with AT&T. This will need to be addressed better tomorrow. But, in truth, there is nothing to worry about. I need to be upfront about everything, no lies, I took the semester off this past semester because of double pneumonia – out of commission for 3 weeks. If you're honest about it and present it right there should be no problem. That is who you are after all, if they can't take that well tough shit I can't lie. Further, if all things considered they don't want me I won't have them. I'll enforce the frame that I'm excellent for them, and I'm extremely excited to start working – which I am. If they reject that frame so be it.

Logistically we'll have to make sure our wardrobe is ready, and also study our resume. Bring the 2d game ready on your laptop.

I think we'll be ready. Envisioning the conversations now, I'm having a good time. Feeling the energy in my heart.

January 16th, 2020

9:04 pm

Last journal, when considering the interview, we said we felt the energy in our heart, and so did Hansika, our interviewer, and others at AT&T. We have the job.

This is good, but in light of that high, however, we've fell into shit. Yesterday and today were pretty much exclusively unproductive days, and now school is coming up where we'll just be busy all the time. Competitive coding is a great pursuit if we can study it in a meaningful way.

The mantra is to keep doing. The less we do the more we crumble. The quality of what we do is almost negligible, so long as we seek to first do and then improve what we do. There is also, conversely, what we don't do. For entertainment feed garbage is positively doing nothing, actively not doing.

January 31st, 2020

12:31 pm

Experiences of the past few days have been too disparate to organize well under a few abstractions so I won't attempt here to summarize them, as I shouldn't. What's prompting me now to write this is an anger and strong emotion. Last night, and I suppose many previous nights too, I've been just taking too much shit. At points I'll feel independent, like I don't give a damn. At other times I'll fall into habit of perhaps over investing, of perhaps caring and subordinate myself. Or maybe what's bothering me is a general malaise of everything. My emotions at present are simply I don't really give a shit. I'm underscored by anger. Then, of course, I'm only able to stop giving a shit because of shits given in the past, and the moment my DGAF attitude anticipates a conflict with the cozy system that's been setup for me I immediately back it down and play the character until I feel it safe again to not give a fuck. That behavior is being a pussy. And, of course, now considering this mindset, when some ideal philosophies and mindsets become too complex to hold in our head, we turn to self-interest. And then we think "what is in our interests", then we lose touch with the socializing habits of normalcy, start being autistic, get scared, and revert back to the essential we know, which is inevitably overinvestment.

We can't have this malaise attitude; it gets us nowhere but the above bullshit loop. Take control of the moment, direct that anger into a lack of mercy or consideration for the person from whom you are conquering the moment that it is most pleasing to you. Instead of taking some moral high ground for an external observer, really being yourself or God, to give you bonus points, actually manifest the lack of caring by placing your bet on something. There are no points given for potential. Don't think "I'll do what my emotions want in this moment and if you don't like it fuck you". That is a rather bluepill idea of self-interest. We understand to a significantly practical extent how people behave. Use that knowledge combined with a consciously identified self interest. We need be more than just self-interested, we need to be interested in the right self.

And then, of course, we shouldn't get too lost in the Machiavellian aspect of things, because true self interest as far as others are concerned is ideally a mutual benefit. So a lack of consideration or mercy must be granted for the few times we're screwing someone over, but most of the time it should be compassion towards firstly yourself and secondly others, that both parties' benefit.

Now, as far as girls are concerned, for example that one girl Anushka, I don't believe the sort of radio silence pouty beta thing is quite right, but it's certainly better than overinvesting. Regarding that, I so hate taking it up the ass. No more. I want to hold in all my interaction that females are worth jack dick squiddly shit. Hold standards for if they earn the right to waste your time fucking. It's a large investment setting up logistics for a girl. Let the girl invest in you and earn her fucking keep if you're to take charge, take her needy ass aboard your ship, and captain it now with her needs in mind. Not every girl is worth it, and the more they make it easy for you to captain the ship, the easier can be the decision to bring them aboard. If they cause problems, fuck em. Don't matter if they're a 2 or a 10, they all pale in comparison to the glory of God at the end of the day. They're not jack diddly dick to the true pleasures of using the muscle of the mind and finding love for God.

Delete the numbers, damn that feels good. We're hitting the right notes with that fuck. Perhaps even better than sex, no almost certainly better. I feel alive. Fuck that bitch.

February 3rd, 2020

7:58 am

The current status is, yesterday I was mostly unproductive though I went to the gym. I got tired after a bit and tried to sleep around 6pm. I couldn't sleep and fapped, then fapped 3 more times ultimately to porn.

I think that failure, as failure usually is, was an inevitable surfacing of a deeper issue, though how much deeper I'm not sure. I wasn't very focused last week and certainly felt the low level lobster status I've created for myself at the frat. That feeling of being underscored by anger, it has always lead to trouble. To some extent I've lost touch with some motivation I might remember having a few weeks ago. Just by acting out the motions, however, I'm again starting to see the apparent incentive. I'm feeling uncertain, however. My fear is that this uncertainty will lead me to give in when things inevitably get tough, if only for a short while.

One motivation which seemed promising is a view of the world as a blank canvas. Every consciousness is a painter, we can put colors here or there. You can dick around for a while, painting in circles because it's fun, or you can put your efforts towards a deliberate art. The question then comes, I suppose, what's the point of doing either, and we're back in the same nihilistic loop.

After reading some of my previous journals, perhaps investigating the motivation I had that prompted me to get my shit back together at new years, I've become quite content with just the calm of it all. The tranquility. Why do work, provide for yourself, keep moving forward? Well, simply that we might enjoy the climb higher, and take security in the fact that as long as we move forward we will be free of most worry.

Why relieve yourself of addictions and pleasures? Because they bring worry, they threaten your tranquility. But this itself, ironically being of tranquility, brings to me some worry that it isn't sufficient incentive or motivation that my life won't fall apart again. Needn't there be some positive incentive, rather than negative? Do we not need to run towards, instead of away, from something (or at least do both)? One thing missing from this equation, I think, is people. We've sworn off our frat brothers as a defense and logical, automatic response to their seeming rejection of us, but we must maintain that, perhaps within some merely practically objective truth (to address a Buddhist emptiness), this rejection is self caused and has potential to be rectified. If they are not the problem, but I am, then long term I should be able to rectify myself and refriend and reincorporate them into my life, and most importantly any potential person of similar value, status, and modes of interaction.

In short, we had sworn off the pursuit of high value (socially) since those of high value rejected us. But, really, we should be pursuing high value, even if at present we are rejected by the high value society, and their favor is seemingly impossible to re-attain. For one, we should be pursuing high value with others besides those that have witnessed you in the shit. High value transcends the fraternity, it is with all people. It's true, the fraternity is a concentration of high value people, however there's more besides Rutgers. I've taken a position that people in the fraternity are almost fundamentally different from those outside it, not because of a hazing or anything like that, but because they are social and can interact warmly, socially, and irrationally – something you don't see in most people. They have fun, and maintain high value. This capacity, however, even if not expressed in most people, I must believe is present in everyone. And, further, as a result there are high value individuals from whom to attain and express your own value that are worthwhile. Further, the frat will inevitably become less important in my life after I graduate, and my own value will shine through the circles I enter and maintain later in my career. I should then build myself up into a valuable individual by my own standards. My physical manifestation, itself, being the canvas. Build my mind, my mannerisms, my body, my possessions into an art piece of a person. Design it like an artist would his art.

February 6th, 2020

12:03 am (night of Feb 5th)

I was very close to fapping tonight. I found myself trying to remember why I didn't and very vaguely connecting with that yearning for something better. The intense sadness and malcontent I've felt in the past. Has my life really that much improved from then? Sure, I've gained some amount of productivity and career success, though not to a standard I would really hope or enjoy enthusiastically. I've gained an amount of social success and have slept with women finally, but I still don't have any consistent sex and my frat brothers don't really respect me. I'm still socially quite broken. Physically I've gotten much better, but even when I do hit abs I don't think all that much will be different.

Perhaps we know from past that whatever you are seeking doesn't exist. Whatever we achieve becomes the new default, and a greater achievement is yearned for. It's true, we've been through this logic, the journey itself must be the destination. Well fuck, that really doesn't lead to any solution – but there must be a solution.

Start again. I was close to fapping, and then I thought on why I didn't in the past, and slightly reconnected with that intense emotion, that yearning for something better, that initially prompted me to pursue it. My life was such trash back then, and maybe to a large extent it still is. Well, have we ever really gone all out to break out of the shit hole? I don't think so. Maybe we've attempted it, but we didn't really commit. Lets clarify some components of the best life we can live right now and see where it goes.

1- Work hard, effectively, creatively, and sufficiently. Get shit done, express yourself.

2- Make yourself sexy, fit, an attractive personage.

3- Read books, to make yourself interesting and to explore with your mind interesting things. To interact, also, with the world.

4- Take up an art form? Some mode of self expression? What would I feasibly take up? I think writing. We can start with short stories for fun, see where it goes. Goal is to convey an emotion. Further on this point, perhaps the secret to social interaction is that it, itself, is an art form, arbitrary but still requiring the artists hand to make beautiful.

From this ideal, what are perhaps practical steps to be taken?

Firstly, we can say we need to get all our work in order. Prepare for software meth stuff tomorrow. Finish studying algo, really understand it.

Second, we can say continue to gym, eat right, etc. But our diet is out of control in regards to cough drops and gum. Cut it all out. We shouldn't need it, if you don't have it you simply wont need it. Also, we should be strict on our calories restriction. No need for protein shakes during off days, I think. Barbecue sauce is also literally just corn syrup. Out. Bread with hummus

chicken is a meal. Two pieces of bread is ok I think, otherwise we crave the carbs. Lets up the cardio, however. When we do 2 a days we really feel proper.

Third, on reading, this has always been tough. We need to implement strong goals here. Start with 30 minutes a day after a meal.

Fourth, writing. Come up with ideas for 20 minutes maybe. Right before a meal. This can be put off if we really want.

February 7th, 2020

12:56 am

I wasn't going to write a journal just now. I opened this document, closed it, and had a tab open to go to some other site, but felt a headache come on, a fatigue. All the busyness of the virtual world, of really most things external it seems, all seem meaningless. I'm approaching an almost nihilistic fatigue. If we can channel this fatigue into a disregard for all that, in truth, brings you no benefit and a then unapologetic regard and aggressive conquest for that which does give you benefit, that would be good. Otherwise this feeling might manifest into a nihilism and inevitable relapse. Further, we find ourselves bordering again on a general malaise of anger and resentment. "This is all shit anyway, the fuck would I care about you or anyone else? I know what I need to do to perhaps make this slightly more bearable, I'll do that in my peace." But perhaps consider no one is out to get you, we're all pursuing the same thing really. You interact with them, and they interact with you. We are all the same variety of people, don't think you're any special or different. That bit I think is slightly relevant, but didn't go anywhere in the end. As far as practical steps, etc, and maybe I'm rushing this so as to settle things in my head and sleep peacefully, but it would be good to settle things no? Anyway, need we not fall back on the tried and true methods of benefitting our life? Wake up early, read, lift, cold approach, work hard, make your days fly by. Notice the one big glaring thing in our face, the cold approach. It's so bloody horrifying, it really always is. Logistically, how would I go to a mall? Where would I find time? Further, most of the girls at malls are young, perhaps too young? And our fundraising position – it's very easy. Do your best and if you flop, let the fraternity handle it.

I'm too tired for now. Lets see if I'll be able to sleep yet.

February 11th, 2020

7:26 am

Over the weekend I relapsed badly, and yesterday just played games and fapped last night. I've been good on the diet since the weekend though, and

yesterday resolved to get my shit together by means of a sleep schedule. So I woke up at 5:30 yesterday, after going to sleep around 3 or 4, and slept well at 9pm last night, waking up today at 5:30. I'm now resolving to get my shit together by means of this journal, and investigating how we might now implement an optimal lifestyle, our sleep schedule being a foundation of that now set.

Firstly, I feel much better waking up early. I feel awake and present, and the life progress also brings me some peace. We outlined in one of the last few journals that we want to read difficult things again. Effectively, perhaps its equivalent to studying. How then should we handle priorities? Maybe like gym? Assume it first being done, then work around that? No, I think it can be read casually. Fit in somewhere 30 minutes a day. Lets try right after morning journal. It's not a late night cram thing, that's more along the lines of school.

To address entertainment feeds, we really need to address that desire and urge to browse whatever, the illusion of connectedness. Satisfy that desire for awareness by *asking people of their experience*. Ask them what's new, ask them if they've heard anything interesting. Let their sphere of concern become your news source. This is how information is supposed to spread, it creates such a wonderful society. Technology has ruined that to an extent. So, then, when we are feeling an urge to know something or be entertained – ask someone about what's going on. This doubly will improve your social skills and interactions.

That's it for today I think. I'm emotionally not so directed towards a task anymore, maybe I'm fatigued. When emotions don't guide you, the best thing is to just do what you know is right I suppose.

February 12th, 2020

7:27 am

Yesterday I wrote two things. One, that we should just read Horizontal Society casually, and that's working well even though we may not absorb every detail. And two, that we should rely on other people for entertainment, and that worked only ok. I'm not so great at getting information and finding things I'm interested out of people, it turns out, so I did a bit of supplicating and seemingly interaction for the sake of interaction. Further, sometimes I was just tired and didn't have the energy to go extract entertainment from someone, or what they could offer couldn't compare to the high dopamine rush of digital entertainment, so perhaps that only means I need time to re-adjust my dopamine. It's then very important I continue to abstain from both technology and fapping for that dopamine readjustment purpose.

I also came to a few other conclusions, or rather re-discovered them as they're ideas I've stumbled across before. That is, emotion is a choice, a

product of conscious outlook. If we can choose to have positive or negative emotions, choose positive ones – or, rather, the optimal emotional disposition (perhaps one espousing Maimonides middle path or something). Be, perhaps not elated, but content at all times – and never anger unless it suits you (which, it's hard to imagine any scenario in which it does). After looking this up, Maimonides seems to agree anger is never useful and is, in fact, a hindrance to higher understanding which makes perfect sense.

The other conclusion I came to, more in line with the social manipulations I was considering and investigating in the summer, is the value of love for people. If someone loves you, for some reason biological or instinctual (or both), you cannot hate them. It even becomes difficult to dislike them. Someone who loves you seems the exact opposite of a threat, if anything you exercise at a minimum pity for them, if not an amount of reverence for you have similar interests in that you both like you. But, this automatic conclusion we make isn't exactly accurate. Someone who loves you is not necessarily totally non threatening, nor totally aligned with your interests. Someone who loves you can be a real threat, and this is where the biological response can be nobly exploited.

We could fake love, but why not genuinely espouse it, like the Buddhist? By exercising love towards all people, **but not necessarily respecting them**, everyone will be kind and warm and amicable towards you while you are still acting within your interests. You can stab them in the belly, a warm smile on your face and love in your heart for their being (without attachment, of course), and unless they consciously analyze your behavior and reframe your love in their head as disguised contempt, they will respond as we have described, that is, completely disregarding you as a threat to their interests.

Does this mean we should use love in some psychotic way to exploit people, murdering with love in our hearts? Obviously no, but it does mean we should act self interested **and** love others, especially when **our interests don't line up, or conflict, with their interests**. By loving them you are delighted at what they have created for themselves, at the book of this world God has written them into. Of course, we are still primarily concerned with our own character, but we can be pleasantly amused, delighted, and grateful for the stimulation of others (as a ketab) along the way amidst the plethora of interpretations available from which to view them (mikhtab).

That's all for today I think. A good journal, I'm happy.

February 13th, 2020

9:40 am

Party last night went very well. I was a bit beta with regard to certain pledges, and that must be addressed even if not articulated here, but

otherwise had a lot of fun. I lead the interactions with energy and had them go as I wanted them to. It's important not to get sucked into the pleasure, however. The most pleasurable possibility would be to remain both disciplined and fun. To create discipline within the party life itself, that we don't flip from disciplined state to all out emotionality at parties. It shouldn't be something extra-curricular to your routine, it should be incorporated.

I'm also noticing I'm not having many insights right now. My mind is just moving, but I don't know or control exactly where. Almost like I've been over-caffeinated. I'm now seeing how this was/is a product of leaving the sphere of my discipline and introspection at the party. Don't let everything go, don't become Dionysus then return to Apollo. Integrate play and work into a single mindset. The priorities should not change, only the specific one being addressed at a specific time.

February 14th, 2020

8:30 am

Yesterday, perhaps because I woke up late, I ended up very undisciplined. Ended up watching youtube videos again, playing games again, unable to do work. Without discipline we fall apart. A man cannot participate in higher thought without discipline. In this effort we must then be strict and sure. No dopamine things. If we're tired we can sleep or do chores, or some menial software meth stuff. My mind is blank and I'm tired, craving a dopamine fix. Perhaps this craving is why my mind is blank. Let us reject it now.

February 15th, 2020

6:27 pm

Party last night was retarded. Fucked raw, never again, and fucked Anushka. Weird. Just now with her I was a little beta again – let us avoid this. I'm also slipping out of my discipline. We need to be strict, or we will fall apart. There is too much to do with school and other things. We can't fall off track. 5:30 wake up is a must. Apart from that, I think not much we can do for tonight.

February 16th, 2020

1:16 pm

Couldn't wake up today at 5:30, woke up late at 9:30 and am only getting around to journal now. Today just focus on getting software meth work done, going to gym, keeping diet, and maybe doing some amazon returns. I don't

have any other insights left to make, really. Just tired, blank. Need to get back into discipline.

9:31 pm

This is a sort of emergency journal entry. Things fell apart fairly bad. I contacted rodna to fuck, jerked off, overate slightly, and watched youtube and garbage all day. I got absolutely no work done for software meth. All we can really do is do the software meth work and go to sleep. Nothing else will heal us.

February 17th, 2020

8:17 am

Last night was definitely something horrendous. I suppose we shouldn't relegate the failure or catastrophe or accident or whatever one may call it to only last night, though. I'm hoping it's a result of some deeper issue that perhaps we can fix, that it's not just as simple as "I'm tired, I don't want to work right now". I suspect it may have something to do with our sexual deviancy and debauchery, specifically fucking Rodna – that was a disgusting mistake.

In any event, my life has largely gone to shit – especially espoused by my recent inability to do the work I know I need to be doing, abdicating those fundamental responsibilities to life. I'm very tired and fatigued right now, and this frightens me that I won't have the energy to take care of what I know I need to do, being the remainder of my software meth project. That, being our current primary source of stress, must be addressed with a top priority. Perhaps we'll do that now and return to the journal once it is all done.

1:41 pm

I finished project, had some nicotine and coffee and fucked around for a while. I feel much better though, relaxed, though likely not masculine. Mind is still blank, but let us plan out at least a small plan of things to do for today.

Finish comparch project, submit software meth with bobby

February 19th, 2020

8:00 am

Yesterday we scheduled a meet with Anushka, I went to her place expecting to smash. What actually happened is I meandered for 45 minutes while she got ready, then I drove her to her train. I made out with her and played with her tits, but it ended up being very beta. I just kept trying to escalate and she kept trying to shut it down. We could feel deep in our soul that we were

sacrificing our values for the temptation of pussy. That can never happen again.

Ok, but what should we have done? Once we got to the point where she wasn't going to fuck, what were we to do? We could have said we had to go, and leave. No, not that we had to, that we are going to. Our social charm is more powerful than we think. Be nice, say nice things, exercise love and caring for the other, then **do what you want to do anyway, act within your interests**. "Listen, Anushka, I want you to have a safe trip, to enjoy your time in New York. I'm gonna go, ... Yea I'll let you finish getting ready for your trip. Bye, I'll see you at date night".

We can't be ashamed, or expect her to be mad at us, if all we do is fuck. I must maintain that distance because she will undoubtedly cheat on me if we enter a relationship. I feel as if I'm typing that only out of principle now, and as if I really don't believe it. That I believe she has the restraint to be loyal. But that's the issue, even if she were loyal, that loyalty would be out of restraint – nothing else. It would not be out of a genuine desire for loyalty, it would not be because I'm truly the only guy she desires. And yet, the love I would project onto her would be grounded on myself being her only desire. Claiming her for myself. To this false aim I would forego everything, all of my mission. This perception of reproductive actualization would be a false god to which I subordinate everything else. After all, reproduction is a primary goal of a being, worthy of subordinating all other actualizations to. Except, reproduction is off the table with this woman. I would only be fooling myself. And, perhaps, in every sexual encounter I'm fooling myself.

I've been fucking for pleasure or clout or a search for meaning I suppose, but very clearly, it makes sense, sex is for reproduction. Because of its absence in my life prior it felt like something I need to explore, but thus explored we should treat it as a known thing. What is the benefit of fucking? Certainly, it's superior to fapping, so we ought to fuck instead of fap when we need to fap. But do we need to fap? Coming from a perspective not of "I can't have this", but "Do I want this?", I don't know if it's necessary to ejaculate every so often.

Our philosophy of fucking, and therefore all female relations, may then be this. Find the optimal amount of sex to facilitate our mission, and pursue women only to fulfill that quantity. But, what of the ideas that a woman completes your animus with her anima? Is this so essential? What even is this idea? Would it even apply to random women, or could it only be facilitated by a single competent one whom you know deeply and for a long time? Would I even be able to attain such a woman at Rutgers?

After reading some pook, I do believe we've arrived at a solution. That is, casual dating. Women, in this way, serve two purposes. Sex, and fun dates and/or activities preceding sex. Sex is a very important aspect of this, and if not sex at least she must blow you. Not because we so desire to cum all the time, but as a respect. Any woman who doesn't do this, is not worth a date.

Leaving this journal, I'm thinking if I enjoy Nirali's photos I may take her to my datenight. I need to consider things in a perspective excluding the possibility of who will fuck me. Idk, I'm still rather jumbled.

February 20th, 2020

8:58 am

After consulting with Matt, my pledge brother, and also briefly Jordan, also my PB, I arrived at an attractive analysis of the situation. That to go with Anushka is a safe option. I'll almost certainly have sex, I'll have a good time getting drunk with this girl, and all will be swell. Nirali, however, is the high risk high reward option. The interaction could go sour, it isn't guaranteed. The potential reward though is that I fuck Nirali, a new body, and further that I can situate a beneficial interaction with Anushka moving forward, from a frame of respect. And so, as we know, with nothing to lose we must have everything to gain. Fortune favors the bold and Anushka has been anushdumped. We set sail to the Indian sea to fuck Nirali with our big fat peepee.

I now feel happy, at peace, excited for the future to come. I feel making that decision was significant, beginning a new mental adjustment for the better. Standards with women have now been realized. I actually enforced a punishment for a negative behavior. I'm showing that I genuinely won't tolerate bad behavior, and thus demand good behavior. No more walking on me, baby. I'm gonna give you that frame you love, by virtue of it being all mine.

February 21st, 2020

2:27 pm

In stark contrast to some of the relaxation I felt earlier, I'm feeling full of energy but also impulsivity. Almost like a caffeine rush, but I only had a double shot in the morning like I always do. Perhaps this is a result of eating at maintenance calories as I have. As far as caring about whether it will affect the night, I think no bother and it seems I can focus on the present fairly easily if I try. And trying I'm now observing my stomach hurt perhaps slightly. Is there some activity we can do to be more relaxed, more calm? I don't feel quite good in all honesty. Alcohol should fix that when the time comes, but for now I think drink a lot of water. Also, rest in bed a bit. Go for a walk maybe. Clean up your shit in main area too.

February 26th, 2020

11:43 pm

So today fell to shit once again. I've found myself familiarly looking at examples of the seemingly hyper successful, and feeling sad or melancholy that I'll seemingly never attain that level of success. Of course, it's been hashed before that our perceptions of their success are meaningless and inaccurate, and also that if it's something out of our reach it doesn't matter whatsoever. I'm finding peace again with the stoic mind, that all we have is that which is in our control. This deep angst, or cry for some form of salvation. I come back to it not infrequently, an undirected love aching for direction. I'm inclined to think my feelings this time are different and more relevant, but it's so obviously familiar that logically I know they can't be. I feel inadequate. Like, so what I can become a social fiend – my attempts at standup have been crap thus far, I can't even write a single bit. I think for that I have to just go and do it.

12:11am

So after writing that last bit I signed up for the Rutgers standup and saw a message from Ethan from Israel. I then saw some stuff from Bayley, Ellie, Evie, and ultimately Lucy, who's now doing standup which is interesting. It reminded me of those shit years, really being representative of the majority of my shit life. That sadness and malcontent has returned, and with it the striving for something better. It's interesting though, because this desire for greatness wasn't prompted for the sake of it, but because of perceiving others and considering how they perceive me. Or, alternatively, because of how much they've accomplished while I've pissed away. Even in the wake of my recent progress, I still end up pissing away my life. I feel stagnant.

Perhaps there's some excitement in that malcontent because it usually signifies a motivational boost for the better. In truth, my more recent spurs of success and motivation were prompted by that same feeling. Jordan Peterson and other sources of wisdom will say "compare yourself to who you were yesterday, not who someone else is today" but that sounds like bull to me. We are all people, all with seemingly similar enough capability. If someone can do something and accomplish something while I'm pissing away in the dust – why shouldn't I feel like crap. Feeling like crap is the only way I find peace. I do feel so stagnant lately though. My physique is stagnating, my academic progress is stagnating. Perhaps even my game is stagnating. Is my life really underscored by stagnation? Can't we say I made progress in this field or that? Perhaps a little bit, but then don't I get caught up in ego, in reaping the rewards of what I sowed and, in error, close down the bloody farm right as the yield was getting good? Lets look back at some of those facebook things again, as this melancholy and depression is fleeting, and I feel it is what gives me peace and strength.

In conclusion. Be sad. Sadness is a good thing. Exercise love for others, but also for excellence. Demand it. Feel the immense suffering and pain

present in this world without demanding excellence. Let us not forget however, that exercising certain emotions in themselves is part of the demands of excellence. When with others we must demand of ourselves happiness, or seriousness, or whatever the occasion calls for that we may maximize the interaction to our benefit. Don't be sad and mooney all the time, but in our most intimate moments, when I am faced only with myself and God, only and always then must I be sad, must I feel that melancholy which motivates me toward greatness, Man's defense against existential suffering.

1:12 am

After reading more of my past journals, it seems highly likely to me that every bout of motivation, contentment, and zealous truth we feel and go through are all generated through that sadness or malcontent. That striving for better, that realization of "yes, I am a worthless piece of fucking trash". I'm become only more convinced that existential sadness is the best way to live, that we may be sad without suffering, and see in our melancholy the truer nature of our existence and of God.

February 27th, 2020

8:59 am

The intensity of that sadness seems to have dissipated, but I'm still of mind enough to challenge myself. That stagnation, as I've probably already discovered in the past, is I think a product of giving into to fear, of not pushing against resistance. Because, of course, resistance is essential for growth. One unable to push against resistance is wholly unable to grow. I feel an eagerness to work, but not as much for horizontal society so maybe for the sake of that eagerness we'll forgo it for today.

February 28th, 2020

11:17 am

I've encountered the problem again where I'm needing to love everybody more. So we'll be trying that. Don't have much to say otherwise.

February 29th, 2020

7:48 pm

Possibly related to our breaking of nofap, we've been in a total shit streak. Last night's party was certifiably comparable to new years. Whatever mojo may have existed is, once again, lost. This idiocy of up and down, alpha and

beta, has to totally stop. I can't handle this shit. The answer is very simple – become unattached to women. It's been staring us in the face all along, the implementation is just understandably daunting. All of my success is based on shaky emotional circumstance. When I feel good I act good, when I feel bad I act bad. The only consistency in your life you can control is your career, your mission. That must be the primary, from which secondary pleasures stem. I'll enter a monk mode then. Won't I need human interaction though? Sure, when we're ready for it and on a significant nofap. Commit to 2 weeks nofap/no ejaculation. We do not need sex at this time. We've had our fun, 7 bodies is plenty.

10:02 pm

Just visiting the frat now, I notice myself making compromises. In macro behavior, I commit to one thing, to monk mode and a degree of social isolation. When thrust into circumstance, however, I hesitate, lingering and wanting to interact. Whatever I commit to, I must commit to. No social interaction apart from logistics and (arguable included in logistics) the necessary pleasantries of interaction. I need to isolate, I need time to find my own inner meaning and purpose separate from any purpose or woman. I need to find a favorite way to live which is wholly sufficient for all my needs, that I am independent and unreliable on others (or their body parts).

Further, I'm not going to try to sleep when I clearly can't – that's just a fucking nightmare. It seems daunting and not unbearable to us in forethought, but lets try working, coding.

March 3rd, 2020

8:39 pm

In recent we've fallen off moreso than we have before. Not exactly as much in behavior, but almost in an archetypal succumbing to all the things we know to be wrong. We ate crap, we've become enslaved with surprising violence to simple pleasures. That surprising violence has also been reflected in our physical state, which was highly irregular. I woke up today at 7 or 8, immediately watched crap, then slept again until 3pm or so. Extremely tired, today barely existed. Today was, however, some moderate progress from yesterday, in that I kept strictly to a diet – not that I had many temptations to overcome if I'm honest. I've had headaches all day today. There was that ethereal, temporary, almost mobile feeling again that seems to come with spring, as if I'm on the verge of something. Of some large change, that I don't overinvest in the present soon to change. My mind has become rather empty once again. My motivation, if I have any, is sort like this spiritual curiosity.

I don't know what will come of this state. It seems like a huge crash is imminent. Can this be avoided? Is it a necessary reformation of my psyche? Is

my body forcing dramatic failure that I can be built better from the ashes? If that's the case, I'd surely like to avoid that dramatic crash. The failure to complete my responsibilities quite scares me – as it should.

Right now I do have a motivation, it seems, to do my course work. Perhaps I can focus on that. I also have, from that mentioned curiosity, some motivation or want to continue abstaining from certain things, that I might see how far down the rabbit hole goes. This isn't good though. I remember these same feelings in Israel. This leads to dysfunctional disaster, we should do what we can to reenter normal routine and return to normal.

8:54pm

I don't have conviction, but I'm seemingly lacking addiction and desire. I'm also growing excited thinking of building myself, being the artist of my person. Let us pursue.

12:14am

We've sort of come back to normal I'm thinking. Lets wake up tomorrow on time, go running as we do, and try to reclaim some responsibility. Coding is certainly the most attractive labor. We should study some comparch for the exam though. We can wait for algo tomorrow to see studying for that.

March 5th, 2020

12:28 pm

We're seemingly starting to come out of that strange funk. Still quite in the funk, but I can feel it alleviating slightly. I'm thinking it's now time to revisit those old lessons of discipline. We need to find tangible tasks and do them, and they need to be ones related to alleviating this stress about our exams.

First let us situate a hierarchy. First, study fully and completely for comparch to the extent we're able with what we have right now. Do this studying on paper, perhaps dedicate to it a notebook. The same thing, then, for Info class. Then also for software meth, and finally catch up with algo. If all goes well, on Sunday we should have an additional session to reconfirm our knowledge and situate confidence in the material. This shouldn't be necessary at all for info. A similar session should happen for software meth on Tuesday.