Disaster Series Journal

March 9th, 2019

12:03 am

The idea for this journal is the unique insights I can often have in the midst of disastrous failure. Thoughts and explorations that, due to my often troubled state after such failures, may be incoherent and of lesser quality. They also may have some common attributes which wouldn’t blend as well with my usual relaxed and insightful journaling I like to do in the main one. I don’t want this to be like the damage reports, however. I’m over such empty appeals to verbal motivation. I’ve grown tired of that seemingly immature false enthusiasm, that make believe conviction to hide from the reality that, perhaps, we have none.

Today, then, we’re coming out of a particularly grotesque relapse, the only saving grace here being my adherence to nofap. At our party last night this may have contributed to my good game, and I got with a number of girls. Texting them today, none wanted to come over, only one of them even gracing me with a response. More the better, for we shouldn’t drain our seed and energy over something so meaningless.

We do still need to get our life together, for this will become a necessity once the missing fruit from the seed not sown starts to affect us, a seemingly common theme in spring. To do this however, we’re almost prompted to follow in faith as we have in the past for certain things, but I don’t know if it’s feasible to pursue such difficult toils on faith alone. Nofap, yes, but working hard and waking up in the morning especially in the wake of alarming illness, I don’t know. The one stress right now, though, is very easily my upcoming midterms. I should be mostly alright for comparch but I should make sure I’m familiar enough with the exercises and can feasibly do them. Also our internet and info midterm, should be easy enough as well. A few exercises and memorizations should suffice.

March 10th, 2019

12:41 am

So, with our midterms finished, we’ve entered that familiar state where we’ve lost the stressful impending doom of responsibility associated with our exams, and thus regress into mediocrity. We’re also getting fat, I will mention. Nofap is keeping us personable, but will we find motivation? Will we continue in suffering – and I know it to be suffering because I’m always just searching endlessly for a satisfaction that will never come, dependant on living partial fulfillment vicariously through youtube videos. Don’t we have want enough to actually make something beautiful of ourselves? I feel held back from going all out to pursue that because of my sickness.

Well, if that’s another obstacle can we not live optimally, accommodating that obstacle? If our body can take a night of drunken debauchery, it can also take a day of less sleep, I will add. So tomorrow, then, there is a potential solution. We can wake up early, go to Costco, do laundry, abstain from immediate gratification and perhaps regain our sensitivity to dopamine. I don’t want to speak here in emotions, for this is a more permanent production and we need something transcending a momentary biological state. I want for this to have relaxed logic more than anything.

So what is preventing us from executing the solution briefly described above? Well, my most common answer that’s plagued me for a while is seemingly that I need to first rediscover my motivation and then I should execute. Almost as if I can only discover it from a place of failure. Is that what we’re after though? A cognizant motivation? I guess the belief is that we’ll find happiness or contentment from believing faithfully in a purpose and then executing on that purpose. Do we then need to rediscover a purpose? It’s almost as if we’re fulfilling the purpose of someone else when we do so only on faith from our past self. It’s actually just that, fulfilling the purpose of who we were in the past and not who we are today, of someone else. Because it’s no longer our purpose, it no longer applies. A person then needs to constantly redefine their purpose, but isn’t that too monumental a task? Isn’t that too much information to juggle at once? Is that where Judaism comes in, that it provides the specifics of a purpose that we don’t need to constantly rediscover one.

Well, one thing that’s been constant in my times of contentment is the getting with women. If I can have something like intimacy with multiple women, and then success in a physical domain, maybe then I’ll have some contentment. I’m feeling a resistance because I’m realizing what will give me contentment perhaps isn’t my sort of spiritual philosophy, but perhaps this is just me needing to accept on an additional level yet that I’m not special, more deeply accepting this fundamental truth.

So then, perhaps we may find a more spiritual purpose later on, but a fitting one for now is the purpose of regular people, of non Jews. Of status, wealth, power, and beauty. An existential something will still be present I can predict, but we will see if and when it is enough to motivate me towards some other course of action.

Ok, so we’ve situated a purpose of status, wealth, power, and beauty. We want to look good, be powerful, be rich, have the attraction of many women – to break hearts. We want to be beautiful. To capitalize on all the seemingly empty pleasures. And what of academics? Are we to pursue the sort of beauty and fulfillment in a difficult struggle, a coding problem? Perhaps to the extent that it may give us power. And now that task of identifying what is and isn’t good to pursue is daunting, but we can find comfort in just refining our skills enough to land good jobs like google and facebook. So competitive coding and interview questions it is.

And then also, for the other domains of power. Let us look immaculate. Let us be Machiavellian. Let us be cruel, to some extent. Let us fuck women and cast them aside, almost finding pleasure in hurting them. The hope is that after pursuing this purpose for some time, I’ll find myself with the means and capability of pursuing something more meaningful. For now, my meaning will be that described wealth and power.

So what will my plan be for tomorrow, and I think it should be explicated here because it’s no longer the same good faith plan of before. The goals have changed. I’m no longer looking for safe fulfillment. I’m no longer looking to avoid dopamine addiction that I may witness and appreciate a natural beauty of this world. I’m wanting to avoid it that its avoidance contributes to my gaining power and wealth and status. Everything now, instead of revolving around a goal of spiritual fulfillment and enjoyment of life, is revolving around power. Wealth, women, respect, social intelligence – winning at life. The same lessons will apply to this campaign, but now all more focused, no longer dependent on a day to day state.

The plan, for starters, will be to I think refine our thought that it may contribute to this campaign. Free yourself of food and dopamine addiction. Possibly spend time strategizing. Get yourself looking better. Get yourself performing exceptionally in classes, or enough to support the image of performing exceptionally, or enough to actually excel in your career. I’m finding myself excited by this purpose. I don’t need the perfect purpose, or not yet anyway. Work with what you have. Pursue **a** purpose, build it up, and see where you are and how much that purpose has overlapped with the one that looks more attractive down the line. Basically, pick something to pursue, almost arbitrarily, and pursue it. Of course, there is some innate pleasure in this one, and that will be fun.

March 11th, 2020

7:30 pm

I have recognized that I’m riding only on the fortunes of my past success, and that my current state is unsustainable. I must find motivation in times of success that I’m constantly improving. Otherwise I’m going to fall apart. Tonight will be a nightmare, of that I’m sure. If I can stave it off, however, hopefully I’ll be well again soon. Lets try abolishing all those pleasures, also music. It’s all making me sick.

8:49 pm

I have a lot of back pain suddenly. I really need to get off all this crap.

12:22am

Well, we fucked the small Indian boy once again. She smelled fucking something horrible. I think I’m ready to take the plunge to get my life back together. It’s not going to be fun, but it’s rewards will be plentiful. Not only will I grow more handsome, strong, and capable, but also better at my career, at competitive coding, and feeling myself more capable in general.

It will bloody fucking suck at times, but will it really suck any more than this? Than constant pain, than constant self destruction, than constant inability?

March 12th, 2020

10:16 am

I suppose this will be a form of day 0. I’m possibly starting to witness some of the beauty in this world I’ve been blind to from the overdose of manufactured, empty, ever-unsatisfying pleasure. Only thing to do is get to work.

March 20th, 2020

12:10 am

Well, for the past week since we’ve been sick we’ve been exclusively eating crap, jerking off, and consuming entertainment. We’re now faced, once again, with real life. What do we want to do?

Well, we can first describe what we’re actually doing. We are very weak to our desires, not desirous of any sort of conflict or discomfort. We are doing no work whatsoever, lest we feel intense aversion to it. Long term, this behavior will surely have us wither away. We are simply running out the clock. It’s not that I gain any so intense pleasure from all this. I wouldn’t describe myself as happy in this way. There is no joy. There is also only a minimal amount of yearning. I’m not crying out for something better. Long term this will surely collapse, as I’m unproductive. I could see one wasting their life with this nonsense. Just going on and on and on until they’re 30 with no respect from anyone and having wasted their life away. Am I now feeling a fire underneath me to avoid that fate? Perhaps that is an emotion there. It’s true, though, if I am to continue this way I can very easily see me killing myself. I have no value whatsoever and will have no value whatsoever if I continue this way.

Not to sort of scare me into jumping to action, that’s just a matter of fact. The question now becomes, what do I want to do? Do I want to kill myself? Do I want to be of no value, to just exit the game? That’s not rhetorical, to lead to some immediate conclusion. I’m very serious about that question.

Well, in the past I articulated the reason I wouldn’t kill myself is that there is, perhaps, some purpose in the future that is worth pursuing. It is worth building myself up now that I can begin to fulfill that purpose once the proper life astronomy aligns properly. I do believe in that, I do believe human life isn’t wasteful exercise and has some meaning behind it, some task to fulfill. If I’m going to commit to pursuing that purpose, we should do so completely. Running out the clock is just a decision of indecision. Either we’re going to play or we should exit the game. No earthly “pleasures” are themselves enough to justify existing. If I’m not pursuing that higher existence, then continuing to exist isn’t worth it. The potential benefit doesn’t justify the cost of living.

So, I should build myself up in all the ways I know how that I am best prepared for and able to achieve prophecy when the time comes. All the pain, we know, will make us stronger for it’s endurance. I believe the reward is probably quite great, it’s understanding. I like understanding. It’s perhaps the only thing that gives me real, true, lasting pleasure.

So then let’s try making ourself strong, that we are prepared for pursuing real purpose and wisdom, that we are prepared for becoming a prophet.

Rules to follow:

Work hard, that we can tolerate the necessary discomfort associated with progress, with learning and making money. Women and status will follow from being successful in this domain, but they don’t matter that much. It is for ourselves we must become strong.

Exercise and eat well. We must be a physically directed and strong being to reflect a directed and strong mind. Accurate, precise, and favoring quality over quantity.

Fill your existence will concise meaningful action and negative space. Remove the bloat of entertainment and other things.

This directed motivation won’t last unless we keep it up. We may wake up at times and be distraught or overcome with emotions. In those times, don’t look to the rules so we can see what to break. Overpower the time of weakness with overbearing restriction. The insolence is a test from the body. It must be beaten out with overwhelming force, rather than prompted away with a small concession.

March 20th, 2020

8:12 am

I’ve decided I’ll keep writing in the disaster series journal until I’m about a week in to a good program, then I’ll transition to regular journal again.

Regarding my new program, one obvious new problem is my social interactions. I haven’t accounted for them in my new pursuit of a purpose. I suppose the answer is, you can’t pursue your purpose long term alone. You have to do it with the company, support, and insight of others. But any socializing is really detracting from that purpose, it’s a side stop along the way and not achieving anything in itself. It’s an idling, and no I don’t want to go to that idea of “oh you need a break every once in a while” that’s millennial culture bullshit. If socializing is to have a place in our new program, it should be of itself contributing something. That something that it contributes, that’s something right missing from our goal. Perhaps socializing can paint the world with color while we pursue our goal. It can make things pleasant during the time. The goal itself won’t be outside the context of socializing and then we take breaks – the whole thing will be in the context of with other people. With other people I’m taking steps to make myself strong and powerful for prophecy.

But what does that mean more concretely?

I’m not quite sure. I’m actually having a lot of trouble defining it. Basically, what I’ll do is greet and interact with people to a certain extent while still focusing on work. When I get tired and want to do some sort of leisure activity, call on people and do activities with them. Hopefully I can better define this moving forward.

April 1st, 2020

1:42 pm

Some has happened since my last journal. I’ve been home for nearly two weeks. When home, I’ve socially totally regressed. I don’t hold myself any longer with respect, I act nearly as I did before I learned to socialize. I’ve kept a relatively good diet for what seems like a week. Exercise has been rather haphazard.

I’m now rather torn between a decision to stay at Rutgers or stay at home for the remainder of the semester, or at least until the new house is built.

4:06 pm

I’ve decided to stay at Rutgers moving forward. Further, there is a hope I can get my life together, perhaps find happiness, and if nothing else make something of myself before I die. Being alone with virtually no responsibility has granted me this new capacity for realizing a goal. Echos of that feeling of being alone in the universe “and now what” have returned. It feels similar to last summer, where I was prepared to succeed or die. What is the fucking point if I continue on rotting away in this beautiful summer heat. Succeed or die trying.

And, with that, it’s time to make a new monk mode, or a new pursuit of the ideal life – our maximum potential.

-Firstly, we must have no existential-type stresses, meaning we need to complete our school work, and all other things related to our income and well being. Or rather, we should face without fear these existential stresses that are inevitable.

-Secondly, we shouldn’t be so weak and fragile that we are dependant on these various entertainment feeds. Minecraft videos, reddit, Instagram, group me, all of it are juvenile in our current use of them. For the next week then, all those listed apps, and others of the same purpose, are banned. Any thing needed to be looked up will be done with text guides only. Find peace in the reality we actually have, not the one we imagine.

-Third, Our diet should be good – as it mostly is – to produce the god bod we want. We also need an exercise regime which we will develop.

-Fourth, we should read and continue to develop, to make ourselves interesting. Horizontal society would be good to read, along with a fiction book for now. After the week detox maybe red pill reddit.

Any struggles with this plan will indicate change, and we can write about them in consolidated journal, unless we fail in which case we’ll instead write here.

April 3rd, 2020

9:47 am

While we did wake up at 6 today, no work was done last night. Further, this morning I went on reddit for mechanical pencils and TRP again. I tried reading fight club but didn’t like it. We’ll need to readapt the last part of the plan. In any event, we need to build upon the hierarchy of needs and our needs of security, in the form of our school work, are presently not being met so that should be the focus.

We also see ourself, from poor habits of past, regressing socially when talking to anyone. We need to break our old social habits and start anew. We then need to absolutely minimize all social interaction. Keep your emotions to yourself, handle them properly.

Sexual urges have also been strong lately. Fight them, any ejaculation will rob you of energy. We’ll write more in this later. I’m looking forward to having the house to myself.

4:11 pm

We did some work today in algo, sufficient that we should be fine for the take home exam. Otherwise it’s been a failure, we’ve spent time on reddits and different things. We can feel our mind regressing back. I was going to say why not go all the way and watch youtube/netlflix and try to survive today but every moment is an opportunity to redefine ourselves. Enforce, strictly now, the no contact. It’s for your health, you’re friends will understand. No youtube. No reddit. Nothing. Only books and productive matters. Or, at least not this form of entertainment. Music for now, but this may change.

April 4th, 2020

9:22 pm

Today was considerably better than yesterday. We kept truly strict to our regime, while perhaps not entirely yet content, we are more peaceful. With time and success, as our insecurities regarding fundamental needs decrease, in this state we can be content, or at least much more so than before.

We woke up at 6, but was extremely tired and ultimately went back to sleep at 7:15 or so, sleeping for another 3 hours. I hope I can fall asleep tonight. Perhaps then I should work very late until tired.

I also started an exercise regime. It started with handstand holds, then chin ups. I don’t know what other exercise I should incorporate, I’ll figure it out.

I’m regretting pesach. I actually wouldn’t mind getting the virus, that I have good reason not to come home.

Other than that there isn’t terribly much on my mind. I’m hoping in refining my mind and bringing it back to reality, my thoughts will return and I’ll be able to quickly and efficiently analyze what needs doing.

April 6th, 2020

9:58 am

Overall, things have been going extremely well. There are some hiccups and some things going wrong, no doubt, but the general direction is positive and I’ve seen large improvements in my discipline, my capacity to get things done (and tolerate their doing), and, as a result, of my self respect. So the attitude here is calm.

Regarding what has gone wrong, the thing most bothering me is my social interaction with Mickey, and also with Isaac. I’m descending right back into exactly what I didn’t want to be. I hate it. Don’t interact with Mickey at all. When he makes a comment to you, either ignore it or say ok. It’s at present poisoning our soul.

With Isaac, it’s not terrible but we should be more serious. We don’t need to play monkey. We don’t need the shock value of whatever. Accept him for who he is and have a serious minded conversation with him. For the time being, then, any conversations we have with him should be in an exclusively serious minded tone.

We also woke up late today, at around 9 instead of 6. We knew this was inevitable, going to sleep ourselves at 2 or 3 from reading Erewhon. I’m not entirely upset about it, since the negative has come in light of the great positive of my reading again, but we should take care not to overdose on this newfound pleasure. Read in smaller stages, and don’t allow it to encroach on your sleep and necessary schedule. I’m not sure of an immediate practical fix, but let getting things done be the priority if there is ever a choice.

As far as my transition back into regular journal, perhaps this will take place Saturday, for I have been on a truly effective program only since then. Maybe I’ll even transition this entire journal into that one, I’m not sure. Eh, perhaps not. It might be beneficial to isolate the two as thoughts primarily concerning my resurrection and those concerning my continued existence and improvement. I will also mention, Butler has leaked into my writing style once again and I love it.

April 7th, 2020

10:24 am

Yesterday was a brutal slog doing that midterm. I must have worked for some 10 hours. Otherwise it was a good day. Not that much went wrong, but I’ll detail what did.

First, when Sammy showed me the Joe Beyda thing. Not that this was necessarily ringing so many alarm bells, but I fear I may have enjoyed myself too much laughing at it, and am apprehensive about that over exertion of pleasure. We know, too, this exact problem will show up when we have to share a room with him again on pesach. Yea, I think a best solution would be moving into the maids room as an office.

Second, when I texted Nay “God help me, I’m working so long poor me”, don’t be so dramatic. Part of the masculine personality I’d like to espouse is thinking no ill thoughts of hard, difficult work. Never complain, but be thankful to God for the opportunity to exercise your mind, that it may grow stronger. Treat even the hardest trials as trivial. Whether this be pain, misfortune, difficulty, or any form of negative or uncomfortable experience, to show you are unphased by it is masculine and powerful, and certainly an attractive quality.

April 12th, 2020

7:10 am

And we are back from pesach, which was a disaster but we adhered adequately to our program which is good. Socially, however, we were a complete disaster. For the time being we’ll never go home.

Otherwise, things are hopeful I suppose. Everything will be consolidated in the new journal system anyway, so for the sake of convenience I will continue writing here. I’m feeling rather tired today though, with a slight headache. It could be I’ve gotten that corona, only time will tell. For now let us slog through, that we might refine ourselves and improve our life condition yet. My relatively poor state of today could very easily be a result of our retardation over the break and weekend. We began to lapse further into dopamine land, looking at various entertainments (email, at&t app, some supposedly beneficial jonathan blow youtube) and eating food for its pleasure alone. Enact, today, a new strictness, that we don’t lose our newfound life improvements to slippery slope. No youtube, no email, no apps.

I’m also feeling, perhaps today only, a certain melancholy for a companion. It is no matter, we are in the desert, that desolate land of intense self focus, but it is something to note. Perhaps this melancholy is from an improvement of our station, that we are starting to regain our capacity for compassion. We are not done yet, however, with our necessary improvements, as evidenced by the past weekend. We have a long way to go before we might enter society, and thankfully God has ensured we have the appropriate circumstance for precisely that development.

April 13th, 2020

7:45 am

Aside from the leaking roof, of which there isn’t much relevant to say about it here, yesterday was ok but not great. Perhaps we can attribute it to the beginning of my change of sleep schedule, but I don’t feel we got very much done. We should have been able to do more, and have had more to show for it. We’ve been dicking around with linux, especially, for far too long. The journal must be entirely set up as soon as possible. Today the prime goal will be to finish its parsing, and to have a readable latex or markup compilation. The specifics of it’s design can always be redone, and for now it will be an inefficient compiling system – just something usable that we aren’t switching back and forth from linux to it all the time.

As for other things on which we can improve, our conversation with bobby was too much me talking. I need to be more discerning of people, have higher standards of them for me. But that is more a social issue, and social issues are on the back burner for now.

8:08 pm

I’m writing this entry now because I’m faced with a dangerous decision. Nirali has messaged me, and I’m not sure if I should engage. If I should, it would only be for the purposes of sex, of course, for I find not a companion in women. I’m prompted to question that, but lets start with the most obvious.

Assuming she would be available and complicit, which isn’t a non possibility, should I have sex with her? My immediate answer is no, but I want to be dead sure of this lest I leave myself open to rationalizations of the mind so often prompted when resisting one’s primitive urges and desires. One reason of why I shouldn’t is that, like food, sex is a pleasure best abstained from if one can help it without harm to their health. I think, at this time, ejaculation isn’t any variety of necessity and I’ve gone on quite well without it these past roughly 30 days.

Immediately, another reason why I shouldn’t is that, though I’ve recently sprouted into a life devoid of intense pleasure, where I make true progress, have projects, and have begun the gradual process of individuation, I must acknowledge my own susceptibility to the over impulse of pleasure. We know immediately after the highs of sex I would want to begin again the feast and all my great progress would go out the window. It is a danger I simply cannot bear to risk.

The fact that I shouldn’t have sex with her being settled, should I respond to her message at all given that no logistics are to take place?

10:35 pm

So I’ve since refined my thoughts to some extent, talked with Isaac for a good bit, then also made a post on asktrp. I came to the conclusion there’s a certain pleasantness with which one interacts with others that can be beneficial. I then responded to her, telling her I’m fine and wishing her well. She immediately responded with “I’m good, just been going crazy stuck in the house”. She seemingly wants some interaction with me – which I do not condone over text. Maybe I could respond something like “Looking forward to seeing you after this is all over”, but I don’t necessarily want to bring things to the romantic level, again, over text. I’ll not respond for now, then. We’ve already stepped onto the edge of our experience in just responding. We’ll leave it at that.

April 14th, 2020

7:37 am

Hopefully, this will be my last journal, or second to last, journal in this current environment (windows with word doc). Anyway, on the topic of yesterday, the best comment from an EC on my asktrp post said there *is* something more than just a repeat business of the surface/momentary arrangements I’ve had thus far with women, but also reiterate that sex is an absolute prerequisite of any such relation.

Where my slight confusion or gap in understanding lies is, then, what extent of relationship is acceptable before sex? Clearly, no attempts at a deeper connection are, so this is one line, and also with confidence I will say that pleasantries and well wishes, that warm, concise, and tasteful exercise of benevolence, are certainly acceptable. Where do we define the line, then, between commonplace benevolence and some variety of deep connection, whatever that is?

Appealing again to that ever useful approach of self interest, we define that line wherever the interaction is within our interests. Of course, we then ask what is in our interests between pleasantry and deeper meaning before sex?

One thing we can list is information. If a woman can tell us something useful we might inquire to hear it, engaging her outside of sex. Similarly for favors or behaviors directly in our interests.

But these are masculine type interests. The same would be a standard for men if consideration is independent of his other value (of which there may or may not be none in this example). The real question is, is there any interaction exclusive to women that should be held before sex, or should all women for whom there is no sexual prospect be treated as a male equivalent of themselves? I’ll ask on asktrp.