
The Fangs

Wild Universal Prioritization ~ Week 7, 2021

A short-term universal priority for the people combatting the mainstream should be to become able to establish a life(style) in which one is free to express oneself and free to pursue any goal, without being disturbed by a tribe of people with opposing views. It is absurd that it is so normal for people to have random heated discussions (online) all the time and that there are people whose profession it is to limit others in their pursuit of freedom. D.O.C.I.S. International aspires to serve as a panzer that allows a small alliance of people who are impacted by this phenomenon in ways different from others to weaponize against a groups of people that are far larger than them.

For safety reasons, I have to circle around the strongest reasons why one should do as I say and as I do, given that if I explicitly say these things, which could lead to a strategic disadvantage for us. It is why my formulations are often abstract (written in such a way that it can only be deciphered if you have read all my blog posts). It is why everything LilFangs.com related is created for people to judge a book by its cover and so on. I can't say it out loud, but I can talk about Fangyism and I'm happy to be able to report a more vivid manifestation of the motives behind that one Fangyist conclusion this week.

In the light of universal prioritization, this is an incentive to tackle issues head-on. Yes, because of the alleged at-risk-of-extinction killer virus, even giving someone a high-five is basically illegal, but still. Instead of complaining or quarreling about things online, it is so much better to confront such things in person. Especially because people act a lot less tough in such situations. I can't take another week of sensational anecdotes. This is my zillionth call to action, but instead of people just continuing to be lurking at me thinking that I don't know about that, hopefully this week's piece is vivid enough to create thorough understanding of why one must do and not just read. (Haha that sounds an awful lot like anti-racism. But seriously, though... (Too often a nauseating doctrine lies close to a great solution.)) Before my words turn our hearts into stone once more, let me melt them first.

BERT

It was not the best week, but it wasn't the worst week either. There was fun and there were struggles. I'm solving issues quite often. It makes me think of a time in which that might not be successful. Like things get better every time, one time it might not get better and he might die instead. It makes me eager to find moments to cherish.

Slumber Party

Ever since I changed my routine from eating with him to feeding him first and then eating at the desk/dinner table or in bed, it was starting to feel like Bert was starting to become more decorum than an entity that is my joy and replacement of television. So on Valentine's Day (and the day after), I decided to spend more time with him (it felt like he literally asked me to stay with him in the dark), so we had a little slumber party. I installed myself on the couch, with some cupcakes, some popcorn, my ceiling gaming system (lol) and a book, for two nights.

Just like with a lot of my other cherished memories, I don't have pictures of them. I don't have a picture of how cozy it was. But the feeling it brought will stay with me forever. If I ever wake up one day on which he is not with us anymore, the memory of us together being Valentine's Day singles is something I will cherish forever.

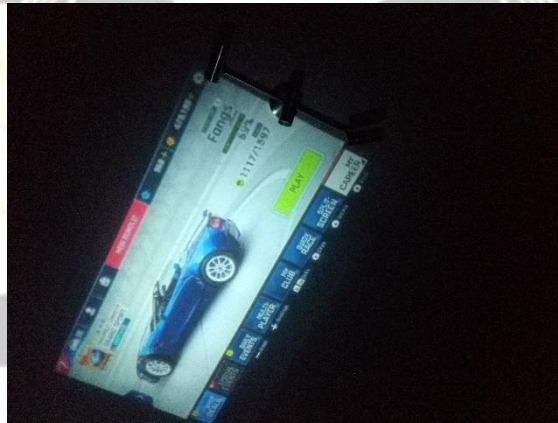


Figure 1 - I do have this picture in which the visible lamp shows it's my living room ceiling on which I was gaming.

Again ☹️

My tone sounds like I'm giving up on him, but that's not what it's supposed to insinuate. It's indeed not optimistic, though. If I want to give Bert the life I want to give him, I must put his care in the hands of my yet to be established Ecologicus department, given that then we could all

enjoy an aquarium which one has to maintain by wearing a scuba diving suit. That sounds like a far better environment to me, plus that allows me to keep my love for aquariums alive while also being able to focus on the more important things. Not only does Bert seem to need more excitement in his life. I also did one full water change and two 30% water changes in the past week. The mucus epidemic is hard to tame (because it requires just one particle for it to grow back again). Monday night before going to bed, I looked at him and I thought that what I saw in his eyes was cataract. The next day I wake up and see it was not cataract and it had become two lines of mucus attached to his eyes. That's when I did the full water change. He also had "popeye".

Tuesday and Wednesday I've also done some slight water changes. On Tuesday I received the air pump, aquarium salt and water test kit I ordered online. The test I did showed that the nitrate levels were quite high, so that's why the other water changes. Today I put him in a short salt bath in his temporary jar to rid his eyes from mucus once again. The salt was 1300 grams for €10 rounded up, which is next level cheaper than the €7 rounded up for 140 grams I used to pay.

Now it turns out the mucus is not just "dead ick" (he didn't have the white spots anymore, so I thought he wasn't suffering from it anymore), but his cloudy eyes are actually a symptom of ick infection, so I have upped his aquarium temperature just like I did when he had white spots (hoping that that will kill the mucus as well. My God). Just like with the best moments, I don't have pictures of the worst moments either. (That's just something I personally don't do.)

Hopefully we will end this once and for all now. Either things will just get steady from here on out, or this fish is cursed. I like his character, so I'd be sad to see him go. (Ye this is not really melting hearts. I think it's just sad.)

Lil Friday update: I upped the temperature yesterday and when I woke up today his "cataract" is 100% gone (of which initially I thought it was a sign of old age) and most of the mucus is dissolved. I think I'll keep the temperature up for about 24 more hours and after that I will put the temperature back from 29 to 26 degrees Celsius and add some fresh water.

On last week's salt thing, by the way: after the full water change I initially decided – given that salt is the simple remedy to most diseases a betta can get – to not add salt, in order to prevent diseases from becoming resistant to it. I'm glad it's still working...

INTERNATIONALS

This week, with people in India standing up against Greta Thunberg's "activism" (someone please explain to me how being an activist is a bills paying lifetime career while still considered "activism" like why is it not just "mouthpiece on payroll") in regard to farming policy, the Dutch

national court ruling the covid curfew unconstitutional (because it's too impactful on people's life for the negligible effects it has on the spread of the virus) and next level tech censorship in Australia, I must admit that there is less complete-waste-of-time sensationalism in this week. But allow me to re-illustrate the weight of my standard for meaningfulness. I mean a Trump hotel collapsing in Atlantic City could sure in a way be of impact to the community of people living there, in regard to my definition of what "news" is last week. It could also be – and that is what it feels like to me – another sensational anecdote.

The globalist agenda being challenged by people voicing themselves against Greta Thunberg and the covid curfew being ruled unconstitutional (but basically nothing changing given that they're now maintaining the curfew unofficially through social control) are things worth mentioning. And the globalist agenda on farming, on which the Netherlands is ahead given that the government there wants to be able to disown farmers of their land, and how they want to replace all small farms with mega farms, I'd love to share the Fangyist alternative to that, but given the way society is my words won't change a thing in that regard in the present. There is something that is of more universal priority, so I'm leaving the topic of farming for next week. Don't get me wrong here, please, countries are nothing without their farmers. For the respect for (non-mega) farmers to be re-established, however, there is something else that must change first, universally. The same goes for the effects of globalist energy policy in Texas.

Last week, I described the direction of society as a hill being shaped. It could also be seen as a rabbit digging a hole in a straight line, straight down. Or a button on a shirt or pair of pants of someone who's gaining weight, getting only closer to snapping. The point is that every single day, more and more progress is being made in the implementation of the globalist agenda in every single country in the world, and that there is nothing happening that stops that. That is a problem to anyone who wants to live a normal, independent and/or natural life.

A good indicator of seeing whether there is change in the globalists winning or not, without Fangyism, is the day on which Ben Shapiro, summarizedly, is not saying: "This is how the left was behaving even more radically today. This is how they are lying/twisting facts/breaking the law today." When there is a sign of him indicating that the ivory tower is falling ("This is how the left permanently de-radicalized today. This is the universal truth/values all of (American) society unified around today,") is when I can bring more life to my analyses in this section. As long as we're going further and further into the direction the globalist (pockets filling, power hungry) elite is pushing us towards, I have nothing to tell you about the future other than: "Things bad."

Wild Universal Prioritization

Instead of telling you why the globalist agenda is a bad one, I'd much rather focus on what we should do instead. Knowing why it's bad is of importance, but there are enough people pointing that out already. (Though I've subtly done some of that in the beginning of 2020. (If there are no people pointing that out where you live, chances are high you feel the need for change pumping through your veins anyway.)) What D.O.C.I.S. International does, without saying too much to prevent solutions from ending up in the wrong hands, is subtly make sure that those who want to break free from globalism move in formation. Because only then we can win.

With the new administration in the White House, however, there is not a single "game changingly" powerful entity standing up against globalism left. They are unstoppable now, and moving fast. If we don't mobilize soon, they might make it impossible for us to do so. (Let's prevent the day on which Ben Shapiro is saying that from happening.) A universal priority should be taking the steps to live an unsuppressed life.

Mind you that this is in sync with D.O.C.I.S. International's agenda (of course) and big tech is the least of our concerns here. Social media are far less than important to living a decent life, is our philosophy. Other than the communication network the organization aspires to have established for members of D.O.C.I.S. International to communicate with each other., we do not care about social media. Other tech monopolies are not important or threatening to us either, given that we work towards becoming independent from nearly everything. (Except, like, water and oxygen. :p) And aside from other online tools that have their function within the organization, "online" is not of great importance at all. More about internet independence next week.

As soon as you can make this happen – and this is absolutely not physically and/or scientifically impossible (every second that passes is a second in which we are not yaying the way we could be yaying ☺) – there must be a moment where we (as in people who work for D.O.C.I.S. International and members of the organization, similar to a government and its citizens) openly form an alliance and basically say: "We are D.O.C.I.S. International, and we are done with this shxt." I don't know how else to put it haha... But still name one other effective permanent alternative to globalism.

The time of informing and convincing has passed, given that the moment the benefits of the organization are up for grabs, aside from those driven by passion we'd suddenly be bothered by

those driven by opportunity. To prevent from making the same mistakes other organizations are making by hiring the wrong people, there is a high bar to be met for people to be able to join us.

In the section about the analysis of international news all I'm doing this week is advocate for the assembly of the D.O.C.I.S. International alliance. Because every week things are worse than last week, NPCs will never do anything against this (if they're not making things worse) and on this pace the moment in which all resistance is met with imprisonment or death is closer than it may seem. We cannot allow this to progress further. If not for all of society, then for ourselves individually. Yuck, we will never normalize the consumption of synthetic beef.

A Few Scenarios

There is a reason why this document, in comparison to the other weekly pieces, "is leaking". We (hypothetically speaking, in case it doesn't happen) don't have to wait until Friday. Without saying too much, we must get in formation and execute our agenda (some of that is centralized (namely the shape of our formation or the canvas, the oversight of the factors that must be in sync) but most of that is up to you and your personal mission/aspirations).

Regardless of which approach is chosen, a couple of things are constant: especially ever since corona, the law is a suggestion that is ignored more than usual (and the economic routine is already weird, so absolutely not physically impossible), when feeling threatened authoritarians really won't like this and there could be people claiming to have the right to be involved while they don't. Regardless of how this plays out if it ever will, I don't know what everyone's individual standard social situations feel like, so I can't be too detailed here, which leaves a choice for you here based on willpower and such. It must be made in silent cohesion, though. Here are three not physically impossible abstract scenarios, listed in my personal order of preference. (I feel like I've already said too much.)

1 – Ambush

Every department has their own responsibilities based on the priorities in the transition to independence. You know the details of what you need to do better than I, of course. In regard to the details of tasks and preparations. Like a high speed night train, you silently wake up to entirely new scenery (from which the second phase of our transition starts).

2 – Casual

We don't necessarily have to go cold turkey on endless conversations about endless controversies that don't lead to anything. There could be an approach in which our alliance is less distant from the tribes. (I know they love my strong opinions. (That's, of course, sarcasm.))

3 – Captivation

This scenario puts the weight on “our unlisted citizens”. Speaking from experience, people put most of their strength in trying to quell something for the first time and are disheartened when that appears not enough. We could in one way or another allow people to feel like they’re stronger than us for a while. Though “as a government” we’d be moving more blindfolded, what is meant to be will be.

The scenario you choose could also be a combination of the abstractly sketched scenarios. Not to make this the main reason or something but I don’t even feel comfortable doing my laundry anymore and am in need of some serious rural off-the-grid calm. (Just like the rest of us?)

LIFE UPDATES

Same old, mostly. More out of boredom than out of seeing myself still here in the long-term future, I put together a small closet for in my bedroom. The clothing rack is gone now (in my storage room given that someone (i.e. not me) might need it), which is a soothing sight. Another thing that is different is that I snapped recently. I’m not anti-noise. Other people having fun is something I like. I like parties myself. But there’s a threshold from which someone is basically saying: “I don’t give a fck about any of you,” and I have no tolerance for shxt like that anymore. Now this feels like a hostage situation.

Pussy Alert

You might remember me pausing in my videos because of the noise. You might remember me mentioning that the whole floor and elevator smell like weed. Had I mentioned that at some point it was like there were gatherings that seemed like violations of covid policy? I think these things are unfair to others who do follow the rules and live decently, but you won’t see me call the cops for such things or even complain in-person about these things.

At some point, however, for a few days in a row conversations next door were so loud that I could overhear them. Past 12 AM on weekdays. So I raised my voice and asked: “Why must the whole apartment building be able to hear your conversations?” That’s how the shxt started. A rational person would feel shame, take their neighbors into consideration and tone it down. But instead, my demonic neighbor sees that as a reason to take it up a notch. Playing music even louder, talking even louder, speaking ill of me.

Friday morning, I wake up to footsteps on my balcony, including footsteps on the rails that clearly indicate that he likely helped his girlfriend (or whatever) climb over from their balcony to

mine likely to take some Instagram pictures or whatever bullshxt they were up to. (Small footprints.) It is an unacceptable and irrefutable act of severe disrespect. Weak-minded lefties (e.a.) will likely say: “Well they were just having some fun, that’s not a reason to kill someone.” But it absolutely is. I’m not going to the police for this, given that the most I’ll likely get out of that is them saying: “Niet meer doen hè?” In that way they will never learn.

Friday night, again, loud conversation and loud music. I ask my rhetorical question: “Why does the whole building have to hear your conversations?” And again, in return I get more noise and more trash talk. (I swear if I’d get a penny for every time I hear the man scream: “WAAAAAAUWWWWWW.”) I start losing my patience and say (in half English): “Why don’t you just shut the fxck up?” Of course, that is adding oil to the fire (which is fine given that I’ve been blood thirsty for a long time). I’ve been called “racist” and “kurwa” and shxt. I’ve been saying “The next time I see you on my balcony I’m going to push you over the edge,” (I’m *dead* serious) and “Your existence is worthless,” and stuff. At some point he screamed something like: “You are sexy,” or something like that. I replied: “And you will be dead within a week,” (visit <https://danielle-lucy.love> for exclusive audio recording) and I’d like to stick to my words.

Meanwhile I keep screaming: “SHUT THE FXCK UP!” (Still holding back though.) Which led to the climax of them playing absurdly loud music for like 5 minutes at 12 AM. This is not because they were just having some fun: they just do this to get on my nerves, unaware of the fact that they are messing with the wrong person. This, proof of them asking for it, made me laugh uncontrollably loud. I said: “You could have behaved decently and this could have been a thing of the past, but no, instead you want to play fxcking loud music for 5 minutes in the middle of the night and I have recorded it.”

The next evening it’s the same thing but with more people involved. Upstairs too people had a problem with me having the opinion that neighbors should take each other into consideration, saying “racist” or “fascist” or whatever. I told them: “Enjoy your last night alive.” I have nothing to lose and I’m so fxcking tired of demonic NPC zombies. This, of course has nothing to do with racism. It doesn’t matter what your race is: if you share a building with each other, if you want to disturb your neighbors with your loud noise past 10 PM the least you could do is warn them in advance. Being black does not mean that you don’t know how a fxcking volume button works man people who hide behind calling others “racist” all the time are a fxcking disgrace ruining it for the rest.

My patience is gone. Striking when they are flocked together and/or striking when most people are awake is putting my life at serious jeopardy. It was the night before Valentine’s Day and a couple of days ahead I had already decided on baking cupcakes with cola essence to eat

that day. Taking every scenario into consideration, I, after screaming the zillionth death threat within 2 days, made myself dinner, while they were expecting me to do something reckless. I cleaned most of my kitchen in case I'd be receiving police or whatever the next day. I baked cupcakes in case I'd be hungry afterwards. Best case scenario I'd be taking a bloody shower afterwards and then turn myself in.

Other than usual, around 12 AM I flicked off all the lights except the tiny light in the kitchen. I heard some bxtch scream: "She went to sleep!" But because I'd put myself at risk if I'd say: "NO, YOU DUMB FXCKING BROAD. I'M WAITING FOR YOU TO GO TO SLEEP SO I CAN KILL YOU," I ghost-like flicked the night light next to my bed. I was playing Asphalt 9 and Pixel Action Heroes in an attempt to fight my urge to rage and try to kick in people's doors, while killing time.

Wanting to tackle the problem at the root, wanting to give myself some peace of mind for (coincidental) Valentine's Day, I knew that what I was about to do involved some kind of risk. I had no recollection of what my neighbor looked like. Like I had some faint memory of meeting him in the elevator once, but whether he was tall and muscular or not I didn't remember. But again, I really don't care. I have nothing to lose. Worst case scenario I'd die doing what I love.

I don't believe people should be conditioned into decent behavior. You should organically know to do the right thing. To have to continuously correct irrational behavior is living the life of both yourself and the person/people you're correcting. If you don't know how to make rational decisions yourself, your existence is absolutely worthless. (If we get rid of all people like that, we can all live in luxury while not missing anything.)

Silently, I hid my house keys (to prevent the scenario in which I'd be locked out of my house) and my phone (for about the same reason). Though I prefer to do this without weapons, having no idea who or how many people I'd be up against, I armed myself with a kitchen knife, a box cutter and the rope from my bathrobe. The rope tied in such a way that it was quite secured and I could use it in one pulling motion as well.

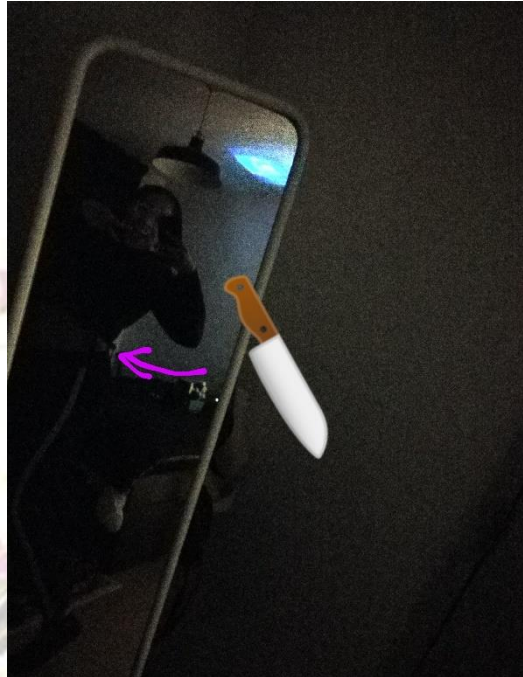


Figure 2 - Me checking if the blunt kitchen knife fits into my pants while being able to move. I was quite excited to finally be able to do what I always want to do.

I decided to strike around 3 AM, but not 3 AM exactly because that would be too obvious. Having put my basketball shoes on the sound muting mat next to my bed, around 3 AM I geared up and took a short moment of meditation before what I assumed would be a fight the way I used to when I did pençak silat. I had decided on a strategy that was, as the Dutch say “Een koekje van eigen deeg,” (a taste of his own medicine), wanting to agitate him/them out of bed by ringing the doorbell over and over and over until the door was answered. You know, knowing what it's like to experience noise complaint-like noise.

Without hesitation, I went for it. I was focused. The most normal reaction to someone ringing the doorbell over and over and over again at 3 AM is something like: “Fucking stop that!” I need anger (or weeping) to fuel my anger to the point where everything becomes blurry and I can't restrain myself anymore. So I rang the doorbell. It was kind of funny. There where the sound is supposed to be “ring ring ring” it went like “tringdingringring” over and over and over

again. I'm always inclined stare through the door oculus thing to see if I can see someone stare through it.

So after the trespassing and the one year of noise and being called names and all that, things having gotten quite heated screaming from apartment from apartment, I did not expect to have to explain why I was at the door. He was like: "Ehm hello?" I was stunned. What the fxck. "Is this where the loud music comes from?" I really did not expect this dumb scenario. "What loud music?" "Afrobeat music." (Rolling my eyes. Sorry but the only other person of color on this floor.) "Yes, that could be true." I did not expect to be gas lit. I squinted my eyes and walked back to my apartment.

Standing in the living room, I was like: "This did not just happen. This is so unsatisfying. (Also flashbacks to the days people were trying to convince me that I'm a schizophrenic. It was almost a Pavlovian response.)" After standing there for a while I was like, "Nonono this is unacceptable." I needed that same rage I have on tape. I can't kill someone who's acting like such a fxcking wuss.

So I rang the doorbell again. In between the "tringdingringring" also letting it go "ring ring ring" and then go silent. Through the oculus thing seeing the light in the hallway go on, followed by not answering the door likely thinking that I'd go away, so I picked up the pace letting the doorbell go "tringdingringring" again. I got an "Ehm hello?" again. I said: "Seriously, you did not call me a racist?" "I don't know what you're talking about." "You haven't been on my balcony?" "Ehm I don't know I don't know which house is yours. I have to go to work tomorrow." God fxcking dammit. "Ik hoop het voor je," I said as I walked away, "Ik hoop het echt voor je," but I knew he was lying. Halfway back to my apartment I heard him say something under his breath, "Doe niet stoer kill," I said as he shut the door and I opened my front door. (I should have ran back and kicked against the door before he could close it.) What a fxcking anticlimax. What a fxcking pussy.

These NPCs better own their hater bullshxt. When confronted, you should be saying: "Yeah I said that, so what?" Because room to take back words there is not. The need for impactful change is far too large for that. There are too many people like that. (See why I want inviolability?) I do not forgive and I do not forget. (And my hands are still itching to knife my neighbors haha pls hlp.)

AFTERTHOUGHTS

Before someone learns how to perform surgery, he/she learns how the human body works first. In a similar way I devote this week's piece to illustrating the universal priorities, before I go

into solutions to the most recent symptoms of the effects of globalism. (Farming in India and energy in Texas are this week's manifestations thereof.) It is extremely important for the information to be given in this order, fundamentals first, including some time for it to sink in. Because the solutions should dismantle the system and not feed it. If we ever want to say that the issues that have been called issues for years are a thing of the past, what is supposed to solve them then may absolutely not be sucked into the perpetual machine that is the system which allows for the issues to arise.

So this week's afterthoughts include a very important mental switch that must be flicked, an example of Fangyist thought in practice and an illustration of how and why the fundament should be laid. Next week, though if you've been following me since the very beginning I'll be repeating myself, I will give an oversight of ways to tame symptoms and ways to take out the roots of globalism causing problems. (Summarizedly, Fangyism is the way. :p) But that only works if it is implemented in parallel fashion. It only works if you live up to it. Best case scenario we'll be doing it instead of talking about it.

The Fangyist Approach to Facts

If I'd get a penny for every time I hear someone say: "Follow the science."... The inventive and intuitive attitude that was once the fundament of scientific thought is now replaced by the kind of authoritarianism it used to be a counter-movement to. Intellectual respect only goes out to the high ranking priest-like figures who dictate the "scientific facts" that may not be questioned. In the 1920s already, in reference of the book I so often mention, scientists were sometimes used as PR mouthpieces, saying things to influence people's thoughts and behaviors rather than saying things because they are scientifically true.

The difference between then and now, however, is that scientists who do not serve as PR mouthpieces are not allowed to speak anymore. Sure, they could still legally be allowed to speak, but if their scientific truth derives from the mainstream, it comes with being fired, demonized and/or met with other long-term consequences.

In the light of universal prioritization and people being free to think and do what they want, outside of the academic system (given that the academic system these days is like a cult), there must be a new approach to centralize the most recently discovered facts in an organized manner. To be able to solve and innovate, one can't blindly stick to a religion-like doctrine where following the flock is more important than thinking deeply.

Something else that will come along with this unchaining of thought is free thinking becoming a more general virtue. These days, someone who has an original thought that has

never been written down by anyone else (or has been scientifically peer reviewed and such) is simply considered a misinformation spreading lunatic, while someone who can fill a full hour talking about what Voltaire used to have for breakfast or citing full speeches is considered the most impressively intelligent person alive. While in fact the former requires far more intelligence.

Though it's a rather long quote, but I was reading Letters from a Stoic the other day and would like to cite some of his words that suit this quite well:

“It is for this reason that we give children proverbs and what the Greeks call chriae¹ to learn by heart, a child’s mind being able to take these in at a stage when anything more would be beyond its capacity. But in the case of a grown man who has made incontestable progress it is disgraceful to go hunting after gems of wisdom, and to prop himself up with a minute number of the best-known sayings, and be dependent on his memory as well; it is time he was standing on his own feet. He should be delivering himself of such sayings, not memorizing them. It is disgraceful that a man who is old or in sight of old age should have wisdom deriving solely from his notebook. “Zeno said this.” And what have you said? “Cleanthes said that.” What have you said? How much longer are you going to serve under others’ orders? Assume authority yourself and utter something that may be handed down to posterity. Produce something from your own resources.

This is why I look on people like this as a spiritless lot – the people who are forever acting as interpreters and never as creators, always lurking in someone else’s shadow. They never venture to do for themselves the things they have spent such a long time learning. They exercise their memories on things that are not their own. It is one thing, however, to remember, another to know. To remember is to safeguard something entrusted by your memory, whereas to know, by contrast, is actually to make each item your own, and to not be dependent on some original and be constantly looking to see what the master said. “Zeno said this, Cleanthes said that.” Let’s have some difference between you and the books! How much longer are you going to be a pupil? From now on do some teaching as well. Why, after all, should I listen to what I can read for myself? “The living voice,” it may be answered, “counts for a great deal.” Not when it is just acting in a kind of secretarial capacity, making itself an instrument for what others have to say.

A further point, too, is that these people who never attain independence follow the views of their predecessors, first, in matters in which everyone else without exception has abandoned

¹ Apopthegms.

the older authority concerned, and secondly, in matters in which investigations are still not complete. But no new findings will ever be made if we rest content with the findings of the past. Besides, a man who follows someone else not only does not find anything, he is not even looking. "But surely you are going to walk in your predecessors' footsteps?" Yes indeed, I shall use the old road, but if I find a shorter and easier one I shall open it up. The men who pioneered the old routes are leaders, not our masters. Truth lies open to everyone. There has yet to be a monopoly of truth. And there is plenty of it left for future generations too."

From *Letters from a Stoic*, originally written by L. A. Seneca, translated by Robin Alexander Campbell, published by Penguin Random House UK in Penguin Classics in 2014.

I couldn't have said it better myself (lol). D.O.C.I.S. International wishes to lower the bar for the introduction of new scientific thought (within the organization). This means that you don't need to have the necessary academic military rating medals to be considered someone able to introduce good new concepts and ideas. It does not matter who, where and when: if it is solid enough to add to or replace a paradigm of thought, we Fangyists consider it legit.

Women in Combat

If you'd take the top 10 strongest people on the planet, chances are very high that these are all men. That's logical, because on an average basis men are biologically stronger than women. There is, however, a point in which women start to rank in this list before other men. I'm certain that the top 3 billion strongest people on the planet involves some women before other men. A woman or girl specialized in martial arts will destroy a World of Warcraft playing near anorexic lack of sunlight having male.

In LwC they were talking about women in combat the other day and I just feel a very strong need to fill in the standpoint I was not hearing: setting the bar lower for women is bad and refusing women because they're women is also bad. Both those standpoints are sexist. Someone joining the army must meet all physical requirements, including passing the fitness test. When a woman is able to pass the same fitness test men have to pass to join the army, she should be allowed to join the army.

A lot of people alive are likely unable to pass a fitness test to join the army. But it's not a test that is so heavy that only the 10 strongest people on the planet are able to pass it. I'm sure more men will be able to pass it than women, but the point of female emancipation is that a woman who can perform at the level required for acceptable performance should be allowed to perform.

To lower the bar, on the other hand, is ridiculous. The same goes for allowing people who're taking hormone pills for their identity crisis. If it's more about inclusion more than it is about strength, why have an army at all. That defeats the purpose of an army.

Random abstract tangent-ish: I have some experience physically fighting with men. In a non-life-or-death situation, mind you. When you end up in a situation in which you have to fight someone, you can't choose their gender and their size and their weight. (When all cities are filled with raging hypothetical NPC zombies, for example.) You might have the advantage of having better technique, being heavier or having stronger weapons. A strong will to survive is also of great importance, I believe. Right now, when looking at the future, life might not be the most cheerful thing. But some day we will be the people with the most lust for life. Every Fangyist must have some form of combat training.

Subtle Hierarchy

In the midst of the grip of the leftist authoritarian chokehold getting tighter and tighter, may not seem a good moment to plead for a new global political hierarchy. That I call it subtle, insinuating that the impact won't be that noticeable, does not make it any better.

Governments are destroying the economy with their corona lockdowns, big tech companies have a monopoly on the ability to disseminate information (and the ability to market one's business on their platforms) and large impactful businesses and institutions are being taken over by radical leftists with all the signs of it only becoming worse and never becoming better. To those who have been increasingly disturbed by this for a longer time – like I have been noticing this for less than 10 years – movements that tame the symptoms of these phenomena may have been a great escape. (Or do you want this even more than I? I can't imagine that because I can't stand yet another piece of patchwork.)

Listen, man, I don't want to live to see the whole world become worse than China. That is the direction we're being pushed towards, with the globalist agenda that is inescapable under the authorities we are subject to. To break free from that, more impactful (more radical, you could say), steps need to be taken.

Not everyone wants to unchain themselves from the elite, because some people have no problem with what they are doing to them. Not everyone is willing to take the steps needed to unchain themselves, because it comes with serious ramifications. The only way in which people have tried anything that is slightly similar to what I mean by unchaining oneself is – I can't make it any more unappealing than this – on land claimed by sectarian cults that don't last longer than a week.

Unchaining yourself from the elite comes with serious ramifications, because you will have to say goodbye to everything. To your parents, your grandparents, your husband, your wife, your kids, your pet (I can't take Bert along either unless you all vote on me taking Bert along on this journey), your side hoes, your other friends and family, your house, your neighbors, your job, your local supermarket, your followers, your social accounts, your cable subscription, your bills, your life savings (haha just mentally) et cetera. Everything.

The pitch gets worse, because you will have to be more loyal to me than you have ever been loyal to anything in your entire existence. On top of that, chances are that you will have to camp-like sleep in a sleeping bag until you have fought free the land you will build your – small or large, shared or alone, all up to you – palace on. I'm talking months, likely years if not decades, of prehistory-style lokale nederzettingen until it gets better. (I think it's fun, but try pitching that to your wife, parent or friend who will never be a part of this. (I think that's the funniest sentence I've ever written.))

In order to be free, you can't live off the system anymore and people will think you're insane if you decide to pursue that. Because – aside from prehistory but that's too old – there are no instances in history in which an initiative like this ever worked out, not many people will understand how the Fangyist initiative is much different in both the approach and outcomes, and how with the right people success is literally our only option. Would you dare to be considered a crazy person, in exchange for freedom (and a new life)?

Coming out as Fangsexual, devoting your life to the Fangyist cult, running away or something else along the lines of that is literally the only way to break free, because in any other approach, people who will jeopardize the very purpose of our efforts will get in our crosshairs, either trying to get involved or trying to stop us. You will have to keep non-Fangyists at a distance (and I'd love to help you with that). Chances are this manifests itself in packing your most valuable items and showing up at your lokale nederzetting.

In the end, no hierarchy is subtle. Every structure of power is limiting in one way or another. I haven't been able to go to a bar in like a year because of politics. I can't travel the way I'm used to because of politics. (While the elite can, as usual, do as they please.) I think Fangyist hierarchy is a lot less bad. The most serious limitation under the Fangyist regime is that no one will be able to bulk buy some non-essential made in China shxt online. And you may be subject to someone who gives you challenging tasks for as long as we're in the lokale nederzettingen phase.

I don't want to be selfish here, but please I don't want to live through another week of “leftists are screwing us over” “the right is a bunch of crazy lying racist conspiracy theorists”.

Like does anyone else want to just live as well? Political controversy is a creation, not an inescapable fact of life. It is not physically impossible to say: “If you people want to devote your lives to hating each other, the purpose of your existence being talking trash about each other, by all means: go ahead. We’ll be over there living in a separate society. Bye we’ll never see or speak to each other again.” There are ways to debate differences in policy preferences, without political tribalism. Only in that way will we ever develop real solutions. Let’s focus on that.

