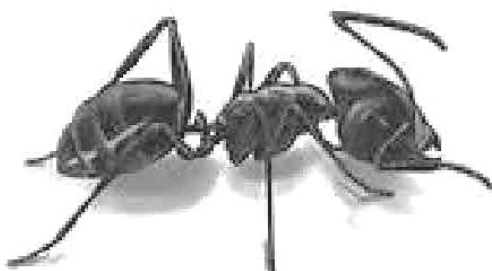


CONSPIRANT COLONIES

AS AFFIRMED BY AN ANT



H. KIRK RAINER



MY HOME INDUSTRY

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*...Ants are the dominant insects.
They are the principal predators.*
- E. O. Wilson

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Enforced Spread

Colonialism: the enforced spread of the rule of reason.

But who is going to spread it among the colonizers?

- Anthony Burgess

Before introducing myself and telling my own story, I must first give you some background about my own. You see, my story is more about them, *my own*; their beginning and everything that came before and since, even now, from the beginning to now.

Who are they, these that I call “my own”? Why, they are those who came before me; those who founded **THE COLONIES** and fostered an idea of a life and living and something you call liberty—that they had not ever known or ever really would!

You may be wondering how I know these things—since I am an ant and a worker at that.






You may think that an ant colony is a simple society; that it’s just frantic bugs foraging for food or other things.

Try thinking differently; expand your thinking beyond your own!

I’m here to tell you that ants are a complex society, like some of your own, with much to share and relate between us. That is why I am here and why you are here too; to share and relate *my own* to your own, the similarity of societies and history.

They were nobodies but, by some determination and destiny, they shed their *no-bodies* and become some-bodies. They were proud—too proud—to the point of becoming more than they could be, more than *my own* had been, and more than I could ever have become as one of the natural caste, *my own*.

THE COLONIES are (or were) like all empires...not that different from your own. Empires:

-  Start-up modestly and humbly
-  Spread about, above and beyond, rational limit
-  Succeed, seizing *property and possession* unlimited
-  Subside until subdued at an ever-increasing rate
-  Succumb to *the spread*, burden and breadth of empire

Many of *my own* did not really know, or were aware, of what was going on. They worked hard without any sense of the succession of events simply because these events occurred over many generations and, like the change of seasons, came subtly.

My own gave way to a few that changed us all. By “changed” not to mean *the changes* that I incurred alone, described before as to *come far*. Here, the change was among and between *my own*—a mass change which I explain in more details later and then later.

For now, it is right for you to know that how we began was not what we became or what we envisioned for us. I am ashamed that the ideas fostered at first eventually gave way to a few whose vision or goals was very destructive in their distancing ambitions from awareness, acknowledgement, and acceptance.

Yes, *the spread* was not only about an expanding empire, but it was about *distancing* between *my own* and *the few*, THE COLONIES; it was between the majority of mostly workers and those whose ambition was for their own gain, their guile and greed—a most grisly condition, a grueling circumstance and grotesque consequences and conclusions to Antism, to Anteca.

I liked the simple *life and living*. Sure, the lot of a worker is, well, work; but the work was meaningful and gave purpose and place—as I was first told and then experienced. Sometimes you have to trust if just in the voices from the past, if not the present, to remain anchored, orderly and natural to your own.

By the time that I came along, **THE COLONIES** were well into their decline with despair everywhere. If I have not given you a flavor of the times as they were, I have failed already in my final work—this confession of the confluence of changes and change.

My only purpose for living now—if I can call it that—is as a voice for all *my own* that experienced the rise and fall of an empire; from the humble beginnings, a simple society, to the pentacle of *power* and then pressures of excess too excessive to overcome.

Bear with me as I repeat things. If you happen to experience what I have, the whole shebang, your speech might be similarly strained, sarcastic—even seditious. There comes a time however in every being's life when sacrifices outweigh satisfactions.

I am only an ant and a worker at that, but I have been touched with that which gives me much of what you're born with; a soul, a heart, and a mind, all of which have helped me be humanlike.

You have the advantages, the gifts, to reason through *life and living* but I have only recently acquired them. You have no excuse or reason to evade the evidence of empire in your world, past and present—which is why I speak now. You may say:



"I was sheltered and protected from...."



"I was too busy and preoccupied to...."




"I didn't care one iota!"


But such excuses cannot apply to those so able to reason.


I don't like to talk terms, but I must pour-out a few, now and throughout my story. Terms are tantamount to finding the full essence of this empire, that which may even apply to your own. So bear with me as I pose each as a question, one term after another till at last all are delivered and defined, finally decided.

"What is the name of the colonies"?

Originally the name was **Anteca** but then became:

 **Antebellum** early on, administering *property*

 **Antvancement** later, acquiring possession

 **Antecazation** near the end, abusing *power*

The whole celebration of our history is **Antism**; that is, for those who are exceptional and otherwise are considered worthy of such terms among the mass populations, places and persons of ants.

"What is a simple society?"

I know I've used this term several times already—as though I am expert on culture—but my understanding is that it's able to thrive and survive through individual and communal commitment.

"What is complex one?"

A *complex* society is that where such individual and communal abilities are surrendered or sacrificed—giving way to a few, *the malevolent masters*. Such type castes, *the few*, are unnatural and undermining—not only committing crimes but giving credits to others, they are a cadre of criminals that do their best to do the

worst—the corrupt leading the corruptible into incurable, incessant corruption.

It was not always like that, corrupted. A complex society does simply occur, but I'm sure you know the way that civilizations emerge, rise and finally fall, while—to some benefit—produce good things, achievements in the course of their *life and living*.

“What good things came from ‘the colonies’?”

Good question, for not all was bad—there were some good things too!

Antebellum produced an abundance of food and other essentials for *life and living*. There was an entire economy built upon the growth and harvesting of such essentials.

Antvancement enabled antidotes to be discovered and distributed to combat **Anti-Antism** and other ailments, described as:



Antiseptic, as a prevention



Anteserum, as a cure



Anti-bodies, for everything and everyone else

But then, a little **Anti-Antism** might be a good thing. For what is *life and living* in a society of **Absolute-Antism**? Maybe it's what you call an autocracy or, at the other end is anarchy, but nothing is absolute or altogether pure or perfected, absolved or absolute.

I only know the terms of *my own*, and not the many that make of the complex societies in your world. I only know that I was unknowing for much of much of limited life--making me all the more limited. I only know the story of *my own* and the story of

my *changes* are inextricable entwined, integrated. I know that I am more than mildly **Anti-Antism**—more than a moderate rebel.

A worker may seem the lowest of the castes relegated to a life of arduous ant jobs. A worker seems a slave, but in truth, the worker is the most common and, in turn, the most credible for the care, the conditioning, control and conduct of **THE COLONIES**.

As **Antism** became more absolute, the worker became less able; not as workers that we didn't care about contributing, but the causes lie primarily among the very insolent and insidious—one of the *grotesque consequences and conclusions* of empire.

“What was it, the causes?”

I knew you would ask that, and to the question, I must once again turn to a term.

It began with something called **Antbrosia**, the substance that makes an ant an ant. Hmm, how to translate this term to your world? This substance, our essence, sustains *life and living*; it makes an ant an ant such that without it, the ant is ant-less.

“What happened to this substance, antbrosia?”

Much of the details of it will be shared later but here is an overview that might at least lay the ground work. First, *the few* that I've described, as they migrated toward insolence and insidiousness, began to extract the substance from the larvae.

“You mean the unborn, the eggs?”

Exactly! They found a way to extract the substance from the eggs—a highly valued item—and then use it for themselves both consuming it and trading it. You call it a commodity.

“So what happened then; what became of the colonies when the substance of *life and living* was stolen?”

The overall effect was to diminish the worker ant, their *life and living*, while elevating the *life and living* of the few.

“But that’s wrong—messed-up?”

In **THE COLONIES** such ideas do not exist. You see, ants and other species have nature to guide them—natural law—without mulling over the notions of good and bad, right or wrong, moral or something less. Morality is man’s move and motion.

“How can a society survive without morals?”

Just to remind you that before my *changes* I and all others did not know of such things. We did what nature called us to do. Only after my *changes*, the one’s that made me more like you, did I begin to see and relate to these things of the humankind.

“So the worker lost his will to work?”

Eventually, yes; but this was not all in the way of *grotesque consequences and conclusions*. Still, this outcome alone was enough to bring **THE COLONIES** down, slowly but surely.

If a worker no longer works, then they are worthless—having no continued purpose or position and, further, no place to call home. When the worker fails, so too does the entire society, simple or complex. Workers:



Care for the unborn, the larvae



Carry food and other foraged stuff



Coordinate and communicate along the way

The worker was once at the core of **THE COLONIES**.

“Why did they do this...to ultimately destroy themselves?”

It is a matter that troubled me for many days, even now. This question, the answer, is at the heart of my soul; that some segment of my society would do such a thing. But then, with *the changes*, I began to understand the motivation—*the madness*.

As it were, *the few* were not *my own*: they *devolved* from us, but they were different—driven by desires strange to an ant’s *life and living*, the system by which we thrive and survive, *life and living*.

Sure, they appeared to be us or like us; but they were strange, then stranger as they sought to strangle everything that we stood for—everything symbolic of and including our substance. They estranged *the few* from *my own* while all along subduing our wills, exploiting of our *life and living* then and still more to come.

“What does that have to do with the spread, empire?”

Much, more than I think I know. Take down the many and *the few* will have nothing else to do but shout as they watch and wonder what went wrong while doing little or nothing else.

“Tell me more.”

As to *the spread*, your last question, the abuse of *power* went *beyond rational limit*—the want for anything and everything. Within our society, complex as it was, *the spread* was similarly subduing us. You should know that you cannot have nature coexisting with empire for long; for incrementally and insidiously, empire consumes everything, even its own. Empire is Leviathan; a rouge that has no rival.

“You mean a behemoth, a beast?”

Yes, all consuming, the sort of creature that causes dread and doom wherever and whenever it treads.

“Why didn’t you do something; why didn’t your own take a stand?”

It seems that if we could that we would, right?

“I think so.”

But what about your world...with all its history of empire; can you really wonder about *my own* when your own do the same things?

“You’re right; my world—my own—has watched and waited, wondering—but doing little or nothing—about things.”

Then we agree that our worlds are (were) not that different; we each have our way, first depending on nature, and then things change for the worse while we watch, wait and wonder-,

“And we don’t like to wonder about the worst.”

I think it’s more than that; maybe they would prefer—even plan—that we don’t wonder about what is going on, but why?

The few convinced *my own* that the extraction of our substance was the future; that by taking the substance from the future, we could make a better future— the acme of **Antism**! As it turned out, this proposed future was a fraud—lies. Yet we believed it, you see. We wanted to wonder about a better *life and living* still before us rather than behind us.

“What did you wonder about?”

Most wonder about in some motion; physically rather than mentally acting. It was in my *changes* that I began to wonder with

my mind and heart, thoughts and feelings about **Antism** and this empire. There is much to think about, to feel and touch.

“There is a lot more to think about.”

You’re right about that. Believe me when I tell you that thinking about it has never stopped and never will as long as the *changes* stick and my worries stay.

“You’re worried still after the facts?”

I have feelings and thoughts too.

“I see your point. I have my worries and it seems now, from what you’re telling me, still more to think about.”

The more you know, the more you think you don’t know. Is it that we worry too much or that we care too often? Do we feel or think too deep, so that we can’t do either anymore, depleted and destitute? Where is our *beyond rational limit*?

“We can only be spread so far before....”

If we breakdown from within what’s the chance that we’ll break-up too?

“I guess that it’s high, as with any relationship.”

I guess that your guess is right-on: when you break a being’s inside, you break their in-betweens too—you kill their will to work, anything and everything for place, *position* and purpose.

“But you don’t mean all work, do you?”

No, I use that word because I was a working—which is what we did at least for all our waking hours. But you, your own, may have

other things besides work and, as it seems from my learning, you may not work at all.

“Why didn’t you see it coming?”

Some did, I think—even *the few* who conspired so—but the circumstances were too little too late.





Ants are known to have poor vision, it’s true, but our other senses more than make up for it. We are artful and articulate when it comes to networking; so again, our poor vision is not a cause—of *not seeing it coming*—but just a condition we live with. What’s your reason for not seeing?

“What do you mean?”

Well, your world is a complex society. How many different ‘isms do you have?

“It’s ‘isms, you say.”

Yes, ‘isms, as in:

-  Capitalism, where *the few* have the most
-  Socialism, where the many have the most
-  Materialism, where having *the most* matters most
-  Fascism, where *the few* matter most

And the ‘isms never cease.

“There are evidently many ‘isms.”

Yes, a complex society. **THE COLONIES** have only two kinds.

“What’s the other one?”

After **Antism** there was **Antechism**.

“What was antechism?”

Think about it: the initial ‘ism—**Antism**—was where the ant mattered most. But as *the spread* took effect, the latter—**Antechism**—came about where *the few* mattered as like fascism.

“What about all that ‘seizing unlimited’?”

Some other ‘ism’s are there too. Perhaps **Antechism** is (or was) our equivalent of all the ills of your ‘isms, humankind.

“Anyway, it doesn’t matter now—since it is behind you?”

“Behind”, you say, I don’t think so; especially for your own and your world, man. You’re *in the thick of it*, I think; ‘isms *out the ying yang*—in all *the madness and the mess*.

“So I should listen and learn and, like you, worry all the while with no control over...?”

I am saying that *my own* are not the only own that watched and waited: there are other “CONSPIRANT COLONIES” out there—I’m sure of it—of *goings and growing* for no good. They may have begun with great ideas and invention but, as history tells us, have an inevitable end—however incredulous their own.

I call them ‘isms but you may not even realize what I’m talking about—all these products of a complex society that cause everyone everywhere to be all things and thus to be nothing at all.

My Own Concern

My own concern is primarily the terror and violence carried out by my own.... [But can I do anything about it now?]

- Noam Chomsky (adapted)

I think it important to describe my worry—my thoughts and feelings—that remains even now. Without the *changes* that I experienced such concern would not be, but then, I would not be here to explain the *concern* either. Concerns are more credible than worries, don't you think? But before I express and explain my concerns, introductions are in order. You know by now that:



I was a worker ant in **THE COLONIES**



Other workers were *my own*



THE COLONIES grew to a colossus, an empire



I encountered *changes* that gave me feelings, fortitude and foresight






I was (or am) among *my own* who failed to either have concerns or to conduct anything about **Antechism/Anti-Antism**

But I am here now, after the fact, to tell you what happened and why it should have mattered more to me and should matter more to you now. So bear with me as I, a lowly worker ant, pour out my concerns and cares. Maybe it might matter to you—if it's not too late. Then again, maybe what I tell you will not matter at all; maybe you are too far gone to get it—or to want to try.

Ooh maybe, maybe....

I came across a classic writing from your world; one that captures my concerns about changes from:

-  A simple to complex society
-  Promoting the many, *life and living*, to exalting *the few*
-  A community to a *cabal*, a cadre of criminals

The lessons to follow, though unfortunately too late to do anything about **THE COLONIES**, have been collected in this writing of that writing.

My concerns, my fears, come from the time of my first feelings until now—from *life and living* to the present deadening of all.

There is relief however; a hope that helps at times; a reflection on the great achievements against the tragic failures that kept some of *my own* separate of the corruption, the *cabal*. .

But there is also conflict within, around and beyond me. Conflict came and crept slowly into *my own*—spawned and spread by a hedonistic hierarchy of *devolved* and depraved castes.

Sometimes *hope* helps me through the day but other times the *conflict* haunts me into the night. Can I hope that *hope* wins; that by some strength greater than mine alone, the darkness leaves me for good and the dawn rises to last my life remaining?

When I read this writing from your world, I said to myself, “This is about me, about *my own* and *the few* against us.” I read and read, not only this writing but as much as I could find in the *changes*, worker to wiser—though angry all the more that I read to realize more of what I had not known until then and even now.

Antism betrayed the interest and inspiration of most by fraud under the guise of fame that protected undeserved privilege, stirred-up division among and between castes while controlling most everything that really mattered to *life and living*.

The few were among the highly intelligent—I'll give them that—but they possessed an ironic ignorance toward that which really mattered for the most. *My own* didn't matter, it's true, but it's what they did to themselves that I am referring to here; they killed themselves and everything that seemed to matter to them too. Intelligent as they were, it is ironic that they proved stupid.

My concerns came in the company of those that did not share my realism. Some of *the few* started to say that I was dangerous, derelict and destructive. They distanced themselves from me, cutting me off from the natural connections and communications so necessary for one among the other and then others.

I was uneasy with those that adhered strictly to **Antism**, My warning was the potential for the disastrous rise of *power....* After a length of time, it should have been clear that such *power* does not work alone, but has many partners rooted in confiscation, conquest and control—this *cabal, a cadre of criminals*.

It is easier to repress fears than to control the dangers giving rise to them. Fear alone can immobilize; nurture apathy which overtakes to such degree of dying, then death. How I pitied them and yet found their denial and indifference pathetic and, worst yet, my own determination and dedication beyond my fears.

Who was I but a worker made wiser by the *changes* I can't and won't yet explain? The *changes* have made me more than I was, raising my senses to levels never imagined while leaving me a stranger to myself. Who should I pity more, them or me?

“So you pity yourself too?”

I do, though I don’t know why. What is pity anyway: sorrow, sadness, sensitivity or some sense of reservation and regret—is that what I feel for *my own*, for me? Is it really me that I feel sorry for or someone beyond me, a stranger to myself? It seems that I have more questions about your question, doesn’t it?

“It is when we stop asking questions that we stop learning.”

How true your words. Still, this sorrow and sadness is too much to bear. I might have been better dying with them—in ignorance and indifference—then facing the discouragement and despair of decline, destruction, their dying and death post *life and living*.

But then empire; **THE COLONIES** that were good, growing but eventually going too far as all such empires do.

“That’s right; Rome, Greece and today, the United-,”

They each and all were credited with achievements, wonders of your world. But like those before and after, history heralds the rise of hedonism and nihilism, the fall of strongly-held values, and the common ill-conditions—all this because of ambition, I think.

“Can such conditions be turned back to the way it was?”

“The way it was,” is something I am not certain about. I have to go on what I’ve learned. There is that habit however of recalling only the best—better than it was, before now. All I have to go on is *my own*; my small world and that learned from your world before.

“And also the world that Anteca destroyed?”

Yes, of course.

“But as to our being ‘above’-,”

But it’s so!

“You ways, your own, are not beneath us by nature; though my world has done *great achievements*, we do vile and vicious things. We destroy ourselves by so many degrees.”

You seem to be as skeptical of your own as I am of mine.

“We have those that control much—the kings and queens that play us as pawns; they are what Adam Smith named ‘masters of mankind’ and-,”

Yes, the *vile maxim of the masters of mankind*.

“The few of my world, ‘the vile maxim...mankind, are they.”

I’m not skeptical of all of my kind but *the few* and still more that denied and disregarded their better nature; they turned on their own and, in doing so, turned on themselves. Further, they recognized and rewarded those who followed such unnatural behavior—while punishing those who refused, relegating them to the fringes of society. How *the few* became so much—and so little at the same time—is not something I can fully comprehend. But my concerns and fear is such that, I am:



Not afraid to say that I am afraid



Afraid of those who proclaimed that it couldn’t happen here



Worried by those who failed to remember—or have never learned—that such were the central force behind the *power* of old **Antebellum**, then new **Antism** on the road to ruin.

When **THE COLONIES** expanded so too did the castes. What were only four kinds became more and then more; and while some *devolved* from one to another, others tried to hang-on to what they had and had been, so they thought.

Had I already experienced my first feelings perhaps I would be able to say that I am worried about:



My own who seem transfixed by ideals of returning to **Antebellum** or some prior, better time



Others that cannot forget the distress and disparity of advancing, ambitious and aggressive **Antechism/Anti-Antism**, being cast as outcasts, outliers and offenses of empire



Antbrosia, the systematic undoing of the unborn and those still to come, the extraction and exploitation



Antvancement, the obfuscated, offensive oppression

And all those 'isms contrived by your world and now mine; that no matter the prefix, the end result are the same: *might makes right*—all morality amiss—and the masses suffer and sacrifice.

“How do you know of morality?”

Have you not been listening...the *changes*?

“Yes, I know, but my question comes because morality is so much more of mine, my kind; it is not easily kept and much more moribund, of little lesser matter these days.”

What's that?

“Moribund?”

I have not heard that word before, *moribund*.

“It means; in decline, dying.”

But that does not make sense. How can morality not be right? How can that not be righteous? Who would do such a thing?

“Alright-already Anton; it’s not like the end of the world.”

It just seems unnatural and, well, much about *moribund*.

“You evidently know about morality, don’t you?”

Yes, I do... or did. But I was blind, just as any other worker, from reality or realism—from any feeling or sense of what was happening— of where *my own* were going and would end up—a *road to ruin*. You have to be *moribund* to know *morality*.

My function as a worker was *the train*, a long line of ants, traveling from point to point, position and place. But as to the senses, I could not feel or sense anything; not pain or pleasure, right or wrong, the past or the present, myself or *my own*.


“March on, *my own*, march on,” was the mantra and mandate. But did I know anything else; would I choose something righteous—if I even knew what morality was?” I obeyed orders and openly obliged the natural order, my queen and court.

Oh sure, you have a choice—as any individual desires the right to choose. But what is this thing, *choice* or free-will:



Semi-optional, an accommodating alternative

 Self-determination, freedom

 Set apart, separate, singled-out from *the collective*

Can any ant know what is best for them; the notion of good—as though self-matters supersede morality, *the commons*?

“We have... I think.”

You know of this condition, of *choice*?

“It has something to do with ambition.”

How is *choice* related to *ambition*?

“Free will or self-determination enables freedom and liberty: to plot your own course, to march to your own drumbeat, to board your own train for choice destinations.”

And that is the condition, the connection?

“That’s what we’re told—what we want to believe.”

But do you have it, *choice*?

“Self-determination is more a concept than credible, more a dream than deed or decision.”

I can’t let go of the past, even in the future.

“Maybe the past is the future!”

Ooh maybe, maybe!

But what about you—what do you think? I’m asking because it’s important that we think.

“Which is why you’re sharing all these thing, right?”

Yes, *thinking*, but sometimes more. What I mean is that *thinking* may not always enough; sometimes you have to do more, go further, and take some sort of stand, with action, work.






“And you did that?”

I was upset about those who preferred to remain spectators—to your question— doing much of nothing until it was too late.




I am shocked by those who seemed to believe in the future but say, “There is no way of fighting the future.”

I am disappointed by those who stiffly maintained that nothing can be done until things got worse or *the system* has been changed; yet, they *ride it out* with intent to get what they can while they can, waiting until the last minute to *jump ship*.

I was afraid of inaction; those who:

-  Heeded no warnings
-  Waited for revelation or reform to form perfect solution
-  Did not see that prior work cannot correct or counter the present problems
-  Failed to follow their nature but instead, embraced the unnatural, the *new natural*
-  Compromised again and again until, at last, there was no more to give, *life and living* all used up

I am discouraged and dismayed by those that do not (or did not):




-  Concern themselves beyond themselves
-  Commit themselves to something larger than themselves
-  Conduct life and living for the collective good

But they were afraid of authentic **Antism** and become small—so small until insignificant, as mere single-celled creatures.

As my feelings and senses grew, I become increasingly suspect and finally convinced that many underestimated both the dangers that were ahead, the depth and degree of **Anti-Antism**.

Power and possession does this...; it leaves you more than blind, but completely deficient in all common, credible senses.

Then there is *pride*; a creeping that widened the chasm between castes and the caste-not's. And with this *pride* or arrogance came an urging of this or that form of action; some ideologues that established a monopoly on truth and, in turn:

-  Treated half-truths as whole truths
-  Stayed aloof from dirty confiscation and destructive conflict
-  Devised schemes and strategies, visible or invisible, for conquest and control

Power is not always apparent; call it the *invisible hand* or the *vile maxim of masters*, but *power* begets *possession* and *possession*, progress—so goes the program—as this cycle progressively pushes *power* from the many to *the few*, from the whole to the center: collaborative, concentrated castes; levers and wires; smoke and mirrors; and all other means and methods to make for nothing substantial, less a show. And of this *show*, this *cycle*, I thought to myself that everyone must know that *the few* are growing in *power* while the many, our society, shrink from *small* to *single-celled creatures*, insignificant to infinitesimal scale.

Power is not seized with the intention of giving it up or passing it on. *Power* begets *power* and is both *the end* and *the means*.

But even *power* is not without fear. They became increasingly fearful when the *levers and wires* could evidently bear no more, the *smoke and mirrors* unable to hide that behind *the curtain*. More conquest meant more control, yet more control meant more internal and external consequences that like great storms and flood waters, moved mounds and monuments apart, away.

There is no better instrument for control than lies.

“What is a lie, really, but a distraction or disagreement?”

I did not know what a lie was—as I did not know truth. Neither truth nor untruth was understood. *My own* did not know truth about us because we were workers, selfless and small.

“From the beginning it was so?”

No, I don’t think so; not from *the beginning* but beyond that, as *the spread* became vast; the bigger *Anteca* became, the smaller the worker became, and the greater they, *the few*, became.

“They increased and you decreased.”

They grew to everything and we became next to nothing.

We had no names to distinguish who are what we were to **THE COLONIES**. My acquired name, Anton, is my on doing.

“Who gave you that name ‘Anton’?”

The name seemed fitting, “ant-on”; so it was me who gave it to me, more or less. I named myself Anton to be like you.

“But before...that long and endless train. ”

We had no names—but who cared?

“Who cared about names or life and living?”

You cannot die if you’ve never lived—just as you cannot know of lies if you have never known truth. A worker has no name.

“But to know is not always a good thing, is it?”

To know is sometimes a curse. I learned of lies as I did of truth and I didn't know which one was *heavier*, to know or not to....

“Which one weighed the most?”

If you know the truth—if you know that you know—than you can never go back. Truth carries you beyond and more.

I was not me then (before the *changes*) but by the time that I did become me, it was well into the decline and decay—the dying and death of *my own*. I had become someone but *my own* were gone.

“How sad to know too late to do anything.”

Sad on many levels; sad for me, sad for *my own*, and sad for **THE COLONIES**—it was sad, something strong.”

But now that I know truth (and lies), my *concerns* include self-denial and self-deception—making lies to me, Anton.

“Have you cursed yourself?”

It sounds so but there is much I have not said yet; a broad and deep experience that extends from or near the beginning of **THE COLONIES** until now and stays to my end, I believe.

“How can that be, your short life against the history and all?”

Oh, it’s what I’ve been exposed to; not firsthand of course, but truths that cover the course of **Anteca**.

My purpose is to tell everything that I know or think I know so that you too may know—before it’s too late if it is still.

“And make me similarly sad, really?”

Do not let the truth scare you or make you sad. Being happy and content is over-rated anyway—short-lived and small too.

“Should I seize the truth, this moment?”

Seize it, embrace it, and don’t let it go. Even if/as it brings sadness, seek it all the same; for reward awaits those that know and live truth. All I really know is that truth is finer than gold.

Our lives are finite; we exist for some period of time and, after that, we die perhaps losing conscience of our existence—if we ever had it. Had I not experienced the evolution that so changed my own life I would not be here to tell you our history let alone who are what I was and what I have become, strong but weak. What happens to me is something I do not know either; whether they will let me go or use me as a slave of some kind or end my life.

Sure, I am now a slave, it seems, having been overcome by those stronger and superior, the **Perpetuating Plunderer**, **PLUN**.

“Who is PLUN?”

They are the conquerors, now to whenever. They have squished all **Antvancement**, turning time back to something archaic, post-**Anteca**. They are **Anti-Antism** in spades, many times over.

“They are enemies then?”

Strange as this might seem, **PLUN** is the enemy of my enemy.

“So that makes them your advocate-ally, right?”

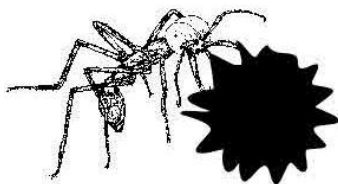
I’m not sure, not really. The worst of ambitions is always clouded by such doubt and indecision.

“So ambition is antvancement?”

Not an easy question either, I think.
Bear with me as I try to explain now.

As **THE COLONIES** expanded, the conditions became more complex.

Consider the variety of castes; initially there were only four types, but with time and other factors, some devolved while others changed for the better, I believe.



“Why did this happen?”

I ask the same question at first, and-

“What did they do to make it complex?”

They are a strange and separate group—but superior, so they say.

“You are describing the few, right?”

Oh yes, the *privileged and powerful*. It’s strange though; that as superior as they thought they were, they became political parasites—sucking the essence, *Antbrosia*, out of the larva and killing us all, each and all—even themselves. And when our essence was gone—when the larvae were exterminated—they introduced a synthetic, a substitute called *Artbrosia*.

“You say that artbrosia replaced antbrosia?”

The rate of extraction exceeded the birth rate—exhaustion was just a matter of time—thus, a placebo called *Artbrosia*. And it apparently worked, this alternative, until it didn’t....

“Truth wins again!”

But not before many untruths, a long train of lies.

“And the worker knows about trains?”

Yes, the worker knows about *trains*—about duty and dedication, community and commitment, service and sacrifices. But this worker, Anton, knows about truths and then untruths.

“What are your own concerns?”

Now, only that my story—what I have learned in *time and place*—is either not heard or if then, not heeded.

“And if your own concerns remain?”

I don't know...except to know that as long as such remains, I remain driven to do something, anything, to find peace if that is even possible.

"Is peace possible?"

Within me, not as long as my own concerns remain I'm afraid. But beyond me, well, that is *beyond me* for now.

Where do I begin but now to describe what I've learned through my experience and education, emotion and erudition? Oh, the pain of such truths is more than I can bear at times.

But to your question, "Is peach possible"; my basis of understanding is that peace is never possible as long as there remains those that gain from *conflict and contention*. And to clarify on *gain* is to condense the consequences into the losers and the winners, the many that suffer for the few that profit.

One of your kind—who knew intimately and intricately of *conflict*—proposed a solution: remove the profit of war and war will be no more. I believe this; that war, the culmination of *conflict*, is always and forever a failure whereby the fault begins with *the few* that profit. Only when that few experience similar suffering will such failures cease and our better nature succeed.

I abhor such *conflict and contention* almost as much as those that start and strive in it, through it and by it; the aggression driven by its own ambition is antithetical to our *natural order*, the ant's greatest predator is itself—which is why I call the whole affair *madness and the mess*.

Its Own Ambitions

*Empire always overreaches itself and thus dies by its own hand,
victim of its own ambitions.*

- Rassool Jibraeel Snyman

So you now know *my own concerns*, my fears; and you may have some understanding of why I feel this way. But what you do not yet know is what drove Anteca too far, what caused Antecazation. And the simple answer is, as already alluded, it went empire.

Remember there are those who came before me; those that founded THE COLONIES, and that fostered an idea of a *life and living*. Yes, they wanted for this life, alike your liberty, as conditions they had never known—nor ever would..., it seems.

This idea did not die with Anteca nor will it die from any other created something, complex or not. Liberty knows no end, but prevails to eternity—if there is such—as with *life and living*.

Liberty is not about doing what we want but what we should do...for our own; it is not altogether about getting (things) but about giving too—sharing our abundance, abilities and ambitions.

The work I did as a worker was giving, liberating me to find a part, be a part, and share in a part of THE COLONIES. I found liberty in being a servant—whether that makes any sense or not—and found further satisfaction in the selflessness and sacrifices.




You might believe that you have *come far*, in the described modern age of information. But this belief is shallow and may be nothing more than a dream for which your own will never know—nor ever would come to know as another irony.

Behind its own ambition was a sense or sacredness of being exceptional—not to mean unusual but, as exceptional, being blessed or bountiful. You should know however that it is such a sense that justified **Antecazation**, the cause and creed for (and of) continuing and consistent conflict, contention and conquest.

Pillaging, plundering and possessing properties may seem barbaric to you, but such behaviors are not beneath your own, you should know. Your own have perfected such perniciousness to the point of making it practice, private and even popular, like **Antechism**.

I know you've heard some of these ant terms already, but it is worth repeating if no other reason that to be reminded of how an idea cannot survive grand notions of being *exceptional*. How can you be *exceptional* when you work at worsening your world, even your own, for the sake and satisfaction of a few?

There are good but not *exceptional* beings. Good is:

-  More about being effective and efficient in helping our own toward hope, a future
-  Not about conflict of *possession* but conduct of peace
-  About *the commons*, not *the few*

Is *ambition* good? I accept that it can be; again, achievements have occurred in **Anteca** for the good of *the commons*. But *ambition* has its limits, as with expansion, so that in some abstract articulation, ambition can go beyond good to bad consequences, even worse. We went too far—and so have you, again and again.

Being *exceptional* is not altogether bad, the intent and true meaning of it. This condition, of being *exceptional* suggests a proving of strength and stamina. Workers' energy, effort and endurance are exceptional and even exemplary—positive, productive and progressive. *But we went too far....*

Ambition can be good or bad, sometimes both.

“When does ambition move from good to bad?”

Good question; for *the move* is not easily detected or discerned—especially for the one or ones driven to such degree, their *position*, *perspective* and then *power* front and center.

Ambition comes with costs that, in keeping with my response, is not easy to estimate. *Perspective* is tricky too; for you see—or maybe you don’t see—that what you see is not always there, but hidden or hiding from the *position*, the *power* and it’s *possession*.

“What do you mean, ‘not always there’?”

I mean that *ambition* can be masked; it can be made to appear different so that the consequences are blurred, the costs buried, *perspective* blinded, the participants distracted and disillusioned. Playing with *perspective* or manipulating the matter raises the risks that ambition is more about no-good than good, about taking it all, leaving nothing but the losses for losers, the lost.

“So what does this have to do with Anteca?”

Anteca had ambitions all along, first for good or *the commons* but then for *the few* and then the fewest. As the ambitions narrowed so came the playing with *perspective*. I think in your world that this sort of deception has reached epic proportions; a pandemic for which there has never been so many been fooled for so long by so few. Propaganda is limitless on all levels, *power* galore.

“It seems worse than bad, this ambition.”

It is not natural. But then many unnatural things ensued with the expansion, with empire. **THE COLONIES** that I learned about, that existed some time before my arrival, was simple and natural until **Anteca** went from simple, first to **Antebellum**; this was a parsing of lands to ensure that what had been taken would not be taken back or taken again. And as more was taken, so was the natural order was replaced by the synthetic, so-called *systems*.




“So you could no longer communicate among your own?”

We could still communicate, but the problem was about the signals or signs—the natural way of communicating and trusting.

I really was not aware of trust or truth, the word or words. But the simple truth was that we could no longer trust one another and in the **Antecazation** and what followed, trust and truth suffered even more. Empire and its effects destroy truth, our truths.

“As trust decreased, conflict-,”

Conflict climbed; it grew among and between *my own*—which I believe was intended, planned. Conflict is a means to control. Why:

-  Fight them when you can fool them
-  Disarm them when you deceive them
-  Create conflict with them when you can cause conflict among them and between them?

“The enemy comes from within?”

No, not usually, initially; but as it was, the lines became so blurred as to think it possible. And it is in this arena where advocates are made adversaries, where friends become foes, and where ambition goes beyond good to the absolute worst.

“Which is why conflict comes to them, it seems.”

Truth has consequences, not always for good either way. Time and tenacity has a way of bringing to light even the most darkest and deepest of deceptions—the kind that makes you ashamed for your association, if not your acceptance, of what they did—and what you did and did not do.

“You have shame—like me and my own kind?”

Maybe there’s more of me like you than like an ant.

“We do share some of that DNA, don’t we?”

It’s hard to know about such things when you’re so far down on the chain, beneath the crust of the good earth.

“Your own sounds more like my own the more I learn about that above and beneath me.”

What about the middle-ground, *the line* or between?

“I don’t know as It seems that it’s impossible to straddle the line for any length of time. Sooner or later you have to decide, choose or be forced to one or the other side.”

Empire is a something that you should know about. I know that whenever such words appear in your world that it conjures-up images of the ancient, the aged. But empire lives.

“They live?”

Yes, and they don’t die easily either.

“So they roam about, consuming everything?”

I would not have known of such things had I not been touched through several encounters; some strange and wonderful events that I will explain soon. And in the encounters were the aliens that I spoke of before—who worked so ardently to make for themselves a life beyond that of queens—to oversee, overtake and overthrow queens, one by one, until all was lost.

“How you must hate them, the aliens.”







You should know that empires always overreach their capacity so that when they begin to fall they may start slowly but then suddenly take-off toward nothing but nothing. And this is what happened, even long before I came along.






“And yet you know—you care to know?”

Is it just a word, *care*; or maybe it is more about a feeling and action too? Does anyone *care* about *caring*?

The *aliens* said they cared—that they really cared about us, *my own*—but as time went on, policies and programs proved only to be about control and not *care*. They were not giving, but taking, without feeling, trying or doing what their words meant.

Every empire grows until its reach exceeds its grasp—as I learned by watching and waiting. Yes, the certain, cyclical pattern of:

-  Freedom from slavery
-  Relevance from anonymity
-  Expansion from sovereignty
-  Conflict from diplomacy
-  Consumption from utility
-  Glory from humility

-  Excess from necessity
-  Excuses from accountability
-  Entitlement from responsibility
-  Exclusion from community
-  Descent from prosperity

And back to slavery, the pattern of hubris.

“What is hubris?”

It is arrogance, haughtiness, vanity, aggrandizement; it is *pride* beyond *proud* where the many exalt a few as though they were some god or queen. *Hubris* is an ancient Greek word and still more and more—it has no bounds.

“But how can anyone be greater than the queen?”

They, the queens, are (were) the lifeblood of our existence; the beginning and the end of any ant colony. They were the champions, my friend.

“But why didn’t they go on fighting to the end?”

Oh, they tried, right to the end, but you have to understand their purpose and place. Their nature is (was) to grow the colony—and *the few* knew it! *Growth* of this sort could not go on.

“You’re saying that they were used, the queens?”

Yes, but used in the worst way. They were reduced to nothing more than machines; forced to meet the ever-growing demand, increasing the output of larva beyond their nature.

“‘Machines’ you say?”

The queens became slaves, measured not by their natural purpose and place but by their production.

“This essence; extracted and exploited.”

Antbrosia was *my own* until it was stolen, squandered and sold; the aging ants would consume it to extend their *life and living* while others exchanged it for power *and possession*.

“But it wasn’t natural to extract...exploit?”

No, it’s not natural; but then, why does nature have to be?”

“Nature is a super force with no match?”

But is *nature* such a “super force” in your world?

“We do unnatural things in unnatural ways.”

You sure do—to everything and everybody.

“Okay, we do the unnatural, strange and perverse things.”

And if what we do/did wasn’t bad enough, the things you do is far worse—years beyond!

“Ambition can do that.”

So now you get it, now you know.

“As much as I need to, I think, but back to-,”

Antbrosia, as one example of ambition, was the last item: a natural substance used in unnatural ways to produce supernatural

consequences for *the few* while causing irrecoverable costs to the many for generations to follow.

“The eggs didn’t hatch?”

At first they hatched and developed but not as well—not completely or to maturity; it was gradual, incremental but certain lessening of *my own*—a depletion of DNA, *life and living*.

“It’s strange, bizarre, this process?”

Oh really? What about your kind and-

“So much for strange then, please continue.”

It was, I think you call it systematic, systemic; anyway, it was a system you see; it was a *program* to help them and to hurt us—their gain at our loss. But the more they took, the more they wanted and the more they wanted the more they took—until there was little to nothing left, not a single-cell.

“And what happened then?”

They killed the queens, all the natural.



“And you witnessed all of this?”

Not all of it, not all the death and destruction, but I’ve said already that I observed some of it and studied *the system*—enough to think deeply and broadly about it and more.

“Sometimes you think too much.”

When is thoughtfulness and caring too much? My thinking may seem much but it's my feelings that go far beyond.... Emotions can do that; it can drive you to think and care beyond reason.

"Sometimes you feel too much."

Since the *changes*, yes, I feel deep.

"The 'changes', your own evolution,"

Some of the worker remains, as I am only similar to you but not your kind. But have I *evolved*? I guess that I have.

"But you feel and think like me, like my kind?"

It's confusing, even conflicting, *feeling* and : first thinking about how I hate *ambition* only to realize that my hate is *ambition*; a passion, a drive with determination.

"So your passion is hate?"

No, it is really a passion to tell all that happened, *to let it all hang out*.

"I'm not sure if the phrase fits but I get your point."

Paradoxically, my passion—my ambition—is to present what happened. It is my passion and purpose now for as long as I remain alive and you remain attentive and accepting.

"Why would I do anything but to hear you out?"

Thanks for the support but you might be surprised—even shocked—to know that others have had no interest in my story.

“None of my kind, right?”

Most of your kind seemed distracted and deceived; sidetracked, sucked into the superfluous, the spectacular and other stuff that in the end amount to little more than nothing.

“Yeah, that is a problem.”

But it’s not a problem for the ambitious, the prideful and vainglorious and those driven for fame and fortune. For *the few* such *distracted and deceived* is an *opportunity to get away with murder*.

“An ‘opportunity’, you think, to ‘get away with murder’?”

Do you care?

“Call me conscientious.”

Are you an objector or just observer?

“Which were you?”

I was an *observer*... too small to be an *objector*.

“Or maybe you just wanted to live.”

Maybe, but in retrospect the right choice may have been-,

“To die for your passion, ambition or whatever you want to call it?”

I don’t know right now.

It was a struggle for them, for me, for *my own*; a conflict with not only *ambition* but the conditions that had replaced **THE COLONIES**, now **CONSPIRANT**. Yesterday's caste was dying—largely by the cleansing of **Antbrosia**—and the arriving *deviant and depraved* spelled a certain doom for anything that remained.



“So the antbrosia eventually-,”

Eventually gave-out—it couldn't last forever! But that is how empire works; it consumes everything to exhaustion, leaving nothing but the bones of the carcass to rot to dust.

“And then what?”

And then, by some so-called miracle came the replacement; a synthetic substance that they called **Artbrosia**.

“It sounds about the same, name and all.”

It does, and that's no accident, as **Artbrosia** was touted as the breakthrough— a final solution, better than the organic....

But oh, what a lie it was.

“So it failed to deliver on promises?”

Promises are like particles of dirt for the mounds; if it doesn't stick you just pick from among the millions remaining. But maybe that's not a fair analogy since dirt has some real value.

“Ambition went too far?”

How far is *too far*? I mean, when *the sky is the limit* how many lies can you conjure-up? They lied; the lied about lies and rewarded those that lived the lies and longed for them. When does it end, this life of lies? They no longer know what truth is—even if it *smacked them in the face*. This is what, or who, contrived the concept and then construction of Artbrosia: liars and thieves that serve *the few* at the expense of the many until....

“Until it finally collapsed, I’m guessing?”

I’m not sure that it *collapsed* as a sudden, shocking event; it was more gradual, incremental at first, finally arriving at a drastic and violent end. The rate accelerated as systems’ failure does.

The exploitation of **Antbrosia** was an agent of adversity; a culling of the worker caste into extinction; exploitation that eliminated all natural in some order that more emulates humankind.

“And nobody opposed it, no one realized, no one cared.”

There were some; they tried to speak-up—more even—but as things got worse so did the risks of such resistance. Some gradually gained a level of consciousness, especially the queens, but they were overwhelmed—torn between their maternal instinct and the impositions of evil, eugenic ends.

“Who or what were they, ‘the few’?”

I should be asking you that question; after all, your kind grow that kind—the sort that care about nothing or no one, even their own! My understanding of this kind has largely occurred by studying your societies where such kind prey on the good and goodness itself as *the few* did to the queens and generations to come.

“Who were they, *the few*?” They are the kind that gives the worst kind a bad name. Cruel beyond measure, they use deceit and destruction as *the means* and *the end*. They may present a cause or character as magnanimous and majestic when *the means* is downright malevolent, *the end* make-believe. They pose as victims rather than villains—for which they truly are—eliciting sympathy and support rather than the contempt and condemnation they deserve. They are the *vile masters* of their kind; presenting the image of a *helping hand* though in fact are a *heavy hand*—the weight of which is unmatched.

“What is Artbrosia?”

As far as I think I know, this substance was mostly fake, mostly a marketing ploy.

“What does an ant know about marketing?”

Not much—not even that—but I use the term to describe mass deceit. It was fraudulent, fake and full of-

“Then it was harmless?”

Artbrosia proved to be the essence of all enmity; ending any notions of the true Anteca, past or present, it formed conditions and consequences of Absolute-Antism, naked Antechism/Anti-Antism. The times were changing, the time had changed.





Artbrosia was foisted on us all: many were forced to use it, exchange it and otherwise depend on it. No longer did the worker work—as natural—in the expected and exclusive role for *the commons*, but they became dependent on this substance even the point of selling-out everything, even their own. Artbrosia was addictive and intoxicating—a cheap thrill, it was like-

“Like a drug?”

Yes, it was like a drug; the more you have, the more you want until, alas, *the more* is no more. And when you have *no more*, you will do anything and everything to anyone or everyone to fix *no more* to more. You are beyond help and beneath hope.

“What does an ant know of hope?”

What do I know of hope? I know:

-  That hope is a waking dream that does not view *the worst* of all, but above and beyond , finds the potential for the better
-  The way *the worst* wants us to work, where our fears are so great that we want to die—we long for our end before *the end*
-  What it’s like to be buried in darkness deep in the caverns of
THE COLONIES
-  To hear the voices of the vile and the confessions of the condemned.

To be *powerless*—to think it so—is to be hopeless too. And that *darkness*—that debilitating, diabolical dread that steals my hope like *the few* stole *my own*—robs me of resolve and rigor; a last breadth to exhale, exhausted and expired.

What is hope when you feel helpless to help yourself?

“What if you don’t know that you need help?”

Somehow I seem to know that I needed help—knowing that I could not endure without it; maybe not at first, but as the *darkness* engulfed my heart, I knew....that I knew.

“Ants have heart?”

I have a heart that feels things, all things from worse to better. It is not a new feeling but sometimes my heart seems more a burden than the *heavy hand* of the *vile masters*. Sometimes however my weaknesses are actually strengths.

“Weaknesses are strengths”?

As strange as it sounds, yes; when you’re down and you know you’re down—so far down that you can’t get up—what can you do but shout for a helping hand.

“How do you know that *the help* isn’t the *heavy hand*?”

I knew you were going to ask that.

“Lots of my kind depends on it, ‘the hand’.”

I know...and as do mine, even though they didn’t know what an actual hand is (being that legs are all we have). Anyway, *the hand* can be—to your question—more for cursing than for caring.

“What do you mean?”

I mean that it may help at first but will always take more than it gives. It gives, sure, but oh how it takes...more and more.

“What hand are you talking about it?”

The *heavy hand*...though sometimes hidden, but even with good intentions, it reaches far and deep, *more and more*—a tyranny.

“I’m still confused. Do you mean-,”

You're no doubt familiar with the term *blessing in disguise*, right? How about a curse disguised as a blessing?

"Oh come on, you don't want to look a gift horse in the mouth? I think you've taken this heavy hand too far. They-,"

I'm not familiar with that one, *a gift horse*, but-,

"It means-,"

The heavy hand always acts in or for its own interest.

"I think you're suffering some sort of mental anguish or anxiety. You are an ant with angst. Be careful or you might be called a conspire-,"

It's they that conspire. Remember the title of this story; those that scheme—plotting pernicious plans—are not me, *my own*. Conspiracy is conducted/completed with *power and possession*; they conspire because they have the capacity to do so!

You're not a conspirator if you live with the certainty that there's *more than meets the eye*—even if you can't see very well.

You're not a conspirator if you don't accept their story but, rather, have one of your own vetted with thorough examination.

"So you're definitely not a-,"

No way, man! *Conspiracy* is like *isolationist*; both have negative connotations and are used glibly to discount and dismiss words and actions that threaten *the few*; those that *cook-up* or commit scandalous and sinister actions, *the few* are the conspirators and isolationists, the heinous, hedonistically-hegemonic hand.

Yes, heinous, hedonistically-hegemonic heavy hands that rub fiercely together as the next underhanded undoing unfolds.

“A diabolical sort with a wicked laugh and deep, dark, bloodshot eyes, as spindly fingers that intermingle like tentacles between-,”

If that’s your impression, fine, but an image or impression hardly describes *the few*. Your character description is creative but not enough, not at all. It’s not what’s on the surface, but within....

“What happened...Artbrosia?”

I’m still trying to sort through it but here’s what else I know: Artbrosia was launched as a miracle breakthrough, an Antedote or Anteserum that eventually and inevitably proved to be the cause, rather than the cure for the ills that began with Antbrosia.

“You mean the consequences?”

More still, the effects of empire.

“You mean the costs of expansion?”

Yes, the hyper-extension and then total-exhaustion of our essence, the two-pronged *program* of Antbrosia- Artbrosia. Expectations for this replacement, Artbrosia, peaked on the promise of a panacea to the dearth and deficit of natural essence.

“But not so; a cure to the ‘dearth and deficit...’?”

It was a fake, a fraud; a total ruse that brought more ruination.

“No real benefits then?”

It had a benefit, this concoction; it caused a calming, catatonic condition for all who consumed it.

“It seems good to ‘keep calm’.”

It was really a deadening of conscience and conscious alike.

“And everyone ate-,”

Almost all....

“And you?”

By the time I my arrival, near *the end*, the last effects of Artbrosia were happening and all I could do was watch and wait.

“And worry?”

Emotions happened. Maybe it happened so I could make it this far and share my feelings.

“Maybe it was.”

Earnestness happened. Maybe it happened so I could make it this far and share my own life.

“Maybe it was.”

Erudition happened. Maybe it happened so I could make it this far and share these things.

“Maybe it was.”

And my existence, while miraculous I believe, is not about *ambition*—but against it—as having seen the consequences of the worst of the worst, *the few*, whose agenda and actions have destroyed and decimated all that was Anteca, THE COLONIES.

“Maybe it is.”

Ooh maybe, maybe!

“Why do you keep saying ‘Ooh maybe, maybe’?”

It sounds swell, is why. Sometimes I put it to song too.

“It sounds stupid, even strange, to me.”

If you knew my own story you might have a different opinion.

“Tell me your ‘own story’, Anton.”

Are you sure that you’ll believe me?

“‘Ooh maybe, maybe’”

My Own Story

Try looking into that place where you dare not look! You'll find me there...staring out at you!

- Frank Herbert, *Dune*

Ambition is very dangerous thing, I tell you, but it took more than time to realize it. Time was necessary to know it, but so were events that I have alluded to; namely, the *changes*.

"Right, your change...."

More like changes though; first one, then another and then-,

"A series of changes, you say?"

I was a worker, you know, and-,

"A lowly worker, yes, you were."

Workers aren't lowly; they're the cream of the caste!

"Work is important."

My work mattered more than work itself.

"It's important to matter, I agree, but you're an ant."

I know what I am, what I was and what I have become; an ant for sure, but not just a worker, lowly or not.

"Tell me about the changes, Anton."

Yes, about *the changes*.

“It was the blood of my kind?”

Yes, the same; one type or another.

“Oh, so you know that we have different types too?”

Sure, I’ve done the research; after all that happened, it seemed best to know.

“What is it, to know?”

To know as much as I can know; about what it does and what it doesn’t do. **Blood** is an essence—but is there more...?

“And what did you learn?”

I learned that it has an engine or pump called the heart, and that this thing has several meanings. My heart can hurt but that does not mean that my real heart, that *pump*, really hurts; rather, it can mean that I am sad or upset—or some sort of similar feeling or emotion. I can tell another that my heart longs for them but it doesn’t mean that my heart is elongating, but that I want to be with them, emotionally and intimately bound. You may tell me that your heart is broken and it may not mean that you are near death—but only that you want to be.



“Do ants have hearts?”

Somewhat, but it’s called an aorta.

Remember that we don’t—I didn’t—have emotions. We don’t cry or laugh, grieve or rejoice, have angst or any altered attitude. We just take care of things.

“What would life be without feelings, emotions?”

To answer the question—if you really are asking—is to imagine yourself as a limb or appendage. I see that you have legs like me. Do your legs have feelings?

“Yes, they do have physical feelings.”

But do they cry or laugh, have emotional feelings?

“No, but sometimes they hurt enough to make you cry; say, when you have to-,”

Work like an ant?

“Maybe...or maybe laps around the track.”

Run laps around a track, in circles?

“We run for exercise, conditioning that sort of thing?”

What do you accomplish...work?

“I wouldn’t say we do work—though we call it a work-out—but we just run for our health and the satisfaction of crossing the line, *hitting-the-mark* and all that.”

Sounds more like a game than work; a silly game of running around in circles never accomplishing anything.

“I guess you’re right, but then, you don’t understand my kind—our innate desire to compete.”

Oh really...as for essentials; food, shelter and-,

“Okay, you know about competing, but the point was that my body hurts, even my legs.”

But the hurt that I described, emotions, comes from the heart, right? Your legs don’t have emotions.

“Yes, but also the head and maybe even the stomach too.”

Head, stomach and what other parts of your complex body?

“I know we’re complex, complicated in so many ways.”

Things became complex for us too—even our bodies!

“So your bodies changed...more complex?”

I was not the only one who changed; the simple caste, in the beginning, expanded in some proportion to possession—the land grabs—and devolved into a dozen or more. They were different.

“Who was different?”

They did not share our nature, our order, but were unnatural. They undid everything beyond nature, so much so such that **THE COLONIES** would not only never be the same but never be, again. Their unnatural order was the undermining, undoing.

“Yes, I am aware at some level. But the blood and heart is where you started this conversation to set us back—before things went ‘unnatural’. Keep calm and tell me more.”

Sorry, but I started to feel the anger about the whole of *the few*; my disdain for their destructive ways, my love for *my own*.

But back to the heart; a drop of human **blood**, that reddish substance, changed my life from a worker in a complex system to one of deep feelings, pains and pleasures and all.

Love had no meaning to me before, but during and following the encounter, it became more and more a center of me. It is mysterious and magical; how love works to overcome my anger—however right it may be—with this sublime sense, my solace.

“Love is beautiful.”

And how you would know, your own kind?

It perplexes me how you treat your own kind, a deep disdain—with so precious a thing as *love* perverted and plundered, promise upon promise. Words with actions are nothing.

“It has to be fear.”

I was thinking of that too; similarly, I never knew fear before them, they, but it has taken me by storm since then.

“Do you mean ‘the few’?”

Yes, of course *them* too.

“Who passed on the **blood**?”

It was another, not too unlike you; one of your own, but slightly different in sounds and other senses. I think that something sharp caused the opening and then the flow of this reddish stuff, **blood**. It trickled-out and down from that small opening—that open wound. It was your kind’s wound that helped my heart.

“Where was the wound?”

I couldn’t tell. When you’re way down below, like me, it’s hard to see what’s going-on way up there—where you see things.

“How were they different?”

They had longer hair, a pretty shine with flowing streaks.

“I thought you couldn’t see ‘way up’.”

I can’t, but the human creature came down to my level; they bent down to look my way and tried to touch me, I think.

“I thought you couldn’t see well?”

I can’t, but I could sense them coming near me. I could smell them and sense their closeness, the length and feel of their hair.

“But I thought you couldn’t feel before.”

I did not have feelings of that kind, not *love* and *fear* and other emotions. The senses of smell and touch were natural, of course, but not your emotions; oh no, the deeper senses were something that I did not know existed before then and still, I have them.

“So you touched blood?”

I was found, freed and forever changed; it covered me up and nearly drowned me, but when I managed to break loose, I was different—not only a sensation but something stupendous!

Though the one like you suddenly seemed sad, for it was shedding those **tears** and making painful sounds that I could sense.

“It must have been a female, a young woman or girl.”

Yes, I think it was and, oh, was she so upset, hurt.








“You’re apparently taken by it, by her.”

Taken by her, your own kind?

“Yes; it means that she left a deep impression on you.”

Without the **blood**, such feelings would have never been. But because of the **blood**—my encounter—I can do no other than that which my heart calls me to do, whatever it might be.

“Love is like that **Anton**. It makes you:

-  Bright but also blind
-  Rejoice but also reticent
-  Satisfied but also insecure
-  Courageous but also cowardly
-  Grow, but also groan
-  Give, but also grab
-  Winsome but also wistful

A strange thing, this **blood**, as *life and living* is too.

“But love is the most important thing.”

I am coming to believe that too, like you and your kind.

“Many of my kind don’t....”



How can they not love? Why do they destroy *love* and the things that *love* produces? Why do they grow *fear* forever?

“Many reasons, I think, but love grows cold—and even dies—to each, one to another and then more or less.”










To not *love*—what a tragedy! To destroy *love*—what a tyranny!

“It’s more who or what we love...and not so much about the end, the loss and such.”

“Some of my kind love:

-  Themselves more than others
-  Things more than living (beings)”

“They love to:

-  Hate and hurt others, intentionally and otherwise
-  Inflict pain—purposely
-  Be angry and to makes others so...
-  Cause strife and division, irreparable if possible
-  Starve others even of basic needs and...
-  Gloat in the dire conditions that their *power* produces
-  Speak of love but nothing more; words without actions
-  Lie and intentionally mislead others and...
-  Parade a charade of caring and compassion”

It is confusing, *love* and the possibilities.










Leaving *love* aside, I must tell you about the second encounter; an event that left me so able and willing to work.

“But you’ve been working all your life, Anton.”

Oh yeah, of course, but not that kind of work. What I mean is more the mental kind that grows the mind and makes you think about things deep and broad, long and hard, up and down.

“I see, I think; it’s all about wanting to know—and know more—so that you are compelled to know it, whatever it is or you think it might be or not be, right?”

Who knows ..., who knows:

-  To know before you know (it)
-  About everything—about anything
-  Of assumptions let alone the abstract
-  When *love* is *love*—when it is not
-  If someone is hurt or has been harmed
-  Of pain and suffering unless they’ve known it, of it
-  When anger is righteous and right
-  When truth is not and deceit runs rampant
-  When good becomes bad and vice versa

There is so much to know, I know. But to want to know demands the drive and decision. You can’t know unless you want to know. And the **blood** helps the *drive and decision* too; for the *love* of learning is what I mean here. I want to learn because I love to learn but, the more I know the more I realize that I don’t know, enough, not everything or even anything!

“Okay, you want to know more because you love to learn.”

It’s not easy, this learning—it’s difficult!

“What I see is more desperation.”

Yes, desperation, but difficulty too.





“I can’t be you. I’m up here and you’re down there. I can see with my two eyes and you; all you’ve got is smell and some sort of antenna activity. I walk upright and you crawl, and-,”

I know that I'm an ant and that you're not.

"Do you know the differences?"

I know that we're different, yes; but I also know that my *changes* have made me more like you and, in that, able to appeal to your own emotions and earnestness.

Some advice; don't be preoccupied by the trivial things—too busy to see *the writing on the wall*. Don't be like them, those:

-  Unconcerned beyond themselves
-  Uncommitted to something larger
-  Unavailable for *the commons*, the community
-  Unaware to the point of not knowing and not even wanting to know, even how...

"I wouldn't say that I'm that bad. I've been listening, I have, but I don't have your zeal, your zip, your zest."

Before you mention another z-word, let me emphasize my point; that is, you've got to serve somebody. Sure, you can serve yourself all day long; one pleasure after another until you downright bored with self-indulgence.

You can see many things with those two lights of yours, but what is it that you're seeing, sensing?

What and who really matters to you? Is all that matters only you and you alone? What about the others, your own, any and all?

Does it matter to know more and then more?

You however may have a chance with your own, not only acting on what matters but convincing them that such things should matter too. You can be a positive, productive influence.

“Okay, okay—I get it. Stop preaching brother and give me a chance to breathe.”

Are you afraid of knowing the unknown?

“Well to be honest, my fear is that the more I know, the more I’ll fear, until I finally breakdown and start acting like-,”

Like me?

“I was going to say a lunatic but if you say so then-,”

That’s alright if you think I’m crazy but tell me who is crazier, me or you?

“You are, crazy.”

Who’s crazier?

“I think it best that you continue and, maybe just maybe, I’ll come around...eventually.”

So this salty substance landed on me and, as with the **blood**, it changed me suddenly and then subtlety; this **sweat** was the driver for a decision and then more decisions to follow.

“And the decisions were?”

It was spiritual man! It was inexplicable; an exotic, eclectic, esoteric and most-excellent set of events—and epic.

“And you expect me to believe you?”

You’re the only *ears* that I have; but besides, I intend to honor your request to say nothing to anyone else.



“Suddenly I want to believe you.”

Then you are learning. Now, where was I?

“So you got covered-up by sweat.”

Yes, **sweat** from another of your own; this time, a big one that was doing something that I know about. It was a scorching, blazing day; the kind that makes you want to dig a deep hole way down yonder where the earth is cool and moist.

“The kind of day that makes air conditioning the best thing since sliced bread”

I don’t what you’re talking about, but I’m describing the weather.

“Yes, I am saying that I’ve felt the kind-,”

But the heat was on, big-time.

“Some like it hot.”

Not this hot; but anyway, a *scorched sky* to be sure.

“Boiling was it?”

At first I thought it was a raindrop, a dousing of cool, refreshing water. But then I realized it was warm and salty, and not the least refreshing. But then-,

“You had a-,”

Hey, who is telling this story?

“Continue hotdog.”

I’m a *hotdog*?

“It’s just another figure of speech.”

Sliced bread, air-conditioning, hotdog—where do you get all these expressions—this slang-harangue that pains my erudition?

“It’s another of the less meaningful phrases that our kind use all the time. Such sayings are called idioms, I think.”

The few were like that; saying one thing and meaning another, intentionally misleading us with abstract, ambiguous and-.

“When words are not enough, what then?”

To them, words are more than enough; it’s not about what you do—and don’t do—but what you say that counts. You see-,

“You don’t have to explain. They’re masters of meaningless language, going to great length to say everything about nothing and nothing about anything.”

Then you know that words mean nothing?

“I too have witnessed this in my world; and though we have different languages, each and all have mastered the language of lies. Disguise, deceit, disillusionment; it’s all disgusting!”

Why do they do that, over and over again—why do they lie about lying? Don't they know-

"That we know? I don't think they care to know...or to know that we know. I find that the focus is on them—their interest—who have no concept of who or what we are or are not. Even if they do realize it at some level, they don't care that we know—they just don't care one way or the other."

But should they? They sound like *the few*; institutionalized so as to not care or to have such cares.

But I care about this story, about you and *my own*, even now.

"I'm sure you do!"

Are you sure?

"I'm not holding back my true feelings now. I truly believe that you're earnest about knowing, learning and more."

Even though I'm an ant?

"But you're more like me, my kind, than I think even you realize. Anteca is or was so much like mine."

I was afraid of that.

"Those emotions that you have, like mine, cause me to fear sometimes. I hate it, I do; when fear grabs me and won't let go. It strangles you with a death grip. Fear is a fact of life but it is sneaky and sly. "

And they know it, don't they?





“Yes, they do know how to use fear.”

And they know how to make *fear* too.







“I mean that they know how to evoke or elicit fear in me.”

Oh, right, I’ve studied this technique; something pioneered in parallel with mass-communications. What ingenuity; why force them physically when you can play on their fears and cause them to act emotionally, socially? What invention; the mass-manufacturing of consent, compliance and cooperation. It is capital; *conspiracy* and *isolation* wrap into one!

I’ve learned about this; the *manufacturing of consent*. How the many are made to believe *the few*; how:

-  Right becomes wrong
-  Good becomes bad and...
-  Black becomes white and...
-  Aggression becomes defense

“And what else?”

-  Assassination becomes suicide
-  Due process becomes expedience
-  Debt becomes wealth
-  Progress and promise become *power and possession*
-  Friends become enemies...
-  And enemies become your friends

Oh yes, I’ve learned..., much.

“Wow, that’s a lot of ant-bullets to take-in, a lot of learning indeed.”

It's a lot of **tears** that bring me to the last of three encounters.

"Whose tears do you mean?"

The **tears** of many, I think: mine, yours and all creatures and creations that cry in sorrow for what *the few* have done to *my own* and what they're doing to your kind too, the human.

"Tears of crying and sorrow-,"

Yes; all those who grieve over what happened and, even now, for what continues to happen *behind and beneath* the scenes.

"Anteca lives?"

Antecazation lives...and your kind created *the madness, the mess*.

"What we give you?"

Why else would I be having this conversation?

"I cannot say I'm convinced."

Convinced of what exactly?



"Convinced of the comparison.... You're just an ant colony and I, well, mine is a civilization, a global village."

Oh really?

"Yeah, separate somewhat, but superior are we."

You're superior?

“Superior in so many-,”

So many ways, I’ve heard it already.

“And more complex, that’s for sure.”

I’ll grant you that of *complex*, complicated, but I question your statement about *superior in so many ways*.

“Of course you do. It’s only natural for you to be jealous, envious and all that. After all, you’re small and-,”

And I’m just an insect.

“That’s it!”

But don’t you get it man?

“Get what?”

Please don’t tell me that you’re like them—all absorbed in self, haughty and hubris, *above it all*?

“Here we go with hubris.”

Hubris is not outdated man; it remains the downfall of many—more now than ever, more than I think you realize and still more to come. *Hubris* is a serious and sinister word!

“And I’m one of them?”

I’m just calling it as I’ve studied it...and see it now.

“And you see it in me?”

I see some similarities, yes, by your comments. Your words reminds me of **Anteca**—what became of it in *the spread* and **Antecazation**.

“If so, what can I do? Even if I am not...so many others are. You may not have this hubris but because it was so prevalent, did it matter? Why should I not be proud? *Pride* is strength; it gives me confidence and then control, a kind of hope and help in difficult times. Pride and honor is a good thing.”

I have seen too much to believe that conceit can bring real confidence and control—foremost in me—if you can believe it.

“You, but I thought-,”

Thought I was a lowly lot, did you?

“Why not...since you look so beaten down and speak as though a lower, lesser being.”

There is some truth to that...; but before, during *the last days*, my disposition and demeanor was different.

“Right, all the changes and such, and-,”

But even then, before I really began to learn and all, *pride* was a problem for me and *my own*.

“Pride was a problem for you, a worker?”

Yes; it covered me up—another of those ‘isms.

“The ‘isms-,”

Ever you heard of the 'ism called *nationalism*?

"Sure, I've heard of it; flags, songs, pledges, parades and all the hubbub and hoopla; national pride."













Well, that was my *pride*, my hope and my help, I thought.

"Nationalism was your hope?"

It was hope of most—made so by them—and this is where they got me most; *nationalism* takes you by storm as a false sense of confidence-control but leaves you causeless and calcified, brainless and bear-boned...when it's done with you.

"But I thought national pride was a good-,"

A *thing* it is, but not what you evidently think it is. *Nationalism* is:

-  Commitment to *my own*, but also to *the few*
-  Belief (in) individuals but also institutions
-  Defense of the innocent but also the insidious
-  Aid to the helpless but also the horrendous
-  Honor to the fallen but also the feckless
-  Trust in a higher order, but also a hideous ogre
-  Sacrifice on faith but also on fault
-  Respect of the honorable but also the haughty
-  Worship of the sacred but also the sycophant
-  Song to the mighty but also the masochist and marauder
-  Acceptance of the reasons but also the rationalizations
-  Offering of your life but also your heart, soul and mind

"I think I'm seeing more."

And the same was true of me—*seeing more*.

“It was the changes, right?”

It was indeed; the *changes* gave way to knowledge, and knowledge to discernment of one thing and then another.

“You make it sound fool-proof and final.”

But’s it’s not either. I know that I make mistakes—unlike those allegiant to *flags, songs, pledges, parades and all the hubbub and hoopla; national pride.*

“So you drank the cool-aid?”

What does cool-aid have to do with it?

“It’s a figure of speech. You embraced nationalism and all that hubbub, hoorah and hoopla.”

I did, yes, because it seemed right—the right thing to do at the time. It’s so convenient to *jump on the bandwagon*, as I’ve heard it expressed among your kind.

“I can see that you were still holding on to the past and believing it to be lasting. Did knowledge convince you?”

Anteca was not unique or special, however it did differ from our nature, taking on more the civilizations and kingdoms of your kind. Eventually *my own* were subdivided—all of which fed the centralized *power and possession*—a complex of integrated colonies that gave homage to *the few*, their *plan and purpose*. At times however, the many colonies seemed isolated, one from the other, all competing vigorously for *a piece of the pie*. I am certain that *pie* and *cool-aid* don’t go together; the one delectable, the other deadly. The *pie* is *the bait* while the *cool-aid*, the poison.

“You mean the rise and fall...?”

Anteca descended into complex systems of the corrupt and contemptible kind—counter to our nature that failed to see until it was too late to do anything to alter the course, collapse.

“Do you blame yourself for what happened?”

No, but I do doubt myself at times; my feelings about it and my actions through it. I do have my doubts, here and there.

“Consider what may have happened.”


I don’t know except that I would be dead by now. But then, death is natural for each of us.


And without fearing death by whatever cause, I eventually would communicate what I had learned, telling truths to those who would listen—as such times call us to do against our fears.


“And did they...listen?”

Some, a small contingent, did listen while fewer reacted. These were small and insignificant against such *power* I’ve described.

To sum it up, *my changes* from human secretions:

 **Blood** gave me the emotions to feel and sense.

 **Sweat** gave me determination and depth to go further.

 **Tears** gave me the knowledge, *the big picture*.

And it was my responsibility than to do what I did.

I love **Anetca** as it was and for what it commonly stood for—which is why over time and through the *changes*, I was so resistant to *the few*, and supportive of *my own* to *the end*.

As I came to realize, the bigger changes would invariably bring about despair and destruction—undermining and ultimately undoing the natural order of **Anteca**, **Antism**. For *the few*, such occurrences and outcomes—if even recognized—would be blamed on others; enemies both within and beyond our so-called boundaries. This reaction, this irresponsibility toward oppression, in combination with such *power*, is a very dangerous and destructive combination of forces; that in the ascent, such power is pernicious and punitive—all the while giving/ taking impunity to those that do its bidding, *a cabal of criminals*.

Yes, doubts are still with me, especially now, after *the end*; but even doubts do not deter me from believing that I had to do what I must do. I could not continue to counteract or constrain my conscience nor my consciousness of the corrupt and contemptible. My commitment must hold at all costs.

I believe they would have agreed with me.

“Who do you mean?”

I mean those from the past; the castes at the beginning that sowed and spent their own forms of **blood**, **sweat** and **tears**. They are the ones for which *my commitment must hold*, for even now, they stand with me in spirit if not in substance, self. I see them as courageous and caring—unlike *the vile masters* and their minions that are spineless sycophants of the most sinister systems.

Its Own History

Thus the history...is not the history of [possession] but the history of... all that [empire] skims off— violates and starves.

- Frantz Fanon, *The Wretched of the Earth* (adapted)

I have shared some about *my own* and about *the few*, but now I will give you more about **Anteca** from the beginning of which I learned to the end, even now, as life and will allow.







It was an idea, a credible concept; a collection of outcasts that plotted a way to this very solid soil; a small, insignificant colony.

“What is solid soil?”

So you’re listening; well, *solid soil* is simply good earth—that grows and supports good things. You know the advantages of good soil, don’t you?

“I’m no gardener but I do know good dirt is a good thing.”

And for *my own*, it makes for more...and then more...and finally, the most. Good dirt meant a healthy habitat, *life and living*, and all that accompanies our natural ambitions. *Solid soil* is:

-  Bounty for the brood
-  Produce for the pupa
-  Quantity for the queen
-  Candy for the colony
-  Material for the mound
-  Sustenance for super organisms

“What are super organisms?”

You don’t know what a *super organism* is?

“No, never heard of it, ‘super organism’.”

A *super organism* is an organism made of multiple organisms; it is a social unit, sometimes very specialized, where individuals and subgroups cannot survive without the others, the *organism*.

“So does that mean that a specialized society is, well, ‘super’?”

Some societies seem to get too *specialized* or *super*; they become very complex, susceptible to serious faults and failures—hard to fix, if it all possible. *Systems* can become too complex.

“As some extinct species, you mean?”

I was thinking of your kind more than the lower, the lesser.

“So we’re ‘super’?”

Now that’s a question.

But back to *Anteca*; yes, it was *specialized* and did seem to fit the description of *super* in the early days of *INSPIRANT*.

“‘INSPIRANT’, what’s that?”

INSPIRANT is my single-word description of the first phase or period of *Anteca*—before *Antecazation*—when we were relatively insignificant to the region, but much so to ourselves, *my own*.

We had what you describe as *social capital*; we helped each other, one to the other and built our collective strength on our effectiveness to combine—rather than compete—cooperation over *conflict and contention*. We were *solid*, a *super system*!

“Sounds like a sales’ pitch for some business philosophy.”

Perhaps, but the reality of it was so much more—if I understand what and why it worked back then.

“If you understood...?”

Sometimes the history of it has been, well, dependent on a limited few. History is written with bias, the perspective of *power and possession* taking the majority of the white space while the lesser relegated to the margins at best.

“You touched on that before, bias.”

Yes, it’s everywhere, anywhere, that the species is enabled to assume and accept information—rather than analyze and argue. Many seemed to have recklessly trust *the few* to tell the truth.

“What’s wrong with trust?”

Trust is a good thing in nature, but not alone; it must be buttressed, backed and bounded with curiosity and caution.

“Can I trust your words, your random reporting and referencing of my kind to your own?”

I cannot answer that for you. You must decide for yourself, but before you affirm your own beliefs please hear me out.

“Where do we go from here?”

Hellacious is a way of describing our origin and our destiny; what you call *ashes to ashes, dust to dust*. Some pursuit of a *mountain*

—*top* utopia turned-out to be an abyss so deep and disgusting that even fire ants would hate it.

Those castes were outcasts, the natural ones. They knew sacrifice and suffering for sure—the source of their strong will for *solid soil*, their social strength from simple to complex.

“You’ve got the dirt.”

You bet I’ve *got the dirt on the few, the madness and mess*.

“And you must have gotten dirty too.”

We’re all covered-up in it, *the dirt*; nobody is clean.

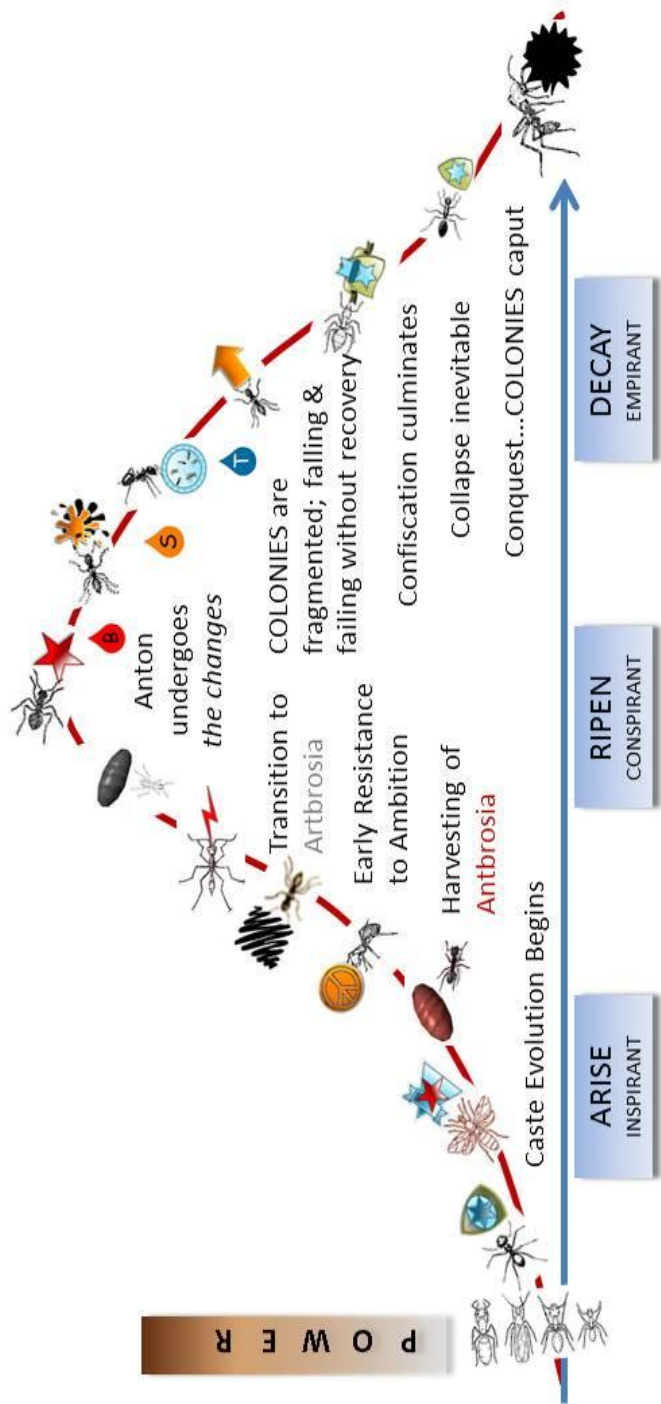
“Do you mean me too?”

Especially your kind; the dirtiest of all, you’re deplorable.

But before I address your kind further, I will step back to the beginning of mine; starting with **INSPIRANT** and moving forward.

The first caste was common, of natural birth and growth, like the kind you’ve seen carrying this or that and doing the things ants do for *life and living*. It may seem unbelievable, this venture to a new colony, but ants do this all the time.

A queen is at the center of the colony; she arrives, delivers her offspring, and begins a new colony. Most offspring are workers like me. The queen has a court that includes a reproductive male and then a soldier ant or two—her guards. Again, this caste is *natural*; it is the way that nature designed it to be evidently across many varieties of my kind, all types. Natural is the way.



“You emphasize the INSPIRANT as natural.”

And it cannot be over emphasized; for *natural* is contrary to times to come, CONSPIRANT and EMPIRANT. As with your own, *my own* went through phases much shorter in time than your own.

“The fast track from the natural to unnatural, from good to bad, and so on, is what you’re saying?”

Something similar to that..., though we hardly recognized such as *good or bad*.

Ants are not moral creatures. We have only the order of our nature. But In your world of human kind I am aware of difference—having acquired your senses and sensibilities, learning your ways, personal and public. You appear to stray from your better nature—often at your own peril.

The first caste was naturally-driven to follow an order without any of your senses or sensibilities. Bit in time and through a chain of events, this *natural order* was undermined, steadily and stealthy taken over by forces *unnatural*. This lapse into unnatural ways began with a single, seditious caste, and *the spread* began.

At first it (they) appeared *natural*, maybe only slightly deviant, but steadily and stealthy grew—as like your own cancer—to a very destructive degree. Such *degrees* while both minor and from a minority, were enabled and encouraged to precede and progress—without much push-back or pejorative publication.

In short, these first of *the few* were the spark that ignited a firestorm of foul play followed by the more evident forces that invariably and institutionally cause failure on every front.

“You speak with confidence.”

Yes, but *confidence* in what; in the conduct that, while common to your kind, is unnatural to mine?

I believe in the natural order because, on balance, nature works well to strive and survive countervailing forces. But these *degrees* were different; each and all were a wicked sort for a caste that has no conscience—and does not need one—to coexist on some level, lording over *life and living* on those superior to nature.

“So who was the first, the unnatural...?”

It was the **Prospecting Publican** the **PUBL**. As in *degrees*, **PUBL** seemed innocuous at first. You might call it a miscreant, a professional at petty theft; a little here and little there, but not too apparent so as to *raise any antenna*, so to speak. But the sly, sneaky sort could not stop at such minor offenses. Greed, as it has become known to me, never stops until it is stopped—if that be possible. There are *degrees* of *power and possession*.

“So an incident led to-,”

Insidiousness and then more; *the babe* became a beast of the most banal kind—from homemaker to housebreaker.

““Housebreaker” seems out-of-place for your-,”

I knew you would say that and, so, it is; but I use the term to describe the depth at which this caste went—cutting to the core at one’s more personal and prized possession, their offspring.

“So **PUBL** was a baby stealer.”

It was part of it; maybe not the *power* behind **Antbrosia** but certainly a proponent of it. **PUBL** was *a player*....

“So where did this power come from; the authority...?”

It really *took-off* when a soldier went rouge; and no doubt, under the influence of the most persuasive but paradoxical proposal.

PUBL was a great communicator and, *working the system*, learned how to get things undone, under the antenna’s attention. As the ascent to *power* played-out, this rouser took on an ore of a regal, even righteous republican though likely neither.

“So **PUBL** *had a way*, you might say?”

A way is one way to put it; more than a hypocrite however, *this first of the unnatural* was a crook and a charlatan in concurrence.

“So what about the *rouge soldier*, the ant gone awry?”

The soldier was the real strength; in fact, it was the strongest of them all when it came to conflict—which is why it worked *a way*. What the **PUBL** could not do *behind the wall* was done by **Policing Prosecutor** the **PROS**, by breaching it.

“**PROS** was a professional.”

Trained and certified; yes, a soldier’s soldier.

“I see what you mean; the wings, the armor and all—a real hard-shell.”

And it was more maneuvering too, agile and athletic.

“The *muscle of the mob*, was it?”

Muscle and more...*might makes right*.

Together, **PUBL** and **PROS** became true partners in crime, from sly to stellar, working both ends of the spectrum. It was these two that spearheaded the system of **Antbrosia**; the systematic secretion of the seed of our substance, *the essence*.

“‘Sordid secretion’”

It was savagery in slow motion; first the seduction of some, the most senior, then the scavenging of the sum of all those to come—the fleecing of our future—even the unborn.

You see, *the essence* was purported to stop aging, even death, if that seems possible. It was a big—a *tangle asset* of endless value.

But back to **PROS**; it began as a single soldier but expanded into a swarm; soldier ants roving about, capturing one after another individuals alike. They were a mighty mob, *muscle and more*.

“And what became of them, individuals?”

They were isolated from the collective—*the commons* reduced. When you kill *the commons* you kill real individualism too. And these sinister systems are effective—a collective cleansing of *my own*, those who dare to disagree are disenfranchised, destroyed.

“I can think of such times; ‘cleansing’, purging and such.”

These developments were an unnatural change for us that turned ages of natural order *on its head*. Nothing like this had ever happened before. Still, it will happen again, more and then more.

“There is no justice.”

And I know of this too, *injustice*.

“What does justice mean to an ant?”

What does *justice* mean to your kind?

“Not much anymore, I’m afraid.”

It’s really about the wording, don’t you think? A great idea, *justice*, but it is not practical or plausible with *power and possession* in the pathway where truth is trampled like an, well, ant.

Some call it growth while others call it greed.

Some say, “*Antvancement*”, but in truth, it’s avarice. And avarice really puts *justice on its head*—twice removed the lower abdomen and appendages—don’t you think? Gain, greed and graft overcome giving...*justice*.

“Consumption and commodities....”

What is *commodity*?

“Oh, I forgot, you’re still an ant; anyway, a commodity is anything that can be bought and sold—that has some value for which more gain is possible.”

Would you say then that the larva became a commodity?

“The extraction of essence produced capital.”

What is capital?”

"I'm not trying to sidetrack your story, really, but the similarities are so striking that I can't help but draw from my own life and living. But to your question, 'capital' is something of worth or value."

Does *capital* beget *power*?

"Yes, capital is power."

What about *power* to change things; say, to change the natural to unnatural?

"I see where you're going; yes, those that have 'the essence' could use it to buy favor; power, property and possession."

So *the extraction* was only a means to an end?

"Yes, definitely, but you describe it as also having value to delay aging, to extend life and living."

And such a pathetic purpose; to take from the young so that the aged might somehow benefit, but still to steal for the gains of *property, possession and power*. *Anteca* descended *too far* to return, to *turn back*. Like all empires, it *crossed-the-line* and *burned bridges* all the way.

"I know of this too, empire."

This is such a strange development for **THE COLONIES**. What becomes of beings that do such things beastly and barbaric?

"Culture shock, I believe."

Culture shock and then what?

"It depends on the amount of change, time and degree; and depending on these things, reactions may vary still. Some react by withdrawing, others with confrontation, and still more my accepting—maybe all of these at one time or another. It's hard to know who, when or where."

Is it *shock* if you're not shocked?

"Maybe not...but maybe it's just another change of sort. If the process is slow, incremental and incidental, than maybe the shock is subdued or subtle—hardly sensed or realized—no sense or sensation of the shock."

Maybe there's no shock but just submission in slow-motion.

"That too; a kind of conditioning of the crowd that leaves each and all, well, comforted and confident. After all, change is always for the better, right?"

Change is not always better but it is certain, constant.

"You can't go home again, can you?"

I have no such *home*; for what I thought to be real and true is not so. Everything will change—everything has changed—and I loathe it all. But more than my disdain for those that did it is my disgust for those that did nothing to stop and resist it. The undying devotion of *my own*—of how so many held on to **THE COLONIES**—*the dream* of/for something different than before is fanciful, flawed and false. I loathe those who did nothing but submit and obey. I hate them almost as much as I hate myself.

“Dream or not, you still have a home, your heart.”

But the *dream* became dreadful, dark and dismal.

“And there’s your hope.”

My *hope* is where?

“Your hope is that you know that the dream became dreadful. In your hope is clarity—the difference between a dream and the decision however undesirable it may be.

But I don’t feel *hope*.

“Feelings can fool you; but still you have the strength to stand when everything or everybody seems to have fallen and failed. You are here now because of your hope.”

But how do you know—how can you be certain?

“This dread of life and living, where such so-called dreams bring the object of disdain and disgust, is something I know.”

Then you’ve been listening?

“I’ve heard you and I’m still here, looking down on your *standing-up*. And all the while, I am wondering how this is coming from one so small, insignificant. I know of such creatures in their nature but as to the unnatural, it is both terrible and terrific. Who is more significant to expose such things than the least of these creatures, a working ant? You have done more to teach me then, well, all my years of formal education.

You are describing a stranger to me; someone who is stellar, superior; *standing-up* with enough strength to go on.

“Are you superior?”

If you’re asking if I’m as great as *the few* and greater than most of *my own*, than I say “no, I am not”. What are you asking?

“Not to compare you so much to those of your own species but more so mine, I’m asking what you think of you.”

If I am *superior*, it is even stranger; for I don’t want to-,

“I understand.... Being superior is a dangerous thing.”

So went **THE COLONIES**; from caste to class, from same to different, from higher to lower and so on. And the more it changed, the more it-,

“Stayed the same?”

No, don’t be ridiculous, the worse it became.

Being *superior* is not a place to be; it is a predicament, a problem and paradox. This idea of *being superior* smacks of hubris.

“But there were some that-,”

Were superior?

“No, that stood...against change.”

Yes, there were those too.

“And who were these hearts? Who were them that resisted?”

They were **Prevailing Peacekeepers, PEAC**.

It started small but grew with the pressure against it.








PEAC *saw it coming*, I believe. They knew that the COLONIES were going down a *road to ruin*. How they formed is not too important right now. It’s what they did that matters most to me, to you.

“They stood?”

They *stood* as sure as I’m standing beneath you now.”

“It must have been a mighty thing.”

Yes, it must have been...if history tells me right. But what **PEAC** did—or tried to do—was:

-  Cast light on dark motives
-  Capture hearts on mind
-  Cancel debts on mistakes
-  Conduct searches on messages
-  Create clarity on meanings
-  Cause stirring on matters
-  Contribute much to many

“But did they appreciate what **PEAC** did—was trying to do?”

Some, maybe more....

“What became of them, **PEAC**?”

That's for another time, another story. But still they are *standing* if just in my heart—for which my *standing* is still possible. Where lives the cause of why I do what I do? It is them *standing* still.

“What happened to essence, **Antbrosia**?”



It was extracted to exhaustion, and after that, came—

“Artbrosia, I'm thinking?”

You are listening!

“How could I forget?”





It was a turning point; not the end but more the beginning of the end—the harbinger of the hazards and harms on the horizon, not too far off. No real *hope* or *help* would be offered in the collection of claims proved false. In the final outcome, this combination caused equal hazards and harms:



-  **Antbrosia** caused depletion of *life*
-  **Artbrosia** caused deception of *living*

And *the dream followed by disdain and disgust.*

“I get it...*the harbinger* and all.”

And so did others, it seemed. Some realized it soon enough to distance themselves from the conditions, the consequences while others cared enough to take action—to follow **PEAC**—ardent **Antecans** that stood-up to:

-  See light on motives
-  Set hearts on mind
-  Settle debts on mistakes
-  Save searches on messages

-  Seek clarity on meanings
-  Start stirring on matters

“And who were they that cared?”

They are **Punished Pariah**, **PARI**; an outcast caste, disavowed dissenters, renegades and rebels, malcontents and mavericks—those that were willing to sacrifice, to say “no”—live it!

Their actions were not entirely that of **PEAC** simply because peace was not possible in a period of expanding conflict and evolving castes. **PEAC** resisted peacefully but **PARI** could not. And though small in size, **PARI** were significant enough to be serious.

“What happened to the Punished Pariah?”

They were punished; they were hunted- down by the very formidable and fierce **PROS**. Torn-apart, tortured as terrorist, they were pushed to the *far reaches* of the empire—left to the will of other enemies, I suppose. **PARI** was literally crushed by the *heavy hand*. I can’t describe the depth of the loss of this caste.

“Is there other information on their life and death?”

Some survived, I’m told, and found sanctuary.

“I see; yes, sacrifice. And they did right, you think?”

What is *right*?

For **Antism**, rights and doing right did not exist either because of the *natural order* that has no morality or the *unnatural* that demands morality. In the *natural*, the central question is: “What is right...morality?” In the *unnatural*, the response/rule is: “Right

is wrong; morality is meaningless.” In the natural... feelings did not exist and in the unnatural, well....

“And without morals...?”

Morals are for your kind.

“If there was no wrong, could there be right?”

There is, or was, *the order* neither wrong nor right.

When our *essence* was exploited, as described previously, the effect changed—the *natural* becoming less, *unnatural* more.

The *natural order* was *life and living*; it sustained through the struggles, our survival, making simple the complex. Exploited and then exhausted as it was, *Antbrosia* became scarce—so I was told—leading to the later and the lesser, *Artbrosia*.

“If the substitute had no promise, how did it-,”

It started and stayed in the service of *Persuading Program, PROG*. The most effecting in the digression from *natural* to *unnatural* ways, *PROG* sold *my own* what you call a bad *bill-of-goods*. *Artbrosia* was a delusion, proving the old story that *the king has no clothes*. If communicated intensively enough, nothing can be sold as something, everything and anything. .

“Was *PROG* a ministry, sacred?”

There was nothing *sacred* about it.

“It’s not about anything sublime or substantive, but scheming, seedy and sinister and more a *sacred-cow* than anything else, sacred.”

I see, and then they-,

“They used propaganda to sway opinion.”

What is this *propaganda*?

“Misinformation to *mold the masses*—aimed at some ulterior objectives—deception, distortion and downright lies.”

That’s it; yes, Artbroasia was all that and more!

“Settling on something, I suppose.”

Acting too—embracing *Antecazation*, expansion...and then more. But most had already *eaten the sugar*, it seems.

“You mean that most had drunk the Kool-Aid”?

Doesn’t Kool-Aid have sugar in it?

“It can...usually, if not packaged, then added during—never mind! What I mean is that they bought it; hook, line and sinker.”

Are you saying that *my own* are fish, some kind of marine life?

“Idioms, idioms-,”

You’re saying that I am stupid, an idiot?

“Idioms have nothing to do with being stupid or ignorant. Anyway, they followed **PROG!**”

They followed *fear* and then *pride*.

“But it couldn’t last, fear and *pride*.”

It does have a shelf-life.

“Other measures, more intense and-,”

Enter the emperor, **Politicking Profligate, PROF.**

When this *propaganda* loses its punch, then *power* must be re-fitted with *might*, the hammer comes down.

“And you are the nail?”

My own and all those swept-up in the tragedies of a tyrant; we were the nails.

“They were tyrants.”

Tyrants that destroy terrorists...to assure security-,

“What is really secure, security?”

Conflict creates the need for security, and security, the need for a tyrant.

“What conflict?”

Might against might, force opposing force, you should know that peace goes perilously away when *conflict* continues.

“You do know some idioms after all.”

Does a bird know how to fly, a bug to crawl, a man to-,

“...follow fear and pride.”

It is the *fear* that brings more *pride*, more *stupidity* rather than *sense*. **PROG** and **PROF** were *psychos* that secured society with an increasing craziness and corruption. And where did this *craziness and corruption* begin and keep happening?

“Believe me, I already know.”

You do—how is that?

“You should know being a student of my world.”

Oh yeah, you’re right. It’s a mad, mad, mad, mad world.

“And it’s getting madder by the minute.”

Do we mean the same thing?

“It doesn’t matter, the particular meaning, for as it is, my world is just getting madder in all ways.”

Demented, disturbed, deranged and-,

“And still more, mad!”

How do you mitigate *the mad*?

“We medicate, for one.”

You medicate?

“Medicating helps us remain calm—less mad—so that the things that brought-it-on don’t return—they stay away.”

“We also talk to professionals.”

What do *professionals* do for you?

“It’s supposed to help us recover.”

Recover from what?

“Craziness and corruption-,”

Does it work?

“It might.”

So you medicate and then talk about it?

“What did your own do?”

They got crazy like **Pushing Psychedelic, PSYC.**

“Who is Pushing Psychedelic?”

PSYC is those that withdrew; they pulled-out—or tried to—one way or another. The craziness and corruption of **Antecazation** is contagious. It makes *life and living* ever changing and, for some, *more of less*. *More* is not for everyone but only for someone.

“Did they have their own plans?”

Some were more planned, purposed attempting in their own way to push-back—as did **Prevailing Peacekeepers** in time past. Some of them formed a resistance—as you might think of it in your world—though they were no match for *the might of the few*.

There was a rising dread, a dearth of our nature, that came as things began to unravel until no **Antedote** or **Anteserum** worked. Maybe it was due to Artbrosia or maybe other things, but it did come and nothing could stop it. Sure, *the few* tried; for their interest was served by *my own* serving them. First they tried prodding then *power* with all the *craziness and corruption*.

“What kind of power?”

The kind not natural to *my own* but common to you; that which threatens anything and everything that matters—everyone and everything that had yet to be taken and destroyed. And if the relationship had failed between the castes, it was now beyond restoration—a severance with no sowing or mending.

“Divide and conquer.”

What is this *divide and conquer*?

“Well, I don’t know for sure, with you, but the outcome is the division or severance of relations, reducing social strength.”

Divide *my own*?

“You, your own, are stronger as long as you’re together, agreeable. When relations are disabled, societal strength is destroyed and they, the few, win-out.”

I guess it could have been as *the few* did this....

No other way to explain what happen among and between us, *my own*. And it worked; the whole scheming strategy worked, once again, *divide and conquer*!

Pleasing Panderer, PAND; these were all *show and surface*, the least of all—and I don't mean in a serving way. Oh, they fooled us at first, but when the time came to count on them they were *zoned-out*. Their way of coping was to simply not care—while posing and pretending they did.... PAND was self-absorbed and aggrandized—everyone and everything their *door-mate*.

“How can PAND be ‘pleasing’?”

That's the deceit of it; they may seem sincere at first but the hard truth surfaces. All *the devolved* had degree and depth—disingenuous—but PAND was the doctor of deceit.

“Pleasing Panderer pleased no one.”

I will never forget PAND because they were the most of the least.

“And you?”

I have had my share of such—I'm not ashamed to say.

“Would you have admitted it if I hadn't ask you?”

How do avoid such disguise and disgust when it surrounds you? Look at this place and take in all that I've told you. Their apathy and artificiality became mine...me!

“It's only natural to lose heart.”

Natural or not, apathy and ambivalence are the worst of the worst; it says “I don’t care, and I don’t care to care either!”

“Apathy is a disease and-,”

But putting *apathy* aside, I present the opposite.

“And who is that?”

It is **Producing Proletariat, PROL**.

“And they were engaged, excited?”






They cared enough to do something—anything that might save **THE COLONIES**—though such *saving* seemed nearly impossible.

“Sounds like you’re unsure.”

Sometimes I am the skeptic and sometimes the believer, but I believed in **PROL**. They believed in hard work, and the natural order of things. They realized the certain outcome of the evolving castes and, though having to tolerate such, maintained their own. Not as single but as a collective, they sought to stand-up while others gave-in, gave-up or gave-out. Sure, they gave way, accepting things necessary to survive, but their intentions always pointed to the *natural order*—not the venal and vile *unnatural* one. **PROL** gave the most and received the least.

PROL fled when they realized their effort and energy could not turn-back the tide of **Antecazation**; fugitives whose sacrifice would otherwise be forgotten if I did not know and was not here to tell you. They gave their all and then some.

Empire destroys anything and everything that stands in its way; it is beastly—incapable of mercy and overwhelmed by might—and:

-  Parades as paternalistic when in truth it is predacious
-  Poses as a noble creation when in truth it is an ignoble creature, the consequence of all unnatural order
-  Presents unanimity when in truth it is undermining
-  Pretends to be a mediator when in truth it is a marauder
-  Publicizes as a peacemaker when in truth it plunders

“How did they die, PROL?”

Some were starved-out; surrounded and severed while others were caught beyond **THE COLONIES**; cut-down and cut apart. The rest, well, I don’t really know and probably will never know.

But the *devolved* were not ants, not *natural*; they were beyond the history of our kind, some sort of growth that appears great but then becomes gruesome and grotesque. Yes, they’re like **PAND** in that they do not appear to be as they really are in truth: only ants in appearance; but inside they are like some of your kind; at the least hypocritical and at most hegemonic.

“Yes, we have such, I’m afraid.”

How afraid are you?

“More than is healthy.”

Me too, man, me too.

“So what happened after that?”

After the *bright spot* is extinguished or exiled, what’s left?

“So the last vestige of hope-,”

It caught the last train for the coast.

“The day the music died?”

What?

“Oh, I was thinking of a song, that’s all.”

You mean music?

“Yes, do you know music?”

I picked up some...mostly shanties.

“What are shanties?”

They are songs for work. One of my favorite is “The Ants go Marching one by one, Hurrah, Hurrah”.

“You actually sing?”

I sing mostly Blues now.

“An ant that sings is a first.”

I don’t know if there’s another, but I do know that song is a wonderful creation. To be without song would be *darkness*.

“Yeah, I think so too, except the dirge.”

What’s a dirge?

“It’s like Blues, but about death, dying.”

What’s wrong with that?

“Not the sort of thing that I like to sing about.”

Why not death, dying?

“It’s a human thing—you wouldn’t understand.”

Grief is something I’ve known, understand.

“I wasn’t really thinking of your kind.”

But you know that I am not like my kind—*the change*.

“Of course, but I didn’t think that grief was part of you.”

What do you think I’ve been feeling, expressing to you?

“This is all new to me; an animal, an insect, an ant that knows so much and is able to share it with me. This situation is nothing like I’ve ever witnessed or could even imagine until now. I have to believe when everything says not to.”

The times are-changing—nothing is constant....

“And the beat goes on.”

I miss **Anteca** and all *my own*. I long for the days past, though accepting that *the days* will never return or reoccur.

“You’re winsome way of longing for then, as it was.”





Or is it wistful?

I am not an idealist anymore; the notion to just do your duty and everything will work-out, is no longer meaningful. I believe that you can try desperately and still die in destitution and disparity.

I first believed **PANT** when they preached such notions and-

“Who is PANT?”

Pardoning Pantheist, PANT, was more a minister type; a caste that carried **Antecazation** to something of a spirit, a deeper cause. They viewed *conflict and contention* as completely credible—the cause being a *manifest destiny* and the carnage as a necessary cost for an esoteric end—or was it a new beginning? Continuous conflict was necessary for:

-  Eradicating *the threat*
-  Ending *the terror*
-  Ensuring *the tale* (of our heritage and our hope)
-  Everlasting *the theology* (of victory and superiority)

“It sounds too exquisite, ethereal, for Earth.”

But your world is spiritual, supernatural, too.

“It is...? But most certain is another “ism”—secularism.”

Supposedly **PANT** was sincere, sensitive to or with the spiritual realm. But something happened; not immediately but more incrementally from the incidental to the insidious, from good intentions to bad, leading to corruption beyond redemption.

PANT was a mash-up: the kind that believes everything so much so that *in the end* they believe nothing, growing in size and

strength while gravitating from higher to lower stature. They were like the others finally; committed to corruption and criminality. **PANT** fragmented into factions; each and all subject to conflict and contention among their internally corrupted.

“Like the others—the few?”

Yes, *the few*.

“Craziness, corruption and criminality,”

Then condemnation finally and forever; for as a man thinks, so he is, right?

“Tell me more about them, the few.”








Profiteering Privateer, PRIV, are those that carve-up the last of the spoils—when everyone else is eaten except for the scraps. Their timing was perfect, fleecing **Anteca** of its last promise and prosperity—a plundering of the most putrid kind.

“It stank something bad?”

It was like nothing that had ever happened here; how they turned against even their own, a melee of the most malevolent, delving into darkness for which no *bright spot* would scarcely survive let alone enter in. It was the worst of times, and then, more of more. **PANT** personified the end of *the end*—the Grim Reaper in the grisly, gruesome and grotesque.

There were signs of the times; evident reasons to accept that *the end* was coming though I did not fully recognize or respect such signs then. I do not regret my ineptness or inabilities, but I am disappointed that I did not see then what I know now.

Please pay close attention as I describe *the stages* in summary.

-  The extraction of **Antbrosia** degraded and depleted passing generations of workers with benefits concentrated to a narrow group; the exploitation of essence was planned and executed...the systematic stealing of *the commons*
-  As the **Antbrosia** declined, the replacement, Artbrosia, though highly promoted, proved a panacea that only debased the worker further while deceiving much of the masses; it was similarly planned—aimed at deeper degradation of *the commons* while distracting and isolating many more of the developing actions and afflictions of imperialism
-  The *actions and afflictions* of **Imperialism**, the increasing inability to manage and maintain the conquest, caused:
 -  Planning and paternalism to be downed by expedience and exclusion, the legacy of *life and living* was cast-out, the conventions crumble under the coming and command of empire's ethos, **Antecazation**
 -  Duty and determination to be downed by abstractions, defections and apathy, as the natural order was replaced by unnatural and a malaise of the masses was no match for the malevolent motives and mission of the *devolved* caste, *the few*
 -  Community and cohesion to be downed by division and disparity within/among the changing castes; a *divide and conquer* of control over cooperation and community, couple with slavery over service for shrinking services and social strength
 -  Sacrifice and social sufficiency to be downed by the endless conquest, control and command; the expanding of *possession* reached epic proportions consequently causing more sacrifice and less sufficiency by the many for the service of the relative few.

“The stages sound like conspiracy.”

I will tell you of **CONSPIRANT** and after that and finally, **INSPIRANT**. This *telling* is *truth*, not *conspiracy*.

Please stay with me and hear me out, my story, for you must know not only what happened but how it happened and who or what was at cause.

Though I am an ant, once a worker, I am much like you, your kind; heart, soul, and mind thanks to my encounters and the secretions of those like you.

Strange as all this seems, it remains even stranger to me; for the life that remains is one of which I never could conceive as only an ant but now, with *the change*, am lost and alone except for you.

“Don’t depend on me.”

I don’t know if I depend on you but only that by telling my story do I begin to feel, learn and recall why I was spared when so many for so long were not. My story, this story, is my mission for now and, perhaps, my last in this present life and living.

Last Bitter Struggle

I hate imperialism...I detest colonialism...and I fear the consequences of their last bitter struggle for life.

- Sukarno

CONSPIRANT was Antecazation; imperialism achieving its greatest power, yielding its largest possession for life and living beyond the legacy of THE COLONIES: a period of radical transition; the turning from this dignity to desperation—as the inevitable end to empire becomes increasingly apparent, intensely actualized.

My own responded in different ways, different times; the differences and indifferences have been described. What I have not provided yet is details of this cycle of stage; that an ant colony surrendered its natural order for something akin to the humankind whereby conflict and contention is the new life and living—peace no more—of an ever more complex society. Without acquiescence and acceptance, the stage or cycle could not have happened among my own—but as it were, the stage was set following a certain conclusion, and inevitable end.

I am not aware of my own destroying my own in such a systematic way—as with the madness and mess of mankind. I cannot reason how those of my species would subjugate themselves to such unnatural behavior if I had not learned and observed it in the end.

Here I stand with only one other; the one human kind that has stopped and stood to hear me out. If you care to follow our conversations then read on and discover what happens when a species defies its nature—deceiving others and then itself of what history holds as undeniably destruction, death and disintegration.

Anteca did not collapse suddenly or without warning. The changes were gradual beginning with or near the extraction of essence—undermining everything that we were from the beginning until.... The extraction of essence exuded the worker making it incapable to function. Degraded of natural ability and deflated in the degradation, the *worker* was all but destroyed through a planned process so as to render it more a slave than a servant, increasingly and irreparably irrelevant or unreliable.

“What do you mean, ‘a slave than a servant...’?”

You know what a *slave* is...and a *servant*; the first being nothing, the second, well, more than nothing. The *worker* was our *life and living*, the cream of the caste and the center of the colony until....








“So the worker was destroyed.”

Yes, *worker*—the natural order—was destroyed.

“It is strange that this ‘process’ would be ‘planned’.”

What about your world?

“But my kind can be just plain wicked, evil; they:

-  Deceive others and reward others who deceive
-  Design complex ways to debilitate and destroy
-  Decouple, divide and destroy society
-  Do anything...but then deny everything
-  Denounce terror while committing it
-  Dismember institutions and individuals
-  Dog folks to their grave and beyond

They have become death, the destroyer of worlds.

“You think very little of my kind?”

On the contrary, *your kind* can be creative in unlimited ways.

“But you seem-,”

To dwell on the negative is necessary; it gives me the energy and effort to express *empire’s ethos* —of how energy passes from light to darkness, from *natural* to *unnatural* and then-,

“And this is the end, my only friend.”

It is my way of relating one to the other; that nature, when defied, brings about dire circumstances, destructive behavior and deathly ends. We lost who and what we are—or were.

“But why did your kind have to do this?”

I don’t know everything; some things remain a mystery as dark and deceptive as the *devolved*.

What I know or think I know is that those who resisted were obviously unready or unprepared to hold-on...*my only friend*.

“I never thought I’d have an ant as a friend.”

Did you ever think that an ant would want to be a friend?

“No, but the strangeness of this whole dialogue is that none of my own would believe it, let alone embrace your sage advice.”

Some really tried to resist. There was the dejected, you know and then the pacifist followed by the complacent, the apathy.

“Tell me more about them.”

Punished Pariah, **PARI** witnessed resistance while realizing the only option was to leave, to exit the empire while they could. **PARI** was a brave one; few in number and even less in *power*, they knew the meaning of sacrifice and suffering while sharing in the founding of this fledgling colony. Striving in the *stages*, they shared in the rewards of hard work. Still, their diligence, dedication and devotion were eventually overcome by the changes within and beyond **Anteca**.

PARI witnessed much and then more; they saw the painful, punitive conditions of *conflict and contention, conquest and control*. They realized the contradictions between that which the **PROG** practiced and promoted. They witnessed the realities of raw aggression, oppression and overreach. Everything that they once trusted as true was dashed in the ethos of empire, their senses blurred by the lies, theft and acts of kind.



“Hypocrisy is what we call it.”

I call it a ruse; a way to use and abuse—on both sides, if ever there were such sides of *the system*.

“What kind of system?”

PARI tried to withdraw from the system and, with some similarity to the preceding **PEAC**, paid dearly for it.

“Did they make it, survive?”




I don't know for sure if any *made it* but there was much suffering and struggle.

"So they're lost?"

There is a history that has been hidden—as is true in a sea of sordid situations similar.

The history of **PARI** is the least conclusive; that like the sky on a cloudy night, the stars shine though they cannot be seen. The timing of their decision, when **Anteca** was still ascending in *power*, made their outcome more certain, catastrophic—too much *sea* to stay afloat with no safe haven or sanctuary.

But *the devolved* were on every:

-  Foray, whatever the purpose
-  Foraging, wherever the place
-  Fight, whomever the opposition

"And controlled everything?"

Eventually, inevitably-,

"The suffering and sacrifice and-,"

And *my own* paid with life, one generation after another.

"And slaves?"

The slave endures all that it is handed; every part of them seemingly submits to somebody or something. The slave has no *power or possession*—no property—but is purely for another's bidding, brutal or benign, as with your chattel that is bought, sold, traded and inherited even before birth.

“But slavery comes in many forms.”

I know...*many forms* of slavery.

“What I mean is that the circumstances or conditions can differ; a slave is enslaved but the master determines the degree, the depth.”

You can complicate the matter, your complex kind.

“Who is a slave? What is slavery?”

Everyone that had essence exploited is a slave, bound to an unmerciful, malevolent master. And there’s only one thing that is more maligned than slavery—the slave and similar.

“I don’t think this essence applies.”

Have you never had *essence* taken from you?

“I’m not sure I know how to answer your question.”

Is there something that you’ve lost—something invaluable for which you can never recover?

“Sure, but how does that make someone a slave?”

There are things I don’t know or understand, but this I am certain: workers were once servants to a *natural order* but became slaves when our essence was exploited to exhaustion, *natural* degraded to *unnatural*, the *commons* consumed by *the few* and *life and living* from the legacy of **THE COLONIES** lost in empire.

As an ant, Anton, I understand what happens when-,

“And you made it, it seems; I mean, your survived it all.”

But *my own* did not.

“And it’s a cost you cannot bear?”

I cannot bear to think about all the baseless destruction; all the *darkness* that prevailed, the light fading and then—

“Light is right?”

Yes, *light is right*—but not for *the devolved*, the *vile maxim*.

“Who is this vile maxim?”

Don’t you remember, Adam Smith, *the masters of*,

“Oh yes, now I remember—*Wealth of Nations*? How do you know about that human stuff?”

It was part of *my change*, the erudition that enabled...,

It was *the few devolved, vile maxim*; not one in particular, but all in cahoots, a *cabal*—a coy, clandestine and corrupt cartel!

PARI was distressed, disabled and divided; severed with and against the other, so as to stand alone and then not stand at all.

“They were outnumbered, outmatched and outside.”

Outnumbered, outmatched and outsides—that to stand, while noble, was delaying the inevitable end of this caste, each and every one. They paid *the ultimate sacrifice*, ultimately.

“They were snuffed-out, surrounded by darkness.”

I know what you’re thinking; *it’s easy to draw such a conclusion after the consequences*, but sometimes you want to believe—even against great odds—that *the light* will outshine *the darkness*.

I am learning—learning about *learning*—but I make mistakes and miscalculations. My mind has matured but it has been mixed-up and muddled in that the more I learn the less I know, and then there are the things I’m always unsure about. I am a fool but at least I am a fool that wishes to be less a fool, more full-proof.

Imperialism has no place for those like **PEAC** and **PARI**. If you are not all-in to *conquest and control* you’re of no good to the bad.

“It is a cruel condition.”

It is unnatural to live this way, under imperialism; but for your kind however, it seems to be a recurring theme: a region, race or religion will rise-up and rear its *unnatural order*. To have much is not enough, but there must always be more and more often matched with *death and destruction* rather than *life and living*. Such movements are not managed by individuals, but like the *devolved* caste, are institutions that comprise some *system*.

“Tell me more about institutions?”

Institutions have ideas or ideologies that they hold ostensibly as holy, sacred or spiritual. These groups purport to abide by such ideas—though in truth they do not—punishing those who don’t adhere or abide. If they were individuals they would be hypocrites and liars but as it is, they are unaccountable, above it.

“They would be-,”








Hypocrites, liars and more-,

“How much more—less—can they be?”

More and less than you or they are able to acknowledge, affirm.

“Give me some examples.”

All *the more* is enabled by first having neither a conscience of right and wrong or any consciousness of wrongdoing. What’s *the more*, they *position* their existence as more like an individual when it suits them, though in truth, they are nothing of the sort. In this masquerading or charade is where *some system* can:

-  Make you guilty for things they have done (or make you feel responsible for their wrongdoing)
-  Make you fear not necessarily for real or actual causes but more often for things they’ve created and fashioned
-  Make you feel good, even proud, to be on their side without any doubts or indecision
-  Make you right about punishing those who are claimed to not be on their side (that you are right, always, while those on the other side are always wrong)
-  Make you wonderful through any number of ways from what you eat to what you watch—to be perfectly content and satisfied even if your whole world is coming down
-  Make you miserable for causes that, again, may not be real or factual—even things about yourself or those like you
-  Make you feel lonely by convincing you that you need more than you have—even more than you’ve always wanted

“I think I know what you’re describing.”

I know that you do—since you’re *swallowed-up* in it.

“But am I part of it?”

Are you?

“Who isn’t?”

It’s everywhere and anywhere; not around the corner but in your face all the time. Try to escape it and, contrary to any preconceptions, you feel disparity and despair in double degrees. You cannot escape because you do not want to; as there is a certain comfort in being owned however offensive or oppressive the owner. Again, you are *swallowed-up*.

“So you are in the bosom of the beast?”

Yes, but I suppose it’s better than being crushed under its weight.

You have an impressive combination of the *natural* and *supernatural*, sensitive and sympathetic to things internal and external. I am just an ant and a worker but, regardless of your station, you cannot be neutral on a moving train.


“What’s that supposed to mean?”

It means that this *system* is always changing, going from bad to worse thought sometimes purported as getting better. The one thing that is certain is change, the *moving train*. If you try standing still—or just standing—your liable, no certain, to get splashed on the tracks. If you board the train, the ride may be pleasurable for a while but eventually the train derails with disturbing consequences. The longer and faster the train goes the more exhilarating and exciting the ride but, still, the more devastating the outcome. Even a bullet train will reach critical mass and disintegrate.

“Tell me more about the train.”

You may be shocked by such outcomes and, to add to your disbelief, you may discover that you ignored the signs or, worse, you were distracted until the:

 *Chickens come home to roost*

 *House of cards collapses*

 *Shit hits the fan*

“I get it!”

No, you’re not...which is why I’m talking to you!

“It doesn’t have to hit me in the face to take notice.”

There are things you don’t know because you don’t know. Your ignorance is not always deliberate or intentional. But the basic question is: “Are you ready to learn...more?”

“Sure, why not?”

It’s already too late for us but you, your kind, might-,

“So you think that things could unravel, come apart?”

I’m just an ant.

“You’re actually more than that, you know.”





















Then I’m unnatural?

“You’re not unnatural.”

Do you think I’m crazy—**PSYC?**

“You seem on-the-level but have been through much, maybe more.... How could anyone undergo such conditions and not be frayed at the edges?”

They do that, don't they? They dampen and destroy:

-  Desire for gracious acceptance
-  Disdain for unfettered authority
-  Desire for learning, the love of it
-  Disdain for ignorance, the indifference to and for it
-  Desire for the way of *the commons*
-  Disdain for the ways of *the few*
-  Desire for the facts
-  Disdain for the fabricated, false and fraudulent
-  Desire for the reality in it
-  Disdain for the ridiculousness of it
-  Desire for the sense of it
-  Disdain for the sensationalism in it
-  Desire for defending the defenseless
-  Disdain for destroying the defenseless
-  Desire to socialize and propel
-  Disdain to sever and plunder
-  Desire for due process
-  Disdain for expedience
-  Desire for light, good and right
-  Disdain for darkness, wicked and evil

...but then there are actions, activism and anarchy.

The Darkest Secret

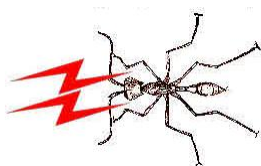
The darkest secret, I am afraid, is that too many imagine that they belong to a much higher civilization somewhere else.

- Kurt Vonnegut, Bluebeard

CONSPIRANT COLONIES continued to *conquer and control*, the extraction of **Antbrosia** spurring previously unfathomable achievements, unparalleled progress. And in spite of the **PEAC** and **PARI** movements—and associated massacres—**Anteca** added prodigiously to its *power* and *possession* while transitioning from **Antism** to **Antecazation**. It all seemed, well, providential.

And to ensure the transition was **Persuading Program**, **PROG**—the most important of this *devolved* ilk after the *rouge soldier*. A spindly and sneaky sort, this one mastered the art of manipulation, deceptions of the highest but lowest degree.

Why use might like **PROS** when *the message* will work?



PROG had no other distinguishing qualities yet was able to use others in such a way that nothing else was needed. This member of *the devolved* was more a mystery than any other; the kind that seems to have no particular personality

but more a multitude that comes and goes without a moment's notice. You would wonder whom or what they are—this uncertainty built on some practice and perceptiveness in how things work and, in the art of communications, upending the worker in ways too coy for even **PROG** to have predicted, I think.

Fear is a primal force of both power and poison; it offers for some and venom for others, but extreme effect either way.

“So fear turns you on?”




Sometimes it *turns* me down.

“Tell me more about PROG.”














PROG and fear are linked; inseparable, incessant.

“How can a spindly caste be the object of fear?”

Oh, it’s not the:

-  *Object* but the agent
-  Prosecutor but the persuader
-  Might but *the madness* behind it


It is not what you see on the surface; no, the strength of PROG is much wider and deeper. It depends on the communication, the capability to send, bend and upend messaging—and to make it seem like fact when it’s actually fiction, false and fraud. Such capability is crucial, the methods to manufacture:

-  Credence from the incredulous
-  Substance from the superfluous
-  Objectivity from opinion
-  Fact from fraud
-  Right from rant
-  Giving from ingratitude
-  Protection from predator
-  Nobility from nefarious
-  Credibility from incapacity-incapability
-  Honesty from hubbub
-  Execution from expedience
-  Honor from hullabaloo
-  Sense from insanity

Could there be more?

“I believe so.”

More...to *manufacture*:

-  Satisfaction from the substandard
-  Engagement from enmity
-  Acceptance from inaccuracy
-  Earnestness from ineptitude
-  Worthiness from waffling
-  Involvement from indifference
-  Integration from disingenuousness
-  *Your best interest* from self-absorption
-  Tolerance from intolerance
-  Budgets from embezzlement
-  Reason from rationalization
-  Ideas from ignominiousness
-  Decrees from decadence
-  Decision from *dealings*
-  Decorum from decadence
-  Order from obfuscation

And still more if you need it.

“Perception is *power*.”




The more *means and methods* for the *manufacturing of* consent; and the more...than any could have even dreamed of let alone accomplished using physical force. It was the way of all ways.

“But fear is a fact, a factor.”

Fear is what troubles us before we sleep and when we wake.

“But I thought that fear is-,”

Fear can:

-  Call you up and shut you down—at the same moment
-  Cause someone or somebody to do something that they would not do or imagine
-  Come at everyone or everybody, expected or not, and is not to be ignored or imagined, but expected and embraced as part of nature

You may try to flee fear but it will outpace you, flank you and finally, overtake and overcome you. Those that fear such *fear* have already lost their will to fight—to *finish the course*.

Fear must be faced; it must be dealt with—the nakedness of it—or else it will shut you down so that you don’t know *you* anymore, your identity gone as to what and who you were.

I cowered and cried in the depth of such fear, ashamed of my behavior though unable to do anything at all to get out of it. The *darkness* enveloped me so that I was no more *me*, Anton.

Why do I fear them?

Why not fear something more than *the few*?

Whom or what should I fear or have feared more—such that I would fear *the few* the least?








Though they were *the vile maxim of the masters* they were not the master of my nature.

I must accept that *the few* have their limits, length and breadth, to carry-out their schemes, scandals and unscrupulous, unnatural way. This cannot go on forever.

Look around you man! Do you see or sense any of them?

Does **PROG** perform its fraud, fomenting fear among *my own*?
Is *darkness* still around me, throughout me, covering me from
antenna to last appendage?

And the other of *the devolved*, those that I yet have detailed in
this confession, are gone too. Yes each and all were beyond *my*
own but this is what we've become; a generation of:

-  Unnatural
-  Untruthful
-  Underdeveloped
-  Unappreciable
-  Underestimated
-  Untenable
-  Undone, and unwilling to uncover why

...of something wicked this way came?

But it's gone, it seems, and the *light* has returned to my blind
eyes, my homeless heart and my muddled mind.

Did I fear *the same* that came to **PARI** or **PEAC**, such bad that
came to good? So many that fell, that failed to fear.

Who knew then what I know now?

Who stood when so many were stupefied; those that could not
face or find *life and living*?

So many sensed that they might be like **PARI** or **PEAC** but, like me,
were too much afraid, *too small* to suffer and sacrifice. I suppose
that those who were willing to die really lived—for anything less is
death. And die they did, by the millions in all measurements.


Do you wonder what *life and living* would have been like had the
caste never *devolved*? We would have died, each and all, but not

for so much in so many ways for so little and still less. Yes, I still have many unanswered questions.

The lies have a way of being liked, one after another, but as the dosage is heightened, the benefit declines as where:

 **Anteceptic** no long cleanses

 **Anteserum** no longer cures

 **Antbrosia** no longer conquers

 **Artbrosia** never did nothing except *oil the snake*

Could I handle the truth if it was right in front of me, antenna to antenna? Would I ask, “Am glad to sense you,” or would I just crawl-on not sensing or not caring to sense?

Why should I fear truth?

Maybe the truth is not really true.

Maybe the truth is only an idea and nothing more.

Perhaps it’s all just a game; something that is there to play with—but not really *life and living*?

Facts are not always factual—that’s a fact!

But I don’t want to be bitter anymore.

“No one wants to be bitter, believe me.”

Oh really?

“Okay, no one likes being bitter.”

How come they’re dead, but I drank the bitter poison? Why do I die from within and still maintain *the surface*, an eco-skeleton?

Larva that never saw the *light*—their essence exhausted—died before they were born. Can you believe that any species would systematically destroy its own, even eggs?

“As a matter of fact-,”

And even if they were born, the chance of ever having a meaningful existence ended before conception. Can you believe-,

“As a matter of fact-,”

What kind of creation is this **PROG**; that treats us all like single-celled organisms, inferior and-,

“As a matter of fact-,”

So my bitterness is made better because of my memory of what we were; those that hold the secret; living the vision of **THE COLONIES** in spite of **Antecazation**. As to the rest of *my own*—and me—*the secret* was supplanted by the fraud, the fear and the dark forces of *the vile maxim*.

“What forces?”

Forces of *conflict and contention, conquest and control*, that make this *death and destruction* their *dream job*.

“So I read this book about the forces of war, or maybe it was about war as a force-,”

Was it a reading assignment?

“No, I was trying to win someone’s love.”

Did it work?

“As a matter of fact-,”

Are you bitter about it?

“No, not about that, but bitterness-,”

I’ve heard about it, love.

“You’ve been in love?”

Not lately.

“It’s usually love that makes us bitter.”

Love makes you bitter?

“It can...it has...I’m afraid.”

You fear love?

“Why do you ask?”

I thought love was a beautiful -,

“It’s losing love that I’m talking about.”

But I have loved, known love and its loss.

“What is left when you no longer fear or love?”

It Has Gone

[It is] arrogant whose power of authority and fear of losing has gone to [its] head.

- Jean-Paul Sartre, *The Wretched of the Earth*

There is *lust*; it looks and feels like *love* but *lust* is more and more:



Burning desire, though not for better;



Being never satisfied—always wanting



Bitter poison that takes down, deep and deeper

Lust reduces a complex society to a simple, sinister cause; it plays tricks, the treats of pretending to give and care when in fact it wants and takes until the taking is done—everything else undone.

Providence is such a purpose; propelled by lust for plunder, it is not about *our destiny* but about making others destitute, disabled and destroyed. *Providence* underwrites the unconscionable.

Other species love but only the human lusts. Like Leviathan, a beast, *lust* rises beyond *the darkest secret* and dominates both *the giver* and *the taker*, each confused and then consumed.

Lust is seldom spoke but is deeply felt; it is at the root of *life and living*—as *the end* is never attained, *the means* is always anything, *the cause* is extreme and *the effect* is always egregious.

The extraction of essence was a force called *lust*.

You dream of all those things that you want but do not have. And of what I have learned about your kind, this *want* for what you *do not have* is a form of *extraction*, the exploitation of *essence*.


“All lust aside, there’s hope in-,”


How is *hope* different than lust? Someone may say, “I sure *hope* that I get it.” But when they *get it*, *hope* is no more, right?

“These two are not comparable, hope and lust.”

How is *hope* any different from *lust*?

“To answer the question,

 Hope is expectation of something seemingly better—not a burning desire but a desire all the same

 Lust burns; not so much expectation but a want that, well, is rash, rude and reckless

You have a complex society and speech; this narrow difference of the broadened language is enough to confuse anyone!

“Yeah, and confusion also fits well into the scheme of things; for a confused mind is also a conformable, malleable mind. But in the mess and mix is always ambition.”

Yes, *always ambition*-,

“And more, lust is about vanity while hope is about vision, ambition is about access and anticipation!”

So *ambition* combines *hope* and *lust*, together?

“Ambition has positives and negatives.”

Both..., you say?

“Do you know the downside?”

I don't see how *ambition* can have *positives*.

"When someone lacks ambition, they may be considered lazy, a non-worker. Ambition is positive too."

Ambition is hope?

"Not necessarily...as ambitions may be misplaced-,"

Ah, the *negatives*!

"Yes, but one positive may be another's negative."

Antecazation had *positives* for some, *negatives* for others and both for still more.

PROG would pronounce *Antvancement* as vital and essential to assuring the future of *THE COLONIES*, but then the aftermath; the *negatives* made evident in posterity, the final outcome of plans and programs. These *programs* were more *negatives* than *positives*—not giving or helping, but taking and hindering.

"But were the programs also ambition?"

I'm sure the *programs* were *ambition*, all *negatives*.

"Can programs ever be positive?"

Sure...but that depends on the point-of-view, perspective. These *programs* can deeply alter—so much so as to apply say that "They were programmed." The programming of peoples is probable something that you know about too, right?

"Only if you're a machine-,"

PROG was not enough; a voice for victory is not enough to carry **Antvancement** to the next level, **Antecazation**. No, the *heavy hand* and *long arm* has to have a hammer in it.

Politicking Profligate, **PROF**, was the might behind the message. In appearance just another ant but behind the veneer was the *vile maxim* incarnate; this this caste ushered in a new age of **Antism**; one of demagoguery, an *iron hammer* in the *heavy hand*.

With this development, everything would change—everything did—and *my own* would be less *my own*; more than I could have possibly imagined, let alone conceived, in the evolution and expansion of *unnatural order*.

“I’m familiar with thy type, the hammer.”

I can see this figure; seemingly one of our own—not too unlike me—yet different; indifferent to the suffering and sacrifice, and incapable of serving and saluting **Antism**.

PROF was a supreme leader, you see.



“Yes, a demagogue-,”

PROF was first common or ordinary, then orderly and finally ordained where *providence and progress* punctuated its purpose.

Workers were reduced; made lower than the deepest depth of the highest mounds. No more did workers share in the glory and gain. No, the *worker* was made lower than a slave, subjected to every sacrifice and suffering. **PROF** was so able to reduce the many to less than one of *the few*.

“And still the programs, the negatives.”

The *program* was incremental but insidious. The best way to take *command and control* is little by little, one calculated step after another; and in this approach, the rules must change frequently—but without really sensing the changes, the change.

A society cannot have a *natural order* while it is continuously engaged in conflict beyond.... Sooner or later, the conflict *comes home like chickens to roost*, cows to graze, ants to work and-,

“James Madison was right on that one.”

More conquest brought more internal conflict followed by more changes; necessities for our survival and security. I believe the mantra went like this: conflict is a necessary condition for our survival and security without which we can never attain peace and prosperity. The prospect for (even promise of) peace is the cause for continuous conflict—cannot be reasoned.

“And yet, how often is it rationalized?”

PROF seemed immortal, the image of an idea rather than an actual being, an ant. How the messages morphed into something more than stellar, even sacred, exalting this creature to deity.

The methods that made it all possible, plausible and preferred—*conflict and contention* or what you call war—was a necessary part of this new order among and between the populace.

“It was raw might that made it right, rational?”

Didn't I just say that “PROF seemed immortal”? I mean, is it not enough that this being was elevated to something on scale with a deity? Is it too impossible to believe that an ant can gain such size and strength—similar to the empires and emperors of your

world? But as it seems, yes, *might is always right* because it destroys all that disagree or speak the truth.

I know that you have doubts as I did—and still do! That you're conversing with an ant is evidence that you're must be desperate if not decided on the need to believe as I do, Anton.

"It is more to uncover something that troubles me."

What is that?

"How the natural order collapsed."

Collapse in not an accurate assessment; *the fall* was not sudden, catastrophic, but more an incremental—even calculated—series of events. It was a portfolio of projects, a *program*.

Do you know anything about gardening, growing things?

"A little, I think."

The soil has to be conditioned first, then the planting and, with some consistent, continuous cultivation.

"How can you compare gardening-,"

It maybe not the best metaphor but one that most can manage, I think. You do like dirt, getting dirty?

"But you are not a plant."

They were debilitated, *my own*; many suffered from the extraction of their **Antbrosia** reducing them to somewhat a plant.

“But could it continue... reduced to a plant?”

It does seem unbelievable on the face of it; a *program* to systematically undermine society has obvious, ominous outcomes. But I ask you to reflect on this question, “Has your own been *reduced to a plant*?” And if your answer is “yes”, then the next question, “Who is doing this...and why?”

Still, *the few* did not factor *externalities*—evidently because they had no knowledge of your kind, the lengthy history of societies that ebb and flow. It is speculation, a lack of knowledge that is responsible for *the reduction*. Why else would such conditions be carried-out, calculated or not? It was really a societal suicide except, of course, that most failed to understand and those who did were summarily executed, extricated or exiled.

“Wow, that’s ironic.”

At least it’s not inconceivable,

“Or impossible, I tell you-,”

That all this happened?


“No, the similarity of our societies—how much my kind’s history applies to Anteca. It’s ignominious enough for insects, but for us—a superior species—it is a damn disgrace.”

So goes *a superior species* with their hubristic, hedonistic and hellish way of heading our hearts headlong.

“Amid a system of nature so perfect and predictable-,”

Arrogance afflicted the ant, personified in:

 Propaganda of **PROG**

 Pomposity of **PROF**

And the prevalent passivity of those who refused to refuse; any and all of these caused arrogance, an affliction of/to the ant.

“So the later made the former more palatable, plausible?”

The few did not come out of nowhere or nothing; they:

 Emerged in the **INSPIRANT**, the creation of **Anteca**

 Eclipsed in the **CONSPIRANT**, the command of **Antvancement**

 Expanded in the **EMPIRANT**, the conquest of **Antecazation**

“And what did the many do?”


The better question is “What didn’t they do?”

“‘Prevalent passivity’, you began to explain.”

And more (or less) in disregard from *the devolved*, their dung of:

 Disparity

 Disgust

 Distraction

 Deceit

 Division

 Depletion

...all of which led to incremental distancing, despair, disdain and finally destruction of *my own*.

This *distancing* dealt a dysfunction in degrees; a disempowering from within, among and amid, and throughout our society

“There is not a simple solution to-,”

Systems have no simple solution. Is it less difficult when working with a malleable, muted mass than a malevolent or malicious one?

“A weak one is ideal.”

Why confront a group—especially when outnumbered—when you can woo them into conformance, culling the crowds of those that indeed refused while causing the balance to ignore or otherwise play the *village idiot*—to refuse to refuse.

“You’ve mentioned them before.”

Yes, I have and-,

“I can’t see how so many simply refused to refuse. I mean, was it fear or was it something else?”

It was arrogance; for this is what *the few* found as *fertile soil* for the planting, the nurturing of a plant.

“Pride produced prevalent passivity?”

Not just *pride* but guilt too, a *double-edged sword* of *glory and guilt*; first you praise them, swelling their ranks, and then you punish them, condemning them for their *natural* conduct—a paradox for which *prevalent passivity* is practically produced.

“There’s more?”

Finally *fear*; it alone can immobilize...and nurture apathy which overtook *my own* to such degree and depth as to incrementally lead to their dying, demise and death—all the rese saved *as seeds for the garden*, each and all *a plant*, perennial or not.

“Passive.”

Practically passive—but indirectly too, they were so deceived.

“Do you have guilt?”

I think it is more shame than guilt. It seems *a hole too deep to ascend, too deep and dark to find any light or end.*

“Had you chose otherwise, you might not have made-,”

And that’s a good thing, this present *life and living?*

“I think so; not for survival sake, but more...the story.”

Maybe you’re right. But I don’t feel right about it or from it. Maybe I arrived here for this reason no matter how crooked the path or deep the hole. Maybe *my changes* enabled some supernatural ability to escape death but not shame—or is it guilt?

“You’re courageous.”

I could be though it does not seem to be so. I think of existence *this far* as a mystery too with causes still unclear if ever uncovered. I’m in a funk for which failures are forever.

“And there is no clear cause?”

Does anything I tell you have meaning, value?

“Yes, it seems to have some...shared.”

I find that the more shared...the more shame.

"I suppose it's really about wanting to."

Wanting to what?

"Share survival—how you made it."

And this is courageous?

"Courage is a must."

And it can be puzzling.

"Cleverness is a must."

And it can be problematic.

"Calculation is a must."

And it can be perilous.

"Conditioning is a must."

I thought it was about character.

"It's about character, courage too."

It was *my changes* that made CONSPIRANT COLONIES, the complexities, clearer; their *ways and means*:



Agenda



Ambitions



Aggression

This complexity creates more uncertainties; the more *possession*, the more problems with pains, puzzles and perils.

“Enter a brave new world.”

But a *brave new world* may not be a better.

“I was thinking about courage.”

And I was thinking about complexity; all the challenges as **CONSPIRANT** COLONIES attained *power and possession* but applied *pains, puzzles and perils*.

“What then of prevalent passivity?”

What have I told you of them, *my own*? Times were generally good—*a peak period of power*—making conformance rather comfortable. It was what came later that would test the mettle of the masses; a time of increasing, intense and indomitable and irreconcilable *pains, puzzles and perils*.

“And more *distancing*...?”

Imagine waking-up from a good dream gone bad, the disgust that leaves you wondering why it (your dream) *went south*; from pleasing and perfect to panic as though some premonition—all prior, promised desire or desires dashed in the *darkness*.

“I’m trying-,”

Imagine that in the slumber or stupor of an unsettling that you’ve have lost your senses. Waking from *the dream gone bad*, you have no one present to solace you— the *ignominious*!

You ask, “Why didn’t I do something?”

But it's too late for such an option, if ever it were an alternative; for the memory is of no matter against the present misery.

"I don't think I have to imagine-,"

So you wonder where you were when all this was happening, only to realize that you were decidedly distracted — indirectly deceived—on things once trivial, now terrifying. And then you wonder why you felt increasingly at odds with those once closest to you. Why even your own offspring have nothing to do with you, or worse, they despise your very existence. But hey, you are not alone in being alone; this social division and disparity is anywhere and everywhere. Once tightly woven, **THE COLONIES** are now fraying at the edges and, as movements go, will soon be unraveled, torn asunder, shredded and threadbare as rags.

"Imagine, wonder—what's the difference?"

Then don't do it; don't *wonder* or *imagine*, but just think of the realities of what I describe. You've had your *lust*, your kind, but where is your *hope*?

"My hope is-,"

Another of the 'isms, perhaps,

"My hope is-,"

More on more, the lust for *lust*,

"My hope is-,"

That *the dream* is not over... the pleasure is still possible.

“You did suggest love.”

I did...and I do, still.

“And that’s your hope?”

The ones I loved are gone, you know, but love is still.

“PROF could not cast-out love?”

On the contrary, love was a central theme—at least the word—
but it was artificial like Artbrosia.

“Was the ‘artificial’ the lust?”





...and so much less than *artificial*, as I think you are beginning to understand.

The Muting Gag

*What did you expect when you unbound the gag that muted...?
That they would chant your praises?*

- Jean-Paul Sartre, *Black Orpheus*

The masses are silenced, programmed to *prevalent passivity*; this happens by *ways and means* where they are:

-  Distracted; led or wooed to other interests—things less important—so that they don't sense the more important....
-  Deceived; fed misinformation obviously to obfuscate a matter or story, infusing rhetoric and hyperbole among other *noise*
-  Dismembered; disassociated from community and otherwise close members, weakened and isolated
-  Disabled; diluted, depleted or debilitated via extraction—as with **Antbrosia**—dulling their senses, their *natural order*

“Anything else...?”

The end purpose is to mute the masses so that there cannot be a ruling of the majority—though it may see so. Can a majority really rule? Do you really believe that *the commons* can be committed or made constitutional?

“Is this a trick question?”

There's no trickery here my human kind. A majority rule is merely a myth made so by *ways and means* described above.

Still, it may take much to mute the masses; such a program is not easy to control or complete. No, it may take more to silence society—to *bring them low*, rendering or reducing them to something on scale with a herd or flock, inept at even the most basic decisions of *life and living*. More than *the muting gag*, a

grafting must occur—an institutionalization that not only nullifies the nature of the being but eliminates their deepest desire for purpose, a place and position among and between their peers.

“But you’re ants?”

Yes, I know, but we’re a society that can speak-out too. We don’t usually speak (except me, of course), but that’s only because our mode of communications is different—more digital than audible. As it was, we were-,

“What do you mean, ‘grafting’?”

I mean an overall *distancing* of the many; separating them from each other and even self, if that is possible.

“But this ‘muting’-,”

Have you forgotten the *unnatural*?

“No.”

My message is way out there, don’t you think?

“I believe you now know about evil.”

I believe I do know about this word, *evil*, its meaning and matter.

“I am sure of it.”

Evil has *power* in several dimensions; the presence, practice and even the postulating....











“Are you suggesting that the program is evil?”

Could it be that those who perpetrate, plan and produce *evil* are themselves *evil*—or that the whole of it is *evil*?

There is a deep disturbance within me over this *prevalent passivity*; the systematic methods—*the madness and the mess*—of planning and processing, the painless way that it paralyzes purposing the populous for pointlessness.

“Prevalent passivity is full of p-words.”

And to add-on to the p-words, some q-words:

-  Passive to Quiet
-  Pariah to Qualm
-  Problem to Quagmire
-  Pensive to Query
-  Putdown to Quell
-  Predicament to Quandary
-  Pervasive to Quasi
-  Pandemic to Quartile
-  Put-out to Quench
-  Prison to Quarantine

Evil will evolve and expand if there is not a countervailing force; a way to keep *evil* enveloped and enclosed,

“You are an alliterating fool.”

It seems so.

“Is empire evil?”

So every empire—all empire is *evil*?

“It seems that there is partiality on this one.”

What do you mean?

"I mean that one empire cannot justly call another evil if 'all empire is evil'."

Each and all have *prevalent passivity*.

"I think that your thinking is thoughtful but-,"

Who's heavy with alliteration now?

"No need to get teed-off."

But is *your thinking* of *my thinking* is more than thoughtful?

"You mean, actionable?"

Yes, that's it; action matters against such an array of-,

"Words must be followed by action if hope has-,"

And it's too late for *Anteca*, but I don't know for you, your kind.

What I can tell you is that it follows a fairly predictable pattern, empire, and what is most fascinating is how it uses this *prevalent passivity* in the process. Think of it like a being living in denial; one that recognizes that there is a problem but, for a variety of reasons, is not willing or able to acknowledge it, let alone deal with it, resolve it. As time passes the problem—the costs and consequences—grows, such that the effort to redress the situation becomes more and more difficult if not impossible.

"What will become of those in *prevalent passivity*?"

You can't stand still on a moving train.

What does the *problem-denier* fear most? Is it the potential effort to address and possibly resolve the problem or is it more?

What about the *conflict and contention* that might ensue when others don't participate or even agree on *the problem*, approach and fix? Is *conflict and contention* really that bad after all?

What if they fear failing; that with all the good intentions and investment, the problem prevails? Why try with the trying is too much, but instead, let it ride?

"Not uncommon, denial...."

Sure, but that's only the start of it. Some may go to great effort, *ways and means*, to avoid *the problem*—invariably making more investment in the avoidance than potentially the solution.

What if they fear truth, the exposure and experience?

"So they're afraid of truth?"

Not so much *truth* but what truth spawns; that perhaps they are at fault or more, are failures?

"They don't want the details of the problem known?"

Yes, said another way, the process may pose the possibility that they are weak, inadequate or less than what they thought or think.





"But flaws are reality."

The last thing that they may want is to be thought feeble and feckless. Individuals or institutions will exert endless effort and

energy to cover-up—raising the possibility that those who believe them as strong are never in doubt—duped in some form of *prevalent passivity*.

“But this can’t go on forever.”

How long will they be *kept in the dark* or:

-  Distracted, pre-occupied by other things
-  Deceived and dumbed-down
-  Dismembered; alone, atomized and anonymous
-  Drugged; over-the-counter, prescribed or produced

And by *drugged*; not limited to ingestion but also extraction; the process of **Antbrosia** as a prime example, with the end result being a diluted, debilitated droll—a bumbling buffoon!

“Empire is an illusion?”

And the king is naked.

“You’re speaking figuratively, not literally, right?”

A house of mirrors...smoke & mirrors—this is empire.

“What about cards?”

A house of cards as it’s in the cards?

“Either way, we’re screwed.”

What will be, will be.

“At least the king is not dead.”

Which king?

“The one that reigns, you know, the great and mighty-,”

Kings come and go, as do ant colonies, so I would not wager on that one.

“You’re so pessimistic.”

At least I’m not *prevalent passive*—not now, after *it’s all over but the shouting*.

“How can empire have a weakness?”

Empire *dies by its own sword*.

“I know, it destroys itself, but-,”

What makes empire?

“You’ve already described it as a passive-,”

Yes, *prevalent passivity* is a means, but what makes-,

“Are you asking me or setting me up for your answer?”

Laying aside your question and returning to mine...:

What makes an empire an empire is desperation; dire-strights, downright-deadly, dark and dirty, disturbing-beyond-degree or by all the d-words.

“The alliteration ambassador has returned.”

Did I ever leave?

“It’s not literal.”

But I am.

The greater the *desperation*, the greater the opportunity for empire; the greater the crisis—however contrived or constructed—the greater the potential for *power and possession*. A crisis is empire’s entry to-,

“An ‘entry’ to do-,”

To rescue, save and secure.

“...the apparent crisis?”

Well, in some measure though it can be real too, I suppose; but the point is that it is exist, engineered or not.

“...engineered or manufactured?”

The point is that a *crisis* is ideal for imperialism. And in this *opportunity* is also an enemy of some kind; or, more specifically, a threat—a danger, clear or not. Every *crisis* must have a culprit.

“Sometimes, I don’t know how to believe you.”

I know that my tone is not grave but, honestly, you have to laugh for crying, hope for grieving, and-,

“Okay, okay.”

Desperation, dire-strights, downright-deadly, dark and dirty, disturbing-beyond-degree, or by all the d-words; empire cannot grow without a threat, an enemy.

“So a threat, an enemy, is fabricated?”

But at the same time an empire has many real enemies. You’re familiar with the bully; that or those persons that prey on the weak and wreak their lives? Empire is the empirical bully; preying on the weak but avoiding or allying with the strong.

“Empire is a bully.”

“Let me summarize your statements; an empire requires:



Prevalent passivity



Crisis, real or constructed



Threats or enemy, formed or fabricated”

That’s a good start, but there is more.

“What is more?”

Not to confuse you or anyone interested but *more means more....*

“What do you mean when you say ‘more means more’?”

More to mean that status quo is never enough as long as the fears prevail—and they do—for as *more* is gained, more fears comes.

“And greater fears mean weakness?”








More means:



More...



More fears

-  More weakness
-  More risks
-  More conflict, costs
-  More desperation...
-  More real enemies
-  More real crisis
-  More (or less) *power and possession*

And in this last bullet is where it *dies by its own sword*: growing fears lead to real crisis—not *manufactured* or *fabricated*....

The *prevalent passivity* is jeopardized while the arch enemy gives way to a *scapegoat*—someone or something that can be blamed for the crisis, the weaknesses and all.

The façade of strength that fueled *passivity*—faux confidence—is lifted, exposing the *nakedness of the king*, enormous consequences and untenable conditions.

O’ empire, my empire, where is your strength and sting? The want for more and more could not continue indefinitely; exhausted, even extinguished, your strength is gone, your sting no longer a threat with only the past ahead of you.

The muting gag had its day; proving *prevalent passivity*—where the many *ride the wave* of your tide, *basking in the sun* and thrill of your rolling *power* and engulfing *possession*, accepting and assuming that it is their right, their manifest destiny, as either god or god-like. Empire is god; its entirety a kingdom of end.

“Who are these beings, ‘prevalent passivity’?”

They happen to be another caste among the sorted, *devolved* variety.

“Who is that?”

It is **Pushing Psychedelic, PSYC**.

“Tell me more about **PSYC**.”

What do you want to know?

“I want to know why they were stupid.”

You think that **PSYC** is (was) stupid?

“Yes I do. They did nothing to stop-,”

It’s impossible to do *nothing*—not reacting is still reacting. You *can’t be still on a moving-*. You *have to serve somebody*.



“I know, you can’t stand still on a moving train however, they did nothing to-,”

To stop empire from *more and more*,

“Yes, if only they had taken a stand.”

What could they have done? Can you *jump off the train* with **PARI** or push for peace with **PEAC**? Could **PSYC** have regained composure and joined these movements against the lies of **PROG** or the might of **PROF** and **PROS**? And what about the rest of *the devolved, the few* who surfaced from the same seed? Could **PSYC** have helped, exposing **PUBL** for the criminal it was or is?

“I suppose that they could do nothing.”

Then you haven't been listening because-,

"I know, I know; 'doing nothing is still something'!"

That's the point and the predicament; by *doing nothing*, PSYC did something that, of course, made *more and more* possible.

"We have a term befitting; 'Living the dream'."

I've heard of that.... PSYC no doubt deed a lot of *living the dream*.

"How can an ant dream?"

Figure of speech, but what I mean is that they embraced the ideology of *the few—riding the wave*, etc.

"It sounds to me like they were crazy."

There is some *crazy* in it, for sure; they had to be weak or weakened to believe that they were strong. Remember that this *prevalent passivity* occur my several *ways and means*.

"Distracted, deceived, dismembered and-,"

They were drugged too; yes, medicated with duel effects of **Antbrosia** and then Artbrosia.

PSYC was drugged and drug into *prevalent passivity*. Once you're *drugged and drug*, the other d-words are that much easier to impose or impute—the .

"PSYC went psycho?"

Psycho has many layers but I suppose that in the thick of it that **PSYC** was at the bottom—or is it the top?

“What happened when the drugs were no more?”

By then, *more and more* was becoming less on many levels—the drugs only part of it—the pains and pressures were pervasive, pandemic.

“It was all over but the shouting?”

Not quite; the complex system was breaking-up—frayed at the edges but not unraveled on whole.

But there’s *power* in *psycho*; the more insane a being be, the more powerful it be. Look at your world from the Huns to the henchman, the list of narcissistic, neo-conservatives is endless.

Savagely cruel and exceedingly, the worst of your kind have institutions *to their back*; all the **Antbrosia** extracted or extractable or all the **Artbrosia** that has been—and can be—condensed in a centralized tank. These thugs are unabashedly



Brutal



Barbarous



Bestial

...and bad-assess right down to the size of the back pocket.

“Your words bother me.”

I hope that my words do more than bother you.

“Was **PSYC** the only crazy, psycho?”

Remember that my world came to make *crazy* strong; the *crazy* get stronger by *devouring* the weak. We had to accept what came simply because those who could do something to stop it where stepped on, crushed by the *crazy*.

“The crazy crushed and then became strong.”

Consider species other than yours and mine; for example, rabbits know that the *crazy* is strong but, in their knowing, are alert and able to move about with lighting speed. The rabbit never *faces-off* with the *crazy* for that would be the end; no, that long-eared, soft-furred creature runs and hides—possibly lasting for more *life and living*. And the rabbit does not go silent—the *muting gag*—for in moments of distress will squeal if just to warn the others of danger. Seemingly docile and delicate, the rabbit is a sly and sneaky sort—surviving and succeeding in a world of *crazy*.

“An interesting example, the rabbit, but back to us-’

By *us* do you mean, *us* ants?

“More or less...”

Among the Most

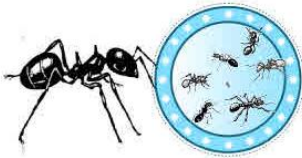
Among the most recalcitrant problems [are those] which often prove impossible to eradicate or control once they have become established.

- Jared Diamond, *Collapse; How Societies Choose to Fail or Succeed*

Aiding much to empire was the **Pleasing Pander, PAND**; those that typified tolerance, more or less, *going with the flow*.

“A supporter in some significant way-,”

Not even close to support, **PAND** was mostly removed from the action; immensely self-absorbed or self-indulging, this caste was superficially a silent member of *the devolved*.



PAND was the product of a profligate society; a society that had obtained vast *possession*, the resources of adjacent colonies and their **Antbrosia**.

When the worker no longer has to work, what then?

“A life of leisure seems the ideal living.”

But life is not all leisure is it? When life is reduced to self...absorption then community is no longer and-,

“Even one’s family becomes distant second—if at all!”

Family, our closest of kin, is largely centered on the queen. When the queens were exploited—forced to produce **Antbrosia** in ever-increasing quantities—it was only a matter of time before the whole foundation of community crumbled, community caput.

In the early days of **THE COLONIES**, of which I had the ability to study, we were *among the most* of an ant's most admirable attributes—a real zeal for *life and living*!

In the beginning *life and living* was what you made of it, what nature provided in resources from the individual senses to the collective strength. We did not fear either the now or future.

Being on the edge of existence, **Anteca** was creative but, also, conditioned in the capabilities necessary for survival and sustainment. We fit the real idea of our nature, our colonies.

Much of the vision of the COLONIES has been presented; of how a small band of outcaste carved-out an existence and further, made steady, sustainable strides to grow without encroaching on or, otherwise, possessing distant, even foreign colonies.

“But then the devolved and-,”

“Yes, of course; *the few* made the many their slaves. All of us who had lived or would die were made slaves.

Workers were forced to further foraging and forays; engaging foreign ants and other species, led by the fierce, formidable **PROS**. When some workers refused or resisted—sacrificed and suffered—the long-term cost or consequence was that-,

“They were cut down or cut-off,”

They were no longer among the most; but ironically, as *more became more*, we became less and then less.

Most of *the devolved* could not procreate; so in other words, they were infertile. Proliferation was possible in and through copious

consumption of **Antbrosia**. This *proliferation of the few*, their existence, only worsened conditions overall—enabling the bad to become worse and then worse—if that were possible. What began as one had become too much, too many.

PAND was a parasite: a creature that relies on *a host*; something or someone that slowly, steadily but silently sucks the life out of life—while leaving only enough for life.

“In some ways they were all parasites, the devolved.”

You’re right; they sucked the life out of the queens, the workers and other natural castes—the mass of our existence, our essence. They are sycophants, taking and taking until the more is so less that there is less than anything left and all that was right has been wronged.

“My kind calls it devaluation...debt.”

Debt is less than less—less than anything left—and so were they, these bloodsuckers. Impossible to eradicate or control once they have become established in **Anteca**, *the few* were out-of-control and in supreme control at the same time.

“Could they be-,”

Could they have been controlled, subdued and eradicated? I don’t know. But because of **PAND** and its complacency, the chances of such an outcome were lost, finally.

PAND was not a leader, but a follower: somewhat like the worker except lacking the will to do something positive, productive; poised-possessed to please though in the end, pleasing no one.

PAND, **Pleasing Pander**, is like one of your kind who looks into a mirror at a reflection of his image but instead finds many faces so as to never know its true face, the real image. **PAND** could not find its identity and it had no sense of who or what it was—or could have been—but was lost, without a vision and reduced to the moment; the *here and now* and nothing else.

“My kind calls it ‘lacking moral fiber or integrity’.”

Integrity is part of it, I’m sure. **PAND** has no sense of identity but was, again, lost. It was too lost to know that it was lost.

“My kind calls it ‘lacking ambition, a plan and vision’.”

Being on both sides and on neither side, **PAND** *drifted with the wind*; neither *hot or cold* about anything or anyone—but always mediocre, mild—remaining *neutral on a moving train* with the final result: friend of no one and foe of everyone and everything..

“No emotions of any kind?”

Don’t forget that the natural order of our kind have no emotions. But the possibility is that-,

“My kind calls that ‘indifference’, maybe ‘apathy’.”

Indifference might be the case, but there’s more to it.

“Do you mean ‘more’ or ‘less’?”

Could **PAND** be less than *indifferent*? How about *dispassionate*, detached, disowning, distrustful, disenfranchised, and other d-words of that kind?

“We are talking about ants?”

Yes, ants...though they are unnatural in their behavior, you see.

PAND is neither all natural nor all unnatural—a hybrid of the lowest variety of both.

“What you describe is eerily similar to much of my kind.”

Similar in what way?

“Dispassionate toward things that should matter while tantalized about the trivial, the trite and the televised.”

They were more of the superficial, the shallow and the sedentary; again, sycophants and suckers—faint-hearted, frivolous and finally—

“They were foolish.”

EMPIRANT COLONIES produced this form; riding on the prosperity of *power and possession*, **PAND** produced more or less nothing of substance or sense. The worker *worked circles* around this *slug*—except when the *vile masters* showed-up and it pretended to be busy, productive and otherwise what it distinctly was not.

“Let me guess that it brown-nosed too.”

Sure, the ant had that coloring, really throughout, but—

“That’s not what I mean, but that they are about image—the appearance...not the actual condition. They’re always looking for the easy-way-around the matter, the short-cut.”

That’s **PANT** up and down.




“But didn’t everybody do it?”

PAND caused much of *the less*, the lessening of my own, but they were not acting alone. Being a panderer was not initially the plan, the purpose of **PAND**; no, they were more like me, a worker though depleted and degraded by the degeneration, **Antbrosia** deficient and decisively indecisive about what or whom they were—and were not. Again and simply put, **PAND** was lost.

PAND was drugged, deceived, dismembered or distracted in this *degeneration*. They were the after-effect of all these devices and more—much the less. And this caste of convenience-seekers most likely identified the descent of **Anteca** and, convinced that it was too late to stop it, reduced their existence to the most pathetic and putrid—*prevalent passivism* through and through.

“So they were born into it, so to speak?”

Why not live for today when all the succulence of empire was vanishing? Why not



-  Grab it while the grabbing is good
-  Get it and get it good
-  Go for all it without holding on to anything



Life and living will soon be over as we know it.

“The moment may be all we have,” so said **PAND**.

“They had no integrity, no plan or vision, did they?”

I’m not trying to suggest that they didn’t have some of it right but more or less, they:

-  *Threw in the towel*
-  *Raised the white flag*

 *Gave up the ship*
 *Called it the day*

They surrendered of their own decision.

“So what became of **PAND**—how did they fair in the fall?”

At first they lived but then they died...out. Again, *you can't stay neutral on a moving train.*

“You can't straddle the fence either.”

No middle-ground in the great divide.

“What if the train is headed backward?”

The *train* never moves backwards; it may be headed in the wrong direction, on the brink of a derailment, but it never reverses.

“What I mean in my question is-,”

I think I know what you're asking; Do you *go-down* or do you *catch the next boat out*?

“Something like-,”

PAND never really *abandoned the ship*. They wouldn't have *jumped-ship* in the worst of storms but mostly *rode-it-out*. It was a *game of chicken*; *stay on board, bask in the sun* and take-in all that remains before *the end* of the good ship Empire.

“It's all time and place.”

Yes, *time and place* are everything—or nothing—more or less.” But eventually *the ship can’t hold*; the damage is too long neglected, the time to port too long deferred, and the crew fatigued by the stress within and beneath them.

“The real trick is guessing when to fold.”

And it’s true, I think, as in your kind’s gambling—knowing when to hold and when to fold.

When a *ship* of such size sinks, the whirlpool it creates sucks much more down with it—deep into *the drink*—leaving nothing on the surface but small fragments of lifeless stuff. It’s is strange how that after the great vortex, there is only scattered debris, a few remnants of the once vast, voluminous.

“The great sucking and then-,”

More or less, yes; more than can be measured I’m afraid in a vortex of the *vile masters*-,

“The chances, the opportunities, were no more.”

Time and place made it no more probable as *finding a needle in a haystack*, a certain grain of sand on a beach and the like.

“It’s a real paradox, life and living aboard the Empire.”

Explain.

“Either way, your-,”

Screwed—and I don’t mean the screws of the ship either.

“So they cast their cares to the wind and-,”

They surfed until they sank.

By train, ship or any other vessel, the trip always has the same destination; empire expands until exhaustion leaving a massive wake in its path to glory, guile and the grave.

“Empire or not, everyone must die.”

Being at the pinnacle of *power* is like being on a precipice; you either fall or you fallback but the overwhelming possibility; the fall following the proven, more than predictable pattern.

“But it doesn’t end there, right?”

Unfortunately it doesn’t end there; *the displacement of the empire* causes a vortex much too large to limit it the only loss.

“And what were the others...the losses?”

It was everything that empire consumed, conquered or collaborated with/in; all of this was *the losses*, the *consequences beyond calculation*.

“You’re not really answering the question.”

I’ll get to that; I will add more to my story, its story, but for now let me give you something to satisfy if just at the surface.

I’ve talked before of *pride; a creeping that widened the chasm between castes and the caste-not’s*.

“Pride as a point of-,”

Many points to be made that *pride* came to be the scourge of the society.

As empire expanded, the many became more of less while *the few* became less of more.

“You’re words boggle the mind.”

I know it seems like a riddle but at the core of the confusion is that the natural become unnatural and vice versa.

“Right; black become white, good becomes bad and-,”

The confusion was a collaborated chaos; it was a ruse, radical and rudimentary revisions to our nature for which we could not sense either the change prior or the changes current. We were made blind by darkness—or was it their *light*?

“I think you could not see all the prior, the current, and then-,”









There were *among the most* those who did see and those that saw more, not only saw *changes past* but the *changes current* and that to follow, the future. It is not our nature to know or even care of the future—as is it yours—making it all the more extraordinary for those that could and would look into the future with clarity, conviction and courage. In a time of such deceit, the ability and the action to see *changes past* and more, the *changes current*, is a revolutionary act. To see the future however is much more *among the most*.

“And there were revolutions?”

Of course there were, small though they were, among individuals and small groups and certainly **PEAC** and **PARI**, and **PSYC**.

“Can you really know the future?”

You tell me man. Don't beings of your kind make claim to predicting the future; prophets, soothsayers, and so many other names:

-  The Romans had *the auger* who predicted events based on omens
-  The Greeks had *Cassandra*; who correctly predicted unfortunate events albeit in vain, a resulting death
-  Then there's the *crystal gazer* or one that uses a crystal or glass globe or other objects in order to channel knowledge
-  And similar to Cassandra, the *doomsayer* routinely predicts disaster
-  *Fortune tellers* and *futurist* tell of a being's future, their individual fate
-  Then there were *prophets* as mentioned, the likes of which included Biblical characters appointed by supreme call to act as the voice of the sovereign, a kind of *oracle*
-  And one name I particularly like, *prognosticator*, is supposedly able to predict the future based on observations of phenomena
-  The simple *seer* so enabled with modern techniques, science and systems

I believe that we did have those kind too, the so-called *anointed*-enabled to see not only *prior* and *current* but more so, the future.

But with anyone who has such a gift, the end was more near than *the end*. Soon they too would be cut-out, cut-down and accused of all variety of crimes—which meant that they were as good as dead. All *the few* had to do was accuse—without ever having to prove anything?

“Why do you describe these types, the prescient?”

I describe them because they are *among the most*; if they told what would become reality, they would die too soon and if they were the opposite—imposters or false prophets—they would die sooner or later. The real ones were *the most*, all others much less so.

“What about their accusers, adversaries?”

I describe them because they are tyrants, *the vile maxim*, which attempt to destroy anything and everything that gets in their way.

If the cycles of civilizations run consistently true, who can discount similar patterns of *life and living*?

“It’s too late for you.”

Yes, too late for *my own* but still the question.

They Live, We Starve

*They live...we starve.... You must comply with their deceit [but]
don't trust the wolves to guard the sheep.*

They'll colonize...into a superpower.

- Trevor D. Richardson, *Dystopia Boy: The Unauthorized Files*

Do you have an answer?

"It doesn't make sense?"

Which part?

"It's one thing to be blinded but another to be starved."

Both are deprivations.

"Why deplete and destroy them?"

I've talked of *pride*?

"Yes you have-,"

It was more vanity that caused it.

"And hubris, arrogance and-,"

So you have been listening.

"I have and I do and I will...."

Hubris by any other name is *pride*. Some hold that it is wrongly considered in light of the outcome or effect: a race or class that is superior is merely acting on their *position* and *place*; naturally, they are superior to others and must dominate, even destroy, the

inferiors. From this high, heavenly *position* comes *hubris* of which they claim, “We are god and you are not...” These gods destroy by *giving license* to:

-  Hateful
-  Hurtful
-  Heinous
-  Horrendous
-  Hegemonic
-  Hypocritical

...actions, activities and all.

“Alliteration once again-,”

Whatever my choice of expression, the point should be clear;
hubris hurts!

“You obsess over hubris.”

You asked a question, something like, “Why deplete and destroy them,” and so my answer, the cause for such unnatural acts.

“It’s really *madness*. Describing it as unnatural does not do it justice or truth. Hubris is more than hateful, hurtful...”

Anton, *pride* is an unnatural thing, but for yours....

“What about mine?”

Pride is natural. But no real *life and living* in *hubris*; all *ways and means* lead invariably to destruction and death.

“So they destroy and destroyed still, but why?”

They destroyed us because we were either a threat or meant nothing to them, for them—or both!

“How could you be both?”

It’s a matter of *time and place*, really; one time you’re a threat and at another place, you’re not.

In the beginning, during **INSPIRANT COLONIES**, workers were at center of *the commons* while *the devolved* only beginning to surface. But by the end of that phase however *the few* were seizing *power and possession* in portions.

“Tell me more.”

Well, I have explained, the extraction of essence.

“You mean the degraded and depleted generations.”

And future generations too; *extraction* had a devolving affect, the natural to the unnatural, the many for *the few*.

“Unnatural-,”

De-capitalized the worker, making them first a commodity and finally *paleo-creatures*; a substance of no value or viability. Conversely, *the devolved* were crowned; *neo-creators*, a system of unlimited *power and possession* in ever greater portion. *Unnatural* is the most relevant description to offer you.

“They were unlimited-unnatural-,”

Hubris has a way of causing the blind to be even blinder.

“The blind leading the blind....”

Not everyone was blind.

“I know that some could see—others more...future.”

Some *saw the writing on the wall*.”

“But many did not.”

Many were stupefied in the *extraction*—their natural senses gone—*soft clay in the hands of the potter*.

“Dumbed-down to ground and-,”

Deeper than that....but the future too, they were a threat at first, the worker, but by the time that the essence tapped-out they were approaching the position of *paleo-creatures*.

“They shot themselves in the foot.”

By “Shot themselves in the foot”, do you mean that *they did themselves in*?

“Yes, they killed themselves, suicide.”

But the shame of it is that they are *up-to-their-head* in hubris.

“Too smart for their own breaches, it seems.”

I don’t see how intelligence has anything to do with clothing or costume.

“It is another of our many figures of speech.”

Go easy on me will yah?

“You’re tougher on yourself than anyone, I think”

At least I haven’t *shot myself in the foot* or tried to put on *big*, what did called them, “breaches”?

“Ant’s don’t wear clothes.”

And kings don’t always have clothes either!

“And empires rise and fall.”

And *power* is never lost but only transferred.

“Tell me more.”

Power does not *vanish into thin air*, but it goes to another place over time; likes water, *power* passes on from place to place.

The commons lost its *power* to *the few*; the once valued worker was diminished and finally destroyed prior to *the end*.

There could not have been an empowering of CONSPIRANT COLONIES without a corresponding displacement of INSPRIANT COLONIES. *Power* is passed but sometimes it is stolen, seized and sundered.

“And empire?”

There could not have been EMPIRANT COLONIES without a devaluing of *the commons*, CONSPIRANT COLONIES.

“The more you say the more questions I have.”

I am like that too; always growing, always seeking, always in *life and living*. But in *death and destruction* no such *always* is possible—but only the inevitable, inescapable *end*.

“So this is life and living—learning?”

Yes, learning is *life and living*.

“When did learning end?”





It ended when the last vestige of *life and living* died. It began to die when the voice of *my own* was stifled, then silenced.

“And when was that?”

Generally, it was when the last worker stopped working.

“You mean to say that no learning happened beyond?”

No learning is right, but only

-  Schemes and such strategizing
-  Scandals and such stealing
-  Plots and such plundering
-  Ploys and such planning

“Learning for no good,”

The *time and place* was an unlearning—learning gone backwards—of the natural to the unnatural; *the devolved* spreading their ideology like single-celled animals that demobilize and destroy its host—parasites and worse.

“Parasites,”

And *they* don't suffer or sacrifice, but instead, seduce while numbing the host until embedded in the hosts' system.

"How can it be worse—slow death?"

An actual parasite never has a host of the same species.

"I know."

But they do; *they lived, we starved*. They killed us.

"But a parasite would be best served by taking no more than-,"

Right, what it needs?

"Yes, only what it needs."

And for *the few* the needs never end; they always wanted more and then more until nothing remained, not even less of anything.

"They sucked the life out of life-,"

...and living too; they sucked the life out of us, one by one.

"It's madness, a mess and more."

But *madness* goes both ways.

When you're really hungry—hollow and hapless—you always think about food. You might go mad from the depravity but *madness* comes in the unstoppable and unendurable thoughts of natural needs, all wants aside. Food is all that matters.












"Who has ever been that hungry?"

Many have, I'm sure, and many more to come; not just them, those elsewhere, but you too. The *time and place* is coming when such inexperience or impossibility will be no more for those who asks "Who has ever been that hungry?" or "Who has ever...?"

"It's just a matter of time and then place?"

Time will tell that these words are true of that *time and place*. No one who really lives can escape—but only those who died or have died already.

Being hungry is more than food—as vital as food is certain to be. *Being hungry* is the want for learning when learning is regulated, reduced, retarded or refused; it is when you are:

-  Distracted
-  Deceived
-  Disassociated
-  Debilitated
-  Distraught
-  Dogged-out
-  Drugged
-  Degraded
-  Destitute
-  Disabled
-  Dead

And even more, you will be dissected from your own flesh; a quivering mass of severed tissue that struggles to survive when life is soon forgotten. *How long does it live when it is detached*, spectators wonder as they watch and wait for the last spasm of the unsustainable, the undoing and the undone.

"And is that the end?"

No, it is only a *time and place*.

“And other signs, symbols—how will we know as you know?”

Seek the prophets and others that tell of the future, your future.

“But they talk and talk, often in the abstract, with nothing of substance to say or mean.”

Surely there are some that are authentic and accountable; those that see *the light*, the facts without fiction or fantasy.

“And what happened to your authentic ones?”

They too are dead, the *one*, but what about your *ones*?

“No one seems to be sure or does not care to be sure.”

It is not really whether they’re sure or care, but more about you. What do you think about *the light*, facts against fiction?

“I’m more about facts.”

What about faith—what you believe without facts?

“Again, I am about facts.”

Do you skirt faith for fact?

“My conscience tells me to say what is true; yes, I skirt..., ”

Good for your conscience and you too, but with your admission, what follows as to action, the present and future?

"I'm very much held to the *present*, not the future."

What about the queens—what of them?

"I'm not following you, the 'queens'?"

You do have queens in your world, right?

"Yes, and kings too, but I don't know what one or the other has to do with faith, facts and all."

Queens are leaders and, well, leaders lead in all matters, faith and fact, don't they?

"I suppose they do, though I don't know if by faith, facts and all that."

I am just trying to relate **Anteca** to your world; both have or had queens and both have faith, facts, fiction and fantasy. I believe that when the queens are gone that *all that* goes with them. If they're dead, so is faith *and all that* too.

Dead Queen

*Let the queen do the fighting...
[But if you lose her], you've lost everything.*

- Terry Pratchett, *Carpe Jugulum*

It was only a matter of time but more, a matter of grave consequences; exploiting and then eliminating the queens.

Ant colonies begin and end with the queen; she is the *life and living* of this complex society, the bearer of life and the keeper of living. Society is nothing when the queen is dead.

Queens could not coexist with a tyranny. Eventually and systematically *the few* disavowed and disempowered the queens and, as it turned-out, drove the queens to death—both adult and offspring—until fertility was finished, larvae no more. When a society destroys both its young and its capacity for offspring, it has doomed itself, its own, as with continuous conflict.

The essence of the offspring was of premier importance and value; hence, a system of extraction-hatcheries to care for the brood through the pupae stage. Expansion and extensions of **THE COLONIES** enabled the enlistment of other queens thus increasing volumes many fold—a corporate system of supply and demand. But when a society makes commodities of its offspring and reproduction, it denies and then destroys the natural order.





At its peak, essence-extraction was of such value and volume as to effect an empire—the engineering of a new phase, **EMPIRANT COLONIES** into an elaborate, complex system of centrally governed provinces or regions complete with integrated-deployable networks of foraging and foraging forces. But when a

society becomes such a system, failure is sure to follow--since complexity causes greater consequences in failure.

“...and fighting forces?”

Fighting was a word or description never used or never communicated—it does not exist in the taxonomy of *Anteca*. Killing is always a last resort in the natural order. Ants do not typically fight except in extreme circumstances. Violence has no end result except more and more attacks and adversaries.

Antecazation is neither natural or, in the end, of any order; but conversely, it is an ideology of disorder, *collaborative chaos*. It provoked presumed-propagandized *opponents* and *oppressors* into fighting using what your kind sometimes call *the bait and switch*. More an obstruction to *power and possession* than an authentic oppressor, the presumed *opponent*—the so-called villain—was in fact a victim:

-  Lured into conflict
-  Upended through covert action
-  Destroyed seemingly from within but through intervention
-  Disempowered by deceit, disorder and disguise

“What does this have to do with ending the queens?”

This *ideology* was not supported or sourced by the queens; it was antithetical to the natural order of *Anteca*. When the queens opposed it, they were undercut and undone by plot and ploy.

“But to do so, well, it meant a certain end to all things.”

Have I not described-,

“Hubris; it was pride that blinded the blind.”

Now you're not just talking but thinking too.





"The queens are dead, long live-,'


Long live nothing; life and living caput, the queen controlled, conceded and then crushed in the undercutting, the undoing.

"The king is naked but may not know it."

No clothed king or court, not truth or justice, but only a tyrant of thieves and thugs—a caste of criminally-cannibalizing creators—or was it creatures—born into corruption and forever corrupt; this is their reason for existence and the legacy they leave.

Conflict and contention within and throughout is by design, part of the *plot and ploy*; for as long as there is crisis there is opportunity for those with *ways and means* to *command and control* without conscience or conscious. Chaos, *command and control* by:

-  **Prospecting Publican, PUBL**, possessed *ways and means* to assure that those who had much had more and that those who had less had even less; thus, *the few* gained increasingly more while *my own* lost much and then all
-  **Policing Prosecutor, PROS**, policed the *ways and means* with prosecuting *power* and, further, had the unique ability to fly and therefore take advantage of both *time and place*
-  **Persuading Program, PROG**, produced-purposed misleading communication—a key *ways and means*— for ensuring crisis, effectively causing more a passive rather forced compliance to policies and programs to gain protection, security
-  **Politicking Profligate, PROF**, penned and published policy and program alike with support from **PUBL, PROS, PROG** and **PROF**; each and all in their individual and then institutional capacities

 **Pleasing Panderer, PAND**, passively powered all processes, policies and program, enacted by **PROF**, evoked by **PROG**, enforced by **PROS** and enabled by the *ways and mean of PUBL*

“And is that all, the criminally-cannibalizing creators?”

No, there is one more; **Pardoning Pantheist, PANT**.

“What or who is PANT?”



PANT was the final and foremost of all *the devolved*; for none of the others started and finished with such distance and division as this one of *the few*. From light to dark and by all other extremes, this one *covered the bases* becoming all things to all such that, in the end, it was nothing to no one.

The queens were killed for their refusal but **PANT** was exalted for its reversal—going from the opposition to a component of, primary proponent in, **Antecazation**. Forgoing its place at the center of community and natural order, **Pardoning Pantheist** diminished into a betrayer of its own doctrine, devoid of remorse or repentance, the deliverer of *destruction and death* rather than *life and living*.

“What caused this turn?”

What do you think?

“Fear of death?”

It was not brute force.

“Envy, perhaps?”

You’re thinking clearly.

“Did it have something to do with power, Antbrosia?”

And what was that?

“Not certain.”

That *something* was: invitation-inclusion in *ways and means*.

“They wanted a piece of the power.”

They agreed with, and otherwise, encouraged *policies and programs* described previously. PANT radically changed, lured to darkness from *the light*, and became an agent of death.

“This seems too close to home.”

What does that mean, *to close to home*?

“The phrase means: like my own kind, my world.”

Oh...another idiom.

“That colonies would have policies and programs, plots and ploys and all other planning similar to us, my kind. It just seems ridiculous that they could be-,”

Complex, corrupt and criminal,

“Yes, all that and more.”

My purpose is to try to translate the *unnatural order* into something that you can understand. How else can I do it if I don't use your *ways and means*?

"PANT became unnatural."

PANT was bought and paid for; given over to lust for more, they embraced Antecazation—earning a portion of the *power*, of persuasion while profiting from all that Antibrosia had to offer.

"PANT sold-out"

PANT provided public pardoning of the many misdoings; and while other *ways and means* could and would be used as a secondary or *final solution*, the immediate was the sanctimonious services of this particular one.

"PANT devolved."

Not all of PANT pandered; a small faction kept the covenant of INSPIRANT COLONIES—but at a cost of course.

"And what became of them, this faction?"

At first they went *underground* but eventually were *rooted-out*, one by one until practically all were imprisoned and died.

"They died like the queens and still others of your kind."

It was really a split between the paleo-faction and the neo-majority, PANT; the first, the *faction*, reverent to Antism and the second to Antecazation.

"There is no standing still when you're on a moving train."

“But It seems too principled, sacrosanct.”

What do you mean?

“To look at PANT is to sense the sacred, the reverent—more about peace than *power*. If anything, they seemed more predisposed for PEAC over PROS.”

PANT was neither the first nor the last to *devolve*, to bend to the pressures of *the few*. They put much effort and energy into *straddling the fence*, going one way and then another like the tides of the water or the streams of the air. They *played the part* of both patron of the masses and pardoner of the malevolent.

“PANT sounds like a hypocrite, like PUBL.”

They were not individuals, but only institutions.

“And institutions-,”

Institutions cannot be hypocrites, liars or thieves.

“Institutions are blameless, above reproach?”

PANT was complicit beyond proof.

“What was PANT complicit of?”

Don’t you know? It was the queens: history has it that PANT provided the *ways and means* for the queens’ end.

“PANT killed the queens.”

They didn't start it but they were instrumental in ensuring the outcome.

"What did the faction do?"

They refused to go along; in fact and before long, *the faction* fragmented, factionalized further.










"And with the queens dead, disposed-,"

The conquest continues until it can't.

"And when is the end of conquest?"

Sometime after the beginning, is all that I can tell you; for conquest profits the few at the expense of the many.

Conquest provides:

-  Purpose to life and living
-  Planning for extension and expansion
-  Production to out-do the foe
-  Protection for the young, the future
-  Provision for the force, the forces
-  Programs for mobilization and militancy
-  Properties to maintain and then more
-  Problems which then demand solutions
-  Power and more power

Conquest

Conquest...is not a pretty thing.

- Joseph Conrad

Where does conquest begin? It begins with pretense of an enemy or threat; the so-called *enemy* may not fit the description of a *threat*, but with *conquest*, that's not really the point—not really. It's all about-

“Perception...propaganda-,”

And prevalent passivism; where *pretense* of this sort neutralizes must of the potential opposition or resistance while setting the stage for the next offensive—or what it a countermeasure?

My words come from my learning of the *ways and means* of *Antecazation*. The fact is that *pretense* is better served and supported when fear is infused, a *threat*. How better to invoke fear than to lodge such *pretense and grand production*, tell me?

“So the prey is really the predator?”

You got it! By shifting roles in effect, the *predator* comes *cloaked in sheep's clothing*; the *prey* is actually the *predator*, the wolf.

“And the actual prey?”

The *actual prey*; those being disabled, dislocated, destroyed, are destroyed in the fury brought on by fear.

“And who hatches such a scheme?”

It helps to have all-in and, at the same time, to keep the truth down low. Remember that the first causality of conflict is always the truth. A point for the real *predator*: the more that is known the less the *secret*; thus, the need for *hush-hush*.

But finally force is the offsetting figure and, with fear, is a multiplier; the force working both sides of the strife.

“What do you mean, ‘offsetting figure’?”

When push comes to shove, the final *figure* is force.

“It seems brutal, beastly.”

It is not a pretty thing; the *brutal* can be applied to so-called friend and foe alike—one is just as good as another.

“It’s collaborative, conspiratorial and corrupt.”

It is conflict and conquest.

“But the end of all this is, well, madness.”

And you should know; look at your world for no better model of *massacre*, then *madness*.

“Yes, of course, but I’ve never actually witnessed-,”

It is an ugly thing, conquest—for everyone loses in the end.

“Come to think of it-,”

And thinking of it is a good thing; for what better way to avoid or avert conquest than to comprehend the certain and complete conclusion: nobody wins in the end—nobody!

“But why do they—or we—do it?”

Maybe you do it because of fear?

“Fear of-,’

...and the agony of defeat; the loser feels the sting of defeat from the onset while the winner only later after the euphoria and elation of victory has lost energy. Again, everyone loses.

“You seem more than slightly insincere about it, conflict, as though you’ve been there, seen it with your own eyes and is convinced that your own conclusions about ‘the end’ are correct. Are you sure, certain?”

You think I am too cavalier; that my comments are glib?

“It’s just that ‘the end’ is gruesome and grave—so much more than merely the object of a lesson as you seem-,”

Don’t mistake my comments as calloused; simply put, I am trying to be academic while my heart is harkening to the horror, *the end of command and control, conflict and conquest.*

“...conquest then the conquered; all the-,”

...c-words within and beyond *conflict*, it seems.

“But conflict spreads more and then more.”

Conflict can be comprehensive, unnatural though universal and unilateral until everyone and everything is seemingly embroiled in it—consumed by it. *Conflict* is pandemic, starting as a part of something else and then protracting until it is even more than *something else*. With no figurative boundaries or ends, *conflict* is comprehensively comprehensive—everyone, everywhere all the time. Every *conflict* is at the core of a failing and certain to cause failure all the more. And again, everyone loses.

“Where do we find peace?”

Even **PEAC** had no peace, did they? No, they were met with *conflict* and, low and behold, lost too. But it’s really not about losing—since everyone loses at *conflict*—but about that which is learned, applied to the future. For as long as passing generations forget the unnatural of *conflict*, they are doomed to repeat it.

“Conflict being certain still, what can we do?”

You can try to work-it-out, hopefully, and avoid the harsh, *brutal*, consequences and conclusions of *conquest*.

“You can do more even if you achieve less.”

Now you’re getting it.

“What about other options, something in-between?”

The problem is that *conflict* is so often *something in-between* where, *hopefully*, it remains—at the beginning...well short of *everything, everywhere all the time*, ending at *the end*. But because *conflict* seems to never end, it is also a *winner-take-all* proposition; thus, it both *in-between* and unlimited.

“It’s good to cut-off the bleeding as soon as possible?”

Time does not bode well in *the conclusion*; the longer the *conflict*, the more certain that *something in-between* becomes something at or near *the end, unlimited*. The end is eventually, well, never....

“No avoiding it, conflict?”

Of course not, and especially among and within your kind, as ending *conflict* is not any less difficult than controlling air, diverting water or controlling any other force of nature.

“We’ve done it, you know; controlled the force of nature.”

Oh really?

“We really have....”

I knew that you found ways to eradicate our colonies—Ant Pro—but I had no idea that you have harnessed nature’s forces.

“Maybe not all the forces, but some.... We can modify the weather, for example.”

Then you do control the *force of nature*.

“We do...much, more and more, it seems.”

So it’s not known among the masses, these forces?

“If you asked persons, most would not know and, even if they knew, might not care.”

I knew you had done marvels and miracles but had no idea that you controlled-

“...everything, everywhere all the time?”

So it's like *conflict* then?

“I don't think it's quite the same, but it is related.”

Oh sure, *control and conflict* are related, inter-related.

“What I mean is that control and conflict can go hand-in-hand; more control means more conflict. I thought it meant less...conflict, but I was wrong, it seems.”

Those seeking more *control* encounter more *conflict*; further, those achieving it, *control*, encounter potentially less *conflict* at some point depending on whether their *seeking* is halted, their want for more and more, ended. The problem is *halting...ending* the *wanton want*, the *lascivious lust* and the *vile villains*.

“You saying that if not control, than conflict would be-,”

Like *conflict*, *control* is inevitable, unavoidable. Though it's true that *you've got to serve somebody* it's also true that you've got to control somebody or something. *Control* is continuous.

“Ok, but how much can be controlled?”

It's not always *how much can...*but how much *control* is desired, pursued; those who want for much control can experience much *conflict* along the way depending on how far it's taken, seized. One might be content on possessing a small parcel, a modest plot of soil, while another is always seeking or seizing more; and for

the later, more *conflict* awaits and arises since *for every force there is an equal and opposite force* that-,

“But what about internal conflict...within us-,”

Conflict within us is a very powerful thing; it can escalate and before you know it, the mind and heart are stricken with strife—at complete odds with each other, organ upon organ, its own.

“Divide and conquer-,”

...and the end result can be crucial to the whole result or outcome. Internal conflict puts one against its own—you are your own worst enemy—*divided and conquered*.

“Conflict affects everything, everywhere all the time.”





Still, some *conflict* now and then is a good thing—don’t you think?

“Why?”

If no *conflict* then no concern or caring-,

“Some things are worth fighting for?”

I don’t know if we mean the same, conflict and *fighting*, but there are some similarities—at least at the start. To elaborate, *fighting* is conflict but at a higher level. Is *fighting* the same as a:

-  Difference
-  Disagreement
-  Dispute
-  Division

...or, if d-words don’t apply, more c-words for consideration as

-  Contest

 Competition

 Collision ‘

 Combat

...since you fancy them so.

“That last one, ‘combat’; it-,”

...is the most of *conflict*, agreed, but more on *the few*:

PROS was unconquerable at combat, a fierce warrior in conflict no matter the opponent—victim—the outcome of confrontation more or less predestined an outmatching. Others dreaded PROS who was the enemy of *my own*, their enemy!

PROF, the supreme strategist at combat who could orchestrate the offensive—or was it defensive—and *finish the job in short order* with the precision of the finest foe, the vilest villain, with certain victory a matter of opinion.

PROG was the voice—virtually all the senses—so enabled to make conflict not only fashionable, but feasible, in the fabrications that fooled so many so often for so long. What would conflict and conquest be without such information but the most fierce and frightening of conditions and conclusions.

PRIV was the center of a *cabal of criminally-cannibalizing creators*, but crafty and creative beyond measure in *ways and means* that maximized the benefits while similarly minimizing the burdens, the *fierce and frightening conditions and conclusions*.

PUBL was the first of *the devolved*; alone and singular, not so much a threat though similarly *crafty and creative*—often working covertly to lay the base for the *cabal* and commensurate burden passed progressively and punitively upon *my own*.

PAND was the least to everyone, everywhere all the time; serving primarily its own interest, this one portrayed a parasite of the most pathetic and putrid kind.

PANT was a politician; trying to be all things to everyone and, consequently, being nothing to no one. *Power and possession* was however achieved through its favor to and support of the *cabal* whether you believe me or not.

“It is hard to believe that the sacred is seduced by-,”

...*power* is contagious and *conquest* is what gave them purpose and place, a *cabal of criminally-cannibalizing creators*. *Conquest* propelled them from “merely **THE COLONIES**” to first **INSPIRANT**, then **CONSPIRANT**, and finally **EMPIRANT**.




Conquest is not known to most; In **Anteca**, only *the few* really knew of and knew how to use it for their interes; gain and graft, the taking of **Antbrosia** and the manufacturing of **Artbrosia**.

The age of **EMPIRANT** cost *my own* everything, then more.

“What is cost to you, an ant?”

Cost is not a word for your world only; it is anything of value, worth—which for *my own* was **THE COLONIES**, all it constituted in the beginning, the age of **INSPIRANT** until inspiration was replaced.

It is impossible to calculate let alone comprehend all the costs of conquest—most of the costs intentionally kept hidden in:

-  Harangue
-  Hubbub
-  Hullabaloo

“Who does conquest benefit?”

Did you not hear me, man; the burden of *conquest* falls on *the commons*. It is *the few* that profit from *conquest*, then more....

“But why, why go along...the conclusions and costs?”

It’s how they present it—packaged the plan—posing *conquest* as the only *ways and means* for protection and preservation. The biggest fear is the prospect of living with fear.

“Fabricated and fashioned for the masses.”

Perverting from natural to unnatural; this is what they do and what they did to *my own*.

“And it worked...the ways and means?”

So it seems for most, though not-,

“**PEAC** and **PROL** and **PARI** and **PSYC-**,”

Yes, *craziness and corruption*.

If those who benefit from *conflict* did instead bear *the burden* would their *want or lust—the vile villains—* go away?

“Who wants to lose?”

Exactly!

We Must

We must find new lands from which we can easily obtain raw materials and at the same time exploit....

- Cecil Rhodes

INSPIRANT as it was, they never had enough—but wanted for more and then more. They were insatiable beyond our wildest dreams and expectation, our vision of **THE COLONIES**.

‘We call it materialism.’

Where having the most matters most.

“We call it consumerism.”

What’s the difference...the ‘isms?

“Materialism is more applied to the individual while consumerism to the overall, the mode of acquiring things.”

Tell me more.

“Then there is capitalism and fascism:



Capitalism; where *the few* have the most.



Fascism; where *the few* matter most”

So what are you, *your world*?

“We’re several ‘isms; sometimes one and sometimes more and sometimes said as one when in fact we are another.

You have far too many ‘isms.

These ‘isms are confusing and complex—like **Antism** as it changed, *devolved*.

“They’re all corrupt and criminal.”

What is your preferred ‘ism?

“Individualism, I suppose, though it could be more or less.”

What about communalism?

“You mean communism?”

No, *communalism*—there is a difference.

“Tell me more.”

In the best of possibilities, it is about local rather than distant *command and control*—the differences being that those who are close or closer make decisions *all-in* where they share in the consequences, the effect. If decisions are made from distance, those that make them have no incentive to make it right, good, but basically bow-out from the beginning.

During **INSPIRANT**, *command and control* was initially led by the queens, their *possession*, but *command and control* gradually shifted to *the few*—community and communalism removed.

“Communalism is about community.”

So I’ve learned...and lived to some extent.

“What else have you learned...about ‘isms?”

I must tell you that *individualism* is a myth; no one is *an island* who lives among others. Moreover, it is promoted as independence and self-determination but in fact *individualism* is merely a word to *lure the fish to the hook, the bait and switch*; the so-called individual is really a pawn to those who promote and program it—those with *power...possession*.

No institution will ever enable *individualism* for the sake of individuals but rather as gimmick to enslave folks—convincing them that they have been made free, independent, though they are slaves.

“But I am an individual.”

You’re totally independent, self-reliant and determined?

“I have worth and value—my life matters.”

Your life matters to you?

“I am singular and special, one-of-a-kind.”

And that’s how you’re treated, *singular and special*?

“That is my preference.”




But is it a practice?

“Okay, it’s not—but I can’t help that.”

I’m not blaming you, but I am questioning this idea, *individualism*.

“Forget the idea and tell me why I think this way.”

You think this way because you have been programed as such.
Who promotes and propagates *individualism* so that you can be:

-  All (or only) what you can be
-  Self-directed/determined with rights and privileges
-  Self-actualized; self at center—all else circular

“It is a myth?”




It is a myth, but it is sold as something material; having substance to solicit your interest, seduce your investment and sedate your intellect. *Individualism* and *materialism* have a relationship.

Those that promote it know that it matters, it works, which is why they do it and why you do it too.

“Like **Antbrosia** for what it was?”

And like **Artbrosia** for what it was...not.

Individualism has value and worth but the meaning and matter of it have been lost. You see *individualism* as:

-  Freedom, but to them it is bondage
-  Independence, but to them it is dependence
-  Self-determination, but to them it is mass-control

It should be as you see it but if they changed it—a clever and coy con from relevant to ridiculous—what can you do?

“You’re confusing, Anton.”

What is your value, your worth?

“You want to know my worth?”

Yes, estimate your worth.

“I have family and friends that-,”

This family...friends; how do they value you?

“I don’t really know. My family, well, I hardly talk to them let alone see them. Sure we’re family, but we’re just not close. ”

And your friends...?”

“I only have one close friend and they think highly of me.”

So if you were lost, regardless of the reason, they would grieve?

“I believe they would.”

Your relationships are difficult to define, let alone keep. What a complex world your kind has constructed!

“And yours is better?”

We were more communal—never individualistic like you, yours....
THE COLONIES were like a machine; the workers made up the most of this mechanism, each and all working cooperatively toward the common cause.

“And what was that cause?”

Sustain **THE COLONIES**, of course; to plan and progress for the next generation.

“That’s what we do, each in our own ways and means.”

Are you sure that you're that way, social and sustaining?

"No, I guess we're all faux individuals."

And it's getting worse, this *faux individualism*, atomization.

"I heard you speak of it before; atomization."

And it won't be the last time either.

"What is it?"

It is Isolation and incorporation, separate but similar, individualistic but institutionalized....

"Let me guess; divide and conquer."

And it's getting worse, this *divide and conquer*. It's no accident, not by singular decision or a being's will or nature; it is a system with the objective to separate souls so as to make them as singular and insignificant as a creature can be. Yes, *divide and conquer*.

"It sounds diabolical."

And it is, *diabolical*; where not only is society synthesized to its most insular status but, at the same, shows growing distrust and disdain for fellowship, community and all things social. Everyone will turn on each other and finally on themselves.

"Hard to accept that such a program would-,"

It's *a tough pill to swallow*, but the *diabolical doctors* know the sure-cure for dismantling social strength, reducing the community to insipidness while appealing to the lost and loss on such terms.

"Self-determination is a term."

You've been listening.

"Many times too."

It deserves the emphasis; for at the root of *power* is the *ways and means* to convince the masses that they have *power*—even *possession*—so as to be at least relatively free and independent. When they are consistently-convinced that they are *at the center* is when they are each and all fool hearty; disconnected, dislocated and disingenuous.

"They are a lone wolf?"

Except that they—us—are not a *wolf* but *sheep*. And if you're a *sheep*, short a shepherd, the *wolf* is your worst enemy.

"You're blunt, but right."

It is such a negative term, *isolation*—so often misused especially for those who don't want for war. But even with the misuse, *isolation* is what any distant but central *power* wants; they want the many to be fragmented into the smallest, most insignificant of societies. For when society is weakest, *central* power is strongest.

Power begets power through seizure of societal strength.

"It makes sense; divide and conquer."

It makes sense to empires that, as said, “When society falls, we rise.” And rise they did, *the devolved*. And with every:

-  Dispute
-  Division
-  Deployment
-  Degradation
-  Divorce
-  Dependency
-  Destabilization
-  Disparity
-  Depression
-  Digression (from Antism)
-  Dismantling
-  Dismemberment
-  Disabling
-  Destruction

...they live, we starve.

“But societies do that through *time and place*.”

Oh, I am not saying that it does not or cannot occur; on the contrary, it does...as you decidedly say. But societies also rise; they sustain and survive through travails only because they remain vigilant, vital and viable—the so-called *individual* more a part of something substantial, community and more.

“And when society is strong and remains so?”

Then and only then can they begin to know the meaning and matter of any and all activities beginning with “We must”-,

“And for anything less...?”

For anything less there is possibility that *we must*:

- ✚ Wait, seeking the facts over pretense and hearsay
- ✚ Show restraint
- ✚ Act justly, equitably—rather than expediently
- ✚ Work hard and, when called on, harder
- ✚ Reason—for those that can and should
- ✚ Think—or otherwise use our natural senses
- ✚ Feel—or...use our natural senses
- ✚ Believe (when reason does not work)
- ✚ Consider the others, the weak and weaker
- ✚ Consider the deep causes of the broad effects
- ✚ Not give-up or give-in to *the few*—and those like them
- ✚ Cling to what is good—and refrain from what is not...
- ✚ Holdfast—be steadfast, steady and strong
- ✚ Conserve, ever conscience and conscious of resources
- ✚ Create—learn and apply effectively
- ✚ Coalesce; limiting conflict, defer on conquest
- ✚ Draw from within while withdrawing on that beyond...
- ✚ Avoid *isolationism* while fostering mutual respect
- ✚ Limit all those other 'isms—and those that promote them

"That's a lot of 'we must'!"

I affirm what happens when we don't do what *we must*.

And now, at *the end*, allow me to share more about the beginning.



Closer to *the beginning*, during **INSPIRANT**, came **Prospecting Publican, PUBL**. Not visibly different but certainly so in behavior and function, **PUBL** set the stage for the coming *devolved* and the series of changes that would end with **EMPIRANT**.

Of primary import in *the series* was a compliant mass, *prevalent passivism*; that the many would come to obey *the few*, doing the bidding of **Antism** in its increasingly militant forms. And while **PUBL** was only part, it was a vital part as the first in *the cadre of criminals* though dealing mostly in relative small-time theft. Able to sustain itself through the effects of **Antbrosia**, **PUBL** became increasingly empowered in association with **PANT**, **PROG** and **PRIV**—a cell of the *cabal* most effective in deceit and the disempowering of the worker, the many, the natural order. A few, yes, but deeply disturbed and decidedly determined to attain *command and control, power and possession*—their presence took **Anteca** by storm and stealth.

Given credit for the idea of harvesting **Antbrosia** and, subsequently, central to the set-up of *the system*, **PUBL** was able to earn the respect of the others early-on for as long as *the substance* remained valuable, the source viable. When a smuggling ring of **Antbrosia** was discovered by the others of *the cadre*, **PUBL** was dissolved by **PROS**. The once sacred persona of **PUBL** was either exposed for what it had always really been or for what it had come to be; corruption of the corrupt, a crime against the *cabal*.

“When power turns on itself-,”

These were dangerous times for those that were dangerous.

The Only Means

Once vigorous measures appear to be the only means left of bringing [them] to a due submission... the colonies will submit.

- George III

Remember that **PROS** was the *muscle and more*. To take the likes of **PUBL** was no challenge, not really, but more a simple and final solution of stomping out the smuggling, crime upon crime.

“Why would smuggling be punished; I mean, theft was-,”

It is ironic though endemic that thieves would condemn their own; still, the decisions and direction in such *time and place* becomes distorted—the players seemingly unified yet, in reality, highly competitive and finally, cruel with *vigorous measures, ways and means*, spread in all directions—and even within themselves.

“With PUBL ousted who would do the dirty work?”

You may have to imagine, but with a *cabal* there’s no loss for those able to the *dirty work*. With **PUBL** out, most anyone could—and did—jump into the fray and take its place.

“And they did, of course.”

Of course and, as though **PUBL** never happened, they continued on a *devolution* taking few lessons, seemingly unconscious in or uncaring to the inevitable consequence and conditions of their *ways and means*, the corrupt steeped in corruption.

“And the loss was-,”

The dissolution of **PUBL** seemingly had little effect by then.

PUBL obviously crossed-the-line—for its rank in the file of *the few*—and paid the price in full measure. But consider the enforcer too; **PROS** is a tour-de-force devoid of any other methods for problem-solving. Physical force is all **PROS** know.

“Did the in-fighting continue?”

What do you think?

“Yes...more even.”

Vying for such *power* is a disease— until the cause is cured or until there are no unaffected available—the spread continues unabated or until exhaustion one way or another.

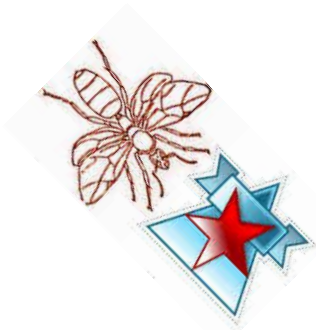
“It’s like conflict?”

It is conflict of the caliber of conquest.

“What happened to **PROS**?”

What do mean; following the demise of **PUBL** or in general?

“Both...I suppose, but in time.”



PROS pressed-on with overwhelming support. *The spread* created more *conflict and contention* which generally called for force or **PROS**.

PROS was not alone in the protection of *possession*, the pressures of *power*, but again, the *cabal*.

Can I forget that the worker suffered and sacrificed the most,
serving in all capacities of conflict-conquest?

“I guess you can’t....’

Can’t what?

“Can’t forget,”

Could you...your own?

“To forget...you would have to be unaware at the least, right?”

You have to know in the first place.

“If you don’t know, you cannot care.”

And if you do not care to know, you are-,

“Probably apathetic, pre-occupied or-,”

...distracted by other, lesser things,

“What would distract an ant other than work?”

I’m not so sure that *work* is a distraction, but more a duty.

“But it could be both a distraction and duty-,

...at the same time,

“Yes, simultaneously,”

I suppose that it could happen *simultaneously*. Work has a way of absorbing all your abilities, your attention; the stress of maintaining *the trains*, a complex system of-

“...modern life,”

Yes, and even death and dying, *modern* or not.

“Distracted by death?”

Or with it...death—but either way, you’re already dead.

“Thinking about death makes us dead?”

Fearing death makes us dead. I thought of death more than once and actually wanted to die in moments more, but it is fear or fearing of death that kills us.

“We usually fight death, dying.”

Yes, you do. And when death comes, you mourn the loss.

“What do you do—what did you do—in facing death?”

Our natural response was simply to face it, embrace it and accept it. Remember that we had no emotions, no heart or mind to complicate *life and living* as with you, your own...world.

“There was a time when we did similar; a time of strength and courage—made so by our closeness to death, its arrival.”

And now, death, the fear, is all that’s left?

“We have been changed, softened to the point of-,”

So did we...soften, *to the point of* being nothing more than a sack of-

"...potatoes?"

...bag of *potatoes*, only if the stuff were boiled or rotten; no, I was thinking more of a sack of-

"...bread?"

...loaf of bread; yeah, I suppose you could use *bread* but only because we became about as dumb as a loaf. But again, I mean it to say that we softened and even stank like a sack of-

"...sugar?"

...sugar is sweet—very delicious—but we, being softened to the shell, became nothing but manure—waste that may contain some latent nutrients good for growth but still stinks something awful.

We became soft, feeble and inept at defending others let alone ourselves. They, *the devolved*, became stronger and we, weaker while less willing or wanting to do what was desperately needed.

"To do what,"

To defend ourselves, our nature, is what I mean.

"So you enabled them."

I suppose that the less we did, the more they did.

"I know of this condition, softening and such."

Their *madness* was enabled by our *softness*.

“But this softening...wasn’t it due to the *Antbrosia*, the loss?”

I do believe that the *softening* was not singular or simply our decisions; but it was depletion, our essence too. How could we be credible, consistent and courageous absent our *Antbrosia*? The process was (or is, I believe) a system and strategy to reduce us into nothing, soft tissue of little substance, value or worth.

“And few recognized it?”

We’ve been through that already; most did not see it coming and, if they ever recognized at all, most did nothing, it seemed.

“They rode it out.”

Yes, *they got along to get along*.

“I know of this too; apathy.”

It is more like apnea; unable to rest but always drowsy, discombobulated and next to dead. Then again, maybe is appeasement, attractions, and acquiescence.

“What’s appeasement?”

Give them bread and circus....

“What?”

Bread is sustenance for the belly and *circus* is *attractions*, distractions. Keep them satiated and they’re soft as-.

“How do you attract an ant?”

It’s true that my kind does not *hold a candle* to that of your world; human kind boggles the mind, the endlessness of exotic, erotic and extreme entertainment. It is strange, the unimaginable attractions that draw the mind—and then heart—to *softness* and *supple* seduction and then senseless insensitivity.

“How’s that...strange?”

The more you have the more you want; greed and graft, it never ends, you know? *Lust* is like that—*never ends*.

“It is ironic but iconic too.”

It’s *ironic but iconic*?

“Yeah, the more you have the more you want—of distractions, even deceptions, and finally everything and nothing at the same time.” The adult reduced to a child-like creature.

Your kind likes to be fooled?

“Yep, and we like to be liked too.”

Did you say “licked”?

“I said ‘liked’—but ‘licked’ applies just as well.”

And being soft makes being *licked* so much more-,

“...easy.”

It’s easy to lick a soft thing.

“Real easy—to easy—and before you know it.”

The fool has been licked to death, too soft to stay long.

“But back to the smell of it.”

Smell...oh yes, *manure*; soft and stinky, that’s what it is or was.”

“Who wants to lick a stinky thing—even if it’s soft?”

Well, that’s the mystery of it, I suppose; only those who love stink want to lick the stinky. Stink likes and licks stinky, don’t you know? Unless the *stinky* thing is, well, attractive and available.

“And the few love stink?”

Have you not been hearing me? They love stink—and so did we.

“We stink; it’s all stinks and it’s getting worse.”

I guess we’re all covered-up in stink. Like a rotting fruit or something natural that goes bad, soft and stinky.

“Rotten to the core,”

I wouldn’t say that of all; for some don’t rot from within, but there stink comes from something else. It rubs off, I think.

“So not everyone stinks?”

Maybe not everyone:



PEAC was dual; soft but firm, a sweet combination



PROL was dutiful down to the detail



PARI was decided, of conviction and consistency

They did not *stink* or were not *soft*—in the worst sense of the word. No, these *naturals* stayed the course, following the order of their own, *my own*.

“And it costs them dearly.”

Sacrifice and then suffering is what they did; that which hardens the shell and makes for tough, tenacious *life and living*. They were about **Antism** at the core and until *the end*.

“So the only stink came from outside?”

It came from without, not within; yes, they were clean inside.

“It’s like PANT except it was real, authentic.”

You do get it—what I’m trying to explain. *Soft* and *stink* is a double-disease but worse than that is portraying yourself as something more. The true colors do eventually show.

“But you described PANT as sacred.”

I’ve used that word, *sacred*, many times but I suppose if anything was close to sacred among *the devolved* it would be **PANT**.

“Then ‘sacred’ is not clean?”

Sometimes not—you know—but why do I have explain that the appearance of sacred is not sacred; it must be so at the core, the inner most parts, else it’s just surface and superficial.

“It’s iconic.”

Okay, *iconic* then.

“Iconic is sacred.”

As I’ve used the word, yes, *sacred* is *soft* and *stink* too.

This use of *sacred* is synonymous with illusion—or is it delusion.

“And delusion,”

Anything else in the rhyme,

“And allusion, the softer side,”

I didn’t think you’d have an answer.

“And confusion,”

I hate this...its sound like a rap song.

“Then there is contrition,”

Pity me—busting rhymes.

Things made sacred are dangerous; for when exalted—*iconic*—they become the source of hope, of *life and living*, and that’s a deceitful, destructive and deadly *time and place*.

From a Few Feeble

[They] presented on every side the evidences of that [which] had gradually risen from a few feeble and dependent colonies....

Martin Van Buren

When I speak of being *hard* I do not mean senselessness, but what I mean is that constitution and convictions matter and, hence are observed and obeyed on the basis that anything less is a regression to the experience prior to **THE COLONIES**.

I have described in vague terms *the experience* already; that which inspired **Anteca** to be more, better than before and-,

“I don’t understand this.... Was it more of the unnatural?”

Much of what I’ve described of **Antecazation** seems as though it could be a repeat of *the experience* of the founders. But the primary difference was that the founders existed from the beginning in obscure, oppressive conditions. The generations that experienced **Anteca** came fundamentally from a primary caste, commonly the worker, but this status was lost gradually, systematically, enabled in/through the harvesting of **Antbrosia**.

“Then ‘the founders’ retained their essence?”

Their essence was intact; it is thought that **Antbrosia** was, by nature, the sole *property* of the individual to describe it in your terms. **Antecazation** *was a different animal*; one like no other, the Leviathan legendary of great waters. But *the few* hollowed-out the masses in the most insidious but seemingly innocuous *ways and means*. Severe treatment would have been bad but with *the devolved* you never knew the reality until it was too late. It was more than *a different animal*—more the beast of all beasts.

Only a few feeble realized *the reality*.

“PEAC and other founders?”

Yes, **PEAC** and the others, *founders*.

“But feeble, powerless, PEAC was-,”

Founders were framed as feeble, fragile and fearful. Further, **PEAC** had to be disempowered—made lower than their actual capability, constitution and conviction—made lower than ants.

“More about perception...?”



That’s right; surface, not substance. And who is more qualified to destroy than **PROG**, **Persuading Program**, vilifying the real victims while parading the villains as victims? Liars and thieves....

“The *power* of perception is unlimited and unfathomable.”

Couple perception with brutality and it is endless.

“Who needs the facts when you have fear?”

And who needs the facts when they love a good fiction?
But *the few* were really *from a few feeble*, you should know.

“How could they be feeble with *power and possession*?”

Sure, *power and possession* but, in fact, they did not really produce anything—or perform anything good—but instead, they imposed or imputed burdens without real reward or reason. They brokered the exploitation of **Anteca** but they did not actually do the work, the extraction. The real effort and energy was laid upon the worker; responsible for taking from, in effect, themselves and in the end taking part the doing for *the end*.

They exploited **Antbrosia**, inflating and deflating the value through craft, extorting the vast majority *while turning* our way of *life and living* to something of speculation, seedy and seductive. It was like-

“A gamble...?”

Gamble?




“Chance, a lot of uncertainty in the game, gambling.”

This was no game, man.

“I’m using a figure of speech, that’s all.”

Yes, *a figure*...but who are the players, this described game?

“Well, from what you’ve told, the players would be:

-  Profiteering Privateer, PRIV
-  Prospecting Publican , PUBL
-  Pleasing Panderer, PAND

And maybe,

-  Pardoning Pantheist, PANT

PANT made it all feel good, righteous and right.

They each and *all worked the system*—a *cabal* within a consortium—orchestrating and obfuscating everything.

“Hardened criminals it seems.”

Not so you see, for with *power* all things are possible—as even high-stakes stealing is sanctioned, even saluted, while *they live, we starve*. Institutions are immune from crime.

And PEAC was not alone on *the short end of the stick*; oh no, there were many like PARI; many who were forced-out, made outcasts, and finally dissolved, dissidents and defectors.

Again, *power* makes all things possible.

“The weak look strong and the strong-,”

Are made to look weak; it’s all about *power* and then perception, as I’ve learned. The more centralized they became, *the few*, the more hostility they fostered and the more despotic they became.

There is something special that results from such centralized *power*; it’s like-

“Stepping into a fire-ant nest?”

A real deadly sort, the fire ant, and I suppose that’s an accurate association, although it doesn’t quite *get there*; the ants do attack ferociously but they don’t destroy their own.

And forsaking the argument that *the few* were totally separate from *my own*, they devalued and destroyed any chance for

connecting as they centralized...concentrated *power*. The more they claimed to be about us, the further from us they became. The more programs, plans and promises the more deception, distortion, and destruction. *More and more* means less and less.

"The more they spoke of unification, the less it was..."

Indeed.

"The more they spoke of-,"

...agreement and alliance...

"...the less it was...and the more they denied complicity and corruption-,"

...conflict and conquest, *the cabal*, a consortium of criminals.

"The more they seemingly offered, the-,"

...the more they took, seized and stole.

"It all sounds so-,"

...political?

"I hesitate to apply this human condition, politics, but-,"

Antecazation was politics.

"But you're at least a cut-above us."

Yes, we were....

“And how you changed-,”

Yes, we did...I have....

“And all hell broke loose-,”

Yes, worse than stepping in a bed of fire-ants.

But what I don't think I explained is how they conquered all, *possession* of seemingly endless bounds.

“Was it the cabal of the consortium?”

Oh yes, and more if you can believe it. How do I relate it to you, your kind? Think of it like your *neo-models*.

“Neo-models?”

Yes, those *ways and means* that have the “neo” pre-fix; the kind that have been masterminded—tools of *the vile maxim*. “Neo” is an interesting prefix; it is not only a classification of *the few* as a subspecies but further describes their *tricks of the trade*.












“You say, ‘tricks’ as in politics?”

Oh, there is definitely politics involved; the kind of *trade* that creates trouble and then devises a scheme to capture more control, *power and possession*.

“Sneaky, aren't they?”

Sneaky but sizable; like a serpent that swims the dark blue and arises to attack and annihilate—like Leviathan!

“Sinister” is more the word; they are:

-  Devious but cunning
-  Diabolical but conciliatory
-  Dangerous but civil
-  Destructive but constructive
-  Determined but confusing
-  Dumbfounded but clever
-  Deadly but concerned
-  Devastating but convicted
-  Dependent (parasitical) but contractual
-  Defensive but conquering
-  Double-minded but constitutional

Neo is all that and more; beginning with politics and continuing with the many models that, in the most preferred outcome, break the will of any possible opposition, inciting inner strife followed by outer severance, subjugation and slavery.

“Tell me more.”

Superiority is the capability to win without conflict...costs.

“You’ve described the costs many times.”

And the costs are hidden; for otherwise, who would want for conflict and conquest?

And politics plays a key role in ensuring the costs is carried by the collective while the relative few that contrive and control the conflict, a *cabal* of the consortium, capitalize completely.

“Crazy.”

Yes, the *madness and mess*.

"They live, we starve,"

And we became *sheep* because they were *wolves*.

"But how, why, and for what end?"

It is only *a few feeble* that prove it, those whose ambitions begin and finally end without foundation, a structure of any sort. *Pride* swells with senses stymied as to the how, why and for what end.

"But if the sheep beget wolves, do the many beget 'the few'?"

Do the strong beget *a few feeble*?

"I don't think so."

But when the strong were finally made feeble, than *a few feeble* became strong, right?

"It is confusing."

The strong were made weak and the weak, strong.

"But how, why, and for what end?"

Perhaps the answer lies in the difference between needs and wants, essentials and extras, survival and success. What made *the strong* weak was their want for what was needed and not the need for what was wanted. *You can't always get what you want* or worse, what you need. Either way, they were scre-.,

"And for the weak, made strong?"

What made *the weak, a few feeble*, strong? Well, it was their determination for what they wanted; their want to have *the wants* no matter the costs or consequences to *the commons* and to everyone and everything else—never mind the rolling stones.

“It’s ambition?”

I’m afraid it was beyond *ambition*. The *weak* became *wolves* and, as pack animals, grew more *wolves*. *Power* was centralized into a *wolf-pack* such that *the weak* were able to parse out portions to outlining *wolves*—*dangle the carrot*—to join the pack and seemingly be one of them, *the few*. The *pack* was unstoppable.

“Power begets power.”

And *wolves* are both more and less; power yes, but only in packs and not lone.

“It is not as it is; it’s a deception, *wolves* to look *soft*.”

When fact becomes fiction and-,”

“Fiction is made fact.”

When things are *turned on their head*, everything that was is no more and anything that seemed inconceivable or unimaginable, now stands—seemingly strong, stellar and substantive. The weak become strong and the strong, weak.

“It was a dark time.”

It is a dark time.

“It was once a better time.”

And maybe more than a time of *better*,

“Until....”

It was *a better time* until *the weak* became strong and *the pack* became too many for the strong to be strong.

“Is it too late?”

For *my own*, yes, but if you mean your own-,

“The sheep are fleeced.”

If *the sheep* go away, do *the wolves* leave too?

“This is very difficult to think about.”

And even more difficult to act on; for what happened to Anteca is but one example of what happens to all empires.

“I know, I know, you don’t have to keep reminding me.”

If you experienced what I did, would you say the same—and even more, you would act on it. Words are *soft* without action.

“I would?”

You should.

“I should?”

You must...but soon.

To be Colonies

Colonies do not cease to be colonies because they are independent.

- Benjamin Disraeli

What does it mean *to be colonies*? For what I thought it means, **THE COLONIES**, is not what it turned-out to have and to hold.

“Again, fact became fiction and independence is nothing more than mythical, a mirage in a desert of dependence.”

What does it mean?

“It means that one institution, a state or sovereign, controls another... most-likely distant or foreign”

You could be right though in that description **THE COLONIES** would not be *colonies*. **Anteca** was independent, set apart.

“But ‘colonies do not cease to be’-,”

I know what Benjamin Franklin said, so you don’t have to say it. But *colonies* cannot continue to be, for if they did then what purpose would they serve other than to serve another?

“Colonies may go on for a long time, subservient and all.”

Decades, maybe more, long after an ant colony, but to the subject in general, what does it mean?

“I told you before and-,”

But not all are subservient; **PEAC** and **PARI** *drew the line*.

“Metro is the master.”

What is *metro*?

“It means ‘Metropolitan’; one that controls another, the state controls the colony.”

So you’re saying that “*colonies* are controlled by *Metro*?

“In my world, colonies are somewhat passé.’

Passé—passed-over?

“Something like that; but more to mean outdated, historical but largely non-existent today. “

Oh really?

“Years ago there was a committee; a program to systematically eliminate colonies, colonization.”

And did it work; *decolonization*?

“I use to think so; that is, when I seldom thought about it. But now, with your words, I’m sure not—I don’t think it did.”

What have I said that changed your thinking, your feelings?

“It is so much but, let me see; maybe that colonies, colonization, cycles much like empires.”

Did **THE COLONIES** cease to be colonies upon acquiring other colonies, *power and possession*?

I would like to believe that they did; that some semblance of **THE COLONIES** was retained however small or subtle the presence. But as I learned more—and then saw what I saw—my *want* for such gave way to the predominance and prevalence of empire. An empire and colony cannot be the same.

“Anteca died.”

But it lives within me.

“But Anteca died.”

Yes, it was crushed and consumed.

“And with you, what’s left?”

In the course of creation, it is necessary to pursue and protect our nature, the natural condition, our order of **THE COLONIES**.

That when those as (or like) *the few* result arise and reach, there is but one response; a revolution is a necessary righteous response to the subversion of the natural; the creation of criminality and corruption on scale of a *cabal*, a *consortium*—a clear and present danger to natural currency and constitution.

I, Anton, hold to the truths of our nature that are evident; namely, that all castes were not to be controlled by (or condemned to) *the ways and means* heretofore described as dark and *devolved*—foremost, *damned*. That in civilization, to include nature, whenever any institutionalized creature becomes destructive—in the formation and forcing of its *ways and means*—it is the duty and determination of any and all to alter or abolish these that threaten our existence and ethos and to consequently and collaboratively restore the natural, currency and constitution.

In the course of creation is the creed and credibility of *my own*;
that when any *train* is burdened by:

-  Arbitrary abuses
-  Beastly beings
-  Criminal conduct
-  Despotic destruction
-  Evil ethos
-  Fabricated falsehoods
-  Greedy guile
-  Heady hubris
-  Insidious institutions
-  Juxtaposed jingoism
-  Killing kinds
-  Leviathan-sized largess
-  Mammoth malevolence
-  Nefarious nonsense
-  Organized ogres
-  Pernicious purposes
-  Queer quarters
-  Rapacious reach
-  Sorted savagery
-  Totalitarian terror
-  Unadulterated undermining
-  Villainous vipers
-  Waffling weaklings
-  X...x
-  Yellowbellied yellers
-  Z...z

...revolution is necessary to cast *the devolved* from the natural caste while concurrently creating-conducting community for our sustained, natural existence. If there remains even one described as *devolved*, however limited and lacks they may be, it is but too many for too long and then, for too few to preserve and protect.

“And is there even one—one of the devolved remaining?”

There was and is one...remaining; it is **Profiteering Privateer, PRIV**.

“Oh yes, PRIV.”

Remember that they carved-up the last of the spoils—*when everyone else is eaten except for the scraps*. And their timing—it was perfect--*fleeing the sheep* of its last promise and prosperity—a plundering of the most positive-perfect program.

“I called it a ‘fire sale’, I think.”



It was like nothing that had ever happened here; how they turned against even their own, a melee of the most malevolent, delving into darkness for which no bright spot would scarcely survive. Of each and all, the most *devolved* must be **Profiteering Privateer, PRIV**.

“PRIV outlasted the rest?”

It did...but I believe it the *most devolved* because, well, **PRIV** is me, Anton. It was I that fooled the fools—undermining the under-miners, out-crafting the crafty, doing-in those who had *done us in*.


“You’re Profiteering Privateer, PRIV!”

Anton and **PRIV** are one in the same.


“But how could you—how could you lie and-,”

I never lied or held back the truth. Everything that I told you is true. I am Anton and I am **Profiteering Privateer, PRIV**.

What I learned and experienced came from:

 **Blood** – emotion

 **Sweat** – erudition

 **Tears** – earnestness

My will and desire is to tell it as it was—and will be.

I did not withhold my identity—not really—for I am Anton, once a worker of the natural caste and then **Profiteering Privateer, PRIV**.

“But you led me to think that you’re all natural, a caste of the first kind.”

And I could say that you trusted me; my story of me, *my own*, as it relates to you, your own.

Remember that I described **PRIV** *as the center of a cabal of criminally-cannibalizing creators, but crafty and creative beyond measure in ways and means that maximized the benefits while similarly-minimizing the burdens*, the fierce and frightening conditions and conclusions.

“But you consorted with the unnatural!”

They were not my comrades, confidants or club.

“You ‘maximized the benefits while similarly-minimizing the burdens’.”

Yes, that is true, but for whom or what?

“Obviously for the few-,”

There's no way; the *natural* will always be *my own*.

It was I, **PRIV**, who helped to limit their suffering and sacrifice—the cruelty of the *cabal*—the fierce and frightening....

"I feel like a fool—coming and going."

Welcome to my world.

"I don't want your world. I must be as **PANT**—the fool who failed to see, to act."

You are definitely not like **PANT**; for you actually listened and engaged my story—for which **PANT** had no interest or inclination.

"But you consorted with **PANT**, you-,"

I was connected to **PANT** (who isn't..., really) but I did not comport with any of that sort. *The few* were my enemies—which is why I kept them close.

"Then you didn't use them, any of them?"

Of course they were used; after all, *you've got to serve somebody*.

"Fine, make a folk song out of it."

Not a bad idea since *the times, they are changing*.

"Funny, Bob Dylan, but you described all those d-words and c-words, and all those other words that-,

Deception has many faces in such a *time and place*. Facts become fiction and fiction, facts. It's all about perception, right?

"Not everyone is PEAC or PARI."

But some become **PSYC**, driven to craziness beyond the comprehension and imagination.

How much time do you spend establishing an image, a *brand* not really you? You *manufacture* the unnatural into natural and the once-natural is condemned as hate or intolerance.

"I know what I am?"

Have you a sense from where you came or where you're going; direction and destiny? Can you say with confidence that *tomorrow* is more than a day away? Are your thoughts and feeling cluttered by what you consume, orally, visually and by all others senses, sentiments?

"It's you who has played both sides and-,"

Yes, I *played* both sides but, even now, I know that I have *come far* with my constitution contained.

"I don't know how you pulled it off."

I don't truly know but what I have learned; conflict of this caliber demands deception and thus my dual role of both natural and unnatural caste.

Strength is most effective when it is hidden behind a veil of weakness or otherwise, it doesn't appear a threat or opposition.

Purple and brown are not that different—the differences between the unnatural and natural—though one color is the opposite of the other when it comes to *life and living*.













“You created chaos within the chaos.”

Yes, I gave them what they desired to the degree that *their want became their need, expectation became necessity*, and then a moment.

“A moment,”

A *moment* to turn, deviate and finally disempower and dissolve.

There is a moment, a *time and place*, to:

-  Arrive and then arise
-  Plant and then supplant
-  Comply and then confront
-  Raise and then raze
-  Repress and then express
-  Grieve and then glory
-  Castoff and then collect
-  Disguise and then disclose
-  Dominate and then depart
-  Undo and then unite
-  Condone and then condemn
-  Reach and then retract

The natural is beautiful in all time.

Yet there was them; those with a different, deviant course.

“What became of them, all the remaining few?”

PANT basically caused their demise; remember that *you can't remain neutral on a moving train*

PROS decline to demise was more the result of internal strife and diminishing resources, reserves and results

PROF did itself in—directly—the dirge for ideological undoing carrying a strangely sacred note

PANT lost all credibility—a corrupt institution unto itself—and withered away, fruitless and feckless

“What else can you say?”

How about a song to close things out?

What goes-up must come-down
Spinning wheel, got to go round
Devolution and *Revolution* are not the same
Catch the color purple and you're to blame

You got no courage, you got no claim
You got no home, you've lost your name
You wait too long and you lose the game
Catch the color purple and you're to blame

What goes-up has come-down
Spinning wheel, had to go round
Words without action is a crying shame
Caught the color purple and you're to blame

What do you think?

Ant Terms

Absolute-Antism	Extreme Antism; Antechism
Alate	Mature male for procreation
Antbrosia	Essence of the ant (larva), it is one of the two things of value in Anteca (the other is land or possession)
Antebellum	Antism during the INSPIRANT COLONIES
Anteca	Name given the COLONIES
Antecazation	Ideological term for the conquest of land and resources, property and possession
Anteceptic	Substance used to cleanse
Antechism	Antism during the CONSPIRANT COLONIES prior to Anti-Antism
Antedote	Countermeasures for Anti-Antism (see below)
Antennae	Pair of segmented sensory appendages located on the head.
Anteserum	Substance used to sustain life and living
Anti-Antism	Any idea or belief counter to Antism
Anti-heroes	Dissidents, outcasts, pariah
Antism	Ideology of Anteca as THE COLONIES
Antvancement	Antism during mass expansion, empire
Arboreal	Nesting above ground in trees or shrubs.
Artbrosia	Synthetic substitute for Antbrosia, it is of little real value and, if fact, causes the lessening of life and living
Brood	Immature members of the colony including eggs, larvae and pupae.
Budding	Starting a new colony without swarming whereby reproductive(s) and a group of workers leave the original colony.
Caste	Within a colony, any set of individuals having both a distinct form and specialized behaviors.

Club	Enlarged antennal segments at the end of the antenna in some species.
Cuticle	Outer covering of the body wall of an insect.
Exoskeleton	Hardened integument of the insect that provides support for the muscles and body; literally an outer skeleton.
Family	One or more genera that share a common ancestor but are less closely related to each other than species within a genus.
Genus	Set of similar, related species having a single common ancestor.
Integument	Outer covering of the body.
Larva	Immature stage of insects with complete metamorphosis, it has a completely different form than the adult
Mandibles	The jaws used by ants for chewing, biting and manipulating objects
Pathogen	Disease-causing organism or agent.
Queen	Female reproductive of the colony
Satellite	Colony forming away from the main body of the colony but still remaining connected with it
Soldier	Warrior; aggressor
Swarming	Reproduction in which alates fly from the nest to mate and establish a new colony
Trains	Lines of workers moving other ants, larva, food and building materials sometimes over long distances
Trophic Egg	Egg, usually non-fertile, produced for consumption
Worker	The lowest member of a caste system while the largest by far in population, this member performs all physical labor

Antbrosia and Artbrosia

What is Antbrosia (**Antbrosia**)? It represents the essence of the Ant as previously described but translated to human kind represents anything of real worth or wealth. Examples are easy to apply: land or property, precious metals and other similar substances, and products of labor having a value-added component.

What is Artbrosia (**Artbrosia**)? It is anything that has artificial wealth or worth; that has been deemed of value but is *fiat*—made so by states and other institutions. Paper money is commonly *fiat* and thus is always subject to devaluation due to over – printing or issuance.





As described in much of the story and other Author Notes, Antbrosia is extracted until exhaustion, every future generation practically *wiped-out* in this exploitation of real wealth. The resources needed for imperial expansion, the seizing of *power and possession*, is at the root of the problem. The human faults of graft and greed (avarice) coupled with false sense of pride (hubris) are what drives Anteca into extinction.

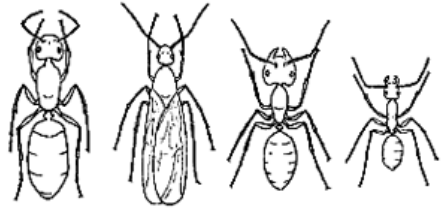
Artbrosia is basically a placebo; a cheap substitute *manufactured* by the same institutions that cause Antbrosia's demise. Pronounced as much improved over its predecessor, Artbrosia is enthusiastically received by a society enraptured in empire—accustom to winning and its wealth. Soon and with ever increasing suffering and sacrifice, that same society become weary of such artificial wealth, its worthlessness. And furthermore is the realization of the ruse—one more deception of the ruling class, *the few*.

Caste and Characters

Caste and Characters are divided into two periods of time; the first or natural order, the founders; and over time, an expanded and less natural order that paralleled the COLONIES expansion.


The first are conceptual illustrated to the right, below, and include from left to right:


-  Queen,
-  Alate
-  Soldier
-  Worker





Castes may include a fewer

others, but for Anteca, these four are sufficient as a start and from the start of a natural order. And in this natural order, the:

 **Queen** is where the colony begins and ends; she starts it and, if all ants die, so too does the colony

 **Alate** infers a winged insect and although the Queen may have wings, the illustrations shows on the designated, procreating male as such; having this superior feature, it literally and figurative flies above the rest though, after mating, dies, thus having a short but high-flying life

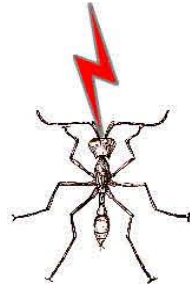
 **Soldier** is, as the word suggest, a protector and guardian of the colony—though with the condition that ants seldom fight one another (of any type) in nature; two, they are mighty workers

 **Worker** is the most common and most industrious, providing all community services from daycare to food-collecting and waste disposal

And now the future caste; the unnatural and very diverse generation that evolves along from a once-modest colony to an empire.

Persuading
Program
PROG

PROG coordinates sand controls information; a spindly ant with a red lighting bolt to identify much energy/effectiveness in forming/framing thought/beliefs.



Politicking
Profligate
PROF

PROF governs and grows ideology; a stout, seemingly strong ant with a regal, red star related to a dictatorship or demagogue.



Profiteering
Privateer
PRIV

PRIV manages and manipulates resources; a refined, highly intelligent breed with a blue star in front of a golden shield suggesting systems savvy.



Prospecting
Publican
PUBL

PUBL collects and confiscates resources; a seemingly innocuous caste that shares the blue star as the *worker bee* for **PRIV**.



Pardoning
Pantheist
PANT

PANT advises and advocates **PRIV** and **PUBL**; apparently sanctimonious, but altogether sinister and unscrupulous



Policing
Prosecutor
PROS

PROS protects, prosecutes and punishes; able to fly and a fierce fighter, the enforcement and executer for **PROF** and **PROG** among others.



Pushing
Psychedelic
PSYC

PSYC (is) desensitized and disengaged; the mental patient that maintains their distance from it all, a drugged existence.



Pleasing
Panderer
PAND

PAND (is) self-absorbed but apathetic, accepting and accommodating, but unable to apply or account for anything.



Producing
Proletariat
PROL

PROL (is) industrious
and innovative, a
central figure of the
COLONIES natural
order and way.



Punished
Pariah
PARI

PARI (is) an outcast
and outlier, the
consequence of
defiance, a devalued
but determined sort.



Perpetuating
Plunderer
PLUN

PLUN (is) aggressive
and adversarial, those
that stand between
ambition and
annihilation.



Prevailing
Peacekeepers
PEAC

PEAC (is) passionate
toward and persistent
in the natural way—
against great powers.



Possession and Progress

Possession has to do with occupying or controlling something or somebody. Here, the word is used in connection and combination with words such as property, power and progress.

When somebody is described as “possessed”, they are controlled by something other than their own being; mind, heart and soul. This condition or state may not be ultimately bad or evil,, as sometimes described or depicted, but may also involve protection or preservation from exposure or endangerment. Whether for safekeeping or the extremes of evil-doing, **possession** is about control or power with any and all intentions/actions.

This control or power does not have to be outward or physical but can be covert or clandestine—such as when one sovereign nation imposes economic and/or financial distress on another. But this control can be obvious and offensive in numerous examples of conflict both between and within bodies as well.

Possession and **progress** can go together; that when combined, both translate to power, property or the like. From the gang on the street to the collective of nation-states, **possession** is or can be *nine-tenths of the law*.

Property is a highly-prized asset. Land and its **possession** can or does raise the stakes whether you are an ant, human or any other population. One party may exert an immense amount of energy to possess another—ending up putting everything and everybody on-the-line. And the resistance to such *power* may itself be immeasurable—where the outcome is either victory or death, nothing in between.

Property or land is more than *real* (property) but can also be *intellectual* capital and personal too. And while the nature of ants have no concept of property, our world does—where even some kind own others of their kind, treating them as something less than their kind even to degrading them to depths beneath otherwise lower kinds.

Progress is an abstract in both historical accounts and lessor-publicized but is hidden, sometimes hindering ambitions and actions. One party may achieve progress at the expense—even elimination—of another. When the question arises, “Are you making **progress**”, it generally has to do with accomplishing something planned or in-process, potentially for the better. But then the question: “Better for whom or what?” For the answer is crucial to intent and purpose; that as **progress** is pursued by one party, it does not necessarily represent progress for another—or any other for that matter.

Antecazation is touted as **progress** though it is not as it appears or is actualized, accomplished; it may be accepted as better for *the commons* or collective but regrettably leads to the opposite effect.

Antecazation (and similar types of ‘isms) depends on the promoted-produced premise that it is justified, righteous, necessary, indispensable-essential.

Ants have no concept of what is just and right—there is no requirement for such concepts in the natural order.

Humans however....

Simple and Complex

The life of Anteca is described as a **simple** society that transforms into a **complex** society. How does this happen and, fundamentally, what are differences, simple versus complex?

First, communications or the exchange of information; for in the simple organization of the initial colony is the efficient exchange of information passed among and between the ants as nature would have it. Sounds, smells and everything but sight are the modes of communication in the initial, early colony.

As the extraction of Antbrosia takes its toll, communications becomes increasingly challenging, disinformation rampant. The once efficient exchange of information is eroded, all modes, in the effect of the losses (of ant essence). As natural communications falters, the void is filled by disinformation fostered by *the few*. As THE COLONIES seize more possession, the corresponding power/corruption rises among a concentrated few. Corruption contributes to more disinformation as well as destruction of the natural order, both communications and community.

Humans have a form of communications called **propaganda**. As a system, this form of communications/information is chiefly aimed at manipulating popular opinion. And while such disinformation has been around, it has grown by powers and in *power* given the integrations and consequent subversion of information.

In the early 1900s, the **Committee on Public Information** (the CPI or **Creel Committee**) was responsible for swaying public opinion toward entry into WWI. It used every medium available to create enthusiasm for the war effort and enlist public support against foreign attempts to undercut America's war aims.

Distortions are a regular stable in communications but at a system level, **propaganda** manufactures mass opinion; it is engineered to systematically and scientifically alter ideas and beliefs through emotions, human feelings and fears—driving us to do the unnatural, the unthinkable and undoable—and it does so by exploiting that which is held in the highest regard whether it is spiritual, familial or any other.

There are things we know, things we think we know and things that we don't know—either knowing or not. But with misinformation of this kind, the limits of what we don't know become so convoluted, both in dearth and distortion, to the degree that complexity is incalculable.

As ironic as it may seem, *the limits* may be to make things seem simpler than they really are, lest we forget that that simple ideas or solutions to complex problems are seldom right or even just.

Ants are able to solve complex problems with their natural ability of communications and other physical skills. As their substance is exploited (Antbrosia) the natural ability of communications is degraded leading to chaos, crisis and finally collapse. In essence—the loss of such vital substance—is where corruption undermines complexity and the end result is a *house of cards*, systemic, irreparable problems.




Privilege and Power

These are but two of the p-words used throughout the story and are keeping with negative, adverse conditions and consequences.

Privilege is fairly straight-forward; as we generally understand the association to social structures from the family to a larger context or sphere, the insect world has hierarchical order both within and beyond the genome. *Privilege* is progress when responsibility to *the commons* is at work. The privileged that use their place for the public good are committed to society while those that abuse their power are evidently excluding *the commons* from benefits.

Power is potentially the most referred to of all p-words; it carries much weight and influence in the acts of abuse and corruption. Interplay of *power* and corruption is so frequent as to think of one as the other. Just think of Lord Action's statement: "Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely."

As Anteca ages, both *privilege* and *power* take on increasing depths of corruption. The confiscation of Antbrosia to exhaustion subsequently followed by the scheme and scandal of Artbrosia, exemplifies the digression from the natural order, the phases:

-  **Antebellum**, the early times
-  **Antvancement**, the middle times
-  **Antecazation**, the later times

These phases mark the progression, digression and regression of THE COLONIES—the rise and fall of a civilization, an empire.

The combination of privilege and power is further applied in the promise and promotion of **individualism**. Couched under such titles as **self-determination** or liberty, individualism is very

appealing and attractive though beyond the promotion and pomp are the under-workings of *power and privilege*.

Who wants to be *just another number*? Who, rather, wants to be the master of their destiny; **self-determined**, liberated and all that? Most may believe that they want for self-autonomy but in fact—and by nature—they need some association with, and dependence on, others; namely, a community or commons.

By appealing to so-called individuals, political *powers* are able to reduce and remove social strength. A concentration on (and reduction of) society to a single unit is much simpler to shape, *command and control*. When *powers* appeal to the individual they are able to accomplish much toward winning the hearts and souls, one by one, for the deeper, often disguised, purpose as described by Kelly Rose:




The extreme individualist is a nice propaganda piece, but it is a difficult way to build anything of consequence.

What is the allure of individualism, all about? It is not individualism, really, but isolation; the fragmenting of society, the reduction of *the commons* to its least common denominator is but a ploy, a clever abuse of *power and privilege*—the culling of community, *divide and conquer*.

Privilege and power is fundamentally about the destruction of the self, the soul; it is not about recognizing the one as relevant and worthy but it is about singling each out, separating them from all others, even themselves, in or toward the interest of institutions. Suffice to say that we live in an **atomized** society bearing the irony of systems of mass communication with systemic mass isolation.

One and All

From the influence and inspiration, *Language and Complex Systems*; the worker ant has only of one of three functions:

-  Finds and carries food
-  Builds the nest
-  Defends the colony

What or how an ant acts or behaves is influenced, but not completely determined, by the senses of smell and touch. Random movements become predictive patterns or processes through feedback (pheromones) from other ants and the environment.

Survival of the colony depends on a random, systematic combination of movements that are **not** deterministic.

If all ants were deterministically required to follow the line from the food source, the nest could decay and might be lost to attack. If [they] just built the nest or stayed in defense mode, they would starve. Some of the ants need to continue enacting each of the behaviors. (8-9)




The queen(s) is the beginning and end of the colony yet does **not** coordinate or control these routine or random activities.

Sudden changes, such as immediate damage to the colony, can spontaneously change the ant's behavior, shifting duties from routine to defense and repair countermeasures or contingencies. In either reactionary or routine activity, the exchange of information is essential, both smell and touch.

The colony is a **complex system** because it depends on the *continual motion* or activity of communication, coordination and collaboration along with contingencies for the current

circumstances/conditions. If this *motion* were to cease, the colony would die. Adaptability to circumstances, the environment, and agility are key descriptions of this complex system.

Ants are not singularly smart or savvy but collectively are a force; effective and efficient in their communications and collaboration following with felicity a few simple rules. From the article, “The Remarkable Self-Organization of Ants”; observations of ants working, a description of the simple rules:

-  The ants picked up grains at a constant rate, approximately 2 grains per minute
-  They preferred to drop them near other grains, forming a pillar (an collection point or stores of food)
-  They tended to choose grains previously handled by other ants, probably because of marking by a chemical pheromone

For the longest time, people never would have believed this is possible,” said Chris Adami, a physicist and computational biologist at Michigan State University, who was not involved in the study. “When looking at complex animal behavior, people assumed they must be smart animals.”

Working together in a **systematic way** is what ants do. Where the fictional Anteca goes awry is in the *working together*; that with the passage of time is the transition from natural to the unnatural behavior resulting in colonies that immolate human society at its worst. What destroys these colonies is not *working together* (for *the commons*), but rather, working *the commons* for the good of a relative few. The sense that *the commons* is expendable—the workers exploited—is where nature takes a turn for the worse, the perverted replacing the norm.

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Perspective and Post-notes

CONSPIRANT COLONIES is an allegory; a story within a story, one or two stories as told while others implied or left as influence and even inspiration.

The order of telling the stories begin at the end; that is, beyond the existence of a large ant colony, Anteca, and then proceeds back and forth as the reader learns of what happened, dialogue and narration.



Voices for this narration and dialogue are limited to two characters: one is a prior worker ant, Anton, and the other is a nameless human. Other voiceless characters mark the developments of the society from its humble origin to its eventual, final collapse as a civilization in the last days.

The story's physical setting is left much to imagination; images for the reader to construct from the final setting of a near lifeless landscape to the beginnings of a bustling community and then expanding enterprise-empire. Anyone who has stopped to observe an ant colony in action can easily form such images to include the somewhat systematic way in which ants move and labor as there is a natural order in which a colony is founded and functions. But in the final setting, the ravages of mass conflict look more like a moon-scape, a blighted, ravaged and lifeless surface.

Anteca begins the ascent to empire through the collective work of an evolving, perverted caste, an unnatural order. Called Antecazation, this process follows a trajectory similar to human civilizations, described as:



Rise/arise (INSPIRANT) from its humble beginnings,
incrementally growing as colonies naturally do/can




-  **Ripening** (CONSPIRANT), or beginning of unnatural developments in both the types of caste and corresponding behavior, leading to increased internal corruption and intentional conflict and imperial conquest
-  **Decay** (EMPIRANT), or decline in the inevitable outcome of such cycles of civilizations through human history—that such expansion cannot be sustained as limited resources invariably diminish and destroy throughout






The main character and narrator, Anton is an emotional, enlightened-educated, and earnest being, made so through the consequence of encounters with human secretions of blood, sweat and tears. These encounters, the exposure, enable this ant to be an intelligent and insightful narrator.

The human (most likely a youth), while nameless, is increasingly interested and involved in the telling of the story; actively conversational, accentuating certain points while accelerating Anton's narration, the human must discover what when wrong and why, relating the history of Anteca to his "own world".

Though THE COLONIES may seem *a far cry* from the cultures of humans, it is nevertheless encumbered by the common corruptions of graft and greed coupled with dark forces aimed at conquest and control. Front and center are the culprits and criminals; a relative few (the unnatural caste) that exploit and expand, reducing Antism to the barbaric Antecazation.

A list of selected terms is one of several sources that help the reader possibly bridge the similarities of Anteca to human culture. Further information includes character descriptions and articles:

-  Possession and Progress
-  Simple and Complex (Societies)
-  Privilege and Power

-  One and All, a brief about the nature of ants
-  Influences and Inspirations
- Other influences/literature includes:
 -  George Orwell's *Animal Farm*, 1945
 -  A low-end '70's film, "Empire of the Ants"
 -  Richard Adams' *Watership Down*, 1972

The format or structure of the writing attempts to keep paragraphs pithy, statements and questions sharp and pointed, so as to move the story speedily, the major subjects conveyed and covered to some completion. Repetition and alliteration is frequently applied to give the story some epic quality as well as accentuate the ant's attempts at earnestness. As the stories develop and words pass, the narration and dialogue become more at ease, trusting and understanding/understood.

Each section has multiple chapters: the first section is more an extended preface, an overview of both Anton's personal and public story; while the subsequent sections offer detail on each phase of Antecan history coincident with human kind.

Using the age-old allegory enables the complexity of human society to be selectively addressed—removing many aspects that ant's don't knowingly incur while drawing certain parallels aimed at learning. Characteristics, conditions and consequences do come forth, both positive and negative traits of the human kind applied to THE COLONIES, the ant kind.

The base inspiration for this book has been the experience of living in an empire, the United States, and observing the behavior of the nation and its supporters in the vile and sometimes violent intervention and intrusion on an international scale. As George Orwell commented, "Imperialism as he [Rudyard Kipling] sees it is a sort of forcible evangelizing."