

a pound of rancid side-pork or exchange for a pound of lead. Nations are still exchanging munitions, arming their present and future adversaries (digging their own graves and making reservations in hospitals). So is LABOR, for that matter—Europe instead of organizing industrially chose to flee. War is indeed far off—for the organizing of Power Politics is slower than evolution—equally barren.

Oh well, here I am stuck at the light stakes, Hell Gate Terminal; it's Ariyan Sabbath, can't hear Big Jim or attend divine service. My soul is in terrible shape.

World of the silver screen! Mirages of the economic world!

Evolution is that phenomenon when there is no progress or the progress that was before each succeeding recession, an alibi for dissabillity, inability or dissinclination—it denotes some abstract imaginary progress made when the makers (mankind) are hq-tied with patience (laziness) or artificial content. In other words let evolution (George) do the chores.

We don't have to do anything anymore, Just sit and sweat.

How about rigging up a little surprise for the the boss and help him forget world dominion?