

We can't



STOP THE PRESSES!



Drawings by WACŁAW POTOCZEK



Arrested

The former town marshal of Hope was charged with three felony and two misdemeanor counts in Dickinson County court late Monday in connection with a series of acts of vandalism which occurred in downtown Hope late Friday night.

Douglas L. Schmidt, 20, Woodbine, was charged with two felony counts of criminal damages, a felony count of burglary, a and two counts of misdemeanor theft. He was released after posting \$5,000 bond.

Schmidt was arrested at 3:30 a. m. Saturday morning by Dickinson County sheriff's officers in connection with a series of disturbances in Hope.

According to investigators, the burglary charge and one of the theft charges relate to Schmidt's alleged break-in at the City Building and removal of a fireman's coat, helmet, and hydrant wrench from the premises. Both charges were filed against the suspect by the City of Hope.

The suspect is accused of later using the wrench to open a hydrant, nearly draining the Hope standing pipe supply of water by letting the hydrant stand open. The loss of water resulted in the second theft charge, also filed by the City of Hope.

Schmidt allegedly backed his car into the overhead door at the fire station, damaging the door and causing the city to file a criminal damage charge.

The other criminal damage charge was filed in connection with the vandalism of a car on the lot at Hoffman Motors. The suspect allegedly broke all the window glass on the vehicle and badly dented and punctured the hood by beating on it with the hydrant wrench.

A preliminary hearing in the case has been set for Feb. 18 at 2 p. m. (Taken from the Abilene Reflector-Chronicle)



Freak Accident

Mrs. Gerald Freeman received word that her brother-in-law, Chas. Homolka of Munden had been injured in a freak accident on Monday.

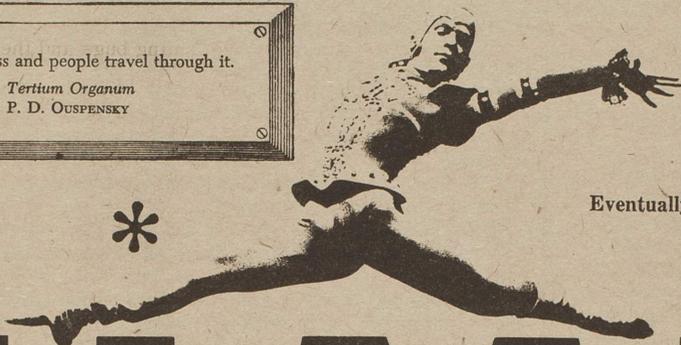
He had gone to the field to get a load of bales when he removed the tin cover from the stack there was an explosion which knocked him to the ice covered ground. He landed on his face cutting his mouth and breaking his glasses.

The Nebbs



Time is motionless and people travel through it.

Tertium Organum
P. D. OUSPENSKY



Eventually—Why Not Now?

TIME

ONEBA'S VOICES

Let's be close now. We will talk here, as though my words were tubed through my lips and cracked brown teeth. I am getting old you know. My dreamwork is difficult these last days. Don't think of me as a doom pilot. This I am not. Still you send me your dreams to work on. Here's one from a colored man in Biloxi. He says, and I quote here: I take a pony train to New Mexico. The train follows a running herd of mixed-breed cattle. We follow certain cowpaths trodden in and baked hard, some of them a thousand years old--In the dream I am white. No tires, wide or narrow grace my ponies' legs. No fences to entrap them. Something then that looked like a calf's liver wraps around the feet. I dream this happening in 1986, two years after the end of the big scare, or else much earlier, perhaps the 50's of some ancient century. Yours, Esquire Buggage. Please, no more dreams like this ranging nightmare. Please, let me sleep. Let me read books. I have many experiments with my Life Material to complete. I need TIME. Someone else writes: Please, Oneba, explain the process of the MOON. It is very simple. Mr. Pounds of Connecticut has written this: THE MOON CHANNELS THREE TRIBUTARY SKILLS INTO A SINGLE PROCESS WHOSE END IS A UNIQUE NEWS PAPER-FORMAT ARTIFACT OF AESTHETICALLY CONSISTANT TEXTURE AND UNIFIED EFFECT; THE EFFECT DISCOVERS THE FORMATIVE PATTERNS OF ANXIETY AND BOREDOM, INCONSTANCY AND ABSURDITY LATENT IN AMERICAN CULTURE. ONE TRIBUTARY, THE VISUAL, ALTERS HALF TONE NEWS PHOTOGRAPHY INTO COMIC AND FRIGHTENING ILLUSTRATIONS; THE OTHER TWO ARE VERBAL AND, SO FAR AS THE EDITORS KNOW, STARKLY NEW AREAS OF ARTISTIC EFFORT. REPORTORIAL FICTION IS A LITERARY GENRE CREATED TO EXPLOIT THE TACIT CONVENTIONS OF NEWS REPORTAGE; RECYCLED NEWS TRANSFORMS OBSCURE AND DATED PERIODICAL DETRITUS INTO STORIES OF REPRESENTATIVE HUMAN ACTIVITY. RESULTS OF THE TWO WRITING CRAFTS ARE BY INTENTION EASILY DISTINGUISHABLE THE SINGLE moon PROCESS GIVES FORM AND HUMAN VALUE TO THE CRUDE WASTE AND GARBLED COMMUNICATIONS OF CONTEMPORARY life. What will I talk about now? Yes, another angry letter in the mail pouch today: Dear Moon, It's time someone had the b---s to stand up to you. One good lemon is better than two bad limes. The liberal balance to the concept of EXXON, bland, no stand, It's time you took a position on the great issues of the day. The fifties was only a pinpoint in TIME. Today is today and times have changed. WAKE ONEBA UP, EDITORS. HE SPEAKS BULL---T.



Let's Communicate Not Hate
Party putting nails in
driveway on 11th St.
is known - If not

stopped,
will prosecute
REV. H. E. COREY,
PRESIDENT OF THE INT.
AUTHORS GUILD
P. O. BOX 1501
OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA 92054

DANCE IN JOY

Adolf Hitler told his generals 10 days before the invasion of Poland that he had given orders "to kill without mercy all the men, women and children of the Polish race or language."

American prosecutors disclosed these brutal orders at the war crimes trials Friday.

Secret Speech.

The Fuehrer's hitherto secret speech containing these words was given at Obersalzberg on Aug. 22, 1939.

It so delighted Reichsmarshal Hermann Goering that he leaped on a table "and danced like a savage," a stenographic record of the address showed.



Drawings by WIESLAW FUGLEWICZ

Ask why art monkeys are used rather than your ordinary one or an intelligent dog and find the youngest art monkey can mimic a Rubin, Manet, or a Vincent.

There are eight large paintings in the current show, all superb. In one, almost filling a field of red, a sudden solid folding rectangle of purple, as a dry brush hopping tracks of red, like a flat stone skipping across water, grows out of the field near top center and descends to bottom right, splitting the purple; a thin, faint, pulsing green line, part contour and part division, moves up from the lower left corner of the purple and intersects the red track somewhere near its middle. Another work has an unexpected variety of color: on a green-yellow field, a dappled rectangle of pale orange-yellow and pinkish yellow is sustained by a rigid dark yellow vertical band, wounded by an abrupt black accent

and kissed by a searing pale blue-purple, the whole giving off twinkles and lies of other colors. By contrast, Form in Red No. 5 is the beast in this company, the wild unicorn. It seems harsh, crude, obvious, almost indigestible. Its diaphanous void swiftly turns into solid surface by a lascivious aftersmear of scarlet. Its red fields fold into a central rectangle-sketchy, evanescent, and empty on the left, smashing a dark solid hole or slab on the right. Looking at the left is like forgetting who you are and looking at the right is like dropping a brick on your foot. The interchange is dazzling.

Consider that this day ne'er dawns again.

DANTE ALIGHIERI

Contributor/clip-out B. Hawkins



Modern art seems to express despairing mockery. Art that goes after effects is dissolving, dying, in a state of decadence.

KENNETH HAYES MILLER