

Thwarted Rape Try

While she was walking on Henry Street about half past midnight, she was grabbed by a gang of three black youths, all about 16 years old, an 18 year old Negroess told police.

According to her statement to police, she had left home at 8 P.M., and gone to a restaurant for a snack. She then decided to visit a friend and, while waiting for a bus, a white man, driving a red car, offered her a ride. She said that she agreed and got in the car. She told police that the man said he had to stop off at the Eastview Mall for a moment but instead drove to a sub-station of the R.G.&E on Route 64. While they were sitting in the car she says, he asked her for a kiss and she said that she was not familiar with the American customs, but if he wanted to kiss her on the cheek, that was okay, as she was a good girl.

She claims that he then grabbed her by the throat, covered her mouth, opened the car door and ordered her to get out. Then, still holding her by the throat, he led her along a wire fence to the rear of the station, down a small embankment and into a field of weeds. There, she told police, he pulled her coat off, placed it on the ground and then ordered her to lay down. He then told her to undress and, while he still held her by the throat, she removed her slacks but left her panties on. She said that he ripped them off, then partially disrobed himself and then attempted to have sexual relations with her, all the time choking her, and she almost passed out. She said that after several unsuccessful attempts to consummate the act, he forced her to commit sodomy. She charges that he then got in his car and drove off leaving her in the weeded lot. She reported that she then got dressed, went back to Route 64. She reports that he then held her down with the knife to her throat and proceeded to have sexual relations with her.

Police have also been informed that anything that a person wants to buy can be found at nightly beer parties on Log Cabin Road. Police are giving special attention to the area.

What this reporter cannot understand was, after such a brutal and definitely 1st Degree Rape and Sodomy, this man was only charged with 3rd Degree Two. The girl reports that she was later dragged from a bathroom to a bedroom where she was forced to commit sodomy, then raped, and then the man committed sodomy on her, she reports to police.

She told police that she knew where the car was and they went to an intersection of South Main Street where they found the red car parked on the shoulder of the road and a repairman was changing a tire. The owner of the car was there and the girl told police that he was the one who assaulted her. She refused to go to a doctor or the hospital and declined to prosecute, saying that she did not want to make trouble for anybody. She said that, being from a foreign country, her father had instructed her not to cause trouble. The police told her that the man could be dangerous and she could have been killed, but she said that all she wanted was a ride home and that she did not wish to see him again. Police say, after searching the premises of the sub-station, her purse and scarf were found at the rear. She then told police that as far as she was concerned, the matter was closed.

She stated that as she returned the ex-husband was there waiting for her, that he struck her several times, and, while she was down, he kicked her in the head two or three times. Police were called and arrested him at the scene.

He told police that the man had bought a 1963 Buick from him a few weeks before and paid him cash for it so he trusted him for the Cadillac, glassine bags were found on the ground near the car.

After this he committed an act of sodomy on her and told her that "he was going to ---- her to death." He then forced her to submit to an oral act of sodomy after which he drove her home in his car about 12:30 A.M.

Police were called to the Four Corners in Pittsford where a man and his wife told them that they had picked up a 26 year old girl (from a foreign country) on Route 64 and she had told them that she had been raped and sodomized.

The man told police that he was angry because the girl has been giving his name as being financially responsible for her and her children and he has been getting the bills. The girl was advised to obtain a warrant.

Instead, she reports, she found approximately ten to twelve male and female teenagers laying around in a second floor bedroom. She told police that she believes that the house is used as a w---- house and that the conditions in the house itself were deplorable. Police told her that they would investigate. The other four were then charged with loitering and, after placing the five of them under arrest, police report they found approximately six grams of marijuana in the area where they had been seated. Jaco said to her that "he wanted to do it with her".



Women

PLATHETIC PLATHOS
Red lipstick on red lips was a warm erotic touch of the fifties, but suicide sucks in our opinion. If a good woman kills herself, like sister Sylvia did, a good man dies too like Ted Hughes did. A new menarche march every month and a few of the sensitive ones get the rosy cheek blues. At least the strangler lies dead in Boston, cruelly stabbed to death, gutted open in his lower belly with beer openers and this crime was committed by an inmate gang of chancellor dikes--but at least a few more precious womens are a little safer now at Boston car stops at night. It was surely worth it. Samuel Beckett said, "Woman gives birth to man over an open grave." If so, why would you want to put your pretty head in the oven--give it to a good man. Don't make the undertakers any fatter than they are, a bunch of chicken eating fruits. Being together means more than being Sylvia Plath and trying to imitate her, her morbid doll-like easy to break poetry, and walking around your dorm room with hot blood sloshing in your platforms. WE WANT HAPPY WOMEN AND NO HOLDS BARRED!

KESEY) and stars gave out dull metallic rays. He picked up a cow pie he saw laying in the street and sailed it at a red Chevy. At the Chalk whisk key was brought out and drunk from a tin cup. The speech at the Union afterwards was a corker. At the party, first records and conversations were brought in and brutally mutilated by the big guy with red hair, or no hair at all. Copies of this newspaper were shown him, upon which he spat a bloody rheum. Art-monkeys were brought in and masturbated and were forced to sodomize in front of him, on the carpet. Then the cripples, mental and physical, hulked up to his modern chair, asking supplications, and he gave them no response. Finally Prop came. He was from Tennessee like the Chancellor Dykes. He spoke of a girl in Joplin with a Southern drawl he once balled, then said, "Hey, where Heeny at, Kesey."

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WOMAN'S QUIZ
1. If it takes an elephant thirty minutes to graze an acre of marsh, how long does it take two meatballs to build a tin roof over a soft-shell crab?
2. How many gallons of fluid does the average woman give of during her life?
3. How much vegetable must a baby woman eat in her childhood?
4. Why did they close the coffin at the fisherman's wake?
5. Is it true that 90 percent of all violent crime is committed by single males? If so, why?

Answers
1. 60 min. on a calm day.
2. believe it or not, upwards of eighty thousand quarts or more.
3. spinach, okra, winter peas, etc.
4. To keep the flies off his carps.
5. Yes, because men are lazy and full of petty hatred--they split like roasted cats at all humans, partic- ularly if loaded into it by someone, usually his mother.

The Moon would like to thank those 30 odd people all over the world who gave money to launch this organ. Many of them understandably wish to remain anonymous. Others like Steve, A. Crowley Miller, Prop, Topeka Pat, the 345 People, certain Spanish dept. fascists, Chancellor Dykes, and more, and funds diverted from Athlet-



Jackie cruelly caught in nude

SIN PAD HIPPIE

MOTHER MUNTNY RAPE
Once again the Muntny family faces this recurrent terror, even in the old Pelican baseball stadium. After the floral parade under the hot sun where Mama became sunstruck, soporific, sleepy, and the family left her standing by the dugout as the gradual orange moon rose above her white head, still gripping the pissweed, a winning arrangement. Suddenly a firm grip took her arm, pulling her into the dugout, the empty, unused spiderweb dug-out, where the pelicans many years ago waited out the tense losing seasons, and she began



A little known fact about women: they are better natural swimmers than men

When the man was questioned, he stated that he was with his wife all evening and that they had been shopping at two stores (which he identified) and on the way home he had gotten the flat tire. He then started to walk home, called the repair truck, then got his other car and picked up his wife. She drove the other car home, he says, and he stayed with the red car. The garage reported that they received the call for the flat tire at 8:40 P.M. Inasmuch as the garage received the call at this time, and the girl was picked up ten minutes later, they are at a loss to conclude exactly what had happened.

NOXIN DEAD, R.I.P.
Yesterday, President Noxin was alive. Today they have the body laid out at Lamanno-Panno-Fallo, a humble Italian mortuary on Outerditch Road. He passed quietly on his 78th birthday, an old man who could neither see (so it seemed) hear or speak for the last 28 years of his life, due to a brutal beating in the Oval Office, received on his birthday, or it seems so to us now, such a very short time ago. We mourn the passing. The president's brother, himself an old man, was there and pulled a checkered kerchief from his pocket in the middle of the funeral services today. In repose, in the quietude of death, he seemed becalmed, the cruel rivers of tension had drained from the cheeks, the nose had shrunken and seemed almost bird-like, but the yellow teeth protruded, and seemed the same as ever. Noxin is dead. The nation weeps. Three others are dead in Detroit, where many loved him, fifteen in Los Angeles and surprisingly, in Dayton, and many more middle americans who loved him, even as he spent thirty years at the Lower Farm in bitter obscurity along with poet Diddelbaum, who gave him the true knowledge so late in life and so pitifully little of it then, too, after all. We at the Moon have learned from the Lamanno-Panno people that the casket will be open to Americans eager to get a look at Noxin in State. He was born in the fruity valley of San Joaquin, reared up by a lower-middle class Quaker Mom (another Dunkard Sect) educated on shrill country music screaming out of Bakersfield and mollified at Whittier College. He played basketball on an asphalt court outside the dormitory. He was said to never go anywhere else. Even then his face was old. Of course he attended classes and eventually he made a coke date with a woman he liked to call Martha, but whose real name was Pat. They married in Petaluma in a small ceremony on a small lawn. Punch was served, a reddish color, and little cups of grape wine jello. His brother Walter Noxin and Frank, in typical prankster-fashion, gave him what they dubbed a 'wedding night emergency kit,' which contained a tiny condom, a limp shard of terry-cloth besocked with stage blood, a set of pliable rubber lips, a jar of petroleum jelly, and a miniature tampon, which they had labelled the little blood mouse. As the party waned on, Prop came and then went home, spent as usual. We remember the president standing up in the middle of Last Tango in Paris, raising his hands above his head in fist-like gestures at the screen and screaming above the soundtrack, but we also remember the gentle Noxin, a sheep among wolves at times, wandering aimlessly in the Rose Garden, counting lady bug beetles on the legustrum, always conscious of the new ecology, always shocked and moved at the extinction of a species, like the sperm whale or the passenger pigeon. Noxin's valet was at the wake too, as well as representatives from the United Daughters of the Confederacy. At the end of an extended term in office he began to notice a spotting on the skin, successive layers of skin-peels coming off his elbows at the stark insistence of his thumb and forefinger each day. He scratched. He did not see one day at noon time, stood up and pushed his chair clumsily backwards, and began to shout in his office, his eyes milked over with white. Tall candles of pure beeswax fluttered at either end of his grey felt coffin. His burial clothing included the familiar black gabardeen coat, and the American flag tie, the sox majestica themselves, once a gift from the Master Ray-X, who enchanted the president with his cheap joy rituals, and the (Continued)