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KNIGHT

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE ADULT MALE



CO-MARRIAGE:
Astonishing New Design
For Living!

**RAW NIGHTS IN
TIJUANA'S "SEX
SUPERMARKET"**

**Erotic Cinema,
Japanese Style**

**Plus: TOWARD
A NEW,
NON-PLASTIC
AMERICA**

WIN A KEWPIE DOLL

waxed mustache ■ ■ ■ He had a Kewpie doll stand in Coney Island ■ ■ ■ Customers put their dimes on the numbers; he spun the clickity wheel; the winners had their choice of dolls, and he pocketed the coins. With him it was more pleasure than business. In his French-accented pitch he spoke of his dolls as if they were live, lovely girls. Being a magus of romance, and a bit of a ventriloquist, he would hold amorous conversations with the dolls for the sentimental inspiration of the crowd. His stand was a mesmeric gem, a gracious oasis of simpatico in the setting of Coney's tawdry din. ■ ■ ■ Kewpie dolls flourished in the carefree valentine era of the 'Teens and 'Twenties, and were not easy to get. That was no problem for Curly. He had come from a family of doll makers. ■ ■ ■ When Coney Island closed down for the winter, Curly made dolls in his house behind the stand. Every doll was his Galatea, or, what girls should be; as he said, "Saucy, voluptuous, with frills and spangles, ribbons, beads, jewels, lipstick, rouge, mascara, with a touch of aromatic fragrance; wearing dresses to enhance the shrines of their breasts, callipygian rears, and cunning dimpled knees, yet suggesting an unsullied soul."

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THE DOLLMAKER KEPT HIS KEPT
GIRLS HAPPY, THANKS TO THE
LITTLE BLACK BOX HE SLEPT WITH!

by PIETRO DI DONATO



Editor's Notebook

WE'RE HAPPY TO present in this issue a wide variety of entertaining and thought-provoking reading from a top-notch group of writers. To mention just a few of the high points... Norman Spinrad continues his incisive examination of current social happenings in "This Land Is Your Land, This Land's Not My Land" (page 10)... Robert Bruno makes an interesting case for the co-marriage in "Four Play" (page 18)... And Pietro Di Donato contributes a wryly humorous character study in "Win a Kewpie Doll" (page 26)...

KNIGHT's Story Editor, RICHARD ASHBY, is represented this time by a true story—"A Peculiar Haunting in Malibu" (page 70). It's a fascinating, blow-by-blow report of a personal encounter with paranormal phenomena. Ashby, a science-fiction writer and expert on matters supernatural, was skeptical when he first visited the English girls in their strange pad. "At first I thought I was being put on," he says. "But what I experienced that evening made a believer out of me. A scared believer." Incidentally, the three girls are now back in London, where they've formed a local "Malibu colony" in a non-haunted Soho flat.

That provocative analysis of "Sex in the Japanese Cinema" beginning on page 58 is the work of A. FREDERIC FRANKLYN, a West Coast poet, film critic and screenwriter. He's been an actor, lived on a kibbutz in Israel, worked as a drill press operator and a dance teacher, and lectured and read from his own poetry at colleges and universities all over the country. He also teaches poetry and short story writing. He and his wife have taken their 18-month-old daughter to see some hundreds of films, at least half of them Japanese. Franklyn's works has appeared in a variety of publications, from men's magazines like *Adam* to literary quarterlies like *Trace*. He is currently at work on a series of mystery novels for Holloway House, and has just completed his first one.

We promise here and now that the next issue of KNIGHT will be packed with reading and visual entertainment as this one is! Here's a brief sampler of what's coming up in KNIGHT No. 10... Burton H. Wolfe will explore the new social and medical attitudes toward auto-eroticism, while Jack Matcha takes a bawdy backward look at the Deer Park of Louis XVI, history's most dazzling example of a sex dream come true. A. Frederic Franklyn will return with a survey of the movies of Radley Metzger, creator of such earthy art-flicks as *Therese and Isabelle* and *Carmen Baby*. In the fiction spotlight will be Harlan Ellison's "Try a Dull Knife," one of the most shocking horror tales ever spun by a master storyteller. And there will be a succulent, color photo layout of Michelle Brentfort, the beauty shown below. She's only one of many girls—a veritable harem—who'll appear in KNIGHT No. 10. Don't miss it! ♡



KEWPIE DOLL, from page 96

Curly was a lover of love, and liked to think he was all the great lovers of the ages combined. The walls of his stand were decorated with hearts and girls' kissing lips.

There was a rapport between whores and his dolls. Whores came from far and wide to his stand, to be melted by the sight of his sweet dolls. His dolls found affection and homes in many a whorehouse. He worshipped prostitutes—courtesans, he called them—and they in turn revered him as their patron saint.

"Man," he would say, "comes from the lowly dust, but woman, ah, she was created of delicious flesh. Eve taught Adam the delights of love before she became his wife. She was the first courtesan, and the story of the human race is built around her bed."

Curly was the knight-errant of whores; a dedicated Dante who uplifted every fallen woman to the vision of a beatific Beatrice. He honored Rahab and all the harlots of the Bible as though he had known their talents intimately.

HIS UNIQUE PARTIALITY to whores was not quite just a whim of the traditional French chivalry. As a youth, hardly landed in America, he fell dangerously ill, starving and freezing on a Bowery street. The so-called good people passed him by. But an old whore named Victoria took him to her room. She tenderly nursed him back to health, saving his life—and provided him with sex, clothes, money and courage. From then on every whore to him was Victoria.

Curly never bothered to seek male companionship. For the recent years his social life in Coney Island consisted of a harem of three "courtesans." These adorants, Muriel, Beautine and Candy, came without fail on a weekly pilgrimage to his house. They were vigorous stout girls, much taller than Curly. None were actually pretty. Muriel and Beautine, bleached blonde widows, shared a Manhattan apartment, and were third-rate call-girls for the visiting firemen of hotel conventions. Young Candy worked in a cheap Greenwich Village whorehouse, which was occasionally raided, causing her brief stays in the House of Detention.

The interior of Curly's house was furnished in 19th Century French style, elegant but cozy. He would exclaim to the girls, "Voilà, you are now in Paris, the true Paradise of ladies." With him there were none of the four-lettered terms and ugly realities of their profession. He shed for them their thigh-sore manhandled identities. He bestowed upon them the names of celebrated courtesans. Muriel became Phryne, the mistress of Praxiteles; Beautine was Manon Lescaut, the light of Chevalier Des Grieux's life, and Candy was Lesbia, beloved by Catullus.

They never arrived in "Paris" empty-handed. In fact they had to push open the door with their feet. He did not believe that a woman should bring gifts to a man, but the other way around. Despite his protests they came loaded with vintage wines, snails, frogs' legs, and all sorts of gourmet foods.

In "Paris" behind the doll stand he was not Curly but the epicure and lover, "Monsieur Le Comte Honore de Chamb-run," and the girls, "Les Comtesses Phryne, Manon and Lesbia." Each visit was a memorable holiday replete with dainty manners, delicate dining, French lessons, poetry and the philosophy of love. While Debussy music played, the Countesses arranged the silver, china and linen around the candelabra on the table. As the fine dinner was leisurely

eaten the Count would remind them of their enchanting personalities.

"Comtesse Phryne, after Apelles saw you on the sea-shore naked and with dishevelled hair he painted his Venus Anadyomene, which was placed in the temple of Apollo at Delphi. When you were accused of impiety and about to be condemned, you unveiled your gorgeous bosom, which so influenced your judges that you were immediately acquitted.

"Manon, ma chérie, though Des Grieux has been told of your alleged infidelities he says to you, 'Je t'aimais d'autant plus.' So you see, whatever you do, he loves you the more."

Then, pretending to be Catullus, and, Candy, Lesbia, Curly would say fervently in a golden voice, "Let us live and love, my Lesbia! Give me a thousand kisses, then a hundred, then another thousand, then a second hundred; or as the countless moonbeams in the silence of the night behold men's amours; to kiss you with so many kisses is not enough for your madly fond Catullus."

To cap the night came Curly's specialty, the feast of Eros, in which he excelled. How girls who had worked hard on their backs the week long could thrill to aging Curly in bed may seem incredible. It was not so much Curly as it was Curly's little black bag. In that black leather bag was that with which Curly delivered the stunningly joyous coup, the ineffable master stroke to womankind all and sundry. Curly had guarded for years the secret of the black bag. Throughout the United States and Canada on his Kewpie doll stand carnival tours he had satisfied to ecstasy numerous women because of the black bag—unforgettable was the previously insatiable tattooed whore in Hoboken who committed suicide when he had to leave her.

As a gentleman, he would sooner have died than let any girl in on the contents of that mysterious black bag. Curly was the supreme romantic. There was none of the indecent impatience and disgusting modern one-two-three with him. To him a "courtesan" was a divine organ of which every complicated key, chord and stop of her senses had to be lovingly played upon with irresistible virtuosity. He thought like Michelangelo—the beauty, the juice, the passion, was dormant in the supine female stone; it was up to the lover to awaken and bring it out. His preparations for love were as artistic as the approach to French cooking, with one measured and effective consideration after another. "Miladies," he would say, "the heart, the mind and psyche, must revel simultaneously with the bones, flesh and blood in the symphony of love."

Where else in the world but with Curly could a whore be so rapturously elevated in feminine value? Under his roof they were nobility and had souls. There was no jealousy. They vied in their mutual generosity to share him.

Curly knew that women should be given beautiful illusions; not be deprived of them. His black bag was his Pandora's box, and it was best for the girls to remain totally unaware of that holy of holies.

His oriental bedroom was a temple of love, with mirrors, statues, damask curtains, incense, and an altar-like bed. The fortunate courtesan admitted could have, by the light of candles, choice lingerie, panties and perfumes. Before the exorcisms of the silken-sheeted soft bed strewn with fresh flowers, she had to ritualistically drink a potion of Curly's sacred "elixir of love." The elixir was Curly's own concoction of old-fashioned cough syrup spiked with a powerful dose of an illicit aphrodisiacal drug. Soon after, Phryne, Manon, or Lesbia—no matter which—it affected

them all the same—lay on the bed in erotically triggered euphoria.

Old Curly would put out the lights, steal open his black bag, reach in for one of his bull-sized plastic phalli, strap it on, and put it to its destiny.

The girls thought surely it was Curly himself who sent them to heaven and back. And they would leave Curly's "Paris" with stars in their eyes, and, another Kewpie doll, to face the next prosaic week of hustling.

LAST WINTER CURLY decided to take the girls to Bermuda. They were as excited as if, instead of a three week cruise, they were going on a trip around the world. There was much shopping for clothes, swim suits and baggage. Curly, sporting monocle, gloves, cane, spats and other dandy wear, brought the girls to the big, white, gleaming Victoria Regina at the pier in a hired Rolls Royce. Passengers were awed by the French Count and his nieces who were directed with fanfare to their luxury staterooms.

During the halcyon voyage the Captain insisted they dine with him at his table. The passengers admired the Count dancing with his nieces. The ship's doctor and officers fought over the girls. When the Victoria Regina tied up at the Bermuda dock the girls had already received marriage proposals from various of the smitten passengers.

In Bermuda, as on the ship, Curly and the girls changed their clothes three times daily. They were the prize guests of the hotel. The girls wore modest swim suits and frolicked like kittens in the hotel pool. At the manager's table they teased and blushed and let fall charming, innocent French expressions that Curly had taught them. And when they sang "Frere Jacques" and "Aupres de ma Blonde," there was warm applause. Under the azure sky they went in horse-drawn carriages to the churches, historical sites, and to the markets to purchase souvenirs and postcards.

They had been in Bermuda only ten days, but as the Victoria Regina blew its departing whistle there was a group of newly-made friends to wave them bon voyage. Upon the calm sea the weather was ideal. The ship's engines hummed. The band was strumming songs of the islands. The girls, tanned, and happy as in a dream, were relaxed in deck chairs by Curly.

Suddenly he gasped and clutched his chest.

Curly lay dying in his stateroom. His final loves, Phryne, Manon and Lesbia, wept. They implored him not to die. They said they would give up their professional careers and come to live with him in his Coney Island "Paris." Oh, they would care for him and the doll stand and be one darling family forever. The Captain, doctor, and a minister stood by sadly. Curly had three last requests. He wanted to hear on his record player, Afternoon Of A Faun. He wanted a will made right then and there giving the girls his cash and property; and, he prayed that a certain black leather bag under his bed be buried with him.

In his coffin Curly resembled an aristocratic sparrow. After the girls went to their cabin there remained the task of closing the coffin and carting it down to the baggage hold. The Captain felt it his duty to inspect the black bag. Was there contraband in it? He took it to a side and looked in. Then he wedged it between curly's legs and sealed the coffin.

The doctor and the minister were curious about the bag. The Captain, a regular fellow, kept Curly's secret, but he assured the doctor and the minister with a knowing wink, "Sirs, it was a handy kit—a very handy kit!" ♡