

PRIVATTE

INTERNATIONAL COLOR MAGAZINE - LEADING IN EROTOGRAPHY



66 PAGES
ALL IN COLOR

66 SEITEN
GANZ IN FARBE

66 PAGES
TOUT EN COULEUR

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We at Private wish to promote a more liberal attitude towards sex, and a better understanding of all sexual inclinations. We believe that sex is both natural and enjoyable, and therefore it is most definitely wrong to attempt to hide or feel ashamed about it. Furthermore, we know that good erotography has a both positive and stimulative effect on human sexuality.

Mit Private möchten wir eine freiere Lebensanschauung im Sexuellen und Verständnis für alle sexuellen Einstellungen erleichtern. Wir meinen: Sex ist etwas Schönes und Natürliches, vor dem es keine Geheimnistuerei oder Schamgefühle geben sollte. Wir wissen: Gute Erotografie hat eine positiv anregende Wirkung auf die menschliche Sexualität.

Par le canal de Private nous souhaitons contribuer à la formation d'une optique libérale sur la sexualité et à l'acceptation sociale de toutes ses manifestations. Nous croyons que la volupté sexuelle satisfait à la fois la nature et la beauté. Finis les cachoteries et les sentiments de honte! Nous sommes certains qu'une érotographie de bon aloi active et affine la sexualité humaine.

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PRIVATE PRESS AB Head office, Funkens gränd 1 Stockholm, SWEDEN. T. vx 08-14 03 60

PRIVATE PRESS (Nederland) N.V.i.o., POSTBUS 1679, Rotterdam, HOLLAND

Printed in Sweden by **PRIVATE PRESS AB**, Stockholm

PRIVATE



INTERNATIONAL COLOR MAGAZINE - LEADING IN EROTOGRAPHY

SWEDISH GIRLS.

MORAL:

MASTURBATION,
RIGHT OR WRONG?

ELLEN:

"MY SEX IN
CLOSE-UP".

PRIVATE READER:

YOUR OPINIONS
AND WISHES.

MONIQUE

VON CLEEF:

FROM "MAID TO
MADAME".

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OPEN WIDE...!

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A SLAVE GIRL'S
EXPERIENCES.

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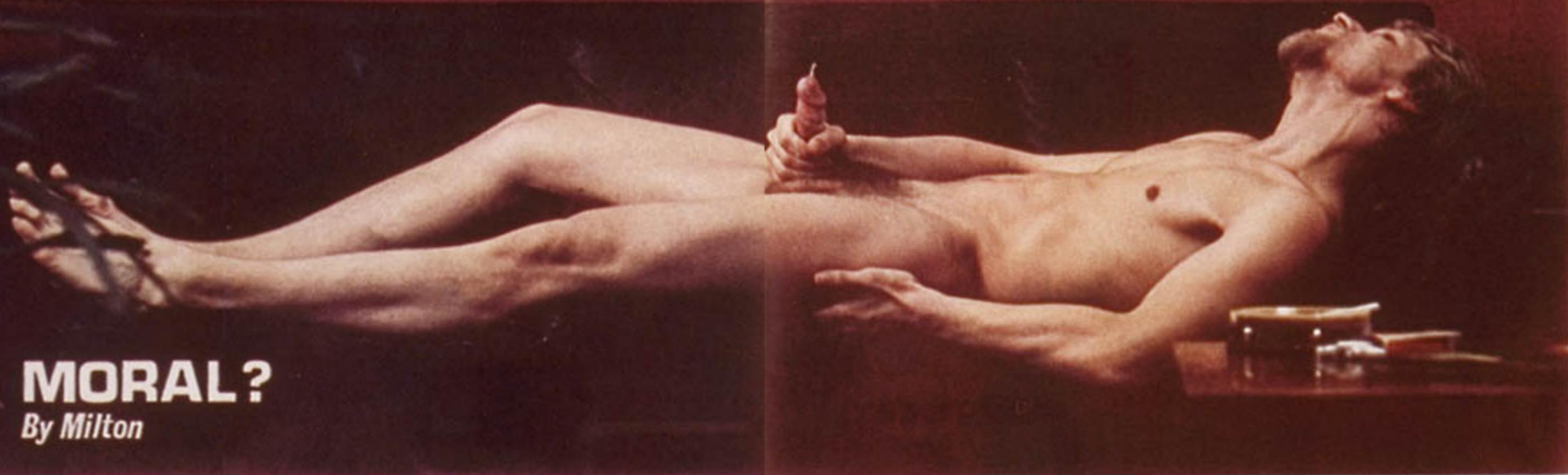
READERS' OWN PHOTOGRAPHS.

ANITA: HER SCENE'S A THREESOME!

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MORAL?

By Milton

Self-abuse, masturbation, onanism—there are many names for it. Let us however, keep to the word "masturbation" and try to get away from the distorted interpretation that religion has always put on what is really quite normal practice. To illustrate this editorial I have taken a rather unusual photograph of a man at the moment of ejaculation. I selected this picture because it portrays a true happening and also because I would like a reaction from our women readers to this.

In the past masturbation has been labelled as either a malpractice—leading to and perhaps resulting in physical abnormality or even madness; or alternatively as an indication of perversity, precocity or an unsuccessful love life.

All this is nonsense! The picture simply shows a common human need being satisfied.

The church states that it is sinful to masturbate.

Pray—let us show real tolerance by not commenting on this edict.

Nearly every man and woman at sometime or another has masturbated—and many continue to do so, either occasionally or regularly, throughout their lives. We all have a natural urge, constantly being bombarded by the impelling pressures of advertisements, the mass media in general and the more liberal sexual attitudes now found therein. People who are really aware of, and who take more than an average interest in life are usually those who are also more open, and have a more receptive imagination. Often these are the same people who believe that masturbation is the obvious method of releasing excess pent-up sexual energy. This shame-free attitude is the healthy one.

It applies with equal truth to both sexes. Masturbation is not only for men. It is an excellent way for women to familiarize themselves with their own bodies and how they work. By exploring the physically sensitive regions, and especially by clitoral stimulation a woman will learn how her own body reacts. She can train and exercise both mind and

Onani, Selbstbefleckung, Selbstbefriedigung, Masturbation, Liebe Kinder haben viele Namen. Ich möchte mich hier für den Begriff MASTURBATION entscheiden, vor allem, um mich von dem religiösen Zerrbild dieser völlig natürlichen Handlung zu befreien. Ferner habe ich diesem Artikel das Bild eines Mannes im Augenblick der Ejakulation beigegeben, und zwar aus mehreren Gründen: nämlich einmal dem Wunsch nach größtmöglichem Realismus, dem Interesse an der Reaktion weiblicher Leser und um schließlich den wenigen Darstellungen eines allein masturbierenden Mannes eine weitere hinzuzufügen.

Dieser in den Orgasmus mündenden Handlung ist früher Schreckliches zugeschrieben worden: Abnormalität mit Rückgraderweichung, Infantilität, Schwachsinn, pervertiertes und zerstörtes Sexualleben.

UNFUG!

Die Religion sagt SÜNDE.

Lassen Sie mich tolerant darüber hinweggehen. (Was ist überhaupt Sünde, und was ist sündig, wenn ein Mensch in der Vorstellung einer sexuellen Situation masturbiert?)

Sehr viele Frauen und fast jeder Mann haben masturbiert und tun es noch. Unser Trieb in all seiner Stärke ist beständig den Reizmitteln der Gesellschaft ausgesetzt. Freiere Moralanschauungen, größere sexuelle Selbständigkeit der Frau, Reizwirkung von Mode, Werbung und Massenmedien — all das macht die Grundhaltung zu stärkerer Sexualaktivität aus.

Menschen mit hoher intellektueller Spannweite erlauben sich oft überdurchschnittlichen Freisinn und sind damit empfänglicher für erotische Signale. Masturbation wird für sie zu einer vernunftbegründeten Möglichkeit zum Abbau zeitweiliger sexueller Spannungsspitzen.

Ein noch direkteres und wirklich positives Ergebnis der von Schuldgefühlen befreiten Masturbation erlebt die Frau, die auf diesem Weg sich selbst und ihre Fähigkeit um Orgasmus kennenlernt. Sie erfährt durch sich die Aufgabe ihrer

Onanisme, souillure, masturbation, branlette, pignole. Eh oui, les enfants chéris ont beaucoup de noms. Je choisis d'appeler la chose MASTURBATION afin d'éviter l'image fautive donnée par une certaine religiosité d'un phénomène bien naturel. De même, j'ai décidé d'illustrer cet article par l'image d'un homme en train d'éjaculer. Cela, par réalisme, par intérêt pour la réaction des femmes. Or, peu d'images ont été publiées qui représentent un homme s'adonnant au plaisir solitaire.

Nous voyons un besoin humain fondamental soulagé dans un orgasme. C'est là ce qu'un charlatanisme pseudo-scientifique a flétri comme étant une anomalie qui ramollit la colonne vertébrale, de l'infantilisme, de la démence, une vie sexuelle pervertie ou ratée.

INEPTIES QUE TOUT CELA!

Les religions crient au PECHE.

Bon prince, je m'abstiendrai de commentaires.

(Peut-il être si répréhensible pour quelqu'un d'avoir envie d'un partenaire au point de vivre une étreinte en imagination?)

Presque tous les hommes et toutes les femmes se sont masturbés quelquefois; la plupart continuent pour diverses raisons et avec une ardeur différente.

Notre puissant instinct est encouragé de façon multiple par la vie sociale: émancipation morale, activité sexuelle accrue chez la femme, sollicitations de la mode, publicité, supports massifs de communication.

Les gens à l'esprit éveillé possèdent une liberté de moeurs qui, jointe à leur vive imagination, les porte à réagir vigoureusement aux incitations érotiques. La masturbation est là un moyen approprié de diminuer la tension sexuelle.

L'effet bienfaisant de la masturbation déculpabilisée se montre encore mieux lorsqu'elle aide la femme à connaître son corps et à parvenir le plus commodément à l'orgasme. Le clitoris, centre des nerfs érogènes, n'a pas d'autre fonc-

Zelfbevrediging, masturbatie, onanisme — er zijn vele namen voor. Laten we echter het woord „masturbatie“ vasthouden en ons proberen los te maken van de verwrongen interpretatie die religie altijd gegeven heeft van deze doodgewone zaak. Om dit te illustreren heb ik een nogal ongewone foto genomen van een man op het moment dat hij ejakuleert. Ik selecteerde deze foto omdat het een waar gebeuren laat zien en ook omdat ik hierop graag reactie wil ontvangen van onze vrouwelijke lezers.

In het verleden heeft men masturbatie gedoodverfd, ofwel als een slechte gewoonte — voerend naar, en misschien resulterend in psychische abnormaliteit of zelfs krankzinnigheid of, alternatief, als een indicatie van perversiteit, voorliefheid, of een niet geslaagd liefdesleven.

Dit alles is nonsense! De foto toont simpel een gewone menselijke behoefte die bevredigd wordt.

De kerk stelt dat het zondig is te masturberen.

Alsjeblieft — laten wij werkelijk tolerant zijn en geen commentaar geven op dit edict.

Vrijwel elke vrouw en man masturbeerde wel eens en vielen blijven dat hun hele leven doen, af en toe of regelmatig.

Wij hebben allen een natuurlijke drang, die voortdurend gebombardeerd wordt door de stuwende druk van advertenties, de massamedia in het algemeen en de meer liberale opvattingen die men er nu in vindt. Mensen die werkelijk bewust leven en er een meer dan gewone belangstelling in hebben staan meestal meer open voor alles en hebben een ontvankelijker verhouding.

Vaak zijn dit juist de mensen die geloven dat masturbatie de voor de hand liggende manier is om overmatig opgekropte seksuele energie kwijt te raken.

De schaamtewijze houding is de gezonde.

Dit geldt voor beide seksen evenzeer. Masturbatie is niet alleen voor mannen. Het is een uitstekende manier voor

body to improve her own sexual satisfaction, to procure more intensive orgasms more often; and by practice become more receptive to sexual stimuli. She will feel her body functioning sexually, and on future occasions, benefit from her improved knowledge.

Masturbation is a form of therapy which enhances all types of sexual enjoyment.

The very personal question of "Can you come?" will give way to "How do you like it best?"

When by masturbating, a woman can reach a climax or have several in succession it is obvious that she will obtain at least the same enjoyment when making love with her partner—and in all likelihood much more—even though at the beginning, until her partner learns how best to excite her, she may attain a quicker and more certain orgasm by herself. But whatsoever may be the reason for masturbation the benefits "for certainly outweigh those "against".

The motivation is irrelevant—masturbation is simply a completely harmless yet very practical way for one to reach a climax and thereby reach harmony with oneself and others.

There are no drawbacks—except perhaps for guilt complexes originating from imposed or indoctrinated moral norms. And these false burdens should be cast aside.

Women and men have masturbated from the very beginning of time;—will doubtless, continue; there's no harm in that.



Klitoris als Organ reiner Lusterzeugung. Sie kommt zu mehr und intensiveren Orgasmen und senkt ihre Reizschwelle. Diese Erkenntnis ist der Frau von größtem Nutzen. Sie ist erlebnisfähig, sie weiß es, sie wird damit leben. In solchen Fällen ist Masturbation als Therapie zu betrachten und zur Bereicherung eines sexuellen Partnerverhältnisses zu empfehlen. Wir fragen mithin nicht mehr, OB, sondern WIE die Frau zum Orgasmus gelangt.

Wenn die Frau durch eigene Hand wiederholte Orgasmen zu erreichen vermag, wird sie mit dem rechten Liebhaber gleichen Genuß ihrer Sexualität abgewinnen können, selbst wenn sie meint, allein sicherer zum Ziel zu kommen als mit einem Partner. Ohne Zweifel aber: am Ende steht mehr als nur „gleicher Genuß“.

Noch 'mal in Kürze: Masturbation ist nichts weiter als eine harmlose und praktische Art eine sexuelle Spannung, wie auch immer geartet, selbst im Orgasmus aufzulösen. Folgeschäden konnten nicht aufgezeigt werden, abgesehen von möglichen Schuldgefühlen aus abwegigen Moralnormen. Diese Schuldgefühle sollten mit Zuversicht fallengelassen werden, von Frauen wie von Männern.

Menschen haben es seit je getan, tun es heute und werden auch in Zukunft masturbieren. Ein Übel ist es nicht.



tion que de servir à la jouissance. Pourquoi, alors, le maintenir au chômage ? Bien éduqué, il permet d'atteindre des paroxysmes plus nombreux et plus enivrants, d'abaisser le seuil d'excitabilité, de réduire les intervalles séparant les orgasmes successifs. Cette connaissance de soi est pour la femme une fortune psychologique. Son corps a du répondre et, le sachant, elle peut poursuivre vers de nouveaux plaisirs et raffinements. Ainsi, la masturbation peut être une véritable thérapeutique augmentant très sensiblement la faculté d'atteindre au paroxysme avec un partenaire. La question se trouve alors inversée. Il ne s'agit plus de savoir si la possibilité de l'orgasme existe mais quels sont les chemins les plus aisés qui l'y mènent.

Une femme capable d'orgasme en se taquinant et s'excitant toute seule saura naturellement jouir de sa sexualité dans les bras d'un amant adroit et imaginatif. Toutefois, au début, elle jouira plus vite et plus sûrement par la masturbation, n'ayant pas alors à tenir compte des mouvements et réactions du partenaire. Gageons que, pour elle, il s'agira de plus que d'équivalence de plaisir !

Résumons-nous :

Indépendamment de ce qui la motive, la masturbation n'est rien d'autre qu'une manière anodine et efficiente de s'offrir l'orgasme, de supprimer ou de diminuer une tension sexuelle existante. Aucune suite néfaste ne se manifeste, hormis d'éventuels et passagers sentiments de faute découlant de normes morales aberrantes. Hommes et femmes peuvent sans crainte faire fi de ces sentiments. Les gens se masturbent depuis toujours et continueront à le faire.

Et honni soit qui mal y pense !



vrouwen om het eigen lichaam te leren kennen, hoe het funktioneert.

Door onderzoek van de fysiek gevoelige delen en speciaal door stimulering van de kittelaar, leert een vrouw hoe haar lichaam reageert. Ze kan lichaam en geest oefenen om seksuele bevrediging te bereiken, om meer en intensievere orgasmen te krijgen en, door oefening, meer ontvankelijk te worden voor seksuele stimulantien.

Ze zal haar lichaam seksueel voelen funktioneren en in de toekomst van haar betere kennis kunnen profiteren.

Masturbatie is een soort therapie die elke vorm van seksueel genot verhoogt.

De zeer persoonlijke vraag van „kun je klaarkomen?“ zal plaatsmaken voor „hoe kom je het best klaar?“.

Als een vrouw door masturbatie een klimaks kan bereiken of er meerdere achter elkaar kan krijgen, dan is het duidelijk dat ze TENMINSTE dezelfde vreugde ondervindt als haar partner en, naar alle waarschijnlijkheid VEEL meer, zelfs al zal ze in het begin, tot haar partner weet hoe hij haar het beste kan stimuleren, misschien zelf vlugger en zekerder tot orgasme komen. Maar wat ook de reden voor masturbatie is; er is veel meer „voor“ dan „tegen“.

De motivering doet niet ter zake — masturbatie is gewoon een volkomen onschuldige, maar zeer praktische manier om een klimaks te bereiken en daardoor in harmonie met zichzelf en anderen te komen.

Er zijn geen nadelen — uitgezonderd misschien schuldcomplexen, ontstaan door opgedrongen of geïndoktrineerde moraalnormen. Deze valse lasten zou men moeten afwerpen.

Vrouwen en mannen hebben gemasturbeerd sinds het ontstaan van der wereld en zullen daarmee ongetwijfeld doorgaan. Het is alleen maar natuurlijk, er kan geen gevaar in schuilen.



ellen



Lovely, wild and wanton that's how I would describe my Ellen. Although we've lived together for several years it's still love before dinner when I return home in the evening. Anywhere, anytime she can make me hard; and her strawberry-tipped breasts are never "out of season"!

Liebreich, wild und geil — so ungefähr würde ich meine Ellen beschreiben. Ungeachtet unserer nun schon mehrjährigen Ehe, wird fast jeden Abend als Vorgericht Liebe gereicht, ehe wir uns zu Tisch setzen. Wo auch immer, wann auch immer, ihre weiche Hand macht ihn hart.

Délicieuse, primesautière, impudique, telle est mon Ellen. Après plusieurs années de vie commune, nous baisons encore avant le dîner. N'importe où, n'importe quand, elle peut me faire bander. Ses seins sont toujours lutins.

Heerlijk wild en wulps, zo zou ik mijn Ellen willen beschrijven. Hoewel we al jaren samenleven is het nog steeds liefde vóór het eten, als ik 's avonds thuiskom. Overal en altijd kan ze me een stijve bezorgen en zichzelf is altijd in de stemming.







My Ellen's hot, always hot and moist. My pre-dinner cocktail is the juice from her pussy; much more enjoyable than any dry martini. For years now she has dressed up to greet me in the evening; always beautifully made-up, always exquisitely gowned, but always without panties.

Heiß ist meine Ellen, immer heiß und immer naß. Mein Horsd'œuvre wird in ihrem Kelch aufgetragen — köstlicher als jeder Trank dieser Welt. Seit Jahren schon hüllt sie sich allabendlich in ihre Begrüßungsrobe, tadellos zurechtgemacht und tipptopp in Schale — und seit je ohne Höschen.

Mon Ellen est chaudasse, toujours moite. Mon apéritif du soir, c'est le jus de son baveux. Elle se pare toujours pour m'accueillir. Bellement maquillée, délicieusement drapée mais jamais de culotte !

Mijn Ellen is heet, altijd geil en vochtig. Mijn cocktail voor het eten is het sap van haar poes, beter dan welke droge martini ook. Al jaren kleedt ze zich speciaal voor deze avondbegroeting, altijd goed opgemaakt altijd fantasties gekleed, maar altijd zonder slipje.





She knows me well, my Ellen. I forget the troubles and problems of life outside our home as she kisses and with her mouth worships the virility her sexuality has aroused. As she tongues me divinely we are in our own sweet heaven.

Sie kennt mich gut, meine Ellen. Unter ihren Küssen zerstiebt der graue Alltag in alle Winde, und wenn dann ihr Mund der Männlichkeit huldigt, steht ihr Sex kurz vor dem Überschäumen. Göttliche Flammen züngeln an mir empor, und für uns tut sich der siebte Himmel auf.

Elle me connaît bien, la coquine. Soucis et ennuis s'envolent quand elle prodigue ses bises et ses languettes au membre raidi par ses charmes. Comme je biche !

Ze kent me goed, mijn Ellen. Ik vergeet de zakelijke problemen van de dag als ze kust en met haar mond de viriliteit aanbidt die haar seksualiteit heeft veroorzaakt. Ze zuigt me verrukkelijk en we zijn in onze eigen zevende hemel.





A long time ago we both shaved off our pubic hair: somehow it makes us feel closer and still more open to each other. Ellen prefers the active role in love-making. When on top of me she can play with herself, open herself wider, and let me in deeper.

Unsere Haare dort unten haben wir weggenommen. So ist das Gefühl der Berührung inniger und offener. Ellen zieht den aktiven Part bei unseren Liebeskunst-Stücken vor. Hoch aufgebäumt auf mir, sind dem allertiefsten Zutritt Tür und Tor geöffnet.

Il y a belle lurette que nous nous sommes rasés les poils du bas-ventre pour nous sentir plus près. Elle préfère être dessus. Comme ça, elle se taquine, écarte plus largement, me happe plus profondément.

Tijden geleden schoren we ons schaamhaar af en op een of andere manier voelen we ons daardoor nog ontvankelijker en dichter bij elkaar. Ellen prefereert de actieve rol. Als ze op me is kan ze met zichzelf spelen, me nog dieper in zich opnemen.





We are faithful most of the time, not because of any moral principal, but because together we are more relaxed. She can ride herself to a climax, shamelessly pulling apart and pressing together her bottom cheeks, until her juices make my prick glisten and shine in the lamplight.

Wir halten uns, fast völlig, die Treue. Weniger vielleicht aus moralischen Beweggründen als aus genießerischen. Einander können wir am entspanntesten hingeben. Mit zusammengepreßten Hinterbacken reitet sie auf mir ihrem Höhepunkt entgegen. Ihre Säfte, die an mir herabtriefen, funkeln im Schein der Lampe.

Je lui ai donné goût au plaisir, avec moi ou avec d'autres. Elle me trombine jusqu'au paroxysme, écartant et serrant sans vergogne ses fesses rebondies. Sa mouille fait luire ma bite sous la lampe.

Als regel zijn we elkaar trouw, niet vanwege morele principes, maar omdat we samen meer ontspannen zijn. Ze kan zichzelf naar een klimaks toerijden en schaamteloos haar billen van elkaar trekken totdat haar sappen mijn pik doen glinsteren in het lamplicht.







I rarely come inside her now. Having reached her climax she likes me to kneel over her while she sucks me off. Habit however, has not dulled the pleasure and excitement, as I see and feel her tongue flicking around my knob. Ellen loves the taste of sperm.

Ist es ihr gekommen, dann zieht sie mich in knieende Stellung über sich. Sie lutscht mir einen ab. Wie auch je gestimmt, nie werden meine Freude und Erregung erlöschen, wenn ich ihre Zunge um meine Eichel spielen sehe und fühle. Ellen schätzt die Würze des Samens.

Actuellement, je l'enfourche rarement. Elle adore me sucer alors que je suis à genoux. Habitude jouissive qui m'arrache des grognements de plaisir quand sa langue titille ma quiquette. Ellen adore savourer mon foutre.

Ik kom zelden in haar klaar. Ze vindt het fijn als ik boven haar kniel nadat ze een orgasme had, om me dan te pijpen. Het verhoogt ook mijn opwinding als ik haar tong om mijn eikel zie en voel spelen. Ellen is dol op de smaak van sperma.





When I have come, she milks out every last drop with her hand and then with her tongue licks it off. She adores sex, and sensuality; she shows it in her eyes. Perhaps some would call her a tramp. However that's my Ellen; the lovable, the wanton, the one of whom I shall never tire.

Wenn auch mir endlich einer abgeht, wringt sie mich mit Hand und Zunge bis auf den letzten Tropfen aus. Sie vergöttert Sex und Sinnlichkeit und läßt es mich in ihren Augen ablesen. Manche mögen sie liederlich schelten. Für mich freilich ist sie meine Ellen, meine liebreiche, wilde, geile Ellen, der ich nimmer überdrüssig werde.

J'ai déchargé et elle trait la dernière goutte, qu'elle lape avidement. Elle aime l'érotisme et le libidineux. Ça se voit dans ses yeux cochons. Et dire que certains la traiteraient de salope, ma tendre, ma généreuse Ellen !

Als ik klaargekomen ben melkt ze de laatste drop uit en likt me schoon. Sommigen zouden haar misschien een slet noemen. Ze is dol op seks en sensualiteit: je ziet het in haar ogen. Maar zo is mijn Ellen nu eenmaal; de verrukkelijke, de begeerlijke, waarvan ik nooit genoeg zal krijgen.



Photos by
MILTON

THE INTERCOM

by Lisbeth Johnson

Linda started work at the office on the Monday. She was a brunette, 35 years of age with a figure that would make even a Coca-Cola bottle blow its top. She was going to be my secretary! The Personnel Officer had chosen her for me; in fact, this would probably be some consolation to my wife—should she ever lay eyes on my assistant.

Linda's habit of not wearing a bra made the task of dictating letters to her far from easy. The postage costs for the firm would almost certainly have decreased, had she not been such an efficient secretary who always brought me down to earth whenever I tried to mentally fondle her breasts through the thin blouse. Her body would radiate a warmth which could thaw an iceberg, but at the same time her eyes were so cold that when she looked at me I felt as though I'd just had a bucket of cold water thrown over me.

Linda was always polite and friendly towards me, even though she, in all manner of ways, brought my attention to focus on her physical attributes, she remained a little distant. We established a superficial relation to each other but the way to deeper friendship was barred by a seemingly impregnable defense. The men at the office often talked about Linda. We knew very little about her and she always made sure that we didn't find out anything. There was, in fact, no way of finding out anything either,—to get information from the grapevine was out of the question as she had just moved to our town. Nobody had seen her out with any men; and she was very seldom seen out at all. She always turned up at the office on time at nine o'clock every morning, and would come in looking fresh, well-dressed and radiating sex.

I wasn't all that interested in her really. I have a wonderful relationship with my wife and I didn't feel like sacrificing it in exchange for a little bit of fun with my secretary. I have never been a very good liar and my wife would be sure to understand my behaviour and see my guilt in no time at all.

No, I was not really interested in making love to Linda. But I was curious about who she was and what she did in her spare time and with whom she went out. After a month or so I noticed that she occasionally would go into her own office and come out a few minutes later with flushed cheeks. To describe her cheeks as "flushed" might be a bit of an overstatement, but in so far as I could judge, the colour of her cheeks seemed to heighten on these occasions. I became more and more fascinated by her behaviour and by the clandestine minutes she spent in her office. I was determined to find out what she was up to.

Once, when she had gone into her office, I crept very quietly up to the door and listened, but heard nothing whatsoever. It was completely quiet. She was not on the telephone nor typing letters; yet after a while I could hear a faint sound—a rustling sound.

I could have opened the door and intruded upon her but something warned me not to, that her secret should not be revealed. At any rate—not to the extent that she would know that I knew and shared it.

The office being on the very top floor of the office-building, I could not take a look through any of the windows. Then I came upon the idea of using the telephone extension—perhaps I would be able to hear something of her activities. But there was a snag. There would be a call tone on the other telephone. I had to think of a way round this problem.

That same day I waited until all the others had gone home, saying that I had work to catch up on. I went into the girl's office and disconnected a wire and eventually succeeded in arranging the circuit so that I could dial and make the connection to her number without the call tone sounding.

The next day I was on edge all morning, waiting for the time when Linda would lock herself in her room. When she did I closed the door of my own office, and dialled her number. I got through. Then I heard the sound of something being unzipped. An article of clothing fell to the floor. Her chair made a sound as she sat down. Then there was silence. After a minute or so I noticed the sound of heavy breathing and a slight squelching noise. My prick became hard against the underside of the desk as soon as I guessed what she was doing. I also realised that this was what I had had in the back of my mind all the time since I first noticed her secluded and secretive activities.

The breathing became more violent. Now she was gasping and moaning softly. My own hand wandered slowly over my trousers down to my prick, and clasped the head tightly. Suddenly Linda began to moan more. I don't know quite what came over me or how it happened but I shouted Linda's name. Then all went quiet for a while; until I heard her panting again. I called out her name once more and she answered. "Are you in your office?" "Yes, I'm alone." "Undo your flies and pull it out! I want you to tell me when you've got it in your hand—I'm having a great time."

I obeyed her command and in a trance I plunged my fingers into my trousers and got out my prick.

"My hands are all lovely and wet". She moaned. "I've already come once but for your sake I'd like to come again. Are you having as good a time as I am?" I gasped a weak "Yes" into the microphone.

"When I think of your wet cunt I almost come immediately—right into the drawer of my desk."

"Oh, Christ!" she gasped. "Tell me when you're coming. I've nearly got my whole hand up my cunt. Mmmh it's fantastic... I think... I'm coming... Aaah

The sound of her panting seemed to fill the entire room and I knew that it wouldn't be long before I came as well. Then I heard her say...

"Go on... Come... I want to hear you when you come... please tell me." "Linda... I can't speak now... I'm..." "Go on... let it come..."

Her voice was all I needed to make my juices spurt out. I moaned deeply as the sperm jetted forth.

For the space of five minutes I was completely in another world. When I came to my senses again I called out Linda's name, but she didn't answer me. Ten minutes later however, she entered the room and handed me a pile of letters to sign. Her eyes now had their usual cold brilliance: she made no mention at all of what had happened only a few minutes beforehand. Nor did I bring the subject up.

But this was not to be the end, it was only the beginning. During the months ahead I found out much about Linda. She was and is a confirmed voyeuse, and masturbator. She had had ample experience of so called normal sex, both with men of her own age and also with younger boys for whom she had a bent. However, her physical experiments had not been as rewarding as they might have been and she had developed an idea of a cerebral sex which could be translated into masturbatory fantasies. This had now been going on for some years and she had lost more than one job because of her, at times, rather extraordinary behaviour.

Although in several senses she continued to keep me at arms' length she must have found a new kick in recounting to me her various experiences.

Early in her life she had worked as a nurse in hospital, where one of her duties was to shave men's pubic hair before an operation.

"One day," she related. "I was going about my duties in a fairly normal manner. I had to shave a negro. Even so he had quite an unusually large prick; as I commenced to soap around his genitals, the warm water and perhaps because I was a little careless with my hands, must have excited him. Gradually I continued trimming and then shaving the hair; the member rose to quite enormous proportions. It was really one of the biggest I have ever seen. At first he was a little embarrassed, but gradually, pride in his obvious virility and the little exhibitionist streak in all of us, overcame his shame. I had my own hands occupied with scissors and the razor and so in order to get at the hair properly I asked him to hold his prick out of the way. His black hand could scarcely span the huge engine. Whilst I continued he slowly and almost unconsciously began to masturbate, it was some moments before I realised what he was doing; trying to excite me. And he certainly was succeeding! I wasn't, nor am I particularly colour prejudiced but I did not want either instant sex nor an affair with a coloured man. Yet I did want to see him come! The thought of thick white sperm shooting out of the great black cock was almost enough to make me come in my pants.

Fortunately we were in a private room at the hospital; and the chances of our being disturbed were I believed very small. I stepped back from the bed, and could almost read the disappointment in his eyes. However, I just looked at him and placing the scissors and razor on the trolley with my now free hands, rais-

ed the front of my skirt. Black stocking tops and black regulation hospital knickers contrasted vividly with the white thighs in between. Facing the man with my skirt held waist high and looking directly into his eyes I slid my hand into my knickers and slowly inserted a finger into my cunt. I began to play with myself. We kept pace with each other, the faster he went the quicker I. Obviously neither of us could stand this erotic fantasy for too long, and it was really a question of who came first. His eyes were now riveted on the 'v' on the front of my knickers, through which he was able to see the shape of my hand as I rubbed myself off. His prick seemed to grow harder and bigger and blacker. The knob shone with pre-come juices, and then he erupted. Gouts of semen shot into the air and landed back to lie glistening on his stomach. I had heard before that when negroes come, they come a lot, but this was really incredible! The sight of the pools of white on the black skin and my own thrusting fingers gave me the best climax I had ever had until then.

For as long as my friend remained at the hospital we found an excuse to repeat this scene at fairly frequent intervals. Often he would beg me to show him my pussy without its covering, but something told me that if I did that, part of our excitement would be lost.

For the next few months I continued to search for and to find similar adventures. Men in hospital seemed to get very randy and it was not difficult to find those who were willing to play my little charade. However, the more successful I was the more my appetite grew until one day the inevitable happened, the ward sister walked in and interrupted one of my little games. Needless to say, the hospital authorities would not accept my behaviour for the medical and therapeutic value which I'm sure it had!"

Linda had an immense fund of these anecdotes to recount to me. How many were true, and how many fantasy I never knew. She still remained somewhat of an enigma. She always told these stories during lunch; which we began to have the habit of taking together. The recollection of these real or imagined events brought a gleam to her eyes which I came to recognize: and which usually ended in the same manner. "You don't want me for any dictation for a while?"

She would say; as the lift carried us back to our offices. I knew exactly what she meant, and would return to my own office and press the telephone extension. I never had to wait very long! She worked for me for about a year. Cold but proper in the office; an amusing and entertaining lunch companion; yet by the connecting-link of the extension 'phone, the most shameless and exciting woman I have ever met.

She left suddenly, without any notice. My colleagues, knowing about our lunches together, assumed an affair which had gone sour. But should they ask, I shall have a clear conscience and a truthful air when I answer, "I never even held her hand!"



BEAUTIFUL BOSOMS

Many Private readers are sending us, with justifiable pride, figure photographs of their wives or girl friends; and in the case of our women readers, of themselves.

We intend, therefore, to provide two pages in future issues of Private for your own photographs!

Just send us the photograph.

The pictures selected will be those showing the most interesting breasts.

- 1). Photographs may be negatives—prints—or slides, and should be accompanied by the sender's name and address.
- 2). Please inform if you do not wish us to print your name and/or address.
- 3). If you would like your photos returned kindly enclose a self-addressed envelope.
- 4). The sender of each photograph published will be invited to choose any five issues of Private he or she may wish, to help complete their own collections.



I enclose a photo of my girl-friend—she's really fantastic! And especially her nipples—they are so sensitive that she can nearly always get a climax by me merely kissing and licking them.

Zeljko Theodorov
Belgrad

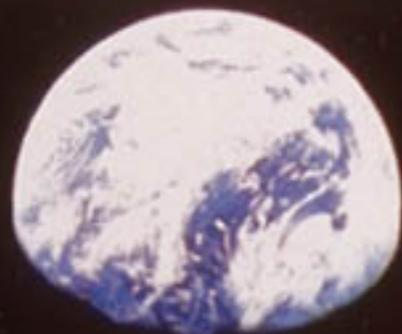
My wife is 23 and we have been married for 4 years. Even now her breasts never cease to arouse me. We often go to sex parties I have noticed that I am by no means the only one who feels that way about them. I think this photo of her will be highly appreciated by many Private connoisseurs. I hope to see it appear in your next issue.

Frans Scholz
Munchen

This is a photo my girlfriend has taken of me. Sometimes she and I make love together, but I also have many boy-friends. However, one thing often disappoints me: many of my sex partners concentrate far too much on my breasts. I sometimes get the feeling that people only want me for this alone—my bust! For this very reason I get more excited when someone ignores my breasts completely and caresses the other parts of my body. Does any other "bust girl" feel the same way as I do?

**Yvette Marsel
Lyon**





PRIVATE READER

You are probably getting used to compliments for your excellent magazine. This comes from a professional photographer tired from seeing awful pictures of ugly models photographed without taste.

Your magazines are good examples of how a delicate subject as pornography can be treated with understanding of ideas behind the pictures; and may I also add a compliment to my Swedish colleagues for their marvellous pictures!

Unfortunately my present work, more as a writer than as a photographer, makes it impossible for me to take such pictures, but I admit that I often feel tempted, because I feel I could make them better than most of the awful lot you see. But it would be hard to compete with your pictures! You have good ideas, excellent photographers and beautiful models. I wish that I could some day be present and see them at work.

As most normal men I am interested in seeing good pornography, and I have of course in my lifetime taken several pictures myself;—most photographers have. Some were taken in a period 15 years ago, when I worked in Paris. They were made for fun, and only the girls involved got the prints.

However, these photographs and an American magazine I found in New York in April this year, brings me to the purpose of this letter.

I know you have an open mind for ideas. Perhaps these cuttings from the magazine and some prints, I shall send you later, may inspire you.

The story with the "Flushing Girl" Jean (Editors Note: Story of a girl who uses a douche for pleasure as well as for hygiene) made me remember the pictures I made of two semi-lesbian girls in Paris. I still keep the negatives, but unfortunately I cannot make enlargements for the first couple of weeks. You will however, get them as soon as possible, and they are of course only for "inspiration" and not for publishing.

The girls had a special kind of private pleasure which will probably prove just as exciting to your readers as it once was to me.

They loved to start their lesbian love by treating each other with injections or flushings with big rubber-sprays or irrigators. Both could soon arrive to a perfect orgasm by the treatment.

I admit, that when the girls first gave me a presentation of their play, it was most exciting—and surprising! But the girls told me, that this kind of play was rather popular among young girls from their "milieu"—mannequins in courture and coiffure.

Most fortunately for me the two girls were not 100% lesbian, so we did have fun together. They were also a bit exhibitionistic, because they proposed themselves, that I should take some pictures.

The girls were certainly not as beautiful as your models, nor were the pictures taken in a studio but with single flash in a Parisian hotel room.

Now, the story in the American magazine supported by the fact that some girls are enjoying that sort of fun, makes me believe that your readers would appreciate this idea. It should then be realised by your staff as a colour-serie with some of your beautiful models.

You will notice, that not on a single picture from the American magazine has the girl inserted the nozzle of the rubber tube into her cunt. I believe that this is forbidden by the US laws!

Your magazine will of course be able to go as far as you want and make more realistic pictures—with water in the irrigators or the sprays, and the instruments really put into the girls and used and thus creating real expressions on their faces.

In anycase, here is the idea—free of charge! I wish I could be present if and when you realise it.

I mentioned rubber. The same two girls had another passion: They both loved rubber and to wear rubber. Both had several raincoats and boots of rubber.

This was about 15 years ago, when black shining raincoats were made of real rubber and were most popular among young Parisian girls.

I once watched the two girls making lesbian love both naked in their rubber raincoats. Unfortunately I did not bring a camera on that occasion, because that was most exciting.

Seen from a professional photographers point of view, the black shining rubber in contrast to the girls skin was a striking effect.

Rubber coats are often connected with sadism,—here was nothing of the kind. The girls just explained that for some reason or another they loved rubber, which they found exciting.

I now think of the pictures which could be made, if you put two of your most beautiful models in short rubber or vinyl coats and long rubber boots and let them "do things". I am sure that many of your readers will find a colour serie based on such pictures very exciting.

J.C.

COPENHAGEN.

(Translated from French.) Dear Mr. Milton, My wife and I both love "Private": a magazine where the girls really are beautiful and hide nothing! Are you able to put us in con-

Private introduces under this heading, a representative selection of opinions sent in by our Private readers. If you wish to write relating your sexual experiences, positively, negatively, or even expressing your views regarding Private articles, then please drop a line to Private, marking the envelope "Private Reader". You may correspond in English, German, French, Spanish or Italian. In order to publish your letters, it is necessary that they be kept short. We would like you, as we, to state your opinions quite openly. If for some reason you wish to remain anonymous, then we will publish your letter signed "a Private reader". All letters, needless to say, are treated in the strictest confidence. In order to give you some idea of the subjects touched upon by our readers, we quote the following letters which we have received.

tact with one of the girls or with other couples who may perhaps share our rather sexually liberated feelings? My wife, who has a "taste" for lesbianism would like to meet a young Swedish girl whom she could really "get to know"; her and me also!

As a couple we are very sexually free. Should she feel the need for an "adventure" my wife goes out alone to hunt and to find herself a strange male with whom she can make love either in the open air or sometimes at his home. As for me, I like her to suck me off whilst leafing through my Privates and looking at the photos of the exciting models.

We should both like to pose for you on our return to Europe: and shall contact you as soon as we know when we can come. In the meantime please accept our kindest regards.

G.L.

DJIBOUTI (T.F.A.I.)

Dear Mr. Milton,

Re: Your magazine Private No: 21. I was shown a copy of this magazine by a friend who had obtained it by mail order. I intend to spend my vacation in Holland this summer, and as a fairly innocent traveller would like to meet Greetje from Rotterdam, so that she can show me around. Any chance of sending me her address; so that I can contact her. I should be most grateful.

Sincerely,

B.S.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND. U.S.A.

Editor's Note:

Unfortunately we cannot give addresses of our models: with girls in Europe it's more a question of "finders keepers" and "seekers finders". However, if you visit Rotterdam: Greetje's own words:

"If ever you're in Rotterdam and see me around; try..."

MILTON.

The other day a friend showed me for about the third time a copy of Private he had picked up in Stockholm. This time I saw Private No: 15 with the section called "Private Readers", in which a reader from Great Britain asked you to show a few more "frontal shots" and a "good look" at a "clean cunt."

There really must be something seriously wrong with MILTON who seems more interested in showing close-ups of girls sucking rather than giving us what we want. Private No: 15 had two fine "frontal shots" but *no close-up*. Why not? You give *four* pages of the same girl in clothes but no critical close-up. What a flagrant waste of space!

If you think full-page spreads of the real thing will loosen your hold on your customers—you are wrong? My friend and I won't subscribe to Private because it is "watered down" with *senseless photos!*

P.W.

Nice—FRANCE

Editor's Note.

Whilst agreeing with part of your criticism I am unfortunately in the position of never being able to please to 100 % every reader and their own "kicks". The introductory photos of which you complain are found by many readers to "set the scene" and to create the ambience so that what follows, though erotic, is a natural sequence of events. Whilst a "close-up" of a sexy looking cunt is exciting to many people; surely it is more exciting to know to whom the cunt belongs; and what the girl looks like dressed, before she "opens" herself to us. Though the naked body is beautiful, don't you think that a woman in a very short mini can be more arousing? However, if you are a "vagina voyeur" check up on No: 19 (Teneriffe) and No: 21 (Greetje from Rotterdam). I hope these don't disappoint you!

POEM FOR
BERTH MILTON,
IN RETURN FOR WONDROUS
PHOTOS

You *do* know the big grump, don't you?
You do smell the exhaust from the cars, as it
oozes through the streets, don't you?
You do see the dirty pigeons flapping up from the
sullen, smooth paving-stones, don't you?
But do you ever catch a glimpse of a smile or the
joyous sound of laughter? Do you?
I do.
Thank God, I do!
If my grey surroundings were not blessed with Kora,
there'd be no sense in staying here.
(Now and then I see her on my way to work)
Through the dust and the neon light and the
heavy noises from the black factories her smile,
her warmth is forcing its way, her sparkling eyes
are trying hard to melt the ice in people (of my
town;) but my town is made of stone and so are the
hearts of its inhabitants.
Stressed, anonymous people. Always casting down
their eyes ashamed of their lack of love
ashamed of their loneliness.
"Pretty smile, but it won't pay the bill!"
They seldom display a smile and when they do...
it's business!
However, gazes *are* entering her luxuriant
landscape of winding, undulating curves and
mounds of human flesh; thoughts *are* devoured
by her shady grove or swimming her lady-lake.
But few know of their dream and few realise
their thirst. And still she keeps exposing
her oasis to the desert, waiting for you,
waiting for me to break out of the crowd.
Now and then you *may* see some one return
her smile—a lonesome student, a sot, a clerk,
or some lonely strangers from abroad—and she
will stop to speak to them and provoke them to
laugh and look at her body in unveiled
admiration. Flirting? Yes, but not for profit.
For love! That's what we all need so badly in this
roaring monster of a city.
Yesterday I was broke,

yesterday my soul was absolutely on the rocks,
but yesterday I managed a pale smile
and Kora provoked me to swim her lake.
This morning I washed ashore alive on Kora's body.
Today her perfect nature is holding me on to life.
Tomorrow you must join me.
Convert to those who preach Love.
Kora begs you.

Dear Mr. Milton,

My husband is an avid reader of *Private*, and has been for the last two and a half years. Not that I have any complaints about that; the arrival of a new *Private* ensures for me several nights of contented if perhaps "disturbed" rest! We have been married for ten years now, and whatever comes through the post-box to add to our already good sexlife is more than welcome.

My complaint is that your magazine is too male-orientated. I am not "anti-pussy"; far from it, I have several women friends with whom I indulge myself and them; but in *Private* there is far too little shown of the lovely male models. When they appear in the photos, which is not enough, they already have erections. As a woman, I can assure you that unfortunately this is seldom true! Part of our thrill is the gradual making of a man hard. Can you not show us a series at it would really happen. A soft penis very gradually becoming more and more aroused.

Remember Mr. Milton that we women want our pleasures too! So please more concentration on the men. From my own experiences, I can assure you that frontal nudes of men, need not be repetitive; *they* do "come" in all shapes and sizes!

(Mrs.) B.H.

Birmingham, England.

Editors Note:

Point taken Mrs. B.; I will bow to your wider knowledge and try, in the future, to give you more of what you like!

MILTON

My fiancée and I are both avid Private readers and we would like to show our appreciation of your "Moral" column about women's busts in No. 15, as it is precisely this part of a woman's anatomy which attracts me. In fact, my fiancée's large, beautiful breasts were what first attracted me to her. Naturally enough, she is very proud of them, and we therefore enclose a photo with the hope of seeing it in your magazine.

Incidentally—why not have an 'amateur photographers' bust photos' page in every issue. I am sure that there are many people who would be willing to contribute with special "bust shots".

N. Schröder
West Germany



A good idea, sir! Starting with this issue we'll be including readers' photos in each issue—for your photo, see overleaf.

MILTON

Dear Milton,

I feel that I must write and tell you how much, and why, I appreciate Private. Not, I am ashamed to say, because of the doubtless aesthetic qualities of the photographs, as I am just a dirty—not so old man—but because of the pleasure it has led to.

My wife and I are just normal English swingers! We go to parties, for group sex, and have our own friends home for foursomes. We had one ambition, note the *had*; to have an "au pair". Until two months ago, it seemed impossible to find such a girl, or undesirable as we should have had to have curtailed our own rather open sex-life.

However; due to pressure of domestic work, my wife decided she must have help at home. She interviewed several applicants without much success; and without finding one whom she felt she could take to. At length the agency sent her a young French girl.

Inadvertently, and it proved fortunately, I had. This certainly broke the ice between the two livingroom coffee table. The girl, Suzette, had, whilst my wife was making her some coffee opened and obviously read it.

that day, left my copy of No: 18 Private on the women; in particular, I was told, the series on "Solange" and her adventures as an "au pair" in England. When I returned from the office that evening, Suzette was "presented" to me *in bed!* Thanks, I believe to Private, I now have my own "menage a trois". All my friends are jealous, and No: 18 will certainly be in demand here as they are all trying the same trick. Can we have a series with several "au pairs". "Never mind the quality", let's feel the quantity!

Very sincerely,

H.B. (a not yet so old dirty old man) LONDON

Editors Note.

Work! Don't be too greedy in wanting too much or you will soon become an old old dirty old man!

MILTON.

Monsieur,

I have read Private since No: 8 and would claim to be one of your most enthusiastic readers. Thank you, Mr. Milton, for such extraordinary "close-ups"!

Nevertheless, a question: Why not some photos of a girl peeing? Surely there can be nothing wrong in this; such an action before her partner only proves a complete intimacy. It was put very well by Henry Miller when he said, "When burning with passion man is eager to see all the forbidden fruit; in the same way also to see how she urinates."

F.Y.

PARIS

*Your
PRIVATE
Girl*



A MASOCHIST AT THE HOUSE OF A SADO-THERAPIST!



Next day there was to be a big party. By about seven o'clock there were present seven or eight men, Pia, the two mistresses and myself. In honour of this event I had been given, as an addition to my rather meagre clothing, a tight leather collar, ornamented with bells.

After cocktails the entertainment began! The men were stripped naked and joined together with a long piece of cord tied around their balls; the end of this cord was then attached to my collar, and I was told to lead the way upstairs. The cord was undone, three slaves were hung from the ceiling, one tied to the ladder, two sent into the bedroom to wait and another put into a straight-jacket. I was given to one of Madame Monique's favourite slaves whom



The true story of an English girl who visited Monique von Cleef.

I had been a slave of Madam X in London for several months when I first saw the article in *Private No: 20* about Madame Monique von Cleef. My own mistress had already arranged a visit and she decided to take me with her. We flew from London to Amsterdam and arrived by taxi at Monique von Cleef's house. She greeted us; and after being welcomed, my own clothes were taken away, and I was given a brief black bikini. My introduction to the torture room upstairs quickly followed. Pia, a woman who works with Madame Monique was already busily engaged in "hanging" up one of the clients and putting another in "bondage". I was put into the pillory and spent that evening, a helpless watcher.



I knew as Number 88. My own mistress encouraged him to use me however he wished. He put me in the pillory and whipped me. I could see Pia working on the other men. Number 88 was obviously not used to whipping a girl, so the two mistresses took over and demonstrated on me. He then took me into the bedroom, and made love to me. Returning to the torture room I was given to another slave, I think he was number 101. He tied me on my back on the little red table, and went down to me.

The "scene" still continued. Another slave was told to fuck me, but couldn't, as the angle at which I was lying was wrong. My own mistress then suggested a "Wheel of Fortune". All the slaves were to take turns. One was to suck my pussy, two others my breasts, I had a prick in my mouth and others wanking around me. I lost count of time, as they changed places on the word of command. It finished up by

them standing over me, masturbating. They came all over me! There was no participation on my part, I was simply an object.

By the following morning the strangeness of the unusual surroundings had begun to wear off. The first caller arrived to do housework for Madame Monique. He was told to stand before Madame X and drop his trousers. Branded on his body, just above his prick, was Monique's emblem! Next came a leather fetishist, and I was put in a little leather dress. He wanted to fuck me but was so excited by the smell of the leather, that he just came all over the dress. The next slave was put into some fantastic bondage with his arms behind his neck. I was made to stand in front of him, open my legs and play with myself. He quickly had an erection. As he was an attractive man, I too, was soon randy. We were hung up slightly apart, but close enough that our





sionally jerking off. One of the last visitors was a very self assured American, "I don't know whether this is my scene or not, but I'm willing to try." At the end of a fairly short session my Mistress had him crawling on the floor kissing her boots.

I left The Hague a little confused. I'd participated in these scenes in London, but only for comparatively short periods at a time; there I had lived and breathed the ambience for four whole days.

I have now had time to think, and have come to the conclusion that most of the excitement is mental. I can compare my own experiences to the "Story of O". I think we slaves find a considerable degree of pleasure in being an object. A thing, having no mind and no power of decision-making. There, just to please others; with no regard to our own pleasure, pain or satisfaction. The only assurance that one has, is that one will not be too badly damaged, as a badly hurt slave can no longer serve! Because a slave is not completely expendable, the dominance is as much mental as physical. Gradually one becomes to need this dominance. This mental subserviance and lack of power to make decisions about oneself for one's body can give deep erotic pleasure. My four days were really quite an experience; the whole atmosphere of the place and the personalities of the people involved were to say the least, unusual!

On leaving, Madame Monique paid me, perhaps, a compliment. She gives to all her slaves a Number; to me she presented a broach, which I am to wear round my neck on future occasions, it was simply engraven with a nought. I am now "Zero" at that establishment.

bodies would rub together. The sense of frustration was indescribable. At length he was partially undone, laid on the floor and I was told to get on top and fuck him. But the previous teasing he had suffered had made him soft. Madame Monique looked down as he lay there: "You're no good" she said, "you're a lousy specimen". She spat on his cock and almost instantly, he was hard again. This mental degradation had, as Monique knew it would, the physical effect. Although I was fucked by several men that day, in only two cases was it what one would call "straight". With all the others sex was only part of long involved "scenes". My last day was again fascinating and yet different. One slave had for a long time wanted to shave a "pussy"! Although a little unhappy about this, as I don't like being shaven, I was stretched out on the bed and held down by Mistress X and Madame Monique. Soon my pubic hair had gone and the man and I were left alone with instructions that we could do whatsoever we liked except screw. We kept to these instructions, and just played around, and sucked each other. On her return my Mistress felt my by then wet cunt and we were accused of having made love. Our denials were not believed. My partner was sentenced to loose his pubic hair; and I was to do it. I shaved all round his pubic area, his legs were pulled apart, raised in the air and every single hair removed. We were then allowed to fuck, with the two Mistresses standing there; "See how these slaves stick together", laughed my Mistress, "They're so sorry for each other!"

During my days there I was beaten quite a lot. At times by slaves and sometimes in front of them, by one or other of the Mistresses. I was involved sexually with perhaps thirty men; a mixture of straight fucking, sucking off, and occa-





Confession of a sado- therapist part II

One day a masochist met a true sadist. The masochist pleaded "make me suffer". The sadist smiled with pleasure and replied "No!"

I was born down in the south of Holland in 1925, in a town near the Belgian border. I grew up and went to school there. Even at an early age my dominant personality was evident in my behaviour towards others. I found that I could control all the boys in the neighbourhood. My mother has often told me about a little school-friend I had when I was only six. He was the same age as me and would accompany me on my way to and from school. He used to carry my books—I would always make him walk two or three steps behind me. When we arrived home I would just grab the bag out of his hand without saying a word. Mama used to say, just to tease me:

"Why don't you bring him upstairs so that we can give him a lemonade and a cookie?"

And I used to answer:

"No. Why should we?"

At seventeen I planned to take up nursing. One day I went with my Father to some business dinner, and there we met another couple. We were sitting at a table for four; the lady was very elegant, I was very curious about the manner in which Papa's friend was serving and looking at her. During dinner, this woman had been looking at me with some amusement, and after a while she asked where I was living.



"I'm living down south, but within a few months, after I leave school, I'll be coming up north."

"Well", she said, "Look me up—here 's my card. I should like to get better acquainted with you."

Later I asked my Father whether this lady was his friend's wife, and Papa said:

"No, that is his mistress. He is married to someone else and has five kids. I don't know what it is; yet there is some form of a strange relationship between them. He is obviously very fond of her."

After a few months I was in Nijmegen doing my hospital training and living in a small room with two other girls. One day I called this woman up and told her that I was going to have a few days off, and that I was coming to Amsterdam to stay with some girl-friends.

She invited me to visit her.

This girl, or woman, she must have been about 45, changed my whole life.

She had a beautiful apartment in an old building in Amsterdam, filled with antiques and beautiful art treasures.

Over tea I said jokingly:

"He must be keeping you very well."

She replied: "Yes. He is my slave."

I didn't carry the conversation any further, as I didn't want to appear to be stupid. Later she invited me to look over the apartment, and while showing me around, mentioned again that my father's friend was her slave. I looked at her:

"I believe you, but I don't know what it means."

"Exactly what I said," she replied. "He is my slave. I have had him for 17 years, and he is now very well trained. He's not my only slave, but he is the main one and my favourite."

She asked if I was going to stay in Amsterdam for the next two or three days, and on telling her that this was my intention, she said:

"If you care to come on Monday afternoon, I'll give him an appointment, so that you can see how well I've trained him. Would you like that?"

I said I would, though I thought she was crazy. None of this made any sense to me and I had no idea what she was talking about. Up till then I'd hardly had any sexual experience. The only sex I had had was with a nun when I was eleven. It lasted for about two years while I was attending a Catholic girls school.

During the next couple of days I couldn't make up my mind whether or not to return, for although I was very intrigued I felt that I would not have the courage to go. However, by Monday my curiosity had overcome my fear and I arrived at her apartment ten minutes early. I was met at the door by my hostess who welcomed me with a smile:

"You're early", she said, "I didn't think you would be in such a hurry."

I said I wasn't; but to tell the truth, I think I was much more interested than I would have liked to have shown.

Whilst waiting for (X) we relaxed. We talked about auctions, and of her passion for buying the rare and the unusual. There seemed to be no room in her apartment, as it was crammed with the many objects she had collected and the semi-darkness in which she kept it, made it seem more so. She told me she had bought a new statue:

"It needs to be cleaned," she said. "Because somebody has painted it blue. Later I'll show it to you; and if you like it, you can have it."

"Where would I put it?" I asked. "I live in a small room with three old iron beds and two other girls. We are not allowed to have anything for ourselves, except maybe an old painting. The hospital authorities are very strict!"

After a while she offered to show me the statue. Walking to the end of the room, I saw in the corner, a large table on which there was a large blue statue, standing like a Hercules. I admired it:

"It's very beautiful, so muscular and so life-like."

Suddenly I gasped:

"Mon Dieu. It is real!"

"Yes, it's X my slave, the one we have been talking about."

Turning to the statue she said:

"Come down from the table, you can pay homage to my girl-friend."

He came off the table, sweating and perspiring from the paint. She sent him to have a shower. When he came back, my friend showed me a session with him. She whipped him and made him play with his cock. He had long nipples almost like a Zulu girl; and his cock was so well trained that he could have an erection and go soft at her command. This made me very excited and I was allowed to whip him a little, and that was the first time that I had ever whipped a man.

During the war, I saw a German propaganda movie, in which a Jew was very badly beaten; whilst whipping the man, I again remembered this, and found myself getting more and more excited. Since that time I have always known that I was a sadist.

When I left Holland for America the "Maso-sadism Scene" was still a very closed circle. It was only in about 1964 or 1965 that things here became more open. A lot of this was due to the new sex magazines. People started reading and understanding more of what they desired and of

where to find it. According to the Kinsey Institute, the opportunity of a masochistic man finding by chance a physically dominant female, still less a sadistic one, is less than one to eight thousand. The problem with being a masochist is not so much in being a masochist, but in finding a dominant female.

People come to me here with some form of masochistic fantasy. Sometimes they have had it for years, sometimes they don't even know what it is. Some like to think of being flogged, perhaps because they have read stories on this subject and this excites them. But the real "scene" is humiliation. I talk to everybody first, sometimes for as long as half an hour. From this conversation I can find out what he needs. I believe I can humiliate any man who comes to me, the physical beating, tying up and torture is a method of getting through to his mind. A slave must have fear of what is going to happen. One time in America I knew a pilot. He lived in Boston and used to visit me fairly frequently; for some reason I couldn't get past the physical barrier with him. After a scene he would tell me that it was nice and quite exciting. But this acceptance of purely masochistic physical pleasure doesn't appeal to me. I was determined to get through to him!

The next time he came he was surprised to find that all the rubber and leather gear had been moved out of the attic and everything was spotlessly clean. I made him undress and lie flat on his back, and then prepared some plaster of paris.

"Can I ask you what is going to happen?" He said.

The big 6ft., previously arrogant, man was now beginning to be a little disturbed. I wouldn't tell him what I intended doing, but commenced to make a complete mummy of him, covering his whole body, but leaving only his genitals and face free. I went to a cupboard and took out medicine and scissors and a bottle of ether; the smell of ether began to pervade the room. I took out needles and again he asked: "What are you going to do?"

I didn't answer and just carried on with the preparations. Suddenly I turned to him with a surgical knife in my hand and said:

"Now I'm going to tell you that I intend to do. I'm going to castrate you!"

He locked at me and couldn't speak.

"Yes. I'm going to castrate you. I'm fed up with you, you come here and leave just as arrogantly as when you arrive. You tell me that I am not tough enough with you and that you are never really excited. So this is the final thing. After this you'll never have to come back!"

He was as white as the plaster of paris and I was still not certain as to how much he believed, or as to how much further I should go. If I stopped now, I thought, and took off the plaster of paris, he would just say:

"Oh! was that all; you just tried to scare me."

And then I looked down at his eyes; he was almost unconscious. Taking the plaster off, I told him to go down stairs and take a shower. He moved like a zombie, hardly able to negotiate the stairs. I told him:

"You're terrible; for once we were having a nice "scene". I was just enjoying myself when you lost consciousness".

With a whisky in his hand he replied:

"That "scene" was fantastic. I went through two wars, Germany and Korea, but I have never been so dead scared in my life. I was not sure whether you were going to do it or not."

A scene must never be "straight". Using a female slave with a man can give him double the excitement. Seeing a girl whipped or with clips on her nipples will obviously excite a man, but the great excitement and humiliation is knowing that this is soon going to happen to him. One time I had an actress here who came with her own master. First he beat her. Afterwards I hung her from the ceiling, and said to her:

"Now we are going to talk".

"I have nothing to talk about" she replied. "And I will not let you dominate me."

I pulled her breasts and again ordered her to talk; she refused. I took out some ointment which when in contact with the skin stings and burns. I rubbed it up into her pussy, then left her for a while. When I returned tears were steaming down her face; and she cried:

"I'll talk about anything you want, but take this stuff out of me." "It's too late, I can't do anything, and the burning sensation will last for 20 minutes."

Another male slave was sitting there, I had been tormenting his prick with needles and it looked very bad. Looking at the girl, he asked to be allowed to masturbate; in no time at all he'd got a very big erection. The hanging girl, was gazing at it, fascinated by the way it was growing and growing.

"Would you like to be fucked by him?" I asked. She nodded. "Anything is better than this burning sensation."

The man, his enormous cock erect, suddenly remembered the hot ointment in the girl's pussy. He looked afraid, as I told him to take her down and screw her there on the floor.

"Go on screw her." I said.

And he went into her. His foreskin was still a little cut from the needles, and when it came in contact with the ointment in the girl's cunt it must have been painful. But in less than no time, they were both crying and screwing and screwing and crying. It was just unbelievable! He stayed hard; but that I think was mental, as normally the ointment will destroy any erection.

With sado-masochism there are an unlimited number of possible permutations. You never have to do the same "scene" twice. The straight "scene" is always the same. You can only do it like this or like that, with one person or with a different person. Either as a Mistress or a Slave one never stops learning. Lots of different people come here; sometimes they are teachers who can't control their classes any more. Their nerves are bad. I can help them to get over this nervousness, to make them more contented by satisfying their sexual needs. It can become a type of love affair or rather a cerebral relationship between Mistress and Slave. This is one reason why I don't encourage a man to bring his wife here, because she will not understand and will believe she has a female competitor. The sexual part is not so very important, but she gets disturbed because she can see her husband being "closer" to another woman than her.

For me, the oddest kick is that people can have sex with animals. I'm a complete outsider on that. I don't think there's anything wrong with it, but I cannot understand it. I had a young Hungarian boy here who had blonde hair and a most beautiful face. He told me of how he had sex with a horse. He'd caressed the animal and worked up to it for about a year until he was able to fuck the horse. I don't feel disgusted at it, but to me it is incomprehensible.

Sex is very important to me. Not so much the sex that I have here, but my own kicks. I like penises. The "scene" here can excite me if I have someone masturbating. I like to see him grow and grow. I don't dislike pussies and I don't think they are ugly; they are just not arousing. To look at a penis even when it's soft and hanging down is quite something! I'm fascinated by their shapes, by the testicles hanging below. And to see them as they grow, moving this way and that, really does do something to me mentally. Perhaps it is the knowledge that someone is so sensuously aroused.

I think I have tried everything; with lesbians, people who have been to visit me, and at parties with 20 or 30 people. I used to dig any kind of sex and have always been willing to try anything once. There is no reason why I should discipline myself when I am working here, but I just don't want it, I consciously don't want it. However, if I did find

somebody I desired, I would fuck him; I would call him onto the bed; but this would be off the "scene" and for my pleasure!

I am a hunter. I have always liked men older than myself. Men who are soigné, perhaps slightly grey-haired, though not necessarily very handsome. I have often been with girls and this is pleasant. But with a man in the bedroom, I can have an enormous scene, kissing and playing around, in his way at first, and then I'll throw him on the bed and fuck him my way! I'm very masculine in my thinking and it is more often what I have not possessed that attracts me rather than what I have had before. If I were a man, I think I would screw all Holland, or if possible the whole world; but just once! Being an Aquarian, born at the end of January, I have this chronic desire for brief encounters. I think we under this sign are independent and changeable. We are also I think neither basically very good nor very bad. I care a lot about other people, which is one reason why the identities of my slaves are hidden by giving them, and referring to them only by numbers. When I had my trouble in America and was raided in Newark, New Jersey, many clients called me, begging me never to mention their names. During my four hours of interrogation by two F.B.I. agents, they never got a single name from me. I had kept my telephone book in code so that, for example, an Atlanta client would be given a Chicago coding. During my court case they were never able to bring forward any of my clients as witnesses. To hide the identity of my clients is like a code of honour. They trust me entirely and I will fight to guard this trust. I believe they deserve it. This type of trust between Slave and Mistress, between myself and my clients has resulted in many close friendships which can continue outside the torture room.

I had many hobbies, and so I was rarely bored. Still I go to the theatre and used to ski a lot. I was interested in horse-riding and hunting-but not any more, as I am too occupied now. My house has been renovated completely, and this together with the business takes care of all my spare time. Occasionally I go out to dinner with a client, mainly the ones that I have known for some time. And although once he has left the torture room, the slave relationship, for the most part is finished, as a reward for them and also perhaps as a little excitement for myself, I put a chain around their cock and tie their testicles very tightly before we go out. During dinner the relationship is perhaps more platonic than sexual. My feminine nature also appreciates the flowers and presents which are sometimes sent by these men, my friends.

Though to some people my life and my work may be considered sensational, I prefer that the whole subject of Sado-masochism be treated and thought of as a slight deviation from the sexual norm than as a perversion to be sensationalized and regarded with a mixture of horror or revulsion. People are what they are; in the main neither very good nor very bad, though their sexual needs may be very different. Provided no mental or physical damage is done, except in so far as it is necessary for sensuality, and as long as the participants are willing, all forms of sex should be tolerated. I am a dominant person, I am a Sadistic person, but because what I do really does do some good; and certainly no harm, I prefer to be known not just as a Sadist, but as a SADO-THERAPIST.

Arno von Clef



anita



In days gone by Stockholm was the capital of the northern world. Its men were famous for their virility, and the maidens renowned as amongst the most beautiful in the World. They would stroll in the market places, dressed in long elegant clothes which showed off their bodies to perfection.

In grauer Vorzeit war Stockholm Mittelpunkt der nordischen Welt. Ihre Männer genossen Achtung ob ihrer maskulinen Kraft, während ihre Mädchen als die schönsten der Welt gerühmt wurden. Über die Marktplätze schlenderten sie in langen, eleganten Gewändern, unter denen sich jede Faser ihres Leibes abzeichnete.

Jadis Stockholm fut la capitale du Nord. La virilité de ses hommes et la beauté de ses filles étaient célèbres dans le monde entier. On les voyait flâner dans les marchés, le corps mis en valeur par des vêtements généreux.





In vroeger dagen was Stockholm de hoofdstad van de Noordelijke wereld. De mannen waren beroemd om hun viriliteit en de vrouwen golden als de mooisten ter wereld, zoals ze wandelden op de pleinen, gekleed in lange elegante japonnen waarin hun vormen perfect uitkwamen.

The other great capital of the then known World was Londonium; with its temples and its palaces, its statues and its parks. Here again, women were famous for their fair beauty and full breasts. Their reputation in the arts of love had spread far and wide.

Die andere große Kapitale war das alte Londonium mit seinen Tempeln und Palästen, seinen Statuen und Parks. Ihre Frauen wiederum wurden wegen ihrer reinen Schönheit und üppigen Brüste gepriesen. Weithin erstreckte sich der Ruf von ihren Liebeskünsten.

L'autre métropole du Monde alors connu était Londonium, riche en temples, palais, statues, parcs. Ses femmes étaient aussi fameuses pour leur beauté plantureuse et leur poitrine rebondie. Dans l'art amoureux, elles étaient passées maitresses.

De andere hoofdstad van de toen bekende wereld was Londonium met zijn tempels, zijn paleizen en zijn parken vol beelden. Ook hier waren de vrouwen beroemd om hun figuur en volle boezem. Hun reputatie op liefdesgebied was wijd en zijd bekend.





BRITT-LOUISE

Anita had to perfection the physical attributes of her Nordic race. Her descendants were to become the Vikings, and would in later years roam the seas in search of adventure and plunder. During her daily labours Anna would sometimes while away the hours, gazing into the future and dream of distant lands; the dreams her descendants were to fulfill!



Anita war die Verkörperung aller Vorzüge ihres nordischen Volkes. Ihre Anmut stand den abenteuerlustigen und kriegerischen Wikingern wohl an. Während ihrer täglichen Verrichtungen pflegte sie sich zuweilen die Zeit mit Träumen zu vertreiben, die sie in ferne Länder und Zeiten versetzten.

Anita était vraiment favorisée par la nature. Pendant ses tâches quotidiennes, elle s'évadait dans le rêve vers des pays lointains sur lesquels ses descendants aventureux et pillards, les Vikings, iraient un jour s'abattre.

Anita bezat alle fysieke schoonheid van het Noordiese ras. Haar nakomelingen zouden de Vikings zijn, die in later tijden de zeeën zouden bevaren, op zoek naar avontuur en roof. Tijdens haar dagelijkse bezigheden droomde ze vaak van verre landen; dromen die haar nageslacht zou verwerkelijken.





At that time, travellers had reached Stockholm with rumours of a new sect of sensuality which was sweeping Londonium. Anita, would daydream of making a magic voyage; of meeting and practicing the sensuous arts with the citizens of this strange land.

Zu jener Zeit aber hatten fahrende Leute die Kunde von einer Sekte der Sinnlichkeit aus dem fernen Londonium mitgebracht. Anita, der diese Gerüchte zu Ohren gekommen waren, trat eine wunderbare traumwandlerische Reise an.

A ce moment, des rumeurs coururent à Stockholm sur une secte ribaude qui emportait Londonium. Et Anita se songer à un merveilleux voyage, à des joutes charnelles avec les habitants de ce mystérieux pays.

Juist toen kwamen reizigers naar Stockholm met geruchten over een nieuwe sekskultus die Londonium overspoelde en Anita dagdroomde van magiese reizen, ontmoetingen en belevenissen met de bewoners van dat vreemde land en nam dan deel aan hun sensuele kunst.





In haar dromen hadden die mannen een enorm lid dat altijd stijf bleef. Haar andere partner was dan een weelderige blonde, rond en met volle boezem, net zoals de reizigers ze beschreven. Ze waren dag en nacht met z'n drietjes en bedreven iedere vorm van liefde.

In her dreams, the man would have a great prick, which could forever remain erect. Her other partner would be a lusty blonde, round and full-bosomed, just as she had heard travellers describe. The three of them would pass together a day and a night; and during these hours indulge in all the ways of love.

Ein Mann begegnete ihr. Sein Organ war beträchtlich, fest und erhobenen Hauptes auf ewig. Und eine Blonde war da, wohlgerundet, wie es die Reisenden berichtet hatten. Ein Tag und eine Nacht huben an, in denen diese drei den Spielarten der Liebe frönten.

Un homme au braquemart à jamais bandé lui apparaissait. Elle voyait aussi une puissante blonde aux seins protubérants, tels que les voyageurs les décrivaient. Qu'il ferait bon, à trois, s'donner à toute la débauche amoureuse, un jour et une nuit.







They would retire to a luxurious chamber, fitted with a great bed. Anita, would have the young man first. Trembling with passion, in her dreams she would bend her head to his great weapon and take its enormous head into her mouth, before lying back and being penetrated to her very depths.

Sie hatten sich in ein erlesenes Gemach zurückgezogen, das ganz von einem gewaltigen Bett beherrscht wurde. Als erste begehrte Anita den Mann für sich. Zitternd vor Erregung, in ihren Träumereien, beugte sie ihr Haupt über seine mächtige Stoßwaffe, die Spitze mit ihrem Mund bergend.

Une chambre luxueuse abritait un grand lit... Anita prendrait d'abord le jeune homme. Palpitante d'émotion, elle s'aboucherait à l'énorme noeud turgescent qui la fouaillerait ensuite.

Ze trokken zich terug in een luksueuze kamer met een groot bed. Anita deed het dan eerst met de jongeman. In haar dromen boog ze, bevend van opwinding haar hoofd naar zijn grote wapen om de enorme kop in haar mond te nemen, voor ze zich diep liet prenetreren.





Next it would be for the young maiden of Londonium to caress and take into her mouth the male organ; to survive its onslaught and experience its power. How exciting it would be to watch as the thick lance of flesh thrust and forced its way into the fair-skinned body!

Als nächste sorgte sich die dralle Maid aus Londonium um das Wohl des Mannesmerkmals. Es war das Urerlebnis der Kraft! Welch ein erregener Reiz lag in der Erwartung des Einbohrens dieser Lanze aus Fleisch in den samtigen Mädchenkörper!

Puis la jeune demoiselle de Londonium taquinerait et engoulerait l'organe mâle, lui tiendrait la dragée haute et éprouverait sa force. Anita avalerait des yeux ce bélier de chair s'engouffrant dans le mitan de sa compagne !

Vervolgens liefkoosde het meisje uit Londonium het manlijk lid en nam het in haar mond, om daarna ook zijn kracht te voelen. Wat opwindend was het om te zien hoe de dikke paal vlees zich in het blanke lichaam boorde.





Anita would not be able to restrain herself; she would throw herself onto the bed and join the love rites. Passionately she would kiss the young warrior; sensing from his mouth the thrills and lusts aroused by the other girl's sexuality. There would be a new convert to this new cult!

Anita konnte sich nicht mehr zügeln. Sie stürzte sich auf das Bett und schwelgte im Rausch der Riten. Wie außer sich hingen ihre Lippen an diesem jungen Recken. Im Ansturm der Sinne dieser Frau und dieses Mannes wurde sie zum neuen Anhänger dieses Kultes erobert.



Oh non, elle n'y tiendrait plus ! Elle se jetterait sur le lit, bouffant le guerrier de ses baisers passionnés et sentant par la bouche ses frémissements et la lubricité allumée chez lui par l'autre fille.

Anita kon zich dan niet langer inhouden, ze stortte zich op het bed om deel te nemen aan het liefdesritueel. Hartstochtelijk kuste ze de jonge krijger en voelde van zijn mond de wellust, veroorzaakt door de geilheid van het andere meisje. Ze werd bekeerd tot deze nieuwe kultus!



The warrior would seem to be endowed with the immortal strength of a god. It would be Anita again; she would ride him and in turn be ridden; her clinging cunt stretched wet and wide, as it would slowly accept the huge prick. Kneeling, she would taste the sperm already deposited in the fair girl's cunt.



Der Hühne schien mit göttlicher Kraft begnadet zu sein. Abwechselnd stiegen Anita und er zu einem heißen Ritt in den Sattel. Ihr triefendes Loch schmiegte sich fest um seinen ungeheuren Spieß. Endlich, auf die Knie gesunken, nahm sie aus der Blume des Mädchens seinen Samen entgegen.



Le gaillard en a encore pour Anita qui tantôt chevauche, tantôt se fait chevaucher. Sa juteuse cramouille se distend sous le choc de l'énorme braquemart. Et puis, vite, à geneux, elle va laper la vulve aguichante de la belle Londonienne !

De krijger scheen de onsterfelijke kracht van een God te hebben. Dan is het Anita weer; ze berijdt hem en wordt op haar beurt bereden. Haar klemmende poes rekt nat en wijd open als de grote pik langzaam binnendringt. Knielend proeft ze het sperma van de krijger dat uit de poes van het blonde meisje loopt.







In her mind, she would lie against the soft female body and be ravished time and time again. Finally she would gaze down to see jets of sperm cascade over her. In olden days, such were the dreams of young Swedish maidens; mothers of the Vikings who centuries later were to ravish most of Europe.

Ihr Traum klang aus. An dem weichen weiblichen Körper ruhend, versank alles in einem mitreißenden, nicht mehr enden wollenden Liebesakt. Über ihre Haut strömten Kaskaden von Samen...
So träumte in grauer Vorzeit eine junge Schöne aus dem Norden, eine Ahnherrin der abenteuerlusternen und kriegerischen Wikinger.

Contre le doux corps féminin, elle est longtemps la proie du plaisir. Des jets de jute la submergent... Voilà comme elles rêvaient, les jeunes Suédoises d'antan et la bonne graine ne s'est pas perdue.

In haar dromen lag ze tegen het zachte vrouwenlijf en werd ze keer op keer overweldigd. Op het laatst keek ze dan op en zag ze het sperma over haar heen spuiten. Dat waren in vroeger dagen de dromen van Zweedse meisjes; de moeders van de Vikings die eeuwen later in vrijwel heel Europa hun strooptochten hielden.



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