

# PRIVATTE

INTERNATIONAL COLOR MAGAZINE - LEADING IN EROTOGRAPHY

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25



82 PAGES  
ALL IN COLOR

82 SEITEN  
ALLES IN FARBE

82 PAGES  
EN COULEURS

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## MILTON

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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 Naturliches, 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 a la formation d'une optique libérale sur la sexualité et a l'acceptation sociale de toutes ses manifestations. Nous croyons que la volupté sexuelle satisfait a 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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# PRIVATTE

INTERNATIONAL COLOR MAGAZINE - LEADING IN PHOTOGRAPHY





**Changing places**  
**MORAL?**  
*By Milton*

● An old Chinese saying goes—“Only once, out in the fields or by the side of the road, surrounded by the peace of Nature, is worth as much as a thousand times in bed.” Wise and beautiful words, but a thousand times?...

One of the curses of today's way of life is unfortunately that all too much of the spontaneity of lovemaking has disappeared. In the closeness of the home, familiar surroundings—bed, floor, living

room, kitchen—aren't always really inspiring, while unexpected disturbances—telephone, neighbours—contribute their share to spoil the atmosphere. As a matter of fact, the home isn't really always the sheltering castle we like to think of it as, in spite of its many undeniable advantages. These advantages can even be so many in number that the convenience which they foster rules even our lovemaking, making of it a mere routine. And routine is boring. And not even love can survive boredom, can it? ►

● Lieber einmal auf dem grünen Feld, in der Stille der Natur als tausendmal im Bett; so soll eine alte chinesische Spruchweisheit sagen. Wir können uns dem Reiz dieser Worte nicht versagen, wenn vielleicht auch „tausendmal“...?

Es geschieht leider oft, allzu oft in unseren erlebnisschwachen Zeitläuften, daß unser Liebesleben ein gut Teil seiner Unmittelbarkeit einbüßt. Der Umkreis unserer Behausung ist nicht weit gespannt.

Bett, Fußboden, Einrichtungsgegenstände vermögen der Phantasie auf die Dauer nicht auf die Beine zu helfen. Das Telefon schrillt, ein Nachbar schneit herein, ein Kind will getröstet sein. Wenn auch fast nie die von uns ersehnte schützende Burg, so ist unser Heim doch mit einer Menge von Vorteilen ausgestattet. Mitunter sogar so zahlreichen, daß die Bequemlichkeit regiert und das Lieben zur Routine verblaßt. Farblose Liebe, wie soll sie überleben?

Schauen Sie sich um! Das Leben schillert in allen

Let's break—at least now and then—with routine love! There's really so little that is needed—even a motel or a holiday resort can enliven routine love-making. And it shouldn't be at all difficult to hit upon new and interesting places to make love. A bit of audacity and the willingness to experiment can conquer everyday routine. Within easy reach of you is surely found some exciting place. The sea, a lake, a river surrounded by their sounds, their winds,—their air. There's always a quiet stretch of beach somewhere, between the cliffs or in the bushes. The perhaps unfamiliar sounds that the nearness to water bring with it; the coolness of the night and, perhaps with a bit of luck, moonshine.

Forest, park, field, hill, valley, thicket, cliff—in such places it's easy for a little romance, too, to find its way into lovemaking. But don't just stop the car in such places, for you could just as well have made love at home, in the garage. No, get out! Feel the sand, the grass! It's there that the value of innovation lies.

But your new love-places needn't be beautiful and romantic. They can simply be exciting or unusual. For example, take the lift to the top floor in the middle of the night. The odds are with you that you can get in something good and quick before some late carouser pushes the button down below to call the lift. Sometimes it's unbelievably exciting to make love someplace where someone can come by, without having to take unnecessary risks. Remember also that any number of places change their character completely when shrouded in the cloak of night—the darkness that is such a good friend of lovers. By the way, have you made love in the backyard recently? —I mean as a grownup? Or by the turnpike, while cars rush by at ridiculous speeds? Or in the boat? Or in the train toilet? Or in the cemetery on a black and rainy, windy night?—Many women shudder in exalted fright, with small wish-fantasies of rape. Or up in the attic? Or down in the cellar? Or why not in a taxi—the extra tip is well worth it, and, if the driver is a real and reasonable man, no longer discussion is necessary. Many city apartment buildings have flat roofs, or balconies or terraces.

—Have you made love recently by the sixth hole of your nearby golf club? Or call a number from your little black book—under "W" as in whore, or "C" as in call girl. Rent her boudoir for an hour or two during her slack period. To make love there with your wife isn't such a crazy idea. Fantasy usually gives rise to the best of ambitions, when surrounded by such an atmosphere. Your partner can consider it as a study visit to experience the environment or, if she prefers she can play whore herself if the notion occurs and the spirit is willing.

As for myself, I'm fortunate enough to have a private pilot's license. You know, it's not at all bad at three thousand feet with the autopilot switched off... You really feel like a coming man, and just think of the view...

Schattierungen und hält seine Überraschungen in Hülle und Fülle bereit. Erinnern Sie sich noch an die Stimmung Ihrer letzten Ferienfahrt? An Liebesplätze im fremden Land? Ein wenig Kühnheit und Lust am Abenteuer ersetzt leicht die liebgewonnene Bequemlichkeit.

Ein aufregender Tummelplatz liegt gewiß zu Ihren Füßen: das Meer, das unendliche, der See, der Fluß, der Wind. Zwischen den Klippen ein verschwiegenes Stück Strand, im Wald eine Lichtung. Alle geheimnisvollen Laute des Wassers, die Düfte der Nacht und — für Nostalgiker — silbriger Mondschein. Wald, Park, Feld, Berg und Tal, Dickicht, Klippen — überall läßt sich dem zärtlichen Weidwerk frönen. Bleiben Sie an diesen Stellen nicht im Auto sitzen, da könnten Sie auch gleich daheim in der Garage anspannen. Toben Sie sich im Sand aus, beißen Sie ins Gras! Wie sagen Deutschlands Schneider? „Öfter mal was Neues!“

Finden Sie nichts ausgesprochen Schönes und Romantisches, so bleibt Ihnen immer noch das Spannende und Ungewöhnliche. Nehmen Sie, die Mitternacht zieht näher schon, den Aufzug zum obersten Stock — es bleibt Ihnen sicherlich genügend Zeit, ehe Sie ein verspäteter Bummel wieder zur Erde holt. Es ist oft furchtbar aufregend, an einer Stelle bei drohender Entdeckung zu lieben, ohne dabei eigentlich ein Risiko einzugehen. Wechseln nicht manche Plätze mit der Tageszeit völlig ihren Charakter? Hat Sie in einem nächtlichen Hinterhof schon einmal richtige Geilheit überkommen — als Erwachsener? Schon einmal am Autobahnrastplatz angesichts der vorbeiröhrenden Wagen? Im Zugabtritt, im Boot, auf dem Friedhof zur Geisterstunde? Manche Frau erschauert dort in Lust und Schrecken.

Gehen Sie ins Büro oder in den Keller. Nehmen Sie ein Taxi, und ist der Chauffeur der rechte Mann, so ist das Geld nicht zum Fenster hinausgeschmissen. Unsere entzückenden Neubauten haben Flachdächer, Balkone und Terrassen. Letzthin auf dem Golfplatz zugeschlagen? Am sechsten Loch? Vielleicht verhilft Ihnen Ihr Notizbuch auch zu einer Nummer, die Sie beinahe schon vergessen hatten. Ein Hotellzimmer, drei Sterne oder gar keinen, ist stets aufzutreiben, Ihre Frau braucht Abwechslung genau wie Sie. Oder kennen Sie gar eine Dame vom Strich, die Ihnen und Ihrer Partnerin, sozusagen als Studienbesuch, mal ihr Etablissement überläßt.

Ich selbst habe das Glück, Pilot zu sein. Bei 3000 Fuß Flughöhe und abgeschaltetem Autopiloten, das ist schon ein erhebendes Gefühl, wie ein coming man. Und welch eine himmlische Aussicht!



# ELINOR

I prefer to be fucked, of course, but I don't mind licking a cunt or being licked, as you will see.

●  
Ein richtiger Fick ist mir am liebsten, klar, aber eine Lecknummer ist auch nicht ohne. Sie werden schon sehen.

●  
Evidemment je préfère qu'on me fasse l'amour mais j'aime aussi embrasser un clitoris ou que quelqu'un embrasse mon clitoris. Vous aller vous en rendre compte.

●  
Ik wordt natuurlijk liever geneukt, maar ik heb er niets tegen een kut te likken, zoals je ziet.





It is a nice feeling to think of men and fucking while my sister plays with my cunt. Maybe you want to have me afterwards, when I am wet and prepared? I bet you'll get excited.



In Gedanken bei einem Mann, spüre ich die spielerische Hand meiner Schwester da, wo es am schönsten ist. Oder wollen Sie mich von hinten haben, so herrlich zum Zustoßen in das schleimige Weiße?



J'aime à penser aux hommes et à l'amour lorsque ma soeur taquine mon clitoris. Peut-être qu'après vous voudrez me prendre lorsque je serai humide et bien préparée... Je parie je vous aimerez ça.



Het is lekker om aan mannen en neuken te denken terwijl mijn zuster met kut speelt. Misschien wil jij mij hierna hebben, wanneer ik vochtig en bereid ben? Ik wed dat je opgehetst wordt.





Do you like my sister's cunt? I do!

●  
Und was halten Sie von der Schnecke meiner Schwester? Genauso viel wie ich?

●  
Il vous plait le vagin de ma soeur? Moi, il me plait.

●  
Houd je van mijn zusters kut? Ik wel!





A dildo deep inside me and a tender tongue caressing my nipples. This is almost like being fucked.



Ein zitterndes Etwas tief in mir und eine zarte Zunge an den Zitzen, das ist wie beim Bumsen.



Un faux pénis en moi et une douce langue que caresse mes tétons, c'est presque comme faire l'amour.



Een duim diep in mij en een tong die liefdelijk mijn tepels likt. Dit is bijna net zo lekker als geneukt te worden.



We're coming! Double satisfaction!

●  
Jetzt kommt es uns. Doppelte Befriedigung!

●  
Nous jouissons... La satisfaction est double.

●  
Het gaat voor ons. Een dubbel genoegen.





Our way of 69. This is how we do it, my youngest sister and I.



Das ist unsere Art des 69. So tun wir es, meine jüngste Schwester und ich.

Notre façon à nous de faire le 69. C'est ainsi que nous le faisons ma jeune soeur et moi.

Onze manier van 69. Zo doen we het, mijn jongste zuster en ik.





She is doing well, that little bitch! Now I am prepared for a cock. Come on!!!



Und sie tut es gekonnt, diese kleine Nutte. Jetzt bin ich bereit für einen Schwanz. Laß jucken, Kumpel!



Elle est adroite la petite garce... Maintenant je suis prête à recevoir un pénis... Venez donc...



Ze doet het goed, dat kleine hoertje! Nu ben ik voor- bereid op een lul. Kom dan!!!



Photos by  
MILTON



## Exclusive Interview!

by Sven Sinclair

As a journalist it has been my privilege to interview people from all walks of life, from actors to zoologists, but my most unforgettable interview was with Barbara Bolton.

Barbara Bolton had little talent for acting, but she had the capital necessary to become a sought-after star and movie-goddess. She had a superb body, with breasts jutting out like two hillocks, and a pair of lips like the buds of a rose. As a young school-girl she had been discovered by an aging director. He made her famous, seduced her and then married her, only to divorce her two years later. Afterward Barbara had had a succession of lovers, all good-looking studs. She had very open views on sex. She once said in an interview:

"Sex is to me the most important thing in life and I personally cannot live without it. Sex is the Elixir that makes life worth living. When I make love it is complete surrender and no holds barred."

Because I had quite a good name as a journalist and I guess because I was rather a handsome guy my editor sent me to interview Barbara.

"Come over on Saturday at 3 p.m." she said over the phone. "And be punctual, I don't like to be kept waiting!"

I was excited and very apprehensive. As a young school-boy I had often masturbated over pictures of Barbara and now I was going to see her face to face!

I rang the bell of her penthouse, she opened the door herself and invited me in to a luxurious drawing-room.

"What would you like to drink?"

"Vodka lemon" I replied.

She made the drinks and I watched her. She was dressed in a silk housecoat which rippled with the motion of her breasts as she moved with the grace of a panther.

"Cheers" she said and we drank.

"Well, go ahead, what do you want to interview me about?" she asked.

I was so fascinated that I could hardly put the questions to her. She noticed my embarrassment.

"Do you like what you see? Well I like you too, and your dark eyes spell mystery. Come here and kiss me!" she purred.

I was stunned.

"Well, then I'll kiss you."

She came over to me, kissed me on the forehead and then gently brushed her lips on mine. Slowly she thrust her tongue into my mouth. As if by accident her robe fell to the floor to reveal her nakedness. I gasped. She, Barbara Bolton in all her naked beauty in front of me! Her breasts stood out challengingly. I knelt down reverently, as if I was offering her my homage and took her nipples into my mouth.

"Yes, suck my breasts honey, drink, it is all yours," she said. I needed no further encouragement. I kissed and sucked her breasts like a wanderer in the desert who finds water after a long trek. All the time moaning and whispering to me, her hands wandered down to the bulge in my trousers! With experienced fingers, she unzipped the fly, drew down my pants and released my prick. As she rolled it adoringly in her palms she suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, what a beauty! So soft and so hard at the same time! Standing there majestically like a king! I'm going to kiss him and suck him as no one ever has done before!"

In seconds we were both naked. I looked at her. A veritable goddess. Luscious breasts and voluptuous hips, eyes with long lashes and a shapely belly, below which lay, the entrance to the garden of paradise, sheltered by a growth of thick black hair.

She kissed my tummy and slowly knelt down to kiss my prick. First she let her tongue glide all over me. She was in no hurry. Gently she took the whole length of it—all 25 cm—into her mouth and started sucking. I have made love to many women from many nations but no pair of lips has ever given me the sensation she gave me. Her head moved up and down in perfect rhythm, her hand holding my prick with such tenderness. Then I began to move my prick in and out of her mouth, but Barbara took the prick out of her mouth, spread herself on the floor, opened her legs wide and shouted: "Now, suck me!"

I needed no second invitation, I put my tongue into her cunt and began. Normally I do not like kissing a cunt, but with

Barbara everything was so natural, so spontaneous. Her cunt smelled like a perfumed garden and I bored my tongue deep into her.

"That's it boy! Higher, lower! Suck me! Drink me! Oh! OH!"

I sucked like I never have sucked before. She cried out as her excitement mounted:

"Now, fuck me!"

She opened her legs wide, guiding my vibrating engine into her boiling pussy.

"Fuck me, poke me, show me what you can do! I love you and your beautiful prick!"

Her talk excited me. Why can't men and women talk to each other like this when making love? It heightens the pleasure. Barbara used her tongue and mouth skilfully in all ways. Her complete frankness was an added pleasure. Then like a dam bursting I spurted my semen into her—I kept on coming and coming. Barbara let loose a long drawn-out cry of happiness. We held each other tight and she milked the last drop out of me.

"My god, that was the best fuck I ever had." she said.

For about ten minutes we lay silent, watching the smoke from our cigarettes making patterns in the air. Then she said:

"Listen honey, I want to taste your honey."

Before I knew what was happening my prick was in her mouth and she had started sucking with her special tongue technique. I lay there watching my prick going up and down in her mouth. A beautiful sight. My excitement mounted and I warned her:

"It's coming!"

She opened her mouth and I shot into her and all over her face. Greedily she sucked every drop and an angelic glow of happiness spread itself over her face—like a child who was sucking a lollipop for the first time. My whole body and soul was filled with happiness and peace.

"What about the interview?" I asked her.

"Well darling, THAT was my exclusive interview for you." she said and smiled.

# READERS' OWN PHOTOGRAPHS!



Mary, my girlfriend (see picture) always wants me to bite her breasts very hard. I'm so surprised that she can take painful treatment with a smile, and get a thrill out of it. She really gets horny!  
John McConnor  
USA



A boy-friend of mine said that I have the biggest tits he has ever seen. What do you think? Can you beat them?  
Jennifer S.  
London

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

We intend, therefore, to provide four pages in future issues of Private for your own photographs. Just send us the photograph!

- 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 you name/or address.
- 3) If you would like your photos returned kindly enclose a self-addressed envelope.
- 4) The sender of each photograph will be invited to choose any five issues of Private he or she may wish, to help complete their own collections.



This is my adorable, beautiful, lovable Christine. We got married this summer and I hope it'll last for ever!  
"A husband very much in love"



Dear Mr Milton,

I felt I just had to send you this photograph of me and my girl-friend. We have been engaged for two years and after having been a most conservative Italian family girl, Rosanna has now become my devoted mistress. This picture is taken high up in the Italian mountains and, as you know, what we are doing is absolutely forbidden in Italy.

S. Felicetti

Como, Italy



Unfortunately, I can't show my face on the picture. Friends, neighbours, the boss, you know! It is sad in a way, because I have a beautiful selection of intercourse pictures where I play the main role myself.

R.A.

Holland



Dear Mr Milton,

With my husband's permission I'm sending you a picture of myself and my 14 year-old "lover", who has just come on my pussy.

How did it happen? My husband and I had been talking for a long time about me making love with a young man in front of him. We both agreed that it would excite us very much.

One day this young lad knocked at our door to ask for an address. I opened the door, dressed in a thin negligé and nude underneath of course. He reacted immediately, got very excited and so did I. Within a few minutes I took him to our bedroom. And—well, I

let him fuck me. He came rather quickly! My husband asked if he could take a photograph of the scene, and here it is!

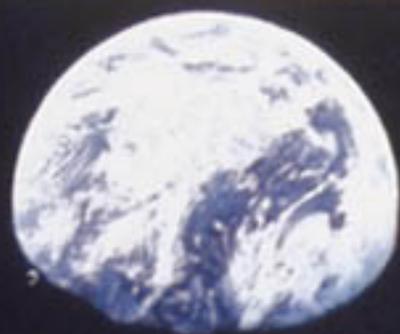
Since then, he has fucked me quite a few times, assisted by my husband. What I like very much is to suck my husband's cock while getting fucked by the boy. That really gives us all a kick!

A lot of PRIVATE readers must have experiences of the same kind, or other bent things. Why don't you send your photographs to PRIVATE to give to other readers some pleasure?

Ursula Hauptmann  
Germany



IS THIS  
WHAT YOU MEANT  
WHEN YOU WANTED  
TO SEE  
MY FURNITURE?



# PRIVATE READER

Dear Sir,

Thank you so much for a really good magazine. I dare say it is perhaps the very best one there is on the market for the time being.

Your No 24 issue was marvellous. Lisa was just wonderful, so alive and sexy. When I saw the picture "Lisa masturbating", which was grand, I recalled something that took place last August in our summer cottage.

I had been out for a walk in the evening and when I returned it had got dark and the light in the house was on. As I wanted to make sure not to wake up our little daughter if she was asleep, I went up to the window where the curtain was not entirely drawn to find out if everything was quiet. When I looked in through the window I found my lovely wife sitting at a table reading a book. She is a really beautiful piece! Standing there admiring her I noticed that she suddenly moved her right hand from the table towards her lap.

Slowly she put her hand under her skirt in between her wonderful thighs. After a few seconds her hand and arm started to shake rhythmically and only then did I realize that she was masturbating—an act that I had never had the fortune to watch during our marriage that far. It was fantastic! She went on for a few minutes then she stood up, pulled down her pants, legs apart

and exposed her lovely pussy for me which was slightly parted with her red clitoris clearly visible between the moist lips. She continued working her pussy and clitoris very hard and very smoothly sometimes, changing now and then. To judge from the expression on her face she was out of this world, which can only mean complete ecstasy. She made a beautiful picture! I then realized she had reached her climax. She pulled down her skirt and dried herself between her thighs, as they were all wet with foam from her pussy caused by the masturbation. She smelled her fingers, kissed them, put on her pants and went back to reading as if nothing had happened.

Now and then my wife and I discuss sex in general and especially masturbation, but my wife always declares that she never masturbates, no, not her. She says she cannot understand what good women can get out of it. Wives can be funny, can't they?

A few days later we moved back to town. It was a Saturday night and we were watching TV, but after an hour or so I went to do some work and withdrew to the living room to attend to my business. My wife had laid down on the sofa, watching TV from that position. She was a lovely sight. I stood there looking at her long slim legs and her rounded thighs between which she had given me so much pleasure. I found it difficult to concentrate on my work. I couldn't stop admiring her body. I took a few steps forward as silently as I could in order not to attract her attention. I couldn't see her face because it was hidden by the door standing half ajar. And again I see something really beautiful. I am quite safe as she cannot see me. She lets her hand slip

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.

under her skirt, pulls off her pants and again, in no time at all, exposes her pussy and naked belly. And right before my eyes she starts performing the most exciting act that I have ever seen. She masturbates wildly and I can see every detail. I can see how she caresses her erect little clitoris and the small dark red lips around it. I feel it more exciting this time as I can even hear the wet noise when she is working her pussy. I cannot hold myself back any longer. My prick outside my trousers, I grab hold of it, fondle it gently and in a few seconds I come on the carpet, splashing white spots on it. And I say to myself "Darling, you say you never fondle yourself, you are a little liar but still you are an angel and I love you for giving me these secret shows which I will always keep a secret, and I only hope and beg that I shall be lucky to watch you in similar positions many times, because this gives me more excitement than our usual lovemaking, but, tonight I'll fuck you as you never been fucked before!"

Perhaps this story can be used as an idea and part of the contents in an issue of your magazine. And I hope, Mr. Milton, that Private will maintain the high quality in the future.

Kind regards,  
A. B.

Dear reader,

Your letter really illustrates the beauty and importance of openness and understanding in the relationship between man and woman.

MILTON

Extraction from

# SCREW

Dear MOM:

*I just finished reading the article sent to you by a R.S. from Queens Village, New York, in which he states that he has had trouble with the Imports Compliance Section of U.S. Customs Bureau where the magazine Private was confiscated.*

*I would just like to state that I disagree with him. I am also a regular reader of SCREW and since your magazine first put out the ad for Private magazine, I have not had any difficulty in receiving my ordered issues. I feel that this guy just happened to be an unlucky dude and a victim of circumstance.*

*I would also like to correct him by saying that the magazine is \$6.00 but Private Press asks you to remit \$1.00 per copy for postage and handling, so each issue is really \$7.00.*

*I sympathize with the guy for losing out on a good thing, and I only hope that nobody else, including myself, will have any problems with the U.S. Customs Creeps.*

R. G.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thanks for the information. Apparently most of the copies of Private did make it past U.S. Customs and the letters of complaint that we've received here are from the unlucky few, not the majority as we had first feared.



Lucienne, Lucienne! When we met I scarcely suspected that the passion of your glance was fed by the fire down below...

Lucienne, Lucienne! Schon als sich unsere Wege zum ersten Mal kreuzten, hegte ich keine Zweifel an deinem lodernden Feuer da unten.

Lucienne, Lucienne. Quand on s'est rencontrés, j'ignorais que la passion de ton regard était nourrie par un feu venant d'en bas...

Lucienne, Lucienne! Toen ik je ontmoette vermoedde ik nauwelijks dat je gepassioneerde blik gevoed werd door het vuur daar beneden...



...but then, the thought had crossed my mind when I took that job as a ski instructor at a girls' boarding school in Sweden.

•  
Aber die Wirklichkeit übertraf alle Erwartungen, als ich den Job an der schwedischen Skischule antrat.

•  
Pourtant cette pensée me traversa lorsque j'acceptai cette place de moniteur de ski dans un pensionnat pour jeunes filles en Suède.

•  
...maar toch was die gedachte door mijn hoofd gegaan toen ik die baan nam als skileraar van die meisjeskostschool in Zweden.





The welcoming party gave just a hint of what might lie ahead, if I played my cards right. I wondered which of the three that seemed attracted to me would prove an improper playmate.

Beim Willkommensumtrunk gab es manch verheißungsvollen Wink von Dingen, die da kommen würden — falls ich meine Karten richtig ausspielte. Welche der dreien war die rechte Gespielin?

La fête de bienvenue me donna une idée de ce qui pouvait m'attendre si je jouais bien mes cartes. Je me demandais laquelle des trois que je semblais intéresser se révélerait inconvenante.

Het welkomsfeest gaf me de hint wat ik kon verwachten, als ik mijn kaarten goed zou uitspelen. Ik vroeg me af wie van de drie die me attractief schenen te vinden een onfatsoenlijke speelkameraad zou. blijken te zijn.





#### KARL HERBERT MAYER, COLLAGIST

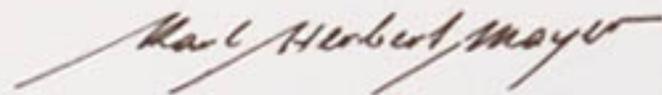
Karl Herbert Mayer was born in Graz, Austria, on September 12, 1944, and educated and trained in the book trade. During extensive experimentation with the possibilities inherent in pictorial expression, he began in 1964 to produce collages. He has had exhibitions of his work both in his native Austria and in Canada, where he spent two years.

The word collage arises from the French *coller*, to paste, and refers to an art form more than seven hundred years old. The real breakthrough of this art form came, however, with the development of photography and photomontages. Photomontages were created by clipping pictures into pieces, retouching, and reassembling with glue. The resulting collage was then photographed, producing a photomontage. This technique found its way into modern art through cubism, and was exploited most intensively in surrealism and pop art. But the traditional raw material for the collagist is paper, both plain and printed. Since no material, however, is "worthy" or "unworthy" of use in the eyes of the artist, new materials are continually being added to his store of tools.

Erotic collages can describe sensual hallucinations, wishes, drives and dreams in such a way that they can appear surrealistic. They can alter, alienate, combine such subjects and create of them a new entity. Such art, produced by a multiplication of individually obscene pieces, can quite unexpectedly produce a whole whose impression is not obscene — surprising to the observer not accustomed to pornography. Erotic art is not a new development of a degenerate civilization; it has existed as long as art itself has existed, and differs from such concepts of style as op art, and pop art by referring only to the contents, and not to its method of presentation. Erotic art can be traced from early cave drawings, through all civilizations to modern day. As civilization developed, so developed laws and taboos controlling the open display of representations of the beauty and naturalness of the human body and the human sexual sphere. These restrictions culminated in the nineteenth century,

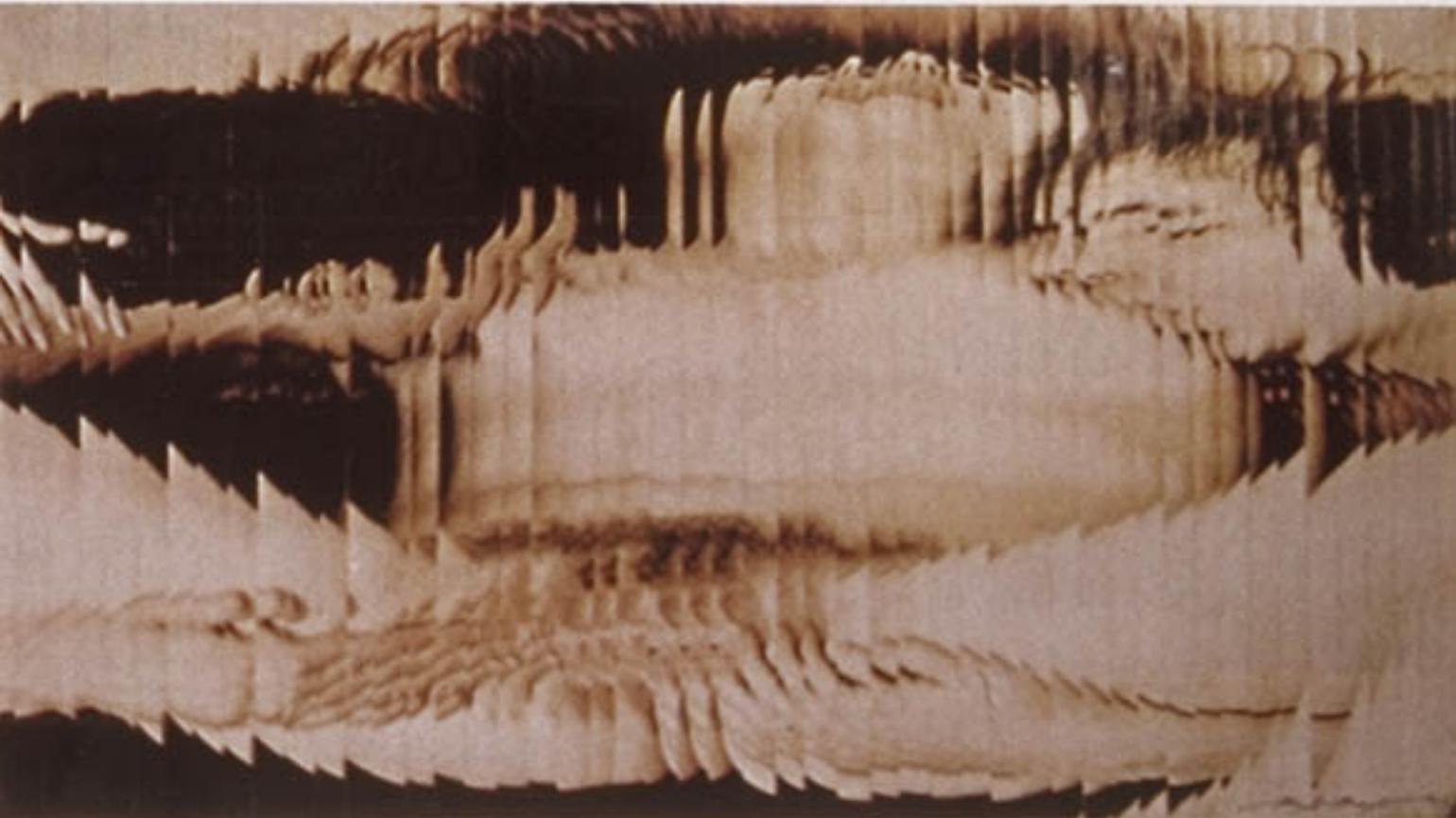
when only scientific treatment—medical or ethnological—of the subject was allowed. Under such conditions, erotic art was collected in secret, maintained under lock and key, and thus available to only a privileged few. Only in the latter decades of the twentieth century has intensive sexual enlightenment—in words and pictures—brought erotic art to its rightful and natural place in society and art. Because however, of the conservatism inherent in laws and morals, such changes occur only slowly. The struggle for an open, true view of sex life, the arising of a new tolerance and understanding for all sexual opinions has led to even more liberalism. Thus one arrives at the interesting point of view that this liberalization, fighting against old-fashioned taboos, false and double morals and antiquated laws, is significantly supported by erotic art. The recognition of erotic art allows not only the acceptance of pornography, it allows as well the presentation of eroticism in films, the theater, literature and music, thus providing each person with the opportunity to choose that which interests him.

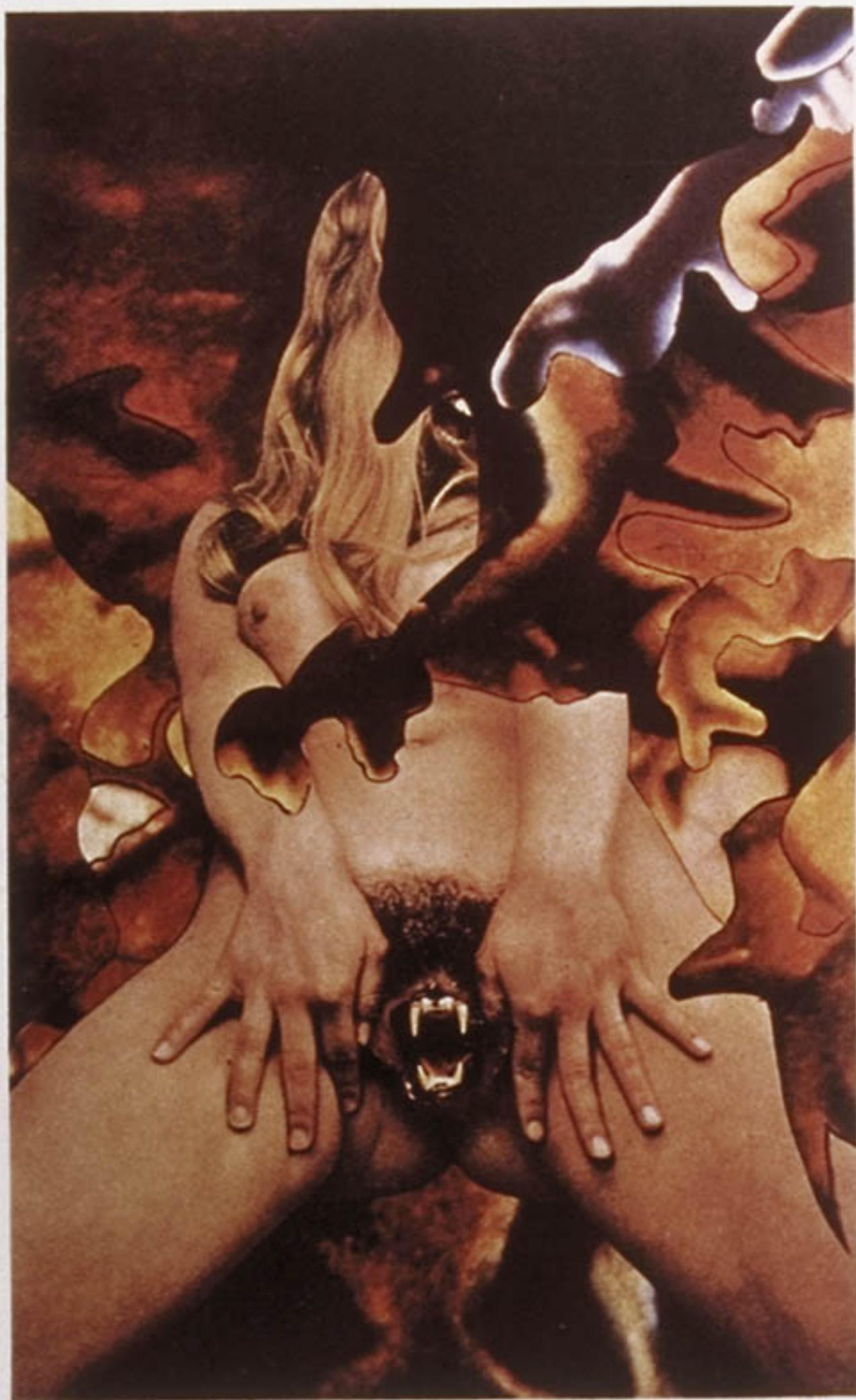
The terms censor and guardian cannot be compatible with the term freedom.



We present here a selection of what we feel are among the better collages produced by Mr Mayer, using material which largely comes from PRIVATE.

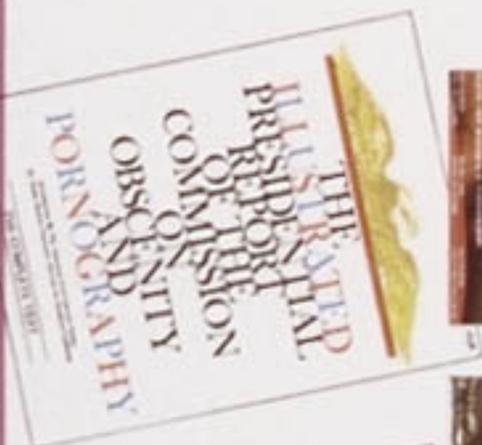
For those of you who agree with us that Mr Mayer's art deserves wider recognition PRIVATE has arranged to have reproductions made of all his available works, printed in colour and in poster size and sent rolled. For further information concerning prices and selection, please, write us. Our address is PRIVATE PRESS AB, fax, S-104 62 Stockholm 17, Sweden.





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Bildzeitung



**WE QUOTE**

"The unquestioned quality leader in porno magazines comes from Sweden. Private eclipses all other magazines, regardless of country of origin, in quality of photography and reproduction, not to mention aesthetics of design and layout, selection of models, etc. It features a 'gatefold' center-spread that 'playboy' would never dare try, and in a multi-language format."

**PRIVATE**

No 8  11  12  13  14  15   
 16  17  18  19  20  21  22  23  24  25

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SWEDEN

# PRIVATE

INTERNATIONAL COLOR MAGAZINE - LEADING IN EROTIC PHOTOGRAPHY

25



82 PAGES  
EN COULEURS

*Your*  
**PRIVATE**  
*Girl*





Lucienne, Lucienne! Was it the sight of your nipples when you undressed, rising like mushrooms from the good black earth,...



Lucienne, Lucienne! War es der Anblick deiner unverhüllten Brombeerwarzen...



Lucienne, Lucienne. J'ignore ce qui m'a rendu si fou... Est-ce de voir le bout de tes seins se dressant tels des champignons sur une bonne terre noire quand tu t'es déshabillée.



Lucienne, Lucienne! Was het de aanblik van je tepels die als champignons uit de goede zwarte aarde leken op te rijzen toen je je ontkleedde...





...or was it that I finally tasted the fire of your godly cunt, that drove me so wild.



...oder war es endlich gar deine weiche, würzige, wilde Spalte, die mich zum Wahnsinn trieb?



...ou bien est-ce d'avoir goûté ton divin vagin?



...of werd ik zo wild doordat ik eindelijk het vuur van je god delijke kut proefde...



So wild, that alone the taste of her  
in my mouth couldn't satisfy me.



So wild, daß ich schon bald mehr  
verlangte als ihren geilen Duft.



Tellement fou que le goût seul ne  
me suffisait plus.



Zo wild dat alleen maar haar smaak  
in mijn mond me niet kon bevredigen.







Ah! Now she begins to react more and more as she feels my prick swell even more. I could feel her muscles working in spasms, as our supreme moment of sublime climax approached. Then, with a frenzied scream,...

Ah! Jetzt kommt Feuer in sie, wo sie meinen Schwanz sich recken spürt. Ich nehme die Zuckungen ihrer Muskeln wahr, als sich der oberste Scheitelpunkt unseres Klimax naht. Mit phrenetischem Schrei...

Ah... Elle réagit de plus en plus en sentant grandir mon pénis. Je pouvais sentir fonctionner ses muscles par à-coups à l'approche du moment sublime de notre climax. Alors, dans un râle frénétique...

Ah, Ze begon meer en meer te reageren toen ze voelde dat mijn pik nog meer opzwol. Ik voelde haar spieren spasties krampen toen ons supreme hoogtepunt naderde. Toen, met een gil...

...we came. Our bodies squeezing out the life-juice, our tortured hearts slowly subsided as we savored the feel of the juices we produced.

...kam die doppelte Entladung. Unser hochgejagter Herzschlag verebbte, die Säfte aus zwiefacher Quelle versiegten.

...nous avons joui. Nos deux corps s'étant vidés du jus de la vie, nos deux coeurs torturés s'apaisèrent lentement.

...kwamen we klaar. Onze lichamen persten de levenssappen naar buiten, onze gejaagde hartslag bedaarde toen we de sappen voelden die we produceerden.





Still dreaming of the previous evening's escapade, I accidentally opened the wrong door, and instead of breakfast was confronted with a different dish...



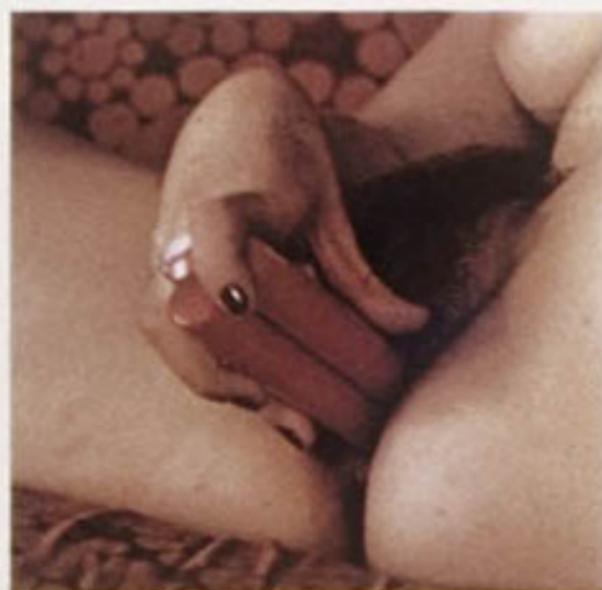
Noch halb im Taumel des vorangegangenen Abends, drückte ich die falsche Klinke — und sah mich einem gedeckten Frühstückstisch gegenüber.



Rêvant encore à ma première escapade je me trompai de porte et ce n'est pas mon petit déjeuner, mais un plat tout différent qui se présenta à moi.



Nog dromend van de eskapades van de vorige avond, opende ik per ongeluk de verkeerde deur en, in plaats van ontbijt kreeg ik een ander smakelijk hapje...





Ruth's athletic interest was obviously not confined to skiing, as my by now awakened penis soon experienced.

Ruths Interesse war, angesichts meines zur Schußfahrt bereiten Stabes, wenn nicht am Skilauf, so doch immerhin auf Körperertüchtigung erpicht.

L'intérêt sportif de Ruth n'était manifestement pas limité à la pratique du ski. Mon pénis déjà en éveil allait en faire l'expérience.

Ruths interesse in atletiek was klaarblijkelijk niet beperkt tot skieën, zoals mijn weer wakker geworden penis snel ondervond.





How she wanted to feel me deep in her! And I remember her passionate cries as our bodies entangled in each other in a mutual search for a release for our pent-up emotions.



Wie ihre Schlucht mich erwartet hatte! Ihre leidenschaftlichen Lustschreie, als sich unsere Körper im gemeinsamen Laufenlassen der Gefühle umschlangen, klingen mir heute noch im Ohr.



Comme elle aimait me sentir en elle... Je me souviens de ses cris passionnés lorsque nos corps s'enroulaient et que nous cherchions à libérer nos sentiments refoulés.



Wat wilde ze me graag diep in zich voelen! Ik herinner me haar hartstochtelijke kreten toen onze lichamen zich omkleden in een gezamenlijk zoeken naar bevrijding van onze opgekropte emoties.





I could see her eyes glaze in the intensity of her passion. Finally, but yet too soon, we reached the point where we could no longer postpone our coming. How we relished the warm wetness spreading itself between our bodies!

●  
In ihren Augen lag der Glanz der Lust. Der Punkt der Eruption war nicht länger aufzuschieben. Wie schwelgten wir in den warmen Gewässern, die sich zwischen unseren Leibern ausbreiteten!

●  
Je pouvais voir brûler une passion intense dans ses yeux. Le moment arriva enfin, encore trop tôt d'ailleurs, ou nous ne pûmes empêcher l'orgasme. Avec délices nous avons senti une chaude humidité se répandre entre nos corps.

●  
Ik zag haar ogen glazig worden door de intensiteit van haar passie. Eindelijk, maar toch nog veel te snel, konden we de klimaks niet meer tegenhouden. Hoe genoten we van de warme vochtigheid die zich onze lichamen verspreidde!





That evening, Gudrun, playing ill, lured me to her lair. The sight greeting me was enough to make hair stand on end.



Diesen Abend hatte mich Gudrun auf ihr Lager ge-lockt. Beim Anblick der sich mir bot, hätte sich jedem Gefieder gesträubt.



Ce soir-là Gudrun, jouant la malade, m'attira dans sa tanière. Le spectacle qui s'offrit à moi était à vous faire dresser les cheveux sur la tête.



Diezelfde avond deed Gudrun of ze ziek was en lokte me in haar kamer. De aanblik die ze me bood was genoeg om ke de haren te berge doen rijzen.





This lovely lass was expert at putting me in seventh heaven. My yoga teacher never mentioned this!

Die leckere Maid konnte mich in den siebten Himmel bringen wie kaum eine andere. Diese Stellung hätte meinen Yogalehrer neidisch werden lassen.

Cette charmante enfant était spécialiste dans l'art de m'envoyer au septième ciel. Voilà une chose que mon professeur de yoga ne m'a pas apprise.

Dit heerlijke stuk was een expert om me in de zevende hemel te brengen. Mijn yoga-leraar had me dat nooit geleerd!



Gudrun obviously aimed to please, demanding in return all the cock I could give her. Her motion carried the floor...

●  
Gudrun bediente sich freimütig mit so viel Schwanz, sie kriegen konnte...

●  
Gudrun cherchait visiblement à satisfaire, demandant en échange tout mon pénis. Le sol vibrait sous son corps en action.

●  
Gudrun wilde duidelijk genot schenken, maar verlange dan ook alles wat ik haar kon geven. Samen stegen we ten hemel...





...until I could hear gasping that she was coming and wanted to finish me off with her sucking, fucking mouth.



...bis ich sie in Verzückung keuchen hörte. Ihr saugender, schlürfender Mund machte mich fertig.



Elle jouit à bout de souffle. Elle désire me faire jouir au moyen de sa bouche suceuse.



...totdat ik haar hoorde hijgen dat ze kwam en mij wilde klaarmaken met haar zuigende en neukende mond.





Now! Now! I muttered as I felt the hot sauce cascading through my loins on its way to to answer my sweet one's call. How she carefully caught every drop and rubbed it into her magnificent body.

Je-etzt! Sprudelnde Kaskaden, die meine Süße hervorgelockt hatte! Sorgsam fing sie auch den letzten Tropfen mit ihrem hinreißenden Körper auf. Maintenat... • Maintenant... Je pouvais sentir la sauce toute chaude courir en moi pour aller la rejoindre. Elle prit prudemment chaque goutte dans son corps merveilleux.

Nu, ja nu! schreeuwde ik toen ik de hete suas voelde spuiten in antwoord op haar lokroep. Hoe zorgvuldig verzamelde ze elke druppel om over haar verrukkelijke lichaam uit te smeren.





It happened during the après-ski drink one day. Looking back, I think they planned it that way, for after a drink or two, things began to happen.

●

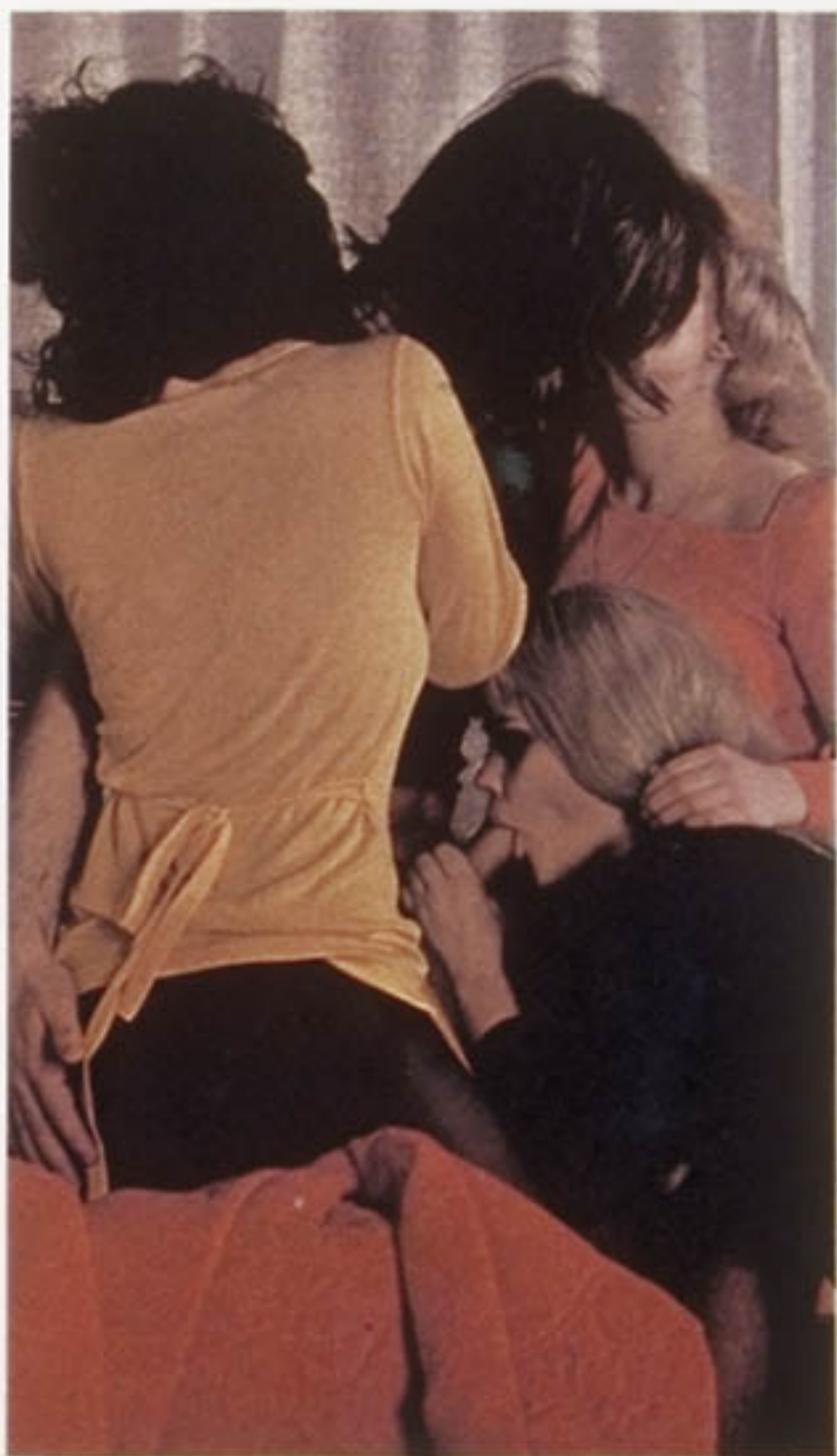
Einige Tage später. Après-ski. Schau ich heute zurück, so scheint das Spiel, das nach ein paar Drinks ablief, mit Bedacht inszeniert worden zu sein.

●

C'est arrivé au cours d'un drink après-ski. Quand j'y songe je crois que tout avait été prévu car en effet, après quelques verres il commençait à se passer des choses.

●

Het gebeurde tijdens het drankje na skiles. Terugblikkend denk ik dat ze het zo geplanned hadden, want na een paar glaasjes begon het.





Three exotic, tantalizing, passionate she-devils at once! My senses reeled, but not my courage. This was fantastic. Who would get my first load?

Drei exotische, verführerische, heißblütige Furien auf einmal. Meine Sinne taumelten, aber mein Mut hielt stand. Welche würde meine erste Salve treffen?

Trois diablasses exotiques, tentantes et passionnées, toutes les trois à la fois. Tous mes sens chancelèrent mais pas mon courage. C'était fantastique. Qui recevrait ma première décharge?

Drie eksotiese, uitdagende en hartstochtelijke duivelinnen tegelijk! Mijn zinnen wankelden, maar niet mijn moed. Dit was fantasties! Wie zou mijn eerste lading krijgen?



Even the girls didn't seem to know or care who would do what to whom. Such ecstasy!

Um das Wie und Was und Wer-mit-wem schienen sich die Mädchen nicht zu kümmern.

Les filles elles-mêmes ne semblaient pas chercher à savoir qui ferait quoi et à qui. Une telle extase...

Zelfs de meisjes scheen het niet te kunnen schelen wie wat deed met wie. Wat een verukking!



Photo by  
**MILTON**

But now, as I felt my laboring loins pressing the juice from my lovenuts, I saw Lucienne, my lovely Lucienne, her magnificent nipples crowning the glory of her luxuriant breasts. She, yes she would get my last shot...

Aber jetzt, mit glühender Waffe in hitzigstem Gefecht, erblickte ich Lucienne, meine himmlische Lucienne mit ihren hoch aufgerichteten Knospen auf der vollendeten Brust. Sie, ja sie und keine andere, sollte mein letzter Schuß treffen.

Alors que je sentait mes reins travaillés pour extraire le jus de mes noix d'amour, je vis Lucienne, mon adorable Lucienne avec ses merveilleux tétons couronnant la gloire de ses seins opulents. Oui, c'est elle qui recevrait ma dernière décharge...

Maar plots, toen ik voelde hoe mijn zwoegende lendenen het sap uit mijn ballen gingen persen, zag ik Lucienne, mijn heerlijke Lucienne, haar magnifieke tepels als kronen op haar glorieuze borsten. Zij, ja zij zou mijn laatste schot krijgen...

# PRIVATE

INTERNATIONAL COLOR MAGAZINE - LEADING IN EROTOGRAPHY

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**REPORT:**  
**KARL HERBERT MAYER, COLLAGIST.**  
**GATEFOLD:**  
**BLACK BEAUTY.**  
**LUCIENNE, GUDRUN & RUTH:**  
**WHAT A BUNCH OF EROTIC WOMEN!!!**

82 PAGES  
ALL IN COLOR

82 SEITEN  
ALLES IN FARBE

82 PAGES  
EN COULEURS