PRIVATE

INTERNATIONAL COLOR MAGAZINE - LEADING IN EROTOGRAPHY

27

82 PAGES
ALL IN COLOR

82 SEITEN
ALLES IN FARBE

82 PAGES
EN COULEURS

PRIVATE 27

EDITOR
CHIEF DESIGNER
PHOTOGRAPHER
MARKETING DIRECTOR
PUBLISHER

MILTON

Administration Executive	Richard Sandsten
Art Director	Nils Bodén
Sales Manager, Sweden	Ingemar Eriksson
Sales Manager, International	Bengt Lundberg
Public Relations	Benny Johansson
Flight Department	Tor Olsen
Subscription Manager	Gunnar Bengtsson
Private Secretary	Anita von Gerlach
Correspondent	Agneta Rade
Translator	Jürgen Honig
Stores Manager	Erik Heikefelt
Make-up	Elisabeth Nilsson
Hairdressing	Eva Larsson
Responsible Editor	Maria Rudebrant

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.

Private Press AB
Funkens gränd 1
Stockholm, Sweden
Phone 08-140360

Printed in Sweden by PRIVATE PRESS AB, Stockholm 1973

PRIVATE

INTERNATIONAL COLOR MAGAZINE - LEADING IN EROTOGRAPHY

82 PAGES
ALL IN COLOR

82 SEITEN
ALLES IN FARBE

82 PAGES
EN COULEURS

MORAL?

By Milton

Life is full of oddities, some of which are questions. And one of these odd questions—that I hear quite often—goes like this: "What's Milton going to do when the sex wave is over, when its tide goes out?"

I can't imagine that any journalist has ever asked a priest what he is going to do when religiousness has ebbed out and no human any longer needs help or something to believe in. I doubt that any physician has been placed in the position of having to change his profession because soon all humans will be healthy. Or that the mathematician will be out of work because all calculations have been made...

But there are nevertheless people who apparently believe that man one day will suddenly cease being interested in sex. That's strange, isn't it, since sex is certainly older than both religion, medicine and mathematics.

If there is in fact something that can be called 'sex wave', I believe that it will exist as long as humanity exists. So I'm not worried, at least not about the sex wave, but I am perhaps a little concerned about the fact that certain people are occasionally so shortsighted when it concerns sex.—"Well, sex is one thing; pornography is another" reply the critics, "and they don't always concern each other". But isn't it so that the most of us use the picture-book of phantasy in order to stimulate our environment in general, as well as our sexual intercourse? And we, as people, have certainly begun early in the history of man to use this capacity—certainly in any case long before we began to think logically and, therefore, before science existed. And since this need has follow-

Der Merkwürdigkeiten im Leben sind genug. Und der ungelösten Fragen. Eine der merkwürdigen Fragen, die ich immer wieder zu hören bekomme, heißt: Was wird Milton tun, wenn die Sexwelle abflaut?

Nur schwer kann ich mir vorstellen, daß beispielsweise ein Geistlicher jemals gefragt worden ist, was er zu tun gedenke, wenn das religiöse Bedürfnis der Menschen nachließe, ihre Hilfsbedürftigkeit verschwände. Oder sollte ein Arzt in eine ungewisse Zukunft sehen, weil seine Patienten bald alle genesen sind? Oder der Mathematiker ohne Aufgaben dastehen, weil die Welt der Zahlen erschöpft sei?

Immer wieder aber melden sich Leute zu Wort, die ein rasches Ende des Interesses für die Sexualität prophezeien. Angesichts des uralten Bewußtseins von der Sexualität, das so viel jünger ist als das Wissen von Mathematik und Medizin, muß dies als eine sehr erstaunliche Behauptung erscheinen.

Sollte nun wirklich so etwas bestehen, was manche als Sexwelle bezeichnen, so bin ich überzeugt, daß sie so lange leben wird wie die Menschheit selbst. Was mich schon eher beunruhigt, ist vielmehr der enge Horizont mancher Leute in Dingen des Sex. Sexualität, so wird eingewendet, sei die eine Seite und Pornografie die andere, und zwischen beiden bestehe nur ein bedingter Zusammenhang. Dabei läßt man aber die reiche Welt der Phantasie außer acht, und gerade die ist es doch, die unser intimes Zusammenleben anregt und erfüllt. Deutet nicht vieles darauf hin, daß die Phantasie viel früher als die Wissenschaft den Menschen beflügelte? Was die Menschen von Anbeginn an

ed man and humanity throughout thousands of years, there's scarcely reason to suspect that this interest or need wills suddenly cease to exist.

I believe than Man needs and appreciates stimuli, even in sex. Stimuli are not in themselves artificial. They are a need. Very few human functions operate without stimuli in one form or another. That a usable sexual stimulus is formed in color, printed on paper is something that certainly should not be to the disadvantage of the stimulus—it is created by people, for people. Should it be considered as something dishonest? Because if this principle is wrong, well, where do we land? No, if the current interest in and the developments aroung sex are to be called a sex wave, then there should also be a technics wave, which will also lose force and die away. Of all the thousands of years that humanity has existed, only a man's age has been used for development of the radio, antibiotics, space travel, etc.

I don't find it at all strange that as well our view of sex has expanded, even if I think that it has gone and still goes too slowly. But to call all this for a wave is certainly to oversimplify the matter. Besides, I think that the recent liberalization of sexual attitudes is only the first step toward a really comprehensive freedom in the way people think about and treat sex.

It wouldn't surprise me at all if the next five, ten or fifteen years should show such development that implies nearly a revolution in sexual liberation. And it's about time that both church and state realize how their traditional direction of and power over the citizens' sexuality will be reduced more and more. In that respect I hope sincerely that it is the church that first loses it's significance. For even if the sexual concept of the state and of the law often appear to be right out of the dark ages, the sexual moral of the church is confused beyond all boundaires and usually ends in some kind of hocus-pocus.

Nevertheless, the problem is in principle so simple. It's just a question of reasonable freedom. Freedom to look at what he wants, to listen to what he wants, to do what he wants without harm to another... these are actually rather elementary demands, and should naturally be included among the human freedoms and human rights.

begleitet hat, warum sollte es mit einem Mal verschwinden?

Ich glaube fest, daß der Mensch Anregungen braucht und schätzt, auch beim Sex. Anregungen an und für sich sind nichts Künstliches. Sie sind ein Bedürfnis. Nur sehr weniges menschliches Verhalten ist ohne Anregungen denkbar. In gedruckten Form, in Farbe und auf Papier, was kann an dieser Stimulanz Herabsetzendes sein? Menschen haben sie für Menschen gemacht.

Nein, wenn sich was herrschende Interesse für die Sexualität "Sexwelle" nennt, dann müßte man folglich auch von einer Technikwelle sprechen. Nur während eines verschwindend kleinen Teils ihres Daseins hat sich die Menschheit der Technik zugewandt, dem Funk, dem Fliegen, der Raumfahrt. Ähnlich hat sich auch unser Blick für den Sex geweitet. Aber das als "Welle" zu betrachten, scheint mir doch eine grobe Vereinfachung. Im Gegenteil, die Wandlungen, die sich jetzt vollziehen, deuten auf einen ersten wirklichen Schritt zur sexuellen Befreiung des Menschen hin, im Denken wie im Handeln.

Die nächsten zehn, fünfzehn Jahre werden in diesem Sinne von entscheidender Bedeutung sein. Kirche und Staat werden die Erfahrung machen müssen, daß ihre Machtausübung im Intimbereich ihrer Bürger im Rückzug begriffen ist. Sicherlich wird das kirchliche noch vor dem weltlichen Gebot weichen.

Selbst wenn sich die öffentliche Sexualmoral oft rein mittelalterlich gebärdet, so verliert sich die der Kirche zumeist weit jenseits der Grenzen des Begreifbaren. Das Problem ist jedoch im Prinzip einfach: es geht um angemessene Freiheit. Man sollte sehen dürfen, hören dürfen, was man will, dem Tun — ohne irgendeinem dabei zu schaden — sei keine Beschränkung weiter auferlegt.

Dies sollte Bestandteil der Menschenrechte sein.

lillian 14

Here we are again, ready to continue our orgy. I love orgies! The more men the better. But this is going to be a little different, since they've promised to fuck my little ass. That'll be another new experience for me.

Hier sind wir wieder, bereit zur Orgie, unermüdlich. Ich stehe auf so 'was. Je mehr, je lieber. Diesmal wird es vielleicht etwas anders kommen. Sie haben versprochen, mir nach Kräften den Arsch zu versohlen.

•

Nous revoici, prets à nous vautrer dans l'orgie. J'aime les parties de cul! Plus je m'envoie de gars, mieux ça va. Ceci va être un tantinet plus vicelard car ils ont promis de m'enculer. Encore de l'inédit pour moi.

•

Hier zijn we dan weer klaar om met onze orgie verder te gaan. Ik hou wel van een orgie! How meer mannen hoe beter. Maar het gaat nu helemaal spannend worden em. Want ze hebben beloofd om in mijn kontje te neuken. Zo maak ik alweer iets nieuws mee em.

These two men are real fuckers, and I'll bet they've fucked quite a few little-girl asses before.

●

Diese Kerle sind echte Ficker. Ich wette, die haben sich schon eine Menge Mädchenärsche vorgenommen.

●

Ces deux gaillards sont de méchants baiseurs. Je parie qu'ils ont déjà défoncé pas mal de culs de petites filles.

●

Deze twee mannen zijn echte prijsneukers enik durf te wedden, dat ze al heel wat meisjeskontjes genaaid hebben.

While the big moment is coming, I build myself up by enjoying the usual prelude. A little sucking, a little fucking is always thrilling.

●

Auch die Vorbereitungen machen mir Spaß. Ein bißchen Blasen, ein bißchen Bumsen bringt mich ordentlich in Fahrt.

●

Avant le grand moment, je me mets en train par un peu de suce et de baisouillante. C'est toijours émoustillant.

●

Afwachting van het grote moment naai ik mezelf op de gewone manier vast op Een beetje zuigen en een beetje neuken is altijd lekker em.

My two fuckers have really gotten excited now, and so have I. Balls to play with, fingers and cocks in my cunt—something new is happening all the time. And think about all the spunk . . .

Die beiden sind jetzt ganz da, und ich auch. Hier 'mal mit den Eiern baumeln, da ein wenig in der Fotze fingern. Immer etwas Neues. Stell dir vor, wie das gleich spritzen wird . . .

Mes deux braquemardeurs sont vachement chauds maintenant et moi aussi. Couilles à taquiner, doigtés et bites dans ma chatte; du nouveau sans débander. Et toutes ces viscosités jouissives . . .

M'n twe neukmaten zijn nu al aardig opgewonden en ik ook em. Ballen om mee te spelen, een vinger of en pik in m'n kut, d'r gebeurt telkens wat anders em. En denk eens aan al dat geil . . . em.

Why is it that you always get more than twice the satisfaction with two men than you get from just one? Just imagine, then, three, five, six or more . . .

•

Warum machen dich zwei Männer mehr als doppelt scharf? Wie denn mit drei, vier, sechs . . .?

•

Pourquoi jouit-on le double et plus quand on se fade deux mecs au lieu d'un? Alors, avec trois, cinq, six ou plus . . .

•

Hoe komt het toch, dat neuken met twee mannen tegelijk altijd meer dan twee keer zo lekker is dan met maar eentje? En stel je eens voor hoe het zou zijn met drie, vijf, zes, of meer.

It's really exciting to fill my mouth up with such a big cock, and feel thick, hot spunk spurting down my throat, while his balls dangle before me.

•

Ein dicker Schwanz im Mund läßt mir ein wohliges Gefühl durch den Körper rieseln — und noch mehr ein Sturzbach Samen tief in der Kehle.

•

C'est le pied de me mettre plein la bouche de ce gros braquemart et de sentir le foutre épais me gicler dans la gorge, avec les couilles qui font bravo devant moi.

•

Wat is het toch lekker om zo'n stijve pik in je mond te nemen em. En het dikke hete geil in mijn keel te laten spuiten terwijl z'n ballen voor je ogen heen en weer schommelen em em em.

A cock in my mouth, a vibrator tickling my clitoris, and . . . a hard cock deep in my little ass! Painful? Yes, but my God! what a sensation! It's really something I'll recommend my girlfriends!

●

Einen Stab zwischen allen Lippen, pochend und pulsierend, und obendrein einen Harten hinten drin! Scherzhafte Wonnen! Meine Freundinnen, das müßt ihr auch 'mal versuchen.

●

Une pine à la bouche; un vibromasseur me chatouillant le clito et . . . un braquemart raide bien enfoncé entre mes fesses! Douloureux? Un peu mais, crénom, quelles sensations! Je le recommande vivement à mes amies!

●

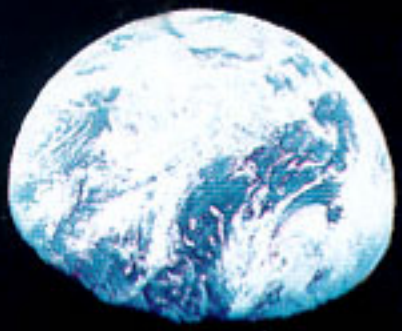
Een lul in mijn mond, een vibrator langs mijn klitoris en . . . een stijve pik diep in mijn kontje! Of het pijn doet? Ja, maar wat is het toch ook verschrikkelijk lekker em! Ik zal het al mijn vriendinnen aanraden em em.

I feel you're almost coming —give it to me! All your creamy spunk! I'll take everything you can give me! Wow! If only my teacher could see me now!

Gleich kommt es Euch. Gebt es mir, gebt mir all Euren Saft. Ich will alles haben. Hah! Wenn mich jetzt mein Lehrer sehen könnte!

Je vous sens venir. Foutez-le-moi! Tout votre foutre crémeux! Du tonnerre! Ah! Si mon prof pouvait me zieuter!

Ik voel dat je bijna klaarkomt — geef maar hier al dat romige geil van je em em! Spuit je maar helemaal leeg em! Als mijn leraar me zo eens zou kunnen zien em!



PRIVATE READER

Dear People,

I have been receiving your magazine for about 6 months now and I have only compliments for it and your personnel. I am by no means a judge of art but what I see in PRIVATE I like. Of course everyone likes to look at sexy photos but I am referring to the layout and the text and just the way everything is put forward.

In issue no 25 you displayed some of Mr. Mayer's art work, well, I am one who agrees that his work diserves wider recognition and I would like to see more of it myself. Perhaps if there were a small catalogue or brocheur to give a person some idea of the variety, I would be pleased to purchase a few things for our love-nest.

My fiancé and myself thoroughly enjoy your magazine. It has helped to fire us both from our inhabitions and stimulate our imaginations. We especially enjoy your section "Readers' own photos" and I intend to make my own contribution to that part of your fabulous look, very soon.

I hope we can expect to see a longer article with a girl like Therese in the future, Mr. Milton. Her pregnancy is quite elegant and even graceful in that pictorial layout.

Hope to hear from you soon, friends. Keep up the great work!

R. Hainstock
Winnipeg, Canada

Dear Mr. Hainstock,

Thanks for your letter. I am glad that you liked the sequence with Therese—I enjoyed making it. I think we can agree on that pregnancy is beautiful and that there is no reason to hide it.

Concerning the art work of Mr. Mayer, please, write directly to him for information. The address is: Karl-Herbert Mayer, 8010 GRAZ, Raffaltweg 11, Austria.

I am looking forward to seeing the photographs of you and your fiancé.

MILTON

✸

Dear Private,

I am a constant reader of your magazine, and I must acknowledge the quality of your pictures as very excellent.

I am a 35 year-old-woman, and not one, one can call sexy, but I prefer PRIVATE to those ordinary girlish magazines—somehow, your models are more real. You must go through a lot of efforts, because every picture tells its own story.

My husband doesn't care much about sex and magazines, as he is more on the business-minded side, but he approves of my choice. I even try to copy the make-up, hairdoes and dresses of some of your models. That pleases my husband very much, though I do get hard stare from my neighbours and some of my friends.

If I was younger and not married, I wouldn't mind posing for PRIVATE. I would very much like to see myself, on one of your pages, with those gorgeous men who never seem to fail an erection.

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.

I think sex is a very important factor in our life, and I cannot understand why some people frown or feel disgusted when seeing young couples engaged in love-making in pictures,—but of course there is always a matter of opinion in how we see things. For example, I certainly don't enjoy those cheap sexbooks, that seem only to exploit girls to make money. Not only that, the positions and the manners they place or (engage) the couples in, make sex look very dirty and cheap.

A good sex magazine for me, and I am sure for most intelligent people, means a magazine with sexy outlook combining education in the art of love-making.

I am looking forward to no. 27. No. 26 was one of the very best! It has also helped me to learn a bit about the wonderful man whose creation I enjoy. I will always read PRIVATE! Whenever I have one which interests me more, I read it again. I am very proud of my collection.

Wishing lots of luck for the future
Mme F. Dupont

✸

Dear Sir!

Thank you for PRIVATE, the best magazine in the world I think. The girls are very beautiful and the pictures are of very high quality.

Let me introduce myself. I'm a 24 year-old-man, and I believe that the world would be much happier, if everyone all over the world was just as liberal in there attitude towards sex as you are.

My hope is, that I through your magazine and this letter would be able to make contact with people, both singles and couples, all over the world. It would be very nice to get in contact with people from other countries who have the same liberal attitude as you and myself.

I hope many people will write to me, and someday, maybe, we will meet and go on holliday together. I hope that we in this way can get more people to become more natural in their sexual behaviour. Let me hear from people of all races, negroes, japanese, european, americans and all other.

I hope you will publish what I just have written, and if you don't want to send my address to people who might answer, you may publish my name and address.

Yours,
J.H. Mortensen
FVK—FSN Karup
7470 Karup J.
Denmark

PS. I would also like to become a PRIVATE Model if you're interested.

We at PRIVATE are always happy to promote liberal attitudes toward sex. Mr. Mortensen sounds like a nice and sincere man, and we hope that some of you will find it desirable to establish contact with him.

The Editors

Dear Mr Milton,

The latter part of the 30 years that my husband and I have been married have seen our sex-life become a boring necessity. At least, that was my opinion. As a concequence, I had been reading, on the sly, about the different methods that could be used to refresh a faded sex-life. I finally desided that whipping, or being whipped, sounded most like it would help me, but realized that I would have to at least talk it over with my husband before attempting anything this drastic.

Well, at first he wouldn't hear of it, but after a lot of persuasion I finally got him half way over to my way of thinking. Then, one Friday evening, we were visiting some friends when they invited us to use their new Finish Sauna. The customary Sauna includes using bunches of birch twigs, bound together, as whips to stimulate the flow of blood. With this whip my husband flailed my hot body so that my scin crawled. And then I suddenly experienced the orgasm of my life! Seeing how excited I became—more excited than I had been in years—my husband lost controll completely and we made love—right there in the Sauna—equal to the hot and wild love-making of our youth.

Since then, we not only whip ourselves regularly but have also built our own "hot" love nest. I hope that our experience can inspire some of your readers.

Mrs. Johnson
Michigan, USA

Are there any other readers who would like to share their unusual experiences with us?
MILTON

Dear Mr. Milton,

This letter is surely only one of the many, that contain both praise and a request. I ask you nevertheless for a short reply.

I address myself to you since I am convinced that PRIVATE really is the best among all magazines devoted to sex. This may be due to your exquisite models, you technique of photographic composition as well as the color printing, the excellent picture quality which none of the numerous other magazines can approach.

Since I wish to continue having PRIVATE at home for my girlfriend, my friends and for myself, I hope for a further development of the themes exposed there. Or perhaps you haven't yet noticed that you keep to a certain bandwith of variations, from which you seldom escape? One would look forward with excitement to seeing the pictures you could present in your style showing other than sex between two or among three people.

I look for, for example, shots including a negro with a really big tool together with two lovely girls (preferably slim with big tits). "Color Climax" has presented such a theme, but you should see

the impossible quality of the pictures. Really, it's no pleasure.

Extend my appreciation to the man in no. 24 (Grand Canyon). Cock and balls are so great that I would like to take them in the mouth myself. (It's just that for the first time the reproductions are not especially good—unfortunately!)

By the way, why no pictures with homosexuals and bisexuals? Is it perhaps a false taboo, since you include lesbian scenes?

One further request: it's really a shame when lovely pictures are printed on two pages, when it wouldn't really be necessary. In just no. 24 we see nearly all pictures on Lisa and Eric, printed in this way. Much is thus lost. Why not print them on one page, turned 90°? It's really a shame to treat such lovely pictures so, and this occurs in nearly every issue.

Occasionally, the material presented under the title "Sex Bizarre"—for example couples pissing on each other or a couple fucking while being pissed on by another man (or woman)—really pleases me. However, here as well the nead of the master's touch in the photography obvious.

I would be honered if you could look into above questions.

In no. 22, under the title "Beautiful Bosoms", you show a girl from Munich who, with her husband—Frans Scholz, according to the signature—often attend sex parties. Couldn't I get the entire address from you (they can get mine) since my girlfriend and I would really like to make their acquaintance. You would by complying with such requests do your Private readers a great service. Further, I would appreciate having the address of Jackie in no. 24.

In response to your request for volunteer models, we may be interested, although we still hesitate. Would slides be sufficient, or must we send prints? I assume that they should be intercourse pictures. Am I right?

Now I await excitedly your reply, but I ask you that if you should publish this letter, please change my name.

With kind regards,

"A Private Reader"

Dear Reader,

We are very glad to receive letters from aware people like you.

We have given a great deal of thoughts to your comments and we shall take them into consideration in future production.

We will pass your proposition to the couple from Munich, and then, it's up to them to answer.

MILTON

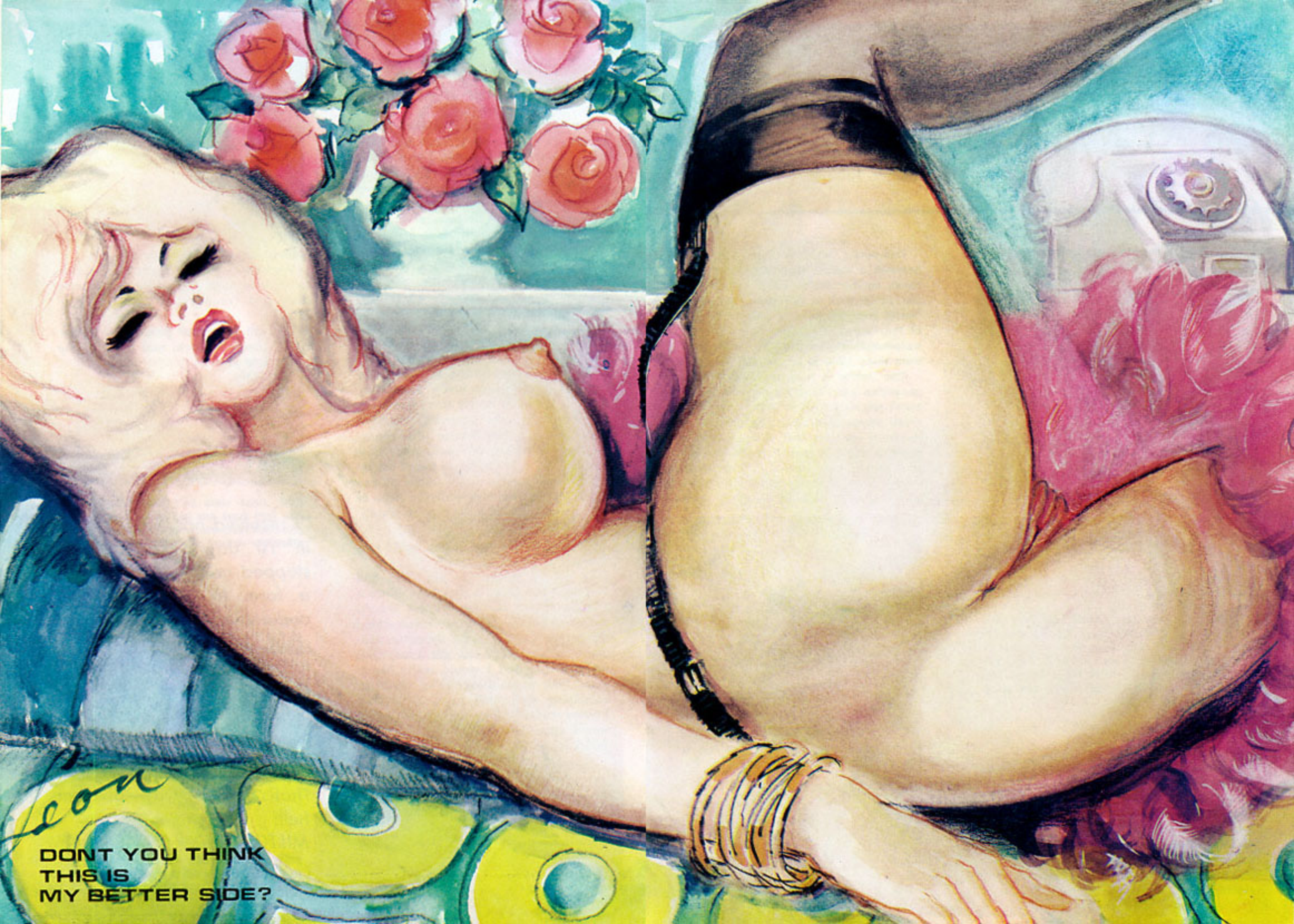
"I received nos 20, 25 within 10 days. U.S. Customs stopped no 21, and sent me a form to sign. I refused and intend to fight them in court if necessary; in order to be able to read PRIVATE."

G.M.

New York

That's the way—give'em hell!

MILTON


Leon
DONT YOU THINK
THIS IS
MY BETTER SIDE?

READERS' OWN PHOTOGRAPHS!

We decided to share this picture with your readers. If I look excited—my erect nipples and the gleam in my eyes—it is because I am going to suck my husband's cock as soon as he has taken this picture! And, guess where those dildoes have been? I hope to see my picture in your next issue. "An Erotic Wife"

Dear Mr. Milton:

I am one of your "first" customers, and own all issues of your wonderful magazine except no. 1.

Right now, I want to congratulate you for Private No. 24. I am familiar with the entire colossal area in southern Utah and Arizona, from Las Vegas to the Monument Valley. Your magnificent photographs, however, showing how great sex can be at the Grand Canyon, were for me a revelation!

This having been said, permit me to submit herewith a couple of photographs—with comments on the reverse sides—that may interest you. As far back as two years ago I wrote, in a "letter from the readers", about the wonders of the "corset de la belle epoque"—the true wasp-waist and hourglass corsets of the period from about 1900 to around 1915.

This fashion is truly something that today's generation has absolutely no familiarity with. I asked you in that letter if you couldn't include a few photographs presenting different periods in history—pictures that your connections with agencies would be able to provide you with. Or, even better, have one of your lovely models dress in one of these "corsets de luxe", and allow herself to be laced up tightly—to the ex-

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.**

treme (for only a short while during the photographing). She should be shown with all of the trappings appropiate to the period—shoulder length curls, hat with veil, and wonderful, extreme high heels...

There is absolutely no difficulty in having such wonderful corsets made to order; Mme. D. Medeq, in London, (address on request), makes masterworks of the most extravagant corsets de luxe. (See enclosure)

As to why I asked you at that time to present a photo series of this sex symbol, well, it's simply that every normal man—even today—is fascinated by a really slim waist. Corset, gloves and veil form an entity that excites every normal man—and this, expressed with the masterful touch of your magnificent photos!

Please allow me, finally, a few words of a more personal nature. To begin with, I want to emphasize that I am heterosexual—even if it should appear otherwise to judge by the three photos of me (enclosed) in corsets. It's simply that I am an avid corset-fetishist—one who is thrilled by female bodies when they are extremely tightly bound. As a boy of seven, however, I was myself laced into a wasp-waist corset once (but that's another story), and have since then been a thrall of the corset and its world of wonders.

During the past two years, Mme. Medeq has prepared four different "long-line" corsets for me; one in red brocade and the others in glacé leather—in purest white, gold, and one in green. Apart from these, I have a 70 cm. long black satin corset, and

an "armored car" model of shiny vinyl—see the picture included—in which my girlfriend was able to reduce her waist by 27 cm.

Thank you for your attention, for the always great joy that your photomastery gives me, and for an answer to this long letter.

With kind regards,
"A Private Reader"

I am willing to pose for you in Stockholm, but in my style, using my wardrobe and my very sexy accessoires ... à la Française!
F.S.
Paris

My dear Private,
I wish you a warm "Thank You" for your beautiful magazine, which allows me to live a more intense sexlife. I am 50 years old and married to an attractive and good woman, but one for whom the desire to make love is limited to only a dozen times or so per year. I have thus always had to resort to masturbation to satisfy my profound virility. After having become aquainted with Private, my pleasure has been very violent and intense. Again, thank you!
J.F.
Brussels

Though I might seem a bit "bent", I am just an ordinary man enjoying quite ordinary sex together with my lovely wife.
Ernst P.

AN INSIDE LOOK INTO THE LIVES OF "THE SEX-PERFORMERS"

What sort of people are they? — How can they do it, how do they think, how do they live? — What is their private love-life like?
We present three penetrating, unique and interesting interviews in PRIVATE.

INTERVIEW WITH ROMEO AND JULIET

Romeo and Juliet, stage names for Göran Harryson, 28, and Gunilla Mattisson, 22, live together in a flat decorated in modern style just outside of Stockholm. They are well-known in Sweden for their varied and imaginative sex shows, which they incindentally create themselves, beginning with the idea, designing and sewing the costumes, seeking out stage props and other equipment, directing, and so forth.

They occasionally attract attention even in their private lives by their colorful and original dress.

PRIVATE: When did you begin with live shows, and how did it happen?

GÖRAN: We've been at it now for about a year and a quarter—together, that is. I had done a little sex work in films and on stage before I met Gunilla. That we started to appear together was really more of a coincidence than anything else. You see, a friend of mine knew of someone in Finland who wanted some kind of erotic show for his club. Gunilla and I went over there and worked for a while, and thought it seemed to go off well. We were nicely paid, we liked the work and we liked each other, so we decided to continue. Later, we discussed different shows we could present, bought material, sewed costumes and developed the entire thing into something we ourselves call a form of stage appearance with revue and sex.

GUNILLA: Well, it began for me by answering an advertisement for models for erotic photography. They accepted me, and I earned a nice fee. Then I met Göran, we got along well together and, well, that's how it began.

PRIVATE: How about the future?

GÖRAN: Well, we intend to continue, since it's fun and there's no reason to quit. And I beileve that I can continue at least until I'm nearly forty. Maybe then it won't be as much fun as now—I mean for the audience—that is, they'll want to see fresher figures on the

stage. But as long as we can keep ourselves this way, well . . . We lay away a little money regularly and will be able to buy a house one day . . .

PRIVATE: How about your private sex life?

GÖRAN: It's completely different from what we do on the stage—that is to say, simpler. One doesn't have to think about showing anything, taking different positions, etc. It's less complicated at home when we make love for its own sake, but we make love just as frequently whether we work or not.

PRIVATE: How do you spend your free time—do you have any hobbies?

GÖRAN: Yes, as a matter of fact we have several hobbies—among other things we keep pets. We have right now aquariums, birds, a terrarium, and so forth. It's really a little zoo. And perhaps it'll develop into a pet shop one day.

PRIVATE: What does the public really want to see in the way of a live show?

GÖRAN: I don't really think that the public comes just to see two people having intercourse on the stage. It doesn't really give them so much, so we build it up and try to make a little show of it. That's why we have the show "The Wedding", for example, where I come out on stage carrying Gunilla as if we had just gotten married and were preparing for the wedding night. We poke a lot of fun in this show since I think that a good live show should be humorous as well as sexy. For example, she starts to pull my trousers off me, and I suddenly stand there in only—long underwear!

PRIVATE: How often do you perform?

GÖRAN: Of course at least a few times per day, but our record was at a party in southern Sweden, where we performed 52 times in four days—twelve on the first day, then 16, 6 and 18. For all these 52 times, we missed—that is, it didn't work—on only three of them! But these shows were quite short, and with only a few minutes separating them.

PRIVATE: What do your relatives say?

GUNILLA: His relatives don't bother much one way or the other, but my mother has seen several of our shows and she thinks that we do it well.

PRIVATE: If live shows were to be accepted in more countries, would you as professionals be interested in offers to perform there?

GÖRAN AND GUNILLA: Yes, definitely. ●

INTERVIEW WITH TONY AND SELKA VALLEN

Tony, 21, and Selka, 22, are married, have no children, and have worked with live shows for more than one and a half years. Before their marriage and their live show career, Selka was first a telephone exchange operator and then went through an advertising school. While at the school she began as well as a strip tease dancer and a sex model at a very small sex club in Stockholm.

Selka describes her reasons for starting to strip thus:

Since I matured as a woman very young — both sexually and intellectually—and was as well very 'liberated', I saw no reason why I shouldn't exploit my qualities commercially. But as the sex wave increased, so did the demands from our public at the sex clubs. They wanted to see intercourse on the stage. The owner and I discussed this, and decided that I should arrange a sex show. I liked Tony a lot—we went together regularly and, well, I suppose that it was I that convinced him to begin with live shows. The decision proved to be a happy one from several points of view—Tony, you see, had previously had strong homosexual tendencies and had scarcely met a girl before me. That made him interesting for me and he in turn found me completely fascinating. Later, this combination and our intercourse in front of the public brought us very close to each other. Tony was an elevator installer previously, but since we really got going seriously he has left that profession.

PRIVATE: How long do you intend to continue with live shows?

SELKA: We don't have any definite plans—we just continue and will wait and see how things develop.

PRIVATE: How often do you have shows?

SELKA: Well, between six and eight per day.

PRIVATE: Do you always carry out the program successfully?

SELKA: Yes. It's very seldom that Tony misses. I would say we successfully carry out at least 98 % of all our shows. But we have found out that after five or six shows Tony has got to let it go—that is, have an orgasm and spray it out. Otherwise he can't get it up again—it just isn't possible for him to get excited again and again without being allowed to reach an ejaculation. And of course the public

seeing how his load sprays all over me.

PRIVATE: How about your private sex life?

TONY: It's great to be able to take it easy and do as you yourself want. You can root and grub and just let it go, and I think Selka has the same opinion.

SELKA: Yes, that's right, in front of the public you're more tense. It's much better at home where you can improvise and do as you wish.

PRIVATE: What sort of public do you prefer?

SELKA: We like the younger crowd. The older ones are more demanding. Although they may not be able to carry out all their intercourses themselves, they want that on stage everything should work perfectly. The younger audience is more understanding—they seem to appreciate it more.

PRIVATE: Something about your earnings?

SELKA: Well, while our income now is quite good, when we began it was much better. Then, you really got paid well for each intercourse you carried out. Nowadays it's not at all the same money, but if you work six to eight times a day it still adds up to a nice amount anyway.

PRIVATE: Your relatives' reactions?

TONY: My relatives don't know what I do.

SELKA: I have also very little contact in that way with my parents, but my younger sister look up to me—everything I do is just fantastic, according to her. She thinks it's tremendous, my having intercourse on the stage—whatever big sister does is right . . .

PRIVATE: What do you think is most important for the audience?

TONY: Just the pure intercourse—the plain fuck. I don't believe that a live show should have a lot of warming-up play and such; the public comes to see two people fuck on the stage, and that's what we do. When the curtain goes up we start, because that's what they want to see. They consider anything beside that, to be simply wasted time.

PRIVATE: If live shows were to be accepted in more countries would you, as professionals, be interested in offers to appear?

SELKA: Yes. Why not? It would be fun to get around a little. ●

INTERVIEW WITH FRANK AND KIM

Frank, 27, and Kim, 25, have worked continuously for the past three years with live shows. They met each other at a large French-Swedish banquet at the Grand Hotel in Stockholm. While they have officially stopped working with live shows, they nevertheless perform occasionally, but then very privately and completely unofficially.

PRIVATE: How did it happen that you began with live shows?

FRANK AND KIM: It really wasn't our idea to start with live shows—someone else came with it. And we both like sex, so we began with it.

PRIVATE: How often do you have shows?

FRANK: At most, four or five a day.

PRIVATE: Can you always carry out the program successfully?

FRANK: You've got to miss now and then—you're only a human, you know. And, after all, it does deal with emotions.

PRIVATE: How do you spend your free time?

KIM: We usually run down to Nice and visit my mother-in-law. But the most of our time we spend in our wonderful apartment together with our children. Otherwise, we both play tennis, billiards and golf. I love horses, and frequently attend gallop and jump events.

PRIVATE: Can you tell us how your private sex life functions?

FRANK: Jarl Kulle (a famous Swedish actor—ed.) says "The more you do, the better it is".

PRIVATE: Is the public a disturbing factor to you?

FRANK: Yes, nowadays it is—that is, in the public clubs. But we're not bothered by this, since we've stopped performing in public clubs.

PRIVATE: What kind of public would you prefer to perform for?

FRANK: As I mentioned earlier, we're in the fortunate situation that we have only that public that really knows and appreciates sex. And that is a prerequisite for a good show.

PRIVATE: Don't you think that the tempo you work at is too high and taxing?

FRANK: I don't think so, not when you like your work.

PRIVATE: I assume your earnings are rather high—do you have a special goal, you know, something special you're saving for?

FRANK AND KIM: If you really like sex, the money doesn't seem so important.

PRIVATE: Do you have any plans for the future?

FRANK AND KIM: We hope to be able to continue meeting such wonderful and charming people as we have met both here in Sweden and on the continent. And we want, in the future, to be able to devote ourselves to our home, our family and our cultural interests in peace and quiet.

PRIVATE: Would you like to see live shows accepted in other countries so that you could work in other parts of the world?

FRANK: If you can put together a good show, you can always find the possibility to appear, nearly wherever you want. ●

PRIVATE In PRIVATE you will find an honest portrayal of the new Swedish concept of sexual freedom. The frank picture-material, articles and reports show in an unique manner the emancipation and honesty towards sex as enjoyed by Swedish women. There is an interest in PRIVATE for all; whatsoever their sexual tastes. Erotic art, lesbianism, exhibitionism, masturbation, troilism, sex orgies, fellatio, cunnilingus, close-ups, orgasm, transvestism etc. The original PRIVATE photographs are refined, inspiring and aesthetic showing many varied unexpurgated coital positions. Text in English.

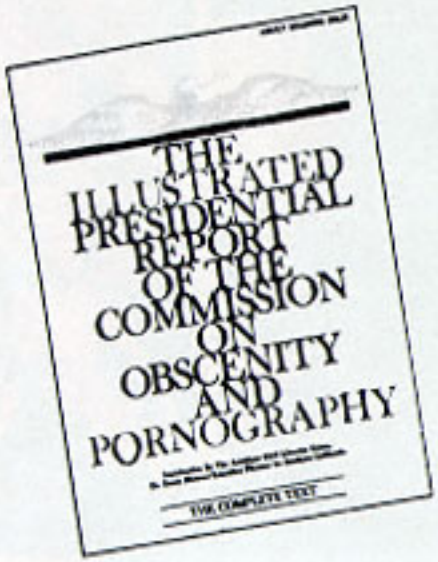
PRIVATE In PRIVATE finden Sie die unverfälschte Darstellung einer neuen Auffassung von sexueller Freiheit, wie sie sich in Schweden schon weithin durchgesetzt hat. Die freizügigen Bilder und Berichte zeigen auf unübertroffene Weise das Mass an Emanzipation, das viele Menschen schon für sich errungen haben. PRIVATE spricht jeden Geschmack an: erotische Kunst, Masturbation, Exhibitionismus, Nahaufnahmen, lesbische Liebe, Orgien, Fellatio, Cunnilingus, Orgasmus, Transvestiten usw. PRIVATE Originalfotos bringen in unerschöpflicher Vielzahl raffinierte Coitusstellungen für verwöhnteste Ansprüche. Fast alle PRIVATE Texte in Deutsch.

PRIVATE Dans PRIVATE vous découvrez la description authentique de la liberté sexuelle à la suédoise. A-travers illustrations, enquêtes et articles directs, vous faites connaissance d'une exquise façon avec l'émancipation et l'ouverture dont les femmes suédoises jouissent à l'endroit des choses sexuelles. PRIVATE pense à tous et à toutes, satisfait tous les goûts: art érotique, amour lesbien, exhibitionisme, auto-érotisme, amour à trois, bacchanales érotiques, pompier, minette, feuille de rose, orgasme, travestisme etc. Les photos de PRIVATE sont des originaux raffinés, évocateurs et inspirateurs présentant un grand nombre de positions coitales variées et intégrales. Text en français.

PRIVATE In PRIVATE troverete un onesto ritratto del nuovo concetto svedese della libertà sessuale. Il franco materiale fotografico, gli articoli e i rapporti dimostrano di un modo unico l'emancipazione e l'onestà verso il sesso, goduta dalla donna svedese. PRIVATE è d'interesse per tutte le direzioni sessuali. Arte erotica, lesbicismo, esibizionismo, masturbazione, troilismo, orgie sessuali, fellatio, cunnilingus, orgasmo, travestismo ecc. Le fotografie autentiche PRIVATE sono raffinate, iaspiranti ed estetiche, dimostrando una grande varietà delle posizioni del coitus. Testi in inglese, tedesco, francese ed olandese.

Dealer/Händler/Vendeur/Venditore

$ 2.000.000 SPENT OVER TWO YEARS ON EXTENSIVE RESEARCH PRODUCED THE 900 PAGES REPORT OF THE AMERICAN COMMISSION ON OBSCENITY AND PORNOGRAPHY. THIS REPORT IS THE BASIS OF THE BOOK.



"the Commission found no empirical scientific evidence showing a causal relationship between exposure to pornography and any kind of harm to minors and adults."

"studies found that a substantial number of married couples reported more agreeable and enhanced marital communication and an increased willingness to discuss sexual matters with each other after exposure to erotic stimuli."

"People with more education are more likely to have experience with erotic materials. People who read general books, magazines, and newspapers more, and see general movies more also see more erotic materials. People who are more socially and politically active are more exposed to erotic materials."

"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 aestics of design and layout, selection of models, etc. If features a 'gatefold' centerspread that Playboy would never dare try, and it is in a multi-language format."

PRIVATE 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35

PRICE INCL. POSTAGE

Europe: £5,0, DM 15, FF 30, Lit 5.000

Asia: Yen 3.000, US $ 10

America: US $ 8

Australia: A $ 9

Africa: US $ 9

Cash / Geld / Argent / Contanti ☐

Money order / Postanweisung / Mandat-poste / Vaglia postale ☐

Bank check / Bankscheck / cheque bancario ☐

Traveller's cheque / Reise Scheck / Chéque de voyage / Assegno touristico ☐

No C.O.D. - Keine Nachnahme - Non remboursement - Non contro Assegno

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Your PRIVATE Girl

Photos by
MILTON

MAJ-BRIHT BERGSTRÖM-WALAN

Head of Swedish Institute for Sexual Research

Dr. Bergström-Walan is regarded by many as one of the world's foremost experts on sex education and cohabitational problems. She received her Bachelor's degree in 1957, and worked as an assistant principal teacher in a secondary school during the years 1958—1964. In 1963 she earned her Ph. D. Her thesis was "Psychosomatic Medicine in Relation to Pregnancy and Delivery".

Along with a number of articles, Maj-Brith Bergström-Walan has published four books on the subject of sex. She has also produced a number of films, for example: "To Be Together", "Masturbation and Petting", "Sexual Intercourse", "Impotence and Frigidity", "Sex After 60", "Sex and the Handicapped", "Homosexuality", "Transvestism" and "Drugs and Sex".

Dear Readers,

It has always been our aim to do our utmost for our readers, and accordingly, we have today the honour of introducing to you Maj-Briht Bergström-Walan, Ph. D., head of Swedish Institute for Sexual Research. Dr. Bergström-Walan has been kind enough to agree to cooperating with us in order to help those of you, who may have problems concerning your sexlife. She will reply to one question of general interest in each issue of PRIVATE. Send your letters to: Dr. Bergström-Walan, Private Press AB, Fack, S-104 62 Stockholm, Sweden.

We begin this series, with a letter from a woman in England, about transvestism.

Dear Mr. Milton,

Since you, have been writing for so many years about different problems under the heading "Moral", I take the liberty of writing to you, hoping that you might help me to solve my problem.

My husband and I have been married for nine years now, and we have two lovely children together, a boy of five and a girl of three. We got married quite young, and up to now our marriage has been like most marriages, sometimes up and sometimes down, but never before as low as it is now. Some days ago, I came home from shopping much earlier than expected and was quite shocked to find my husband in our bedroom dressed in my underclothes, stockings and high-heeled shoes. At first I thought it was all a joke, but then I realized he was not playing with me, and that he was obviously very exited. What should I do? Is my husband perverted? He tried to explain, saying it was nothing to be afraid of and that it was not the first time he had been wearing women's clothing. He had, however, never dared to tell me about it since he was afraid that I would leave him. And just that is my problem. Should I ask for divorce or should I stay? What shall I tell our children, and what happens if our neighbours find out? I really do not know what to do.

I would appreciate your advice as soon as possible, because I'm very worried.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. B. Millar
England

It was with great interest that I read your letter to PRIVATE. You write that, generally, your marriage has been a good one or, at least, no worse than others. You have two lovely children and have been happy with each other during nine years of marriage.

But suddenly a problem arises which shocks you; you discover that your husband is a transvestite. You are bewildered and in despair, but think at the same time that the whole thing is just a joke he is playing. I understand intimately well that you are beside yourself with surprise and fear.

—Is he normal? Is he mentally ill? Which is he, really, a man or a woman? Is this something temporary? Is it my fault? Has he been this way throughout our marriage? Has he deceived me? Yes, the questions really pile up. You have no one you can ask advice of, you're ashamed of him, and wonder what will happen with the children. Will they discover that Daddy is sometimes "Auntie"? Will they be permanently hurt by such a discovery?

Please try to take it easy and try to be understanding. It doesn't really have to be so catastrophic as you imagine it now.

You see, there are many different degrees of transvestism—some dress themselves only very rarely in women's clothing, while others dress themselves thus more regularly. Some men wear only one or a few pieces of women's clothing, while others have an entire female wardrobe.

In Sweden, the majority of transvestites are married and have families. Many people seem to have the false impression that transvestites are homosexuals. While homosexuals and bisexuals may certainly be found among transvestites, a scientific investigation which I myself have made shows that the majority of transvestites have never participated in any homosexual activity.

It seem to be so that the majority of transvestites are men. The reason for this can of course be difficult to determine since rules of dress are for women significantly simpler and more flexible than for men. Women can dress themselves in man's clothing without attracting any notice—especially the way that fashion is today. Woman can, in other words, satisfy far more easily than man her need to change her dress to that of the opposite sex, and not arouse attention. Another reason can be that the role of being a man is more closely defined, more demanding. He must be strong, capable, ambitious, protective, and must care for wife and children. The role of the woman is, on the other hand, more flexible. She can do all that that the man can do, but she can also be completely passive and obedient. She can remain at home, and let herself be admired and taken care of. There are in other words nowhere near as large demands placed upon her, neither by her family nor by society. You could call her life more comfortable—easier.

Many men can't accept this continual stress that is placed upon them, and instead try to flee now and then to a life with fewer demands.

According to my investigation, many transvestites consider that women get more out of playing their role than men do out of theirs. Woman can more easily achieve her traditional role. Many women will surely be surprised at this point of view, maintaining that suppression of the woman in reality makes her position more frozen and makes her incapable of living her life as she will.

Here our ways part. There is nothing that, in itself, is true or untrue, since it all depends upon the individual at that particular point in time.

It is for this reason, therefore, that you should not consider your husband as "sick" or "abnormal". While it is agreed that his behaviour deviates from the usual male pattern, such a deviation need by no means imply a "sickness".

Try to discuss with him all of your thoughts, your fears. Sit down together and quietly, reasonably, speak openly about the problem. Alone this may be able to improve your relationship on all points and give you both a new and richer love for each other. There is nothing so unsettling and plaguing as uncertainty, and the only way to obtain clarity is to discuss everything with each other. I think that you'll get a clearer and more realistic view of your husband, and you may be thus able to help him get over the feeling that he has to dress himself completely as a woman.

Perhaps he can wear a peice of woman's clothing —something only you both know about—even daily, without it insulting or shaming you.

As far as the children are concerned, I don't think that you should tell them about this for the time being. Keep them out of it, for to do otherwise can only result in unnecessary ponderings, and confusion as well.

If a person really seriously loves another, then one wants at all costs to understand him. One wants to show one's love through tolerance and humanity. I believe that you can succeed. And I hope deeply that you will be able to speak with your husband without accusations and aggression. After all, you don't know the reason for his preference for female clothing and for his longing to "feel like a woman".

Try to speak with him about his childhood and about when he was growing up. Help him to find himself. He may never have tried that.

I hope that this letter will help you to have understanding—as far as it's possible—even through the doubt and misgivings that may time and again plague you.

Mary Britt Bergström-Wolan

PRIVATE NO 14
INGER, a dream of beauty, with a real passion for both men and women, in an uncontrolled orgie with her girlfriend Helen from Trinidad.

PRIVATE NO 21
GREETJE, red-haired and red-blooded, with a body created to drive men wild with desire.

Dear Reader,

During the last 12 months we have received requests from many of our readers for re-runs on some of the private girls. Lisa, Zena, Inger, Greetje, Pia and Lopa have been most demanded.

To meet your overwhelming desire to see those girls again we are now introducing them together like a bouguet of flowers. To make it even more interesting

PRIVATE NO 24

LISA, young and hot, with all you ever wanted to find in a woman. Her school-teacher thinks so too...

PRIVATE NO 17

ZENA, goddess from the planet of Zol, a woman willing to discover what the man from Earth has, compared to her girlfriend.

we would like you to help us vote one of them as the PRIVATE GIRL of the year. The lucky girl elected by you will get a specially designed fur coat to keep her warm in the cold Swedish winter. She will also appear in a revealing sequence that will bring the glitter in the eyes of even the most critical of you.

The reader who defends his selection most convincingly and originally will also receive

PRIVATE NO 19

PIA, just a teenager, but with a real woman's passion for lovemaking, showing the true warmth of the "Land of the Midnight Sun."

PRIVATE NO 20

LOPA, wild and beautiful, in a fantastic story filled with fear and loneliness, hate and love, masturbation and rape — but ending in happiness. Milton himself says: "This is the best story I have ever produced."

a reward. Not a night with the PRIVATE GIRL of the Year, the prize we think most of you would prefere, but with a yearly subscription of Private, the leading magazine in Erotography, which is not bad either.

Sabina

At 17 I, Sabina, am quite an eyeful. I hate to sound snooty, but what the hell else can I say?

•

Mit meinen 17 Jahren bin ich, Sabina, eine Augenweide. Blöd, so von sich eingenommen zu sein, aber was soll ich sonst sagen?

•

A 17 ans, je vaux de coup d'oeil. J'aime pas prendre des grands airs mais que diable dire d'autre?

•

Ik, Sabina ben 17 oud maar al een lekker stuk. Ik vind het niet leuk om verwaand te klinken maar hoe moet ik het anders zeggen?

Men is my only hobby, and I don't waste any time when I come in contact with a nice hunk of meat. I could feel my whole body vibrate when his large lips swallowed mine. Man! That was some kiss! My head spins, and my knees are weak. Boy, I see that he's a wild screw. I can't wait for his bell-bottoms to come off.

•

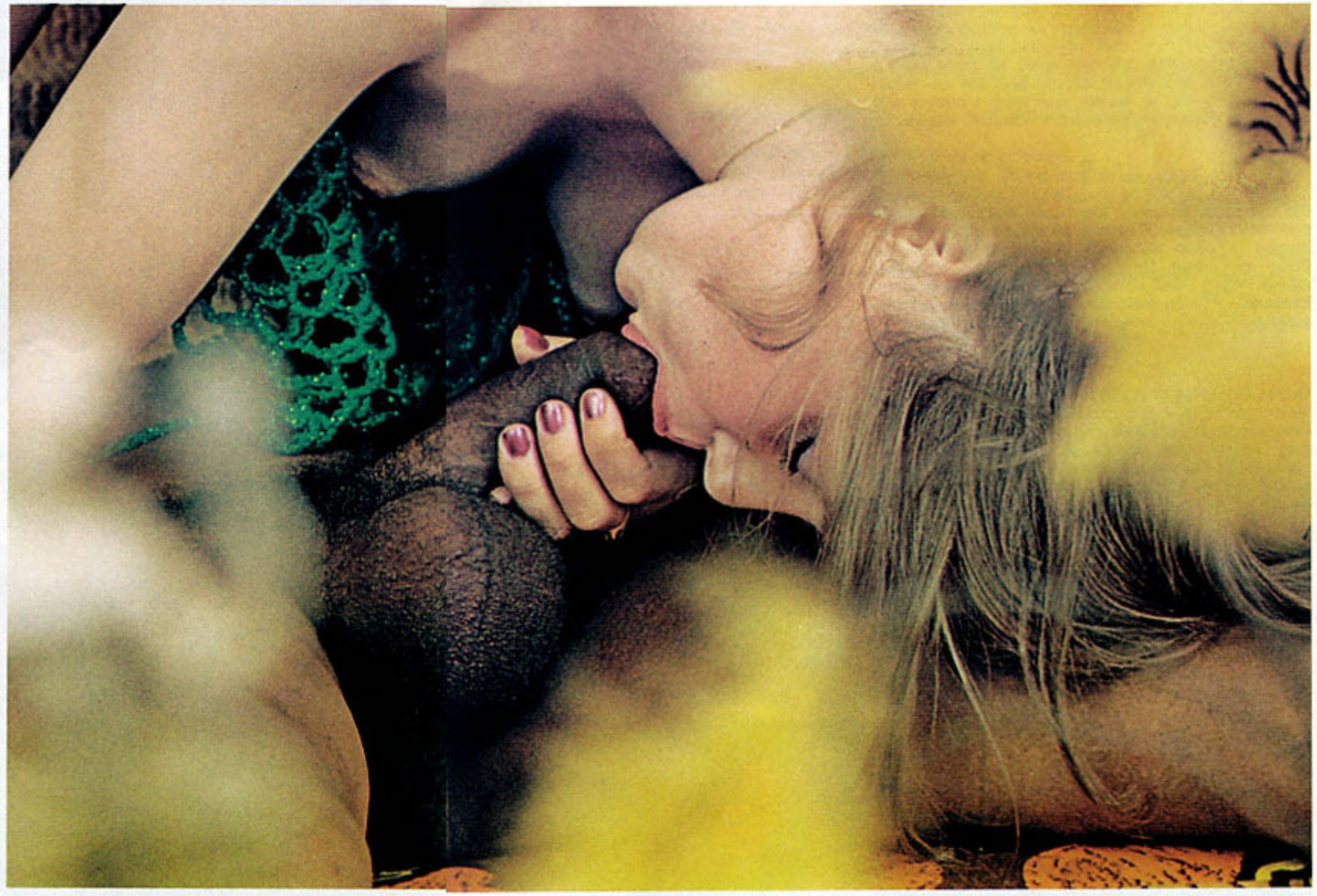
Mein Lebensinhalt sind Schwänze, und ich mache keine Umschweife, wenn ich einen Batzen Fleisch vor mir habe. Mein ganzer Körper erbebt, wenn seine Lippen mich berühren. Junge, das war ein Kuß! In meinem Kopf wirbelt es, die Knie geben nach. Er ist ein scharfer Hund.

•

Les hommes sont mon seul passe-temps. Je ne perds pas de temps quand je tombe sur un joli morceau. Je vibrais tout entière quand ses grosses lèvres engloutissaient les miennes. Bigre! Ça, c'était un patin! La tête me tourne et mes genoux tremblotent. Merde, je vois que sa bite s'affole. Qu'il enlève vite ses frocs!

•

Mannen zijn mijn enige hobby. Ik verspil geen tijd als ik een lekkere vent ontmoet. Door mijn hele lichaam voel ik het trillen als hij zijn hete lippen op de mijne perst. Ai emem! Wat kan die vrijer zoenen emem! Het duizelt me, mijn knieen worden week. Man, ik kan zien, dat hij lekker kan neuken emememem. Ik kan nauwelijks wachten totdat hij zijn broek uitdoet.



What a fucking beauty. My body and my cunt become aflame, all I can think about is getting that long brown trunk into my bubbling cunt. What a game of soixante-neuf—that big red head is more than a lollipop! Yes, like this! Fuck my lips! Let me excite you and you can shoot me your load. I squirm with delight as his fiery crocodile tongue chews my clittie.

●

Ein vögelnder Schöner. Mein Leib steht in Flammen, und mein einziger Gedanke ist darauf gerichtet, den langen braunen Schlauch in meiner blubbernden Fotze zu spüren. Und jetzt soixanteneuf. Scheuere meine Lippen. Geil dich an, bis du losfeuerst. Seine Krokodilzunge an meinem Kitzler läßt mich vor Lust aufjaulen.

●

Quelle excitante beauté! Toute ma chair s'enflamme. Je ne pense qu'à prendre dans ma connasse bouillonnante ce braquemart brun. Quel soixante-neuf! Ce gros noeud rose est mieux qu'une sucette! Oui, comme ça! Fous-le-moi dans la bouche! Et dégorge, salaud! Je me tortille de délices quand sa langouse de croco me malaxe le clito.

●

Wat een neukstier emem. Mijn lichaam en mijn kutje staan in vuur en vlam em. Ik kan aan niets anders denken dan aan dat lange bruine stuk in mijn hete kut te krijgen. Wat lekker toch zo'n 69 emem. Die grote rooie eikel is veel beter dan een lollie! Neuk mijn lippen! Ik ril van genot door zijn stevig kauwen op mijn klitoris emem.

Now, NOW, in, baby! Stick it in, damn it! I spread my legs wider, exposing my pink slit, dripping with cunt-juice. Man, what a fucker you are! Yes, mmmm. Nowwww! I love your prick, dig it in, harder, deeper. Ohhhhh, I convulse in a fabulous orgasm.

•

Jetzt, komm 'rein jetzt! Stoß doch richtig zu! Ich grätsche so weit ich kann. Die rosa-saftige Pflaume prangt ihm entgegen. Du bist der Ficker meiner Träume. Ohhh, da ist der sagenhafte Orgasmus.

•

Maintenant, maintenant, enfonce, mon minet! Cogne, nom de Dieu! J'écarte les cuisses et j'étale ma fente rose inondée de mouille. Que tu baises bien! Oui, vas-y! Fourre-la profond, ta salope de bite! Oooh! Je prends mon pied à en crever.

•

Nu, kom erin schat! Steek hem erin em. Ik doe mijn benen zover mogelijk open en laat zien, dat mijn rose spleet druipt van het geile sap. Wat kan jij lekker zuigen em! Mmmmm em. Ja, nu emem. Ik ben dol op je pik em. Stoot hem erin em. Harder, dieper, ooooh em. Stuiptrekkend kom ik grandioos klaar.

He has the biggest balls I've ever seen, with nuts as hard as golf balls! Let me suck that circumcised shaft again—let me have that hot milk. My tongue laps up the stream of spunk—so salty and delicious.

•

Er trägt den größten Beutel, der mir je vorgekommen ist, mit den härtesten Eiern, die ich je geknetet habe. Laß mich deine Riesenlatte lecken, deine heiße Milch schlürfen, slazig, delikat.

•

Oh, ces énormes couilles aux noyauv d'acier! Laisse-moi te sucer le manche décalotté. Ma langue lape le jet de jute, si savoureux.

•

Hij heeft de grootste ballen die ik oolt gezien heb. Laat me nog eens op die grote eikel van je sabbelen. Ik wil die hete melk drinken. Mijn tong laat niets van dat zoutige en heerlijke sperma verloren gaan.

His jungle smell drives me crazy with lust. It's in me again that rod, gliding in and out of my guts. I spread my cunt wider, wider! Gosh! That long brown dong never misses its target. Now, I want to scream. Hell, baby, why haven't we met before? Any moment now, I'm going to burst. My pleasure increases wildly, until I erupt like a volcano.

•

Der Geschmack seiner Sahne macht mich verrückt vor Geilheit. Jetzt ist sie wieder in mir, die Stange, die in meinem Loch auf und nieder hüpft. Leck mich am . . ., sie verfehlt auch niemals ihr Ziel. Gleich schrei ich, hörst du? Verdammt, wo haben wir uns schon gesehen? Gleich berste ich, gleich wird der Vulkan sein Feuer speien.

•

Son odeur de fauve me rend folle d'envies. Oh, je sens ta bite glisser jusque dans mes boyaux. Et mon baveux s'ouvre en grand! Nom d'un chien! Ce putain de salaud de braquemart me fait gueuler. Oh, si on s'était connus avant! Je vais claquer! Tu me tues!

•

Z'n mannelijke geur zweept me alweer op. Opnieuw steekt die staaf in me, en glijdt alweer in en uit mijna pleet. Ik doe mijn benen verder uitelkaar! Ai emem. Die lange bruine speer mist zijn doel toch maar nooit em. Ik kan het wel uitscheeuwen emem. Waarom hebben wij elkaar toch nooit eerder ontmoet? Ik kan nu elk moment hevig klaarkomen emem. M'n venot wordt steeds heftiger totdat ik als een vulkaan titeen-

The stud couldn't hold himself any longer, and, with one long cry he pushes his throbbing cock between my tits and explodes jet after jet of boiling cream all over me. My hungry tongue licks it up to the last drop. What an explosion! It seems like firecrackers and christmas lights, rolled into one. Conclusion: As I told you, men is my only hobby, and, man, do I dig fucking!

•

Der Junge konnte nicht länger an sich halten und entlud seinen langen, kochenden, sich aufbäumenden Schwanz zwischen meinen Brüsten. Meine Zunge hascht nach den letzten Tropfen. Welch ein Feuerwerk, welch ein Lichterglanz. Meine Moral: Mein Lebensinhalt sind Schwänze, und ich weiß sie zu genießen!

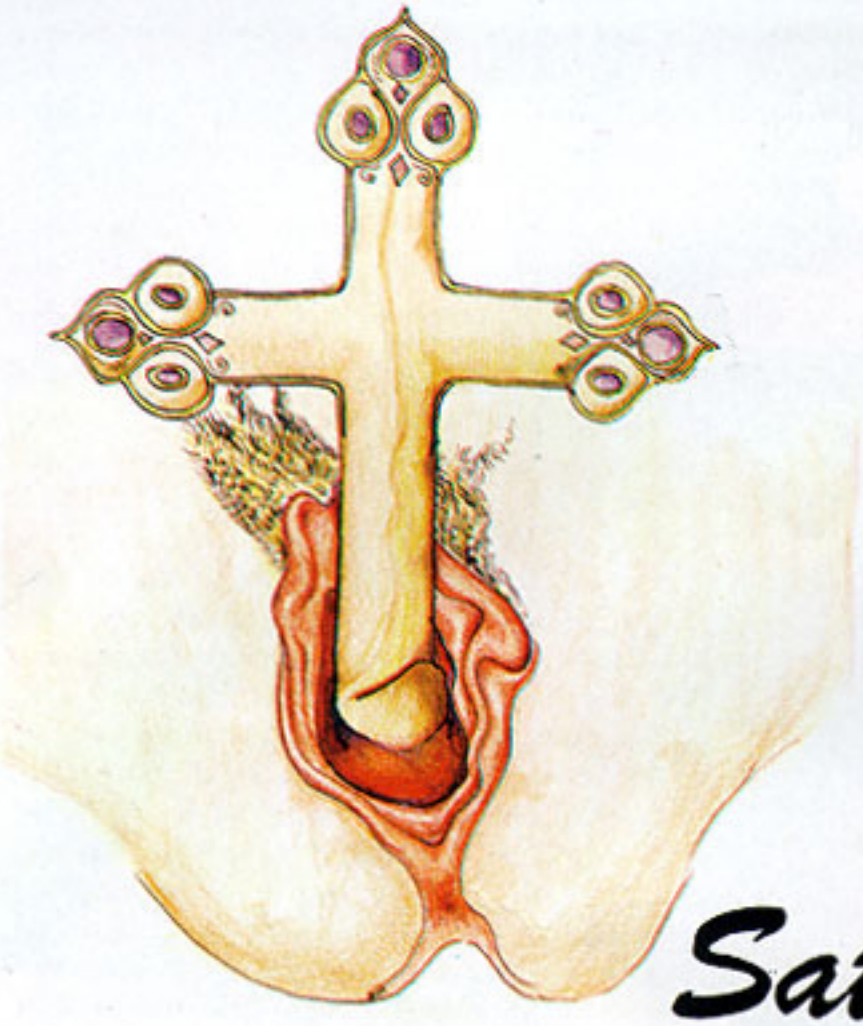
•

Il n'y tient plus. Dans un sauvage rugissement, il pousse son engin palpitant entre mes nichons et dégorge de crème partout. Ma langouze goulue la lèche sans rien laisser. Je sens comme des pétards qui foncent en moi. Tu vois, les hommes sont mon seul plaisir et, mon gros, j'en suis dingue, hein!

•

De arme kerel kon zich niet langer inhouden en met een wilde kreet duwt hij zijn kloppende pik tussen mijn tieten. Straal na straal spuit hij zijn kokende geil over me heen. M'n hongerige tong likt het tot de laatste druppel op. Wat kwam die heerlijk klaar ememem! De vonken spatten ervan af emem. Conclusie: Zoals ik je al beh verteld, neuken is mijn enige hobby, maar dat doe ik dan ook bijzonder graag ememem.

Photos by
MILTON



Rape of Satisfaction

By Lucienne Camille

Coming out of the library, I had no idea how long it had been raining. The night was cold and windy, and it was getting dark quickly. I turned up the collar of my blouse against the rain, and started walking hurriedly, dreading the idea of being soaked to the skin. I didn't want to go home via the main street, soaked as I was, so I thought of going by way of the short path through the cemetery behind the church, as my house was set back from the road.

No one seemed to be out—at least no one was walking. The rain matted my hair, and droplets of water clung to my lashes and lips. I felt so cold. The sighing of the wind in the trees and the eery elongated shadows of the branches across the tombs tones made my heart pound with apprehension.

Suddenly I noticed a dark form advancing slowly toward me. I felt my stomach tie itself up in knots, but I had no time to react for in seconds the shadow was standing in front of me. I let out an audible sigh of relief, for before me stood the ideal answer to a prayer for a company on a night like this—a priest.

Thunder suddenly burst the heavens, but I was not afraid any more. The lights of the churchporch showe on my well-form-

ed body, which by that time was visible to the naked eye under my drenched clothing. I felt embarrassed for I could feel his eyes on me. My no-bra tits were jutting through my thin wet blouse, my short skirt was clinging between my thighs and my ass. I suddenly realized I was a perfect sight—even to a man of the church.

He suggested walking me to the end of the path. He was so casual, so normal. We exchanged a few words, the glittering silver cross around his neck and his calm smiling face presenting to me a fatherly figure, which overcame my emotion.

Suddenly it happend. I gasped in surprise as the priest turned, blocking my way. "I have something for you", he snarled as he grabbed me to him, pressing my hand against his rigid exposed cock. He was naked from the waist down under that priest's robe. The contact with his wet male-member made my skin crawl with disgust and a scream tore from my lips. "Shut-up, you bitch!", he commanded, clamping my mouth with his palm. I struggled, but he was too strong. He succeeded in dragging me into the shadow of some trees between the raised grave stones.

The grass was wet and slippery. By throwing himself violently against me, this sex-craved man pushed us so that we both lost our balance. In a desperate attempt to free myself, I tried to bite his hand, but it was impossible. His free hand was working its way down between our bodies. As he reached my loins, he laughed thriumphantly. My panties were snatched from my body and torn into bits. His fingers located my bushy pussy, shoved their way violently into it, then using his free arm and one leg, spread my legs apart. His erection was now at my opening and, with a sudden lunge, his knees pushed his hips forward and his cock rammed my guts. I moaned with pain, as the dry skin of his tool and my dry pussy rubbed against each other. Grabbing the cheeks of my ass, he said: "You bitch, you're enjoying it! Your cunt is hot for my doby and, baby, you're going to get the screwing of your life!" To my amazement, the rhytmic movement of his swollen organ in my cunt awoke in me a lusty feeling. Suddenly, I was living. Ecstasy flooded in me. I flexed my knees and spread my legs wider. I was ready to ride with this animal, that was devouring me with enormous lunges, grunting above me like an animal that has found its prey. The feeling was wonderful. I moaned with pleasure. I felt like a hot volcano with its lava waiting for the eruption. I was ready to burst. Realizing now I was enjoying it, the animal fucked me with deliberate exquisite rhytm, driving the entire lenght of his tool deep into my depths bringing my gulping cunt into a flood tide of hot juice. He pumped me with even more savage thrusts and I came. Realizing that, he said: "Bitch, now I am going to shoot." His whole body vibrated, I could feel his hot sperm exploding in me in a crashing orgasm and I felt myself rolling in a sea of pleasure, screaming wildly, clawing my nails in his massive back. My screams and groans drowned his moans, and in the darkness of the graves it didn't arouse any suspicion in the nearby neighborhood. The contented monster then disengaged himself from my tortured body in exhaustion, gasping to catch his breath. Sometimes later, I clutched my battered clothing round my torso, and left to find my way home. Leaving behind the overcome animal, who seemed to be unaware of the situation.

It had been a magnificent, glorious fuck —a fuck to end all fucks. Holding myself proudly, I walked away from this strange scene, my head held high, and a smile playing on my lips. I didn't look back. I was completely satisfied. Then I remembered what I was once told by a friend:

"If you're ever being raped—give in. Not only can it save your life, it can also possibly be one of the best fucks of your life."

It was a lovely day when I set out in search of my next playmate. He appeared in a wooded park in Stockholm, a young school stud with a cherubic face and promising bulge filling his tight jeans.

•

Ein lieblicher Tag. Ich war auf Männerfang. Er nahte in einem schattigen Stockholmer Park, ein junger Mann mit Cherubinengesicht und eng anliegenden, verheißungsvoll ausgewölbten Jeans.

•

Par un jour radieux, je suis partie à la recherche de mon partenaire suivant. J'ai découvert dans un parc de Stockholm un jeune lycéen au visage angélique et en blue-jeans collants qui laissaient voir un renflement prometteur.

•

Op een prachtige dag ging ik op zoek naar een nieuwe speelkameraad. Ik ontmoette hen in een lommerrijk park te Stockholm. Een jonge knaap met een engelachtig gezicht, en een veelbelovende bobbel in zijn broek.

anna

I blushed at her sensual smile. Her figure was lush and voluptuous and at a secluded spot in the park she freed my joy-stick and took a mouthfull of my hard-on. Though embarassed I groaned with excitement. What a randy bitch; almost as old as my mother.

●

Ihr sinnliches Lächen machte mich verlegen. Die Figur rundete sich geil und herausfordernd. In einem verschwiegenen Winkel des Parks legte sie meinen Wonnepfahl frei und füllte sich den Mund mit seiner ganzen Härte. Trotz meiner Verwirrung stöhnte ich vor Erregung. Was für ein scharfes Stück! Fast so alt wie meine Mutter.

●

J'ai rougi devant son sourire aguichant. Son apparence était luxuriante et voluptueuse. Dans un coin discret du parc, elle a mis à l'air mon manche bandé et se l'est embouché. Bien qu'intimidé, je grognais d'excitation. Cette luronne cochonne était presque aussi âgée que ma mère.

●

Ik bloosde door haar zinnelijke lach. Ze had een wulps en weelderig figuur en op een stil plekje in het park haalde ze mijn genotsstaaf tevoorschijn en nam mijn stijve in haar mond. Hoewel ze me erg verraste kreunde ik van opwinding em em em.

She was begging for my manhood. "Fuck me, fuck me, my cherube!" she cried. I pushed my weapon into her and felt like coming straight away. My cock slid deeper and deeper down her hot juicy canal. "Oh, so great, fuck faster, you bitch! Fuck my cock! My hot sperm shot all over her back.

•

Sie lechzte nach meiner Männlichkeit. "Mach's mir, fick mich, Du junger Gott!" Ich stieß meinen Degen geradewegs in sie. Er vergrub sich tiefer und tiefer in ihrem schleimigen Kanal. "Ah, laß jucken, Du tolles Weib. Orgele auf meinem Schwanz herum. Gleich schieß' ich scharf auf Deinen Arsch."

•

Elle voulait mes charmes virils. "Baise-moi, baise-moi, mon chérubin!", m'implorait-elle. Je lui enfonçai mon dard sans pinailler. Ma bite plongeait dans son fourreau juteux. "Oh, que c'est bon! Fonce, salope! Farcis-toi mon noeud! Mon foutre chaud gicla sur toute sa raie.

•

Ze smeekte me om mijn pik . . . naai me, neuk me, m'n engel em em . . . riep ze uit. Ik duwde mijn leuter in haar en voelde dat ik bijna direct klaarkwam, terwijl mijn lul steeds dieper in haar sappige hete gleuf gleed . . . oh, wat lekker, neuk sneller, neuk me! Mijn hete sperma spoot al door haar heen.

She wanted more cock and I more cunt. At her cosy home the bitch wasted no time in arousing me again. Kneeling before her I spread her cunt and attacked her erect clit with my tongue. What a taste and what a sensation! I fucked her with savage excitement and exploded into my second orgasm.

•

Sie begehrte mehr Schwanz und ich mehr Fotze. In ihrer hübschen Wohnung brachte sie ihn bald wieder zu Stehen. Auf den Knien vor spreizte ich ihre Pflaume auseinander und machte mich mit der Zunge an ihrem Kitzler zu schaffen. Welch ein Genuß! Der zweite Knall war nicht mehr fern.

•

Elle voulait plus de trique et moi plus de con. Dans sa chambre douillette, cette cochonne remit ça. A genoux, je déployai sa chatte et attaquai à la langue son clito gonflé. Savoureux et titillant! Puis, je la trombinai à la sauvage et je déchargeai dans un second paroxysme.

•

Zij wilde nog meer van mijn lul genieten en ik van haar kut toen we in haar gezellige huis waren begon het loe der me meteen weer op te geilen. Ik knielde voor haar neer, trok haar kut open en ging met mijn tong tegen haar stijve klitoris tekeer em. Wat smaakte dat lekker em em. Wat een sensatie emem! Ik neukte haar met een wilde opwinding totdat ik heftig een tweede orgasme bereikte.

She opened her moist labia wider. The experienced wench then gave me my first taste of 69. She screamed for me again and I sank my rod deep into her dripping cunt. She riggled her ass and sighed with lust. I never thought fucking could be like that—I was really enjoying that cunt.

●

Sie bekam ihren saftigen Schlitz noch weiter auseinander. Dann zeigte sie mir, was ein richtiges 69 ist. Wieder umgewandt, senkte sie sich mit ihrer triefen Fotze, ihrem schlingernden Arsch über den Speer. Daß Vögeln so schön sein konnte!

●

Elle écarta ses grandes lèvres humides. Puis, la gaillarde me fit goûter au 69. La voilà qui rugissait encore que je l'emmanche. Je l'empalai jusqu'à la garde. Son cul bâtifloait; elle geignait de bonheur. Comme cette chatte me faisait du bien!

●

Ze deed haar vochtige schaamlippen verder uiteen. De ervaren slet gaf me een voorproeg ee voorproefje van de soixante-neuf. Opnieuw schreeuwde ze om me en ik dreef mijn staaf diep in haar gladde kut. Ze wipte met haar kont op en neer en zuchtte van genot . . . ik had nooit gedacht, dat neuken zo lekker kon zijn em. Wat genoot ik van haar kut emem em.

We twisted together while her cunt grasped my stiff meat like a hot wet glove. Look at her eyes, a real sensuous woman enjoying my young cock, and I am only a school-boy—what pride! I pulled my glistening rapier from her body and in esctasy blasted her belly with a stream of burning lava.

Wir twisteten weiter. Wie ein heißer, nasser Handschuh grapschte ihr Loch nach meinem Pimmel. Schaut Euch diese Augen an! Nichts als reine sinnliche Freude an meinem jungen Schwanz, dem Stolz eines Schuljungen. Ich riß mein Rapier aus ihrem Körper und überzog ein letztes Mal ihren Bauch mit einem Strom brennender Lava.

On s'entortillait tandis que sa choune, telle un gant chaud et mouillé, s'emparait de mon braquemart. Regardez les yeux affolés de cette sensuelle jouissant de la jeune bite d'un petit écolier! Je me sentais plus! Mon glaive chatoyant refit surface et vomit sur son ventre une traînée de lave brûlante.

Wij kronkelden ons in alle bochten en haar kut zat strakgespannen om mijn hete pik. Kijk naar haar ogen, een bijzonder hete vrouw die van mijn jonge pik geniet. Ik ben nog maar een schooljongen. Wat fijn he! Ik trek mijn glinsterend rapier uit haar lichaam en in vervoering spuit ik de hete lava over haar bulk.

Photo by
MILTON

PRIVATE

INTERNATIONAL COLOR MAGAZINE - LEADING IN EROTOGRAPHY

27

MORAL:
SEX IS WITH US TO STAY.
LILLIAN, 14:
CARRIES ON AND BEYOND.
DRAWING:
A SOFT, SEXY TOUCH.
PRIVATE PICTURES:
READERS' OWN PHOTHOGRAPHS.
REPORT:
AN INSIDE LOOK INTO THE LIVES OF
"THE SEX-PERFORMERS".
MAY-BRIHT BERGSTRÖM-WALAN:
WHATEVER YOU ASK, SHE ANSWERS.
BEAUTY CONTEST:
THE PRIVATE GIRL OF THE YEAR.
SABINA:
"BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL"
SHORT STORY:
RAPE OF SATISFACTION.
ANNA:
"THE MORE MATURE I GET,
THE YOUNGER I LIKE THEM"

82 PAGES
ALL IN COLOR

82 SEITEN
ALLES IN FARBE

82 PAGES
EN COULEURS