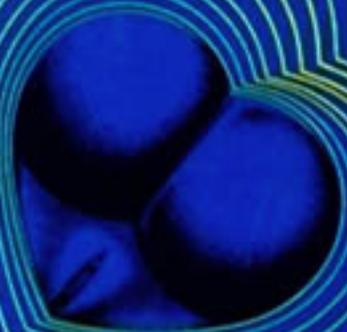


PRIVATTE

INTERNATIONAL COLOR MAGAZINE - LEADING IN EROTOGRAPHY

31



82 PAGES
ALL IN COLOR

82 SEITEN
ALLES IN FARBE

82 PAGES
EN COULEURS

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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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KADJURAHO, INDIA



MORAL?
By Milton

This is a picture of Kadjuraho. One of the many thousands of Indian temples which were dedicated to a religion of divine love, far beyond our comprehension, and long before BC had any significance to us. For nearly 300 years, the Indian civilization was uninfected by the West. As a matter of fact, it was a highly developed civilization, much superior to the West of that time. Basic themes for sculptures and temples were women and love. Sex was a part of the religion, and of everyday life. Hardly any taboos existed towards love. The ordinary mind might regard this as pornography, but in reality it was the symbol of the human being's striving to become one with his God. According to the Hindu religion, it is the aim of all to identify themselves with the Almighty at the end. The sculptures were not created for their own sake, they were meant to establish a final closeness with God. So, how come that a civilization with such an open attitude towards love and sex changed so entirely, that today, in modern India, not even a nude can be pictured on the screen nothing but western Christianity can be blamed for this. The western civilization started to influence

India in the 17th century. This coincided with european priests preaching taboos and devilry with the known horrible consequences. Innocent young women and girls were hounded, dragged to court, prosecuted and sentenced. They could be accused for having had intercourse with Satan, and the punishment was cruel: they got their mammae burnt off in public, and were then tortured to death at the stake. "Pious Christians" were responsible for that treatment. The first to visit India were the Dutch. The French and the English followed. All these were traders, and after some years, the English had ousted their competitors, and taken control of India. They brought missionaries, and started to introduce the Christian religion. Here's where things started to change. Great Britain was a solid nation, with firm rules for government, laws, way of life etc, and it had an equally firm but narrow attitude towards morals and sex. This inhibition was a consequence of the effect of the jewish religion, with it's innumerable prohibitions and comprehensive cult of guilt. Of all ancient religions, Judaism is the most inclined to develop senses of guilt, to con-

Auf unserm Bild sehen wir Kadjuraho. Einen der tausenden indischen Tempel, die lange vor Beginn unserer Zeitrechnung einer Religion mit einer göttlichen Liebe geweiht waren, deren Ausmaß wir uns kaum vorstellen können. Etwa dreitausend Jahre lang sind indische Kultur und Religion von abendländischen Einflüssen unberührt geblieben. Frauen und Liebe sind das Leitmotiv der Tempelfiguren. Das Geschlechtliche war Teil des täglichen Lebens und der Religion. Tabus gab es allem Anschein nach nicht. Nach heutigem Sprachbrauch kann so etwas als Pornografie abgewertet werden, in Wirklichkeit muß es aber als Symbol menschlichen Suchens nach der Einheit mit Gott verstanden werden, denn nach Auffassung des Hinduismus ist es das Ziel allen menschlichen Seins, im Ende eins mit der Allmacht zu werden. Die Schaffung der Skulpturen war nicht Selbstzweck sondern gehörte eng zur Anbetung der Gottheit. Wie konnte es also kommen, daß eine Kultur mit diesen für uns freien Anschauungen sich dermaßen verändert hat, daß im heutigen Indien die Darstellung der Nacktheit erschwert oder verboten ist. Dies ist nur der Christianisierung

Indiens durch den Westen zuzuschreiben. Sie begann im frühen 17. Jahrhundert, zur gleichen Zeit, als in Europa noch die Hexen-hysterie in furchtbarer Blüte stand. Unter der Anschuldigung, es mit dem Teufel getrieben zu haben, wurden Frauen und Mädchen grauenvollen Verfolgung und dem Tod ausgesetzt — von gottesfürchtigen Christen. Zuerst kamen die Holländer nach Indien, dann die Franzosen und Engländer. Anfangs als Kaufleute aufgetreten, hatten sie alsbald Holländer und Franzosen vertrieben und die Herrschaft über ganz Indien angetreten. Mit ihnen kamen die Missionare und begannen, das Christentum zu etablieren. Von da an setzte der Wandel ein, schließlich war England eine gefestigte und entschlossene Nation, nicht nur nach Gesetz und Lebensweise, sondern auch in Sitte und Sex. Diese Haltung wurzelte nicht zuletzt in der alttestamentarischen Denkweise mit ihren ausgeprägten Vorstellungen von Schuld und Sühne. Von allen antiken Religionen hatte das Judentum die Idee der Schuld am stärksten entwickelt und damit eine Geschlechts-feindlichkeit geschaffen, die noch im heutigen Christentum fortlebt. Nacktheit, sexueller Genuß — alles wurde zu Sünde erklärt. Als

demn almost all sexual activities, and to create a hostile view towards sex. This marks Christianity even today. Nakedness was a sin, so were sexual pleasure and masturbation.

When this sex-religion, represented by the imperial-victorian clergy, struck India, a salvation activity was initiated. Unfortunately, the impact on the appealing Indian moral conception was disastrous. The change was sweeping. Love priestesses on duty in the temples, dedicating their love to the gods as a gift, suddenly found themselves considered prostitutes. Their love services were just but a unification with their God, far from obscurity and prostitution in the Western sense. These lovely temple servants, known as "Devadasi" and devoted to Kahma, considered it their most important task to serve their God sexually. Devadasi were inspired by a profound lust for relief and freedom, qualities that are typical for humanity even today. So when the moral lecturers of the West ranked the priestesses in the same category as prostitutes, they committed a simplification, too rough to cover up the fact, that it was intended to serve their own purposes.

The thousands of erotic sculptures at Kai-a-ho, Samuat and other Indian temples constitute a monument over a sacred love conception, so immensely far from the guilt complex and the ambiguous love approach of Christianity.

All religions contain good and evil, the christian very much so, but sometimes a little too much evil. That christian missionaries all over the world unselfishly devote their lives to teach savages to worship a God in heaven, is of course very ambitious. This God, however, the savages cannot see, hear or touch, and he is thus distinguished from gods, created by their own common sense.

Now, where is the big idea? Is it any good at all? Couldn't we be taught to live in peace together without stealing and killing? Couldn't this be achieved without us being tempted with celestial harp music, or threatened with Purgatory?

India can hardly be called a happy nation today. It is hampered by unrealistic prejudices and tabus within its own religions. I don't believe we improve things by telling them, it is a deadly sin to jet one's spunk on the ground while masturbating. Every religion has it's own little Hell. There is no need whatsoever for additional criteria of

deadly sins, constructed by the western clergy.

dieser Antisexwahn, verkörpert im altenglischen Klerus, in Indien Einzug hielt, begann ein Erlösungswerk, leider stark genug, die lebensbejahende Moral des damaligen Indien zu überschatten. Der Wandel war einschneidend. Priesterinnen zum Beispiel, die in den Tempeln ihre Liebe den Göttern darbrachten, wurden als Prostituierte betrachtet. Hatte ihr Dienst an der Religion etwas mit Sinnlichkeit und Prostitution westlicher Denkungsart zu tun? Vornehmste Aufgabe dieser Tempelpriesterinnen, devadasi, dem Kahma geweiht, war, mit ihrem Geschlecht der Gottheit zu dienen.

Diese devadasi des alten Indiens dienten einem tiefgreifenden Verlangen, einer Sehnsucht nach Erlösung und innerer Freiheit, die seit jeher der Menschheit innegewohnt hat. Die Abwertung der indischen Sitten durch die Moralverfechter des Westens konnte nur zur Aufgabe haben, ihre sonstigen Absichten zu fördern.

Die Fülle der erotischen Skulpturen in Kai-a-ho, Samuat und anderen indischen Tempeln sind Zeugen einer heiligen Auffassung von der Liebe, der die von schuldcomplexen überladenen Christenheit nie das Wasser reichen kann.

Alle Religionen, nicht zuletzt die westliche, haben ihre Schattenseiten, mitunter zu dunkle Schattenseiten. Es mag schon eine Tugend sein, wenn in abgelegenen Teilen der Welt Männer ihr Leben der Mission weihen, die Lehre von Gott verkünden, der doch so wenig mit Göttern und Götzen primitiver Stammesreligionen zu tun hat. Wo liegt aber der Nutzen? Falls man überhaupt von Nutzen sprechen darf. Reichs es nicht, den Menschen von Eintracht und Frieden, von Liebe und Leben zu reden, als Gott und Götzen gegen einander auszuspielen.

Das Indien von heute ist keineswegs ein glückliches Land, ist gefangen in verkrusteten Vorstellungen und Regeln. Ist das aber ein Grund, den Gedanken der Sünde aufrechtzuerhalten? Unsere Religion hat genug mit eigenen Schwierigkeiten zu ringen.

Jenny ❄️
Barbro





Can you find a better reason for buying furniture in Stockholm than to be served by these charming sales-ladies?

Diese beiden entzückenden Verkäuferinnen führen Dir Möbel vor. Kannst Du Dir einen besseren Grund zum Kauf denken?

Pouvez-vous trouver une meilleur raison pour acheter des meubles à Stockholm que d'être servi par ses charmantes vendeuses?

Kan Je een betere oorzaak vinden om meubels in Stockholm te kopen en bediend te worden door deze charmante verkoopstertjes?





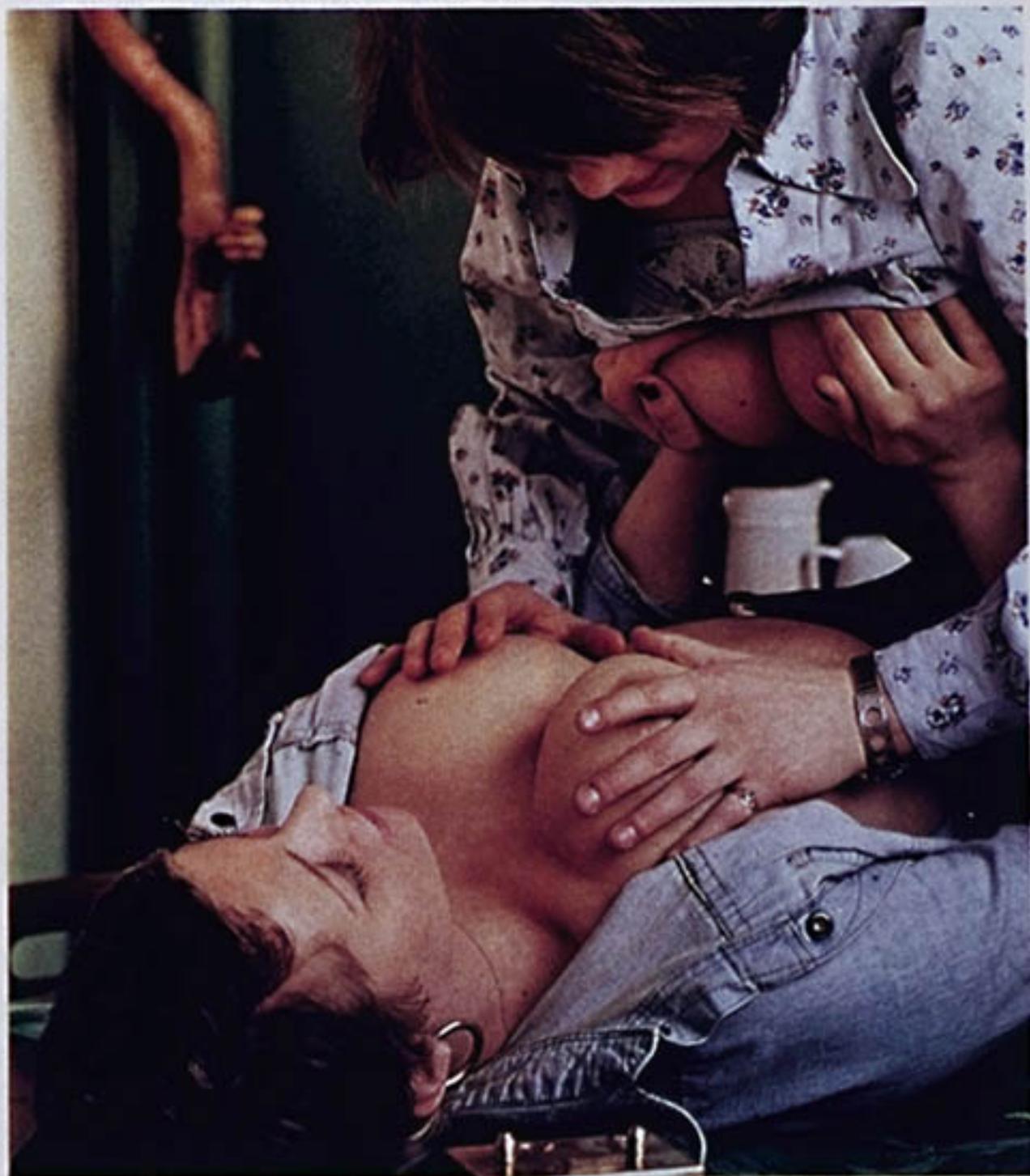


Jenny, my Jenny, let's drink to you. May you always be as beautiful and lovely as you are right now! May I always see that lust and passion in your blue eyes, and may you always remain my goddess of love!

Jenny, meine Jenny, ich trink' auf dein Wohl. So wie jetzt, voll Schönheit und Zärtlichkeit, so sollst du immer bleiben. Du Göttin meiner Liebe, wäre mir die Lust und Leidenschaft in deinen blauen Augen doch für alle Zeit vergönnt!

Jenny, ma Jenny, buvons à ta santé. Pourvu que tu reste toujours aussi belle et merveilleuse que tu as en ce moment. Pourvu que je vois toujours ce désir et cette passion dans tes yeux bleus et pourvu que tu restes toujours ma déesse d'amour !

Jenny, m'n Jenny, laat ons d'r op drinken. Dat Je altijd zo mooi en liefelijk mag blijven als juist vandaag! Dat ik altijd de lust en passie in Je blauwe ogen mag zien en dat Je altijd m'n grote liefde mag blijven!



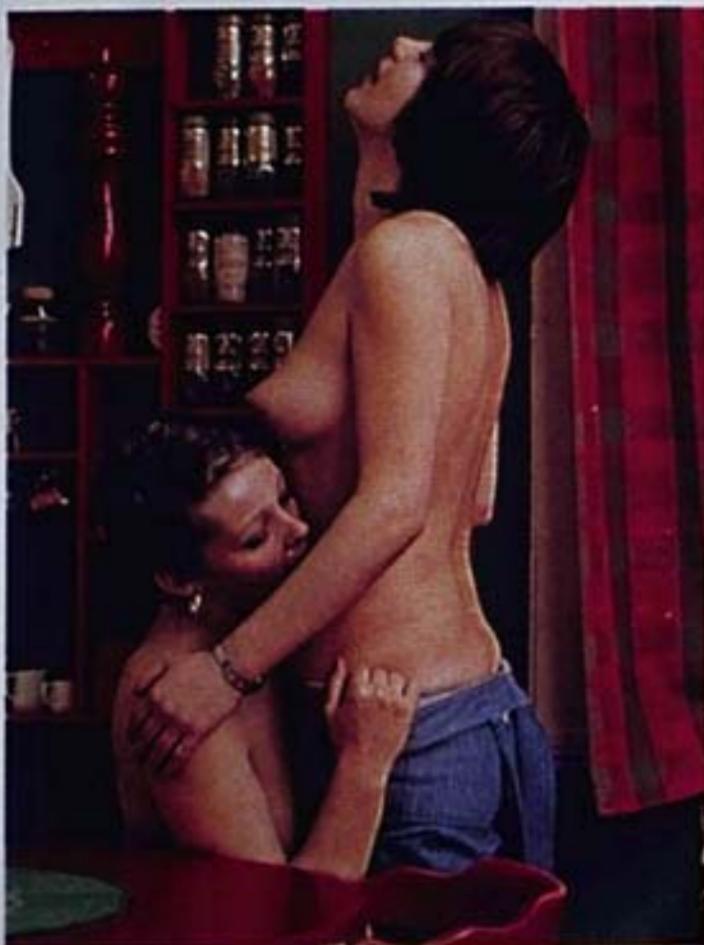


You are everlasting pleasure, you are earth and heaven. Let me drink your love, drink it like the wine we just drank!

•
Du Himmel und Erde, du Quell ewiger Wonne. Laß mich deine Liebe trinken gleich feurigen Weines.

•
Tu es le plaisir qui dure toujours, tu es la terre et le ciel. Laisse-moi boire ton amour, le boire comme ce vin que nous venons de déguster.

•
Je bent m'n eeuwige plezier, m'n aarde en m'n hemel. Laat ons drinken op Je liefde gelijk de wijn die we juist gedronken hebben!





Let it rain, let it storm. Let days come and days pass, I'm safe here, safe forever in your nest of love.

Mag es regnen, mag es stürmen, mögen die Tage kommen und gehen. Hier im Schoß deiner Liebe bin ich auf immer geborgen.

Laisse la pluie tomber, laisse le vent souffler. Laisse les jours s'écouler, je suis bien ici, bien pour toujours dans ton nid d'amour.

Laat 't regenen, laat 't stormen. Laat de dagen komen en gaan. Ik voel me thuis hier, even prettig als in Je liefdesnest.





From deep in your forest I hear birds singing your name and the murmuring from your creek is spring and sunshine. Come, let the creek turn into a river, the wind become a hurricane and the songs a symphonie of excitement!

●

Aus der Tiefe der Wälder singen die Vögel deinen Namen, die murmelnden Wasser künden Frühling und Sonnenschein. Laß den Bach sich in den Fluß ergießen, den Wind zum Orkan schwellen, den Gesang zur mitreißenden Sinfonie sich steigern!

●

J'entends les oiseaux chanter ton nom au plus profond de ta forêt. Les murmurs de ton ruisseau sont comme le printemps et le soleil. Viens, laisse le ruisseau devenir rivière, le vent devenir tempête et les chansons une symphonie d'excitement.

●

Van de diepte in Je haarbegroeide woud hoor ik vogels Je naam zingen en het bruisen van Je kreek is als voorjaar en zonneschijn. Kom schat, laat Je kreek overgaan in een rivier, de wind een orkaan worden en de liederen 'n symfonie van extase!







Please don't ever break these chains of love. Let me be your prisoner till the end of time, and we'll discover heights never before mounted. Open your flower and let me taste the nectar of your passion.

Spreng nicht die Kette der Liebe, bitte. Laß mich nicht frei bis zum Ende aller Zeiten. Wir erklimmen Höhen, unbezwungen. Öffne deine Blume, daß ich von ihrem Nektar koste.

Je t'emprie, ne brise jamais ces chaines d'amour. Laisse-moi être ton prisonnier jusqu'à la fin des temps et nous allons atteindre des sommets jusqu'ici inconnus. Ouvre ta fleur et laisse moi goûter le nectar de ta passion.

Verbreek deze ketens der liefde a.j.b. nooit. Laat me Je gevangene zijn tot aan het einde van m'n leven en ik wil toppen ontdekken, nooit tevoren beklommen. Open Je bloem en laat me de nectar van Je passie proeven.





Woman you are salt and sea, you are life. You are pain and pleasure, freedom and prison. Unexplored countries and flights of fancy beyond the realm of consciousness, and I know I will never again love the way I love you.

●

Weib, du bist das Salz und die See, du bist das Leben; Furcht und Freude, Freiheit und Gefangenschaft. Gedankenflüge und unerforschte Gefilde jenseits des Reiches allen Bewußtseins — niemals mehr werde ich so lieben die ich dich liebe.

●

Femme, tu es la mer et le sel. Tu es la vie. Tu es la douleur et le plaisir, la liberté et la prison. Des pays inexplorés, des vols insensés qui nous font perdre la raison et je sais que je n'aimerai jamais comme je t'aime.

●

Kind, Je bent zout en zee, Jij bent het leven. Je bent pijn en vreugde, vrijheid en gevangenschap. On-ontdekte landen en fantasiereizen ver weg van het rijk van bewustzijn en ik nooit meer lief zal hebben op dezelfde wijze als ik Jou liefheb.





As the river rushes inexorably to the sea, as the flower turns longingly to the sun,
as the child yearns for his mother, so I need you.



Wie der Fluß unerbittlich dem Meer zueilt, sich die Blume nach der Sonne reckt, das Kind
nach seiner Mutter verlangt — so werde ich stets deiner bedürfen.



Comme la rivière se jette inexorablement dans la mer, comme la fleur se tourne
languissante vers le soleil, comme l'enfant appelle sa mère, moi, j'an besoin de toi.



Zoals de rivier onvermijdelijk naar de zee stroomt, zoals de bloemen zich begerig naar de
zon draaien, zoals het kind naar z'n moeder verlangt, zo behoef ik Jou.

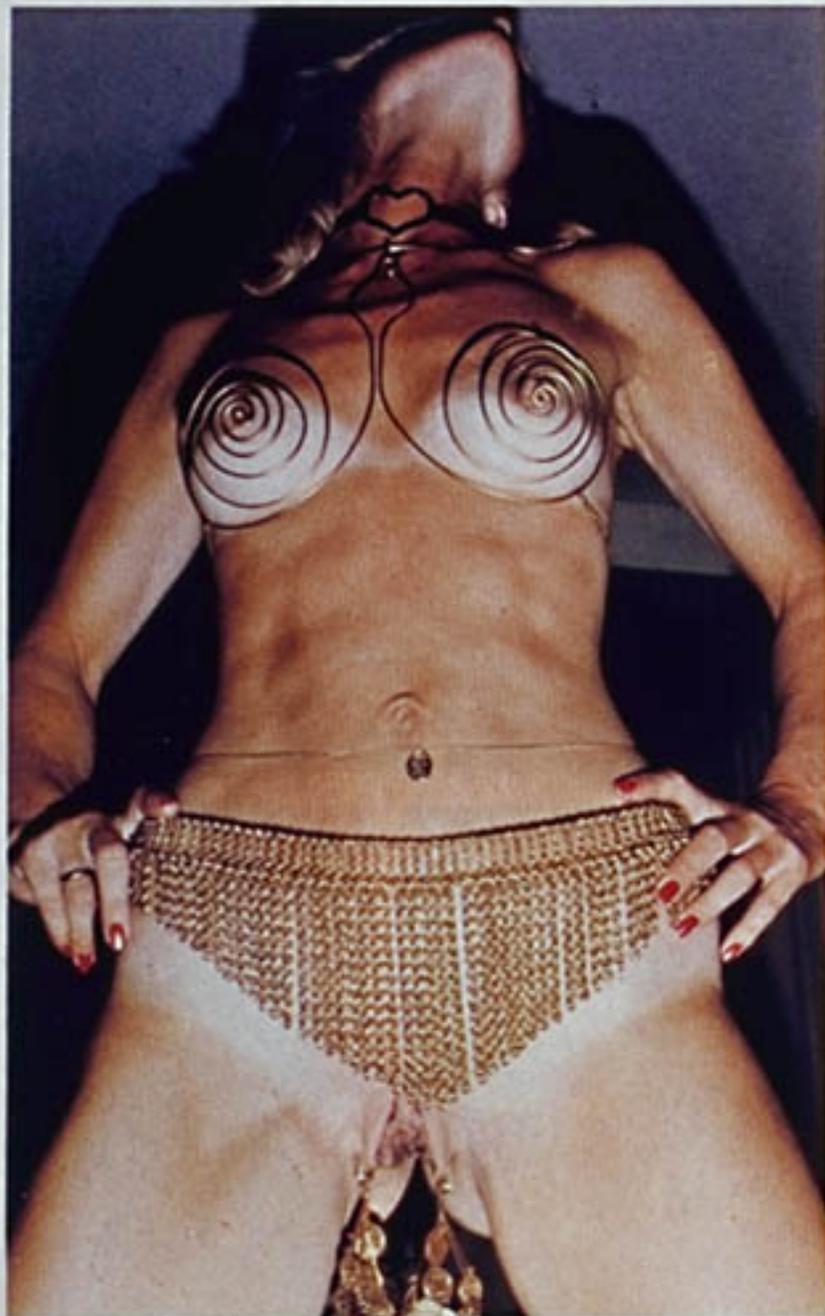


READERS' OWN PHOTOGRAPHS!



The best thing I know is to watch my girl-friend when she does her exercises in the morning. I immediately get horny and to fuck her is really something extra.

G.v.F.
Amsterdam



..."and the most fantastic sound for me is to listen to the tones from the 'pussy-bells' of my wife. By the way, she is a terrific dancer..."

M.D.
Teheran

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 your 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.



I felt I just had to send you this photo to show you how great my lover is, and how hard and long his tongue is. He can make me fly in no time.

C.J.
Hull



My elder sister is the one who has taught me everything I know about sex and men, and sometimes she lets me watch her when she satisfies herself in one way or the other.

Miss Carol Young
Alabama



"A taste of honey, a taste much sweeter than wine". Yes, my husband really has a penis for a gourmet.

Mrs. Winter
Newcastle



My girlfriend and I are both very liberated and I like very much to see her fucked by other men. When I took this picture she had already been taken by four men after each other and was completely filled with sperms.

“OH! SHIT”



Picnic in



Paradise



Short story by Podversus.

Out of the clear-blue sky, I obtained an assignment to one of those Pacific islands that consist of sunshine, blue ocean, swaying palm-trees and a naval-base with a score of officers and their wives.

My beautiful, city-bred wife of about two years, though none too keen on the prospect of leaving the social whirl and the diversions of the big city, which—I must admit, were the proper setting for her looks and temperament—was willing to give it a try, never having seen a Pacific island. We had no children—as yet—like I used to say, hopefully—and she, with firm determination, being much too eager to enjoy life in general—and abundant sex with me—in particular. We had sex and fun to hold us together but not much else.

Our Island came up fully to my expectations: I love water, sunshine, and heat. My duties were not too exacting. I could fulfill them without strain and devote all of my

plentiful, free time to the untrammelled enjoyment of the loveliness of the view. Our modest social life satisfied me too: tennis, swimming, the easy informality with which we developed quick friendships with about half a dozen attractive couples. A few, modest cocktail parties, frequent "drop-in-visits". In short, I was happy.

Not so, unfortunately my wife Jean. The charms of the island paled on her after the first couple of weeks, she began to drink more than was good for her, her dissatisfaction became general, constant, aggressive, cantankerous and hard to bear. Not only for me, but assignment was extended indefinitely, she went into open rebellion: Choose between me and your beloved Island—my fine-feathered friend—and make it fast, very fast, because I shall leave with the next boat—and shall file for divorce, just on arrival!

I am a peaceful man, always willing to do a lot for beautiful women, in general—and for Jean, in particular, but I detest an ultimatum. I stood fast and she, true to her word, left. I was sorry to see her go—not desperate, just sorry, mostly because of the dreary prospect of living alone and being deprived sex, Jean's sex, sex she dispensed generously and with undeniable talent, that having been one of the few things she ever took seriously.

Our friends—henceforward "My friends" couldn't have been nicer: They invited me frequently, although I was in no mood to accept, they found opportunities to see me frequently and made it tactfully clear to me, that while they liked me, Jean had become unpopular right from the beginning. As time went on, my longing after Jean increased. I moped.

One day, on the beach, my moping must have been very obvious—a charming, little monkey of a brunette and her huge bruiser of a husband told me so, when they sat down beside me on the sand. We can't allow that, said Fred. No indeed, chimed in Pat, the cute, little monkey. You'll shall come to my party, next Saturday, so we can cheer you up. I won't take any stupid "No" from you for an answer. Pat was charming and vivacious and distraction was clearly the thing I needed, so—come Saturday, I went to her party.

She had invited two more of the couples I knew: A somewhat taciturn and melancholy, but very good-natured bean-pole Albert and his cuddly, giggly blond wife

and a very gay Vincent with his quietly attractive Vera—and—a new arrival, a willowy red-head, whose ample bosom stood in quaintly exciting contrast to her slim-trim figure. "My name is Ann", she said to me in a melodious, deep voice, "and you are striking, the sight of which, added to her sexy voice and her generous bosom—which I, fervently hoped was her very own—made a combination that did not fail to wake my interest. Having travelled a lot both of us, we soon got pleasantly entangled in a long and animated conversation that lasted—with only minor interruptions, all through dinner and beyond, until finishing our coffee and brandy, I suddenly realized that we were alone, on the couch, in the living-room. When I commented on the fact, she said, with a funny smile: They are either tactful or, more likely, discreetly preferring actions to words. "By the way", she went on, "I am supposed to cheer you up and,—well, yes—to extinguish the torch you still seem to be carrying for your dear-departed... by the way—do you find me attractive?"

That question opened up a vista, that I, densely, had failed to see before. I caught on fast, Jean's memory faded, rapidly. I hastened to assure her: I find everything about you most attractive—that is—everything I have seen of you—so far. Reaching over, I began slowly and carefully to unbutton her blouse. Not encountering any objection, I stopped at the third button, not from fear but from admiration: My hopes were fulfilled: Those big, beautiful things, only half exposed as yet, I could see were her very own, they seemed to stand up proudly, without her wearing a bra. The remaining buttons opened up, very fast and none too gently either, until the most gorgeously full and erect breasts stood proudly exposed. For a moment I was embarrassed, unable to decide which of the hard, pink nipples to take into my mouth first—but only for a moment, quickly solving the problem by pushing them together as far as they would go and swallowing, happily with my mouth in her cleavage, alternating kisses between the nipples. She threw back her head and her body stiffened, while I kept on frenziedly hopping from one nipple to the other, and would have gone on, who knows how long, if she wouldn't have suddenly sat up and taking my head between her hands said: "I am glad you like them,—but—fair is fair want to see what you have to cont:

our sexy picnic." With that she proceeded to unbutton my fly and liberate my prick, that was already trying to burst the seams of my pants. She observed it with the deliberate attention of an expert examining an objet d'art. "Very nice", was her verdict, "just the right size—besides, I congratulate you for your sensible parents, they did not circumcise you—which I consider to be a deplorable, ritual mutilation, justified perhaps a couple of thousand years ago, perhaps even today, among poor people short on soap and water, because, in my experience if a man is well-groomed, he is well-groomed, if he is a pig, he is a pig, circumcised or not. "What lovely, soft fore-skin," she went on, gently peeling it back from the gland..."my goodness, every millimeter counts there... let's see what it tastes like" she bent down and taking it into her mouth began to lick and suck it, in such an expert manner, that in a minute, I grabbed her by her red hair and pulled her back: "Darling," I asked, "wouldn't you rather have—what is bound to squirt out in the next instant—have squirted into your mouth—or rather into your cunt—which—so far—neglected—I have an irresistible desire to view and explore, right now, instantly, be an angel and help me peel you out of your panties quickly!"

It is wonderful what wholehearted cooperation can achieve: within a minute, she stood before me, clad only in her turquoise earrings. My own clothing went even faster. Laying back on the couch, she let me do my own exploring, I slowly spread her knees apart, slowly revealing her delightful cunt, bedded in a tangle of red hair. Brushing my lips alternately on the soft inside of her thighs, I landed with my mouth on her moist, fragrant cunt. Her well developed clitoris was very pleasant to suck on, until she pushed me away, saying: "If you didn't want to squier into my mouth, neither do I want to squirt into yours". But when I wanted frenziedly to push my practically bursting prick into her cunt, she stopped me again, kissing me passionately, she whispered: "Take me from the rear".

As I said before: All my life I was willing, even eager to please beautiful women. I quickly reassured her: "Darling, as long as it is your sweet cunt and as long as I can plunge into it up to the hilt—anything, to please you! By that time, she was on hands and knees, offering me her lovely, round, slightly spread buttocks. Seizing my prick

form between her legs, she put it where we wanted it to go—and it went—in and out of her soft, warm, moist cunt. I tried to hold back, fortunately her convulsions and soft groans came fast and letting myself go, I almost broke her back, forcing myself into her and squirting and squirting into her, surely more than a mouthful. Finally we laid carefully on our sides, so as not to dislodge my prick from her still twitching cunt. Blissfully closing my eyes, I kept kissing her back, until we were disturbed by a gleeful giggle: "You must have made a good one, by the groans and rex you both made—I was watching the final upheaval from behind the door. It was the giggly Joan, with a cigarette in her mouth and not a stitch on. She sat down, beside us, on the couch, kissed Ann on the mouth and inquired solicitously: "Is he still inside you, my Dear? It feels good, doesn't it, besides it plugs you too—well—you know—when he pulls out—giggle—it would be a shame to mess up Pat's new chintz-cover—don't you think? Ann reluctantly agreed and pulled out, careful not to lose a drop of her load and traipsing off in the direction of the bathroom. I turned on my back, lit cigarettes for Joan and myself and began to examine the pleasing anatomy of Johan, her soft, white skin, which she kept carefully from the sun, claiming that sunburn is fashionable only in places where it is hard to get. She kept on chattering and giggling seemingly without being aware of the wandering of my hands. "I just had a pleasant 'Go' with Vincent", she said "—my! he sure is a clown, he made me giggle even while I came, but it was good! Suddenly she looked down on my prick, still moist with the mixed juices of Ann and myself, but not so limp anymore"—looky, looky she said admiringly, is he complimenting me? But he is all messy, "she went on" and the bath is occupied, Pat should really place a dozen boxes of Kleenexin strategic points when she gives these parties, let me take care of the darling, she went on and bending, meticulously licked my prick clean. She did a conscientious job and with apparent relish, I must say, with the result that no sooner finished, my prick was standing up as stiff and demanding as before. "Now look," she said admiringly: "The reward of a good deed"—with that, she kissed me warmly on the mouth and with the same motion straddled my hips and speared herself upon my prick. There ensued a combination of wiggling and giggling

which was most delightful, I played with her breasts while she twisted and turned on my spear, admonishing me: "Don't come as yet"—until suddenly her eyes got glassy, her motions frenetic and she began moaning: "Fuck me! Fuck me hard! You beast, you goat, you bull—oooh! I am dying." She did, neatly collapsing on my breast, while I still shook in my orgasm.

By that time, we had spectators, the room was full of naked people, her husband stepped up and began caressing her bent back. Pat, the hostess, her little, round breasts lovingly held from behind by Vincent, while the pensive Vera led Fred by his huge and stiff prick. The hostess looking down impishly into my face said: "Now my Dear, you don't look so lonely anymore—at any rate, you didn't a moment ago while Giggles rode you and you giving her as bumpy a ride as any stallion." She stretched, with the obvious intention of giving me a kiss but couldn't, Vincent still holding on firmly to her breasts. She turned around to him: "Yes dear Vincent I know exactly what you want, your prick is as hard as stones against my buttocks and you shall get it, but first I have to give a kiss to my guest before abandoning him to the tender mercies of Vera, who seems to have developed a lustful yen for him—there—she lies already on the couch, in her pet position and fondling her own cunt—go on give it to her tenderly, while I submit to this charming satyr, but with his motions, we have to do it in a bed, a broad one."

Vera looked up dreamily to me, "come on, my Dear—fuck me—but mind you—no perversities with me, I don't do any sucking—you don't do any licking—unless you must, delicately and tenderly rubbing my prick between her palms, she added—no—you must not—do fondle my breasts gently—and when in me—no violence, just slow, long, measured strokes—I hope to come twice with you." She gave a long, contented sigh as—according to instructions I pushed into her slowly and up to the hilt. She took my head between her hands and whispered between passionate kisses: "You are way in me—good—now hold it a minute—now out, slowly—not quite, you fool—stop there—now again in—where are your hands? my breasts want caressing—that is better—oooh—good—a few more such strokes and I shall come—but don't you dare come as yet—just go on like that, you are doing fine—and in-

deed, a few more strokes of mine and suddenly her eyes rolled and she let out a most heartrending shriek, her body shook convulsively, her husband who sat beside us watching us approvingly, quickly put his palm against her mouth. After what it seemed like minutes of frenzy, she pushed her husband's hand away and smiled up at me: "Oh I just loved that—now don't—don't change rhythm, just go on, if you give me another one like that, I shall adore you." Keeping moving at the same rate, while fondling her breasts, I saw, with astonishment how beautiful her violent orgasm made her rather plain, placid face—and we succeeded the second time and this time together. She did no admonishing anymore but chimed in perfectly with my rhythm but shrieking just as fiercely until the end.

Having by now absolved three lovely partners in rapid succession, I felt not only mellow but also in need of some respite. We sat and lounged around comfortably in the nude and between drinks discussed topics not all erotic. The intimacy made us calm and serenely in love with each other and I marveled at the ease of expression, not to say eloquence I am capable of when discussing serious topics, while I could caress the beautiful breasts of Ann who, perching on the side of my armchair generously gave me unobstructed views of her particularly well formed, luscious, little cunt.

Suddenly we were interrupted by the entry of Pat, carried in her husband's arms, like a cuddly child, petulantly complaining: "Vincent was very naughty,—he came to beat the band, squirting me all full and then he went soft, slipped out of me before I could come." She kissed her husband fondly: "You are my great, strong husband, now come and give it to me, in your special way, I am all hot." With monkey-like dexterity she wiggled around in his arms until her thighs straddled his hips, with her arms around his neck, she lifted herself and letting herself down again, her little cunt unerringly swallowed up the huge prick of her husband. As he held her, standing up, his hands supporting her small, round buttocks, we could watch his prick entering her slowly—up to the hilt. Then, little Patty gave us a demonstration of her particular way of getting her orgasm, a performance, that for me—who have never seen it before, like the others, made me forget all and any idea of rest and respite. Her movements and twistings were

fiercely passionate and swift, her lovely, little head bounced upon her shoulders right and left, back and forth, she rubbed her breasts mercilessly against Fred's chest one instant, the next she threw herself back in his arms to get his prick even deeper into herself, until suddenly her head fell back and with a long-drawn sigh ceased moving herself but was violently shaken by the brutal thrusts of her husband's mighty orgasm. He kept groaning and grunting, seemingly for minutes, then lay her down with infinite tenderness before pulling his prick out of her.

I had loads of pleasure with the three other women before, but this was something I just had to try. As she was lying, panting, on the couch beside me, with her eyes closed, I bent down and covered her face with kisses. After a while she opened her eyes, gave a little shudder and smiled up to me: "Fred is very, very good" she said. Sitting up, she put her arms around my neck and asked me: "Still yearning after Jean?" Then she became serious and the thoughtful hostess: "My poor boy," she said, "I am your hostess, after all—and how shamefully I neglected you, so far—true, I don't think you were bored for a minute—with all the "boring" you did—now the evening can't end until I have shown you the courtesy of my house—that is—if you are still in the mood." Without looking down, her hand stole over my prick, that was again as hard as was appropriate—she went on, in the same tone of voice—"yes, I believe you are—good boy! But we won't do it like Fred did, in his special way, that is strictly our family coitus—I shall ride you as Giggles did." She put her lips against mine and while I held on to her breasts, gently pushed me on my back and, before I knew it, my prick was deep in her. There began her twistings and gyrations and to my pride and satisfaction she bounced on my heaving body like a cute, little toy while we had our orgasm together.

Next day, I sent a letter to Jean, telling her that I shall not contest our divorce. After posting it in the quaint, little post-office that stands on the shore, I blinked around contentedly in the hot sunshine, out to the blue ocean, I thought of next Saturday's party—this time at Vera's house—in sudden alarm, I pinched my arm, to make sure—it hurt, reassuringly—I knew, I was not dreaming—I knew. I was indeed in Paradise. ●



Dieter and Susanne Krause, a most charming swinging couple from West-Germany. Their object is to find other couples for wife-snapping, sex-parties and orgies. Why don't you write to them?

Susanne is sensuality personified. She really knows the art of exciting a man. A night with her must be every man's dream.



report

by

Milton



Meet Susanne and Dieter Krause, We did, in their lovely home in Hohenheim, West Germany. We went to visit them after we had exchanged several letters, climaxing with an invitation from them for us to meet.

Susanne is sensuality personified. She really knows the art of exciting a man. For example, she dresses provocatively—nearly every evening. And while black and red are her favorite colors, she nevertheless

I have never before in front of my camera seen a woman acting more uninhibited, so wild and so full of passion. She achieves orgasm after orgasm her cunt is liberal and welcoming. Her eyes glisten avidly with pert fuckability, and you can't mistake her exhibitionistic tendencies since she is the type of woman that places sexual consciousness first and always accentuates it.





During intercourse her eyes are wide open to let everyone see her obviously steadily increasing pleasure.

being that always wants to give and take, In a way, it's difficult to understand how Dieter finds time and energy to take care of his work as a foreman for a transportation company.

Susanne was eager to demonstrate her sexual proficiency and technique in front of my camera. She took the opportunity I offered and really acquitted herself ably. She, who knows how to use her sexual eloquence nearly to perfection in clever twists and with genuine desire—she acts with an intensity that reasonably must be able to satisfy the most divergent demands, The wails, she screams, she rolls and surges rhythmically, in such a way that reveals the experienced, responsible lover that she is.

selects her sexy clothing from the entire spectrum of colors. And has a wig to match. Blonde, ashblonde, grey-black, red, platinum blonde, white, blue, green.

But it's not only her clothing that exudes sensuality. Her cunt is liberal and welcoming: her eyes glisten avidly with pert fuckability. And you can't mistake her exhibitionistic tendencies since she is the type of woman that places sexual consciousness first, and always accentuates it.—Not at the price of detracting from some other phase of herself of course, but this sexuality permeates her entire personality and is thereby the most dominating feature of her personal magnetism.

One can really understand why she chose the husband she did, Big, hairy, always alert. Which is surely necessary, since Susanne is that kind of woman—the sexual



In a way it's difficult to understand how Dieter finds time and energy to take care of his work.

She achieves orgasm after orgasm, all the time with her eyes wide open and an obviously steadily increasing pleasure. The difference between her voice during the interview—soft-spoken, nearly shy—and during intercourse—uninhibited sexual cries—was striking. I have seldom experienced such a marked change in one person's behavior.

Dieter is a clever amateur photographer. He has hundreds of provocative pictures of Susanne in his photo album. It's obvious that she poses enthusiastically. Not one angle, not one view is missing from Dieter's collection. His ambition—to present Susanne's sexual preferences and readiness—has been achieved in this collection of pictures which could easily justify their place being published in any of the well-known "girly" magazines.

During the conversation, after I had taken pictures of one of their intercourses, I learned that this couple had unfortunately been disappointed in their efforts to find





other couples with the same sexual interests. Their object was to find other couples for wife swapping, sex parties, and orgies. Of course, the reason why they didn't succeed is probably not so difficult to come upon. Hochenheim, where they live, is just a small town, and in this place, like in certain other parts of Germany, the circle of people with similar sexual interests is quite small.

We really hope that Susanne and Dieter Krause will at last discover the possibilities that they so want. They deserve it, and will surely more than just satisfactorily deal out both their frank views on sex and their undeniable talent for fucking—regardless of what it may be that they involve themselves in.



Photos by
MILTON

PRIVATE In PRIVATE you will find all those pictures 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 unüberriffene 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'étroit des choses sexuelles. PRIVATE pense à tous et à toutes, satisfait tous les goûts: art érotique, amour lesbien, exhibitionisme, auto-droisme, amour à trois, bacchanales érotiques, pompiet, 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.

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SEARCH 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 aesthetics 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."



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A night sky scene featuring a crescent moon in the upper left, a large constellation of stars in the center, and a hat in the lower right foreground. The sky is dark blue with various star patterns and a glowing trail of stars.

*Pussy & Prick
Part. 3.*

One evening when Pussy and Prick have set up camp as usual, and commenced their love-games, a most amazing thing happens...

Als die beiden ihr Lager aufschlugen, unterbrach eine phantastische Erscheinung ihr Spiel.

Un soir que Pussy ont dressé leur camp comme à l'accoutumée et commencé leurs combats amoureux, a lieu quelque-chose de fabuleux...

Op 'n avond wanneer Pussy en Prick zich zoals gewoonlijk genesteld hebben en hun seksuele uitpattingen begonnen zijn gebeurt er iets uitermate fantastisch...



There above them in silence floats a spaceship, its telecameras carefully aimed at them.

Ein Raumschiff schwebt lautlos über ihnen, richtet seine Teleaugen auf sie. Voll brennenden Interesses beobachtet die weibliche Besatzung das elegante Gefecht: „Dieses Paar wäre die Attraktion im Sexzirkus auf unserm Planeten.“



L'équipage féminin, fasciné, suit les belles évolutions voluptueuses de Pussy et de Prick. Une des astronautes s'écrie: « Ce couple pourrait servir d'attraction dans le cirque érotique de notre planète. »

De vrouwelijke bezetting volgt volkomen gefacineerd al de elegante sextoeveningen van Pussy en Prick. Een van hun zegt: „Dit paartje zou een attractie in het sexcirkus op onze huisplaneet kunnen worden.“

The crew masturbate madly when Prick penetrates Pussy from behind.

Als Prick von hinten in seine Pussy stößt, greifen sich die Astronautinnen wie von Sinnen zwischen die Schenkel.

Lorsque Prick emmanche Pussy en levrette, l'équipage se livre éperdument au plaisir de l'onanisme.

Wanneer Prick Pussy van de achterkant pakt masturbeert de bezetting zonder weerga.





They decide to pick up Pussy and Prick who are carried almost unnoticeably on a lift-ray up into the spaceship.

Pussy und Prick werden an Bord genommen. Auf einem unsichtbaren Strahl entschweben sie in die Höhe.

Elles décident d'embarquer Pussy et Prick qui, sur un rayon porteur sont hissés, presque sans le sentir, dans l'engin spatial.

Men vat het besluit om Pussy en Prick naar boven te halen en hun door 'n draagkrachtige straal haast ongemerkt in het ruimteschip over te lichten.



Once onboard, the captain explains to an astonished Pussy and Prick that they have nothing to fear, but that they are going to be taken on a long journey to a foreign planet, and there be free to make love as much as they wish.

„Kein Grund zur Furcht!“ beruhigt sie die Anführerin. „Eine lange Reise liegt vor euch. Auf unserem Stern erwartet euch ungetrübte Liebe.“

La chef de bord explique à Pussy et Prick effarés qu'ils n'ont rien à craindre et qu'ils vont faire un long voyage jusque sur une autre planète, où ils pourront vaquer à leurs amours.

De kapitein aan boord verklaart voor de verbaasde Pussy en Prick dat ze nergens bang voor behoeven te zijn, maar dat ze mee mogen gaan op een lange reis naar een andere planeet om zich daar vrij aan hun seksuele uitpattingen te kunnen wijden.

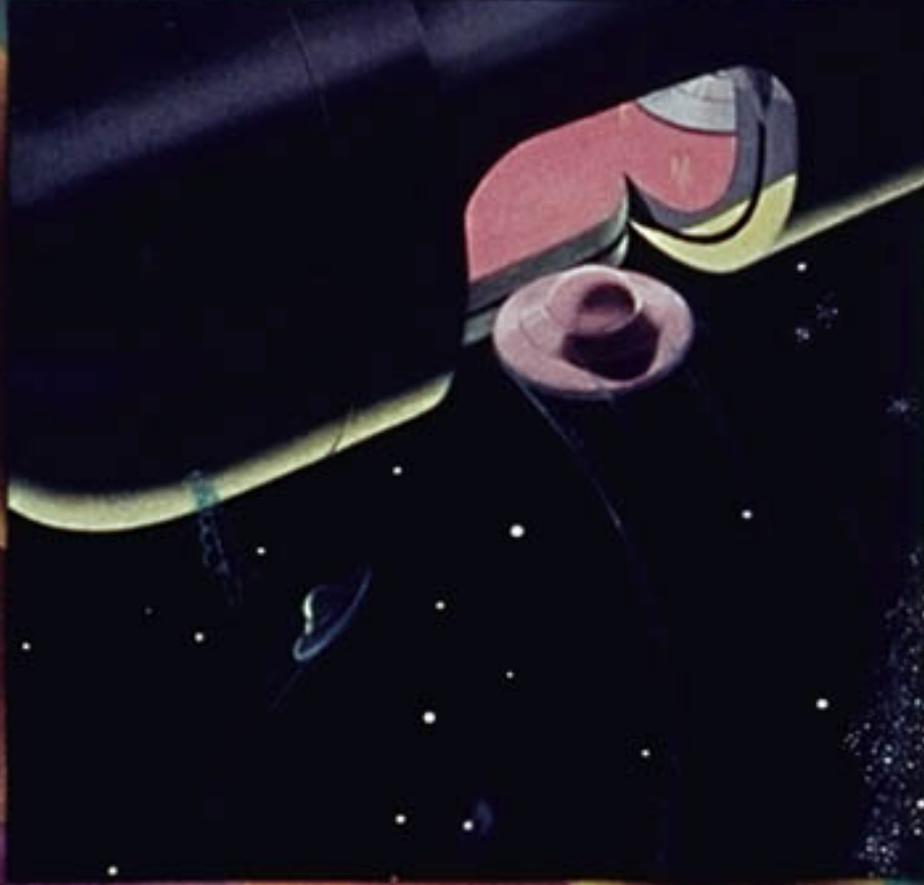


The spaceship accelerates away from Earth.

Das Raumschiff läßt die Erde hinter sich.

Il quitte la terre à une vitesse

Das Raumschiff trekt snel op, weg van de

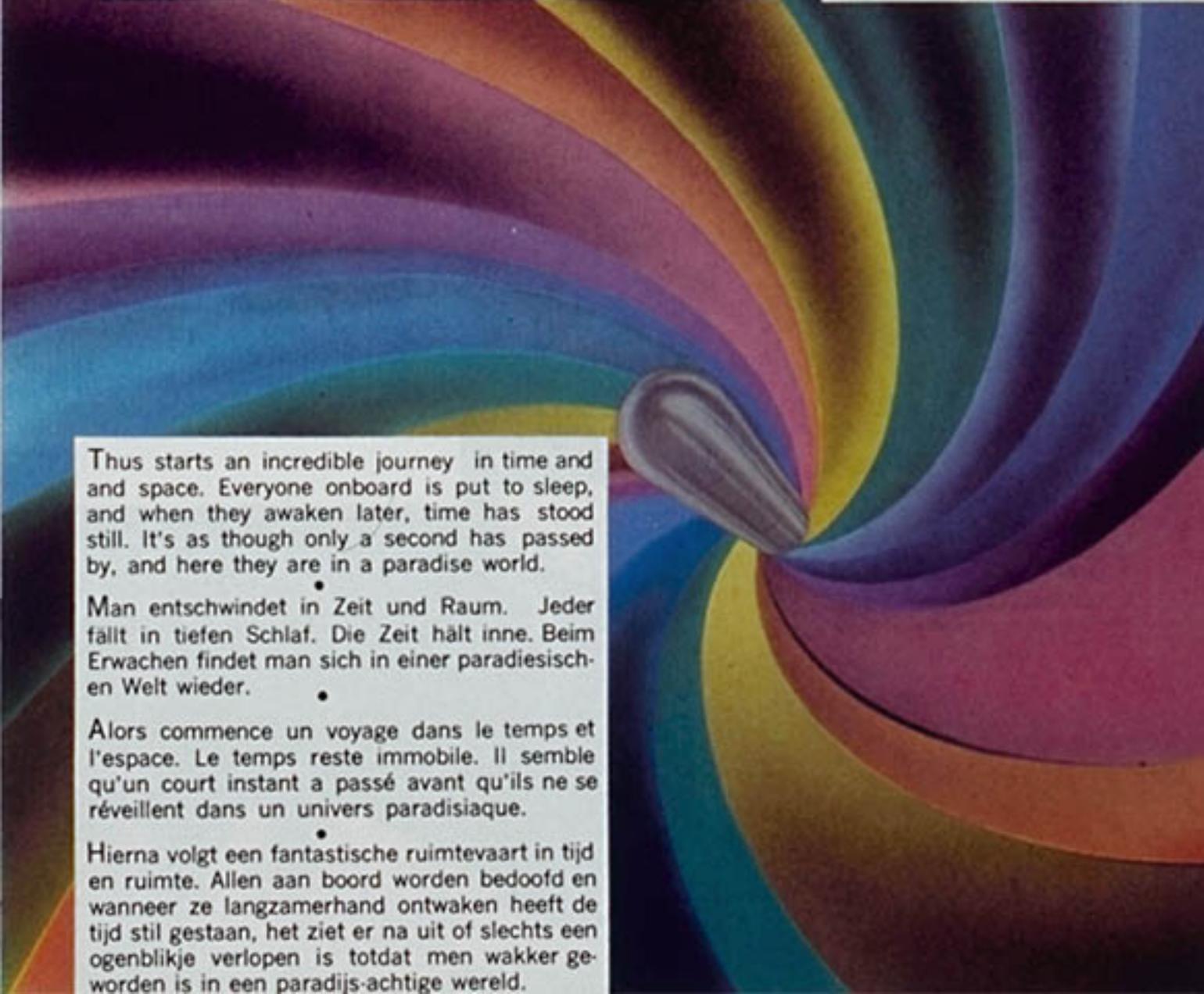


Far out in the cosmos they are met by a mother-ship which takes aboard several spaceships returning from various tasks.

Im unendlichen All nimmt sie ein riesenhaftes Trägerschiff auf.

Loin dans le cosmos, un énorme véhicule-mère prend à bord plusieurs engins spatiaux retournant de mission.

Ver weg in de kosmos ontmoeten ze een enorm moederschip, die een paar andere ruimteschepen die hun verschillende opdrachten hebben beëindigd, aan boord neemt.



Thus starts an incredible journey in time and space. Everyone onboard is put to sleep, and when they awaken later, time has stood still. It's as though only a second has passed by, and here they are in a paradise world.

Man entschwindet in Zeit und Raum. Jeder fällt in tiefen Schlaf. Die Zeit hält inne. Beim Erwachen findet man sich in einer paradisischen Welt wieder.

Alors commence un voyage dans le temps et l'espace. Le temps reste immobile. Il semble qu'un court instant a passé avant qu'ils ne se réveillent dans un univers paradisiaque.

Hierna volgt een fantastische ruimtevaart in tijd en ruimte. Allen aan boord worden bedoofd en wanneer ze langzamerhand ontwaken heeft de tijd stil gestaan, het ziet er na uit of slechts een ogenblikje verlopen is totdat men wakker geworden is in een paradijs-achtige wereld.



Pussy and Prick enjoy to the full this wonderful but strange world. Peculiar creatures without any resemblance whatever to the earthly fauna look at Pussy and Prick's naked bodies with interest and curiosity. "Darling, these strange surroundings make me really randy. We must start screwing soon or else..."

In dieser absonderlichen und doch wunderbaren Welt genießen Pussy und Prick ihr Dasein in vollen Zügen. Nie geschaute Geschöpfe betrachten voll Neugier Pussy und Pricks Nacktheit. „Hier ist alles so fremdartig. Ich werd' rasend geil. Komm, fick mich, ich halt's nicht mehr aus!“

Dans ce monde étrange et merveilleux, Pussy et Prick jouissent à plein tube. Des êtres insolites et sans ressemblance aucune avec la faune terrestre, contemplant les corps nus de Pussy et de Prick. • Chéri, cette ambiance inhabituelle me donne des envies folles. Vite, faisons bientôt l'amour, sinon... •

In deze wonderlijke maar gelijktijdig eigenaardige wereld genieten Pussy en Prick in volle teugen van alles. Merkwaardige wezens, zonder enige gelijkenis met onze aardse fauna bekijken nieuwsgierig en geïnteresseerd de naakte lichamen van Pussy en Prick.

„Lievertje, van al dit voor ons zo vreemde gedoe word ik bloedgeil. We moeten neuken anders...“



Pussy: "This weird creature seems to be very interested in looking at my cunt".
Prick: "Let him look. If it gives him satisfaction, then why not".

•
„Sieh mal, wie dieses Etwas meine Möse anlotzt.“
„Laß es doch. Wenn es sich damit ordentlich angeilt, warum nicht?“

•
Pussy : * Cet être farfelu m'a l'air d'avoir terriblement envie de regarder mon mig non lézard. *
Prick : * Laisse-le faire. Si ça le fait jouir, pourquoi pas ? *

•
Pussy: „Dit kyfische wezen schijnt geweldig in m'n kut geïnteresseerd te zijn.“
Prick: „Lat 'm even kijken, kan ie er door klaar komen, waarom dan niet.“

The strange creature becomes more and more excited.

•
Das Fabelwesen wird immer schärfer.

•
L'étrange créature est de plus en plus excitée.

•
Het wonderlijke wezen wordt heter en heter.

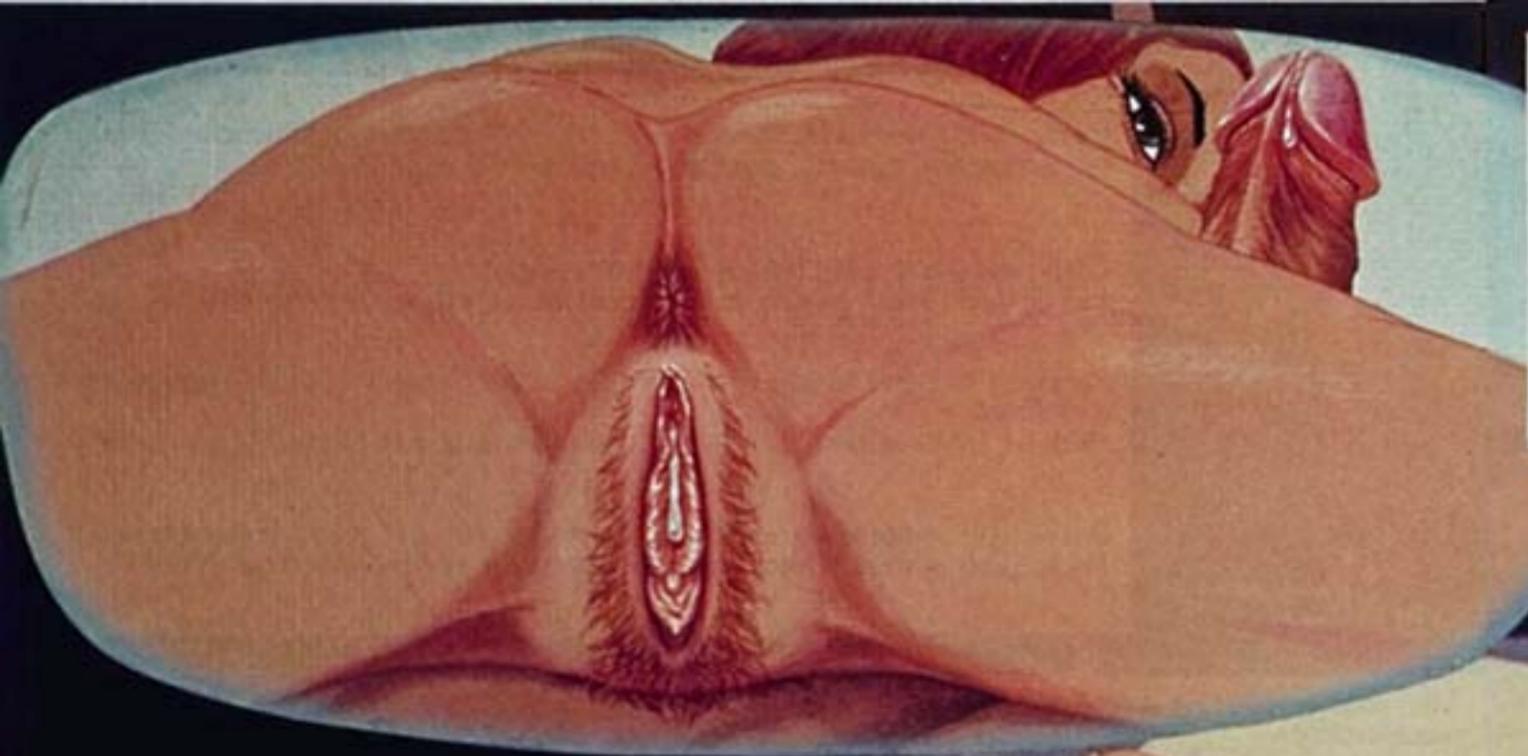


•
"Look, the ugly thing's getting an orgasm with its masturbation apparatus".

•
„Toller Wicksapparat. Jetzt geht ihm einer ab!“

•
* Voyez qui se fait une jouissance au masturbateur mécanique ! *

•
"Kijk die viezard daar eens, hij krijgt orgasme door zich met een apparaat te masturbieren!"



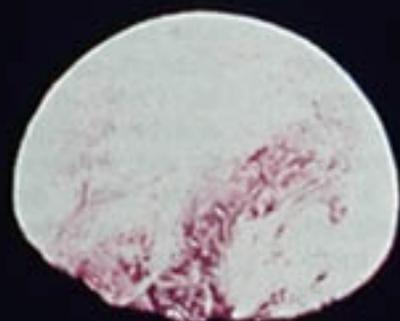
Without a care for what's going on around them, Pussy and Prick fuck in their usual reckless way. Strange creatures, as yet unknown, engage themselves in wild sexual excesses, with variations inspired by the intimate experiments of the earth-couple.

Ohne sich an ihrer Umgebung zu stören, geben sich Pussy und Prick ihrem gewohnten hemmungslosen Erdenfick hin. Wunderliche Gestalten scharen sich um sie, lassen sich von dem wilden Treiben der Irdischen zu einem sexuellen Rausch anfeuern.

Insoucieux de ce qui se passe autour d'eux, Pussy et Prick s'entrechibrent avec fougue tandis que des êtres d'une espèce inconnue se livrent à une débauche sexuelle effrénée et variée, inspirés par les prouesses amoureuses du couple terrien.

Zonder zich te storen aan hetgeen rond hen gebeurt neuken Pussy en Prick in hun oedaarbare stijl, vreemde en onbekende wezens doen de meest wilde sexuele dingen geïnspireerd door de belevenissen van het paartje van de aarde.





PRIVATE READER

To the editor of PRIVATE,
First of all I would like to tell you that I am very fond of your magazine and enjoy reading it very much. Unfortunately it's very difficult to buy it in my country due to the laws. I look forward to the day when our gouvernement has been liberal enough to change these stupid restrictions.

I work at an office where I meet a lot different people every day, which is part of why I like my job so much. One day I was invited to lunch by a man, who I found sexy and handsome, otherwise I would never have accepted. We had wine with the food, the atmosphere was romantic, candle-lights and all the trimmings. I felt more and more attracted to him. To be honest, I was not only attracted to him, I was horny. I moved a bit closer to him and deliberately let my hand slid over his legs. From the way he looked at me I could see that he also was randy and I knew he wanted me just as much as I wanted him. I desperately thought of what to do. The restaurant was crowded with people and my flat was too far away. After some seconds I felt his hand caressing my thigh and I got completely wet between my legs. "Why don't you go to the ladies" and I come after," he said. "Ok", I said and went.

Fortunately there were no other women there so I just took off my panties and waited. A few minutes later he came in and we locked ourselves in the toilet. We didn't need any long foreplay since we were both so damned excited. My lover folded me forward and drove his tool deep inside me. It was so good, I couldn't help moaning with pleasure though I knew someone might hear us. When I had my orgasm I was screaming

with passion and just then I heard some knocks at the door. "What the hell are you doing? Are you sick or what?" But my fucker kept on faster and faster not paying any attention to the women outside the door. His orgasm was ever lasting and all I could think of then was his hot sperms rushing into me.

Afterwards we relaxed for a while then opened the door and walked out passing all the astonished women staring at us. Fortunately the bill was already paid so we left the restaurant right away. Intercourse during lunch hours—one of my very best and that I'd like to recommend to all the readers of PRIVATE.

Mlle A. Simons
Liège, France



"I must say that never have publications of such high standard been seen by me, through out my travels in the world, and I can assure you that to possess a few copies of PRIVATE in Australia would, I am sure, be very useful in our fight with both Federal and State laws".

C.L.
Australia



Dear Mr. Milton,
First I want to thank you very much for your first-class magazine, which is so unique in the quality of its reportage, stories, photos, and so much better, both in aim and realisation, than all other magazines that I've seen which have been brought back by friends from Sweden and Den-

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.

mark.

That's why I enjoy your magazine so very much. With it, as you say in your introduction (and I think it's no lie since I agree with it) that you want to "promote a more liberal attitude towards sex, and a better understanding of all sexual inclinations" and "that good erotography has a both positive and stimulative effect on human sexuality".

I think that your success with PRIVATE comes from this aim you've chosen and that you promote in each of your issues. For my part, I think that pornography is a bad commercial "cooking" and that erotism and your erotography is poetry. You don't shock—you want to explain. You don't want just to sell—you want first to promote and to make people understand. That's what I wanted to say now.

But there is something I'd like to argue for. Not a fault, but something that you don't seem to develop so much in PRIVATE. I think that as an extension of the pleasure you provide in your magazine you could organize—i.e., favour and promote—contacts between readers of PRIVATE? I mean that through your intermediary (your magazine), readers could have correspondence, exchange, meetings, parties, travel photographs, movies, lodging during holidays. This could be expressed by arranging meetings and exchange among people with similar inclinations, and could also make people understand those that have differing inclinations and ideas about sex. Your magazine could take a step into another dimension—an international means of contact—and enable exchanges between different people—differing in nationality, country, way of life, ideas, sex and behaviour towards sex.

I understand that such an undertaking would involve much work and organisation, but I think it could be useful for every one of your readers and, if you can't insert this heading in PRIVATE, just point out the possibility of establishing contact with other readers. You could then simply send the address of the offerer to the asker or, perhaps, you could attach to each issue a booklet with all readers' advertisements.

I hope you'll provide an opinion about this idea, and I hope that it is convincing to your aims and intentions.

Best regards,
Monsieur D.E.
Paris



Dear Monsieur E and all my other readers,

Many thanks for your nice and interesting letter. I have during the past years received many letters requesting some kind of "advertising service", but due to various reasons, I have been unable to fulfill these wishes. However, since the demand now is so great I have decided to make an effort by introducing an advertising page in the next edition of PRIVATE. Unfortunately we have no capacity to forward answers, so we can accept only those advertisements which allow the reader to take direct contact with the advertiser. The price will be US\$ 0.25 per word or a minimum charge of US\$5, and we will of course accept all kinds of advertisements.

Regards,
MILTON





Beautiful Bosoms

Photos from our reader

Why don't YOU send us some?





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-Briht 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.

Dear Dr. Bergström-Walan,

I am 42 years old and married with a woman of 28. Our marriage is and has been really happy and we lead a rather harmonic life.

I am rather on the erotic side and I think that I can say the same of my wife. There's just one thing that we don't really agree about—she refuses consistently to suck my penis.

I am, as I mentioned, rather erotic and sexually liberated. I often kiss her body on all thinkable places, and suck her nipples ardently and intensively. I lick her pussy both before and after intercourse—even when she is completely wet with excitement. I massage her clitoris for long periods and she has orgasm after orgasm. Occasionally I lick her ass as well so that even from that she has an orgasm. She's very active as well, biting, kissing and licking me everywhere—except for my penis. It is definitely not for hygienic reasons that she refuses. I keep myself very clean, especially before having intercourse.

And now my question to you: What can I do to find out what it is that blocks my wife? It's gotten to the point that I'd give nearly anything to be able to shoot a load deep down in her throat, at the same time that I lick her clitoris, so that she has an orgasm.

I love my wife and think that it's a sin that a marriage should be disturbed by such a little thing.

Can Dr. Bergström-Walan give me some advice as to how I should behave, or what I should say in order to find out what lies in back of this refusal?

With hearty and hopeful greetings from

*Mr. Joachim Arolf
Hamburg, Germany*

Dear Mr. Arolf,

To judge by your letter, you both are relatively happy together and have a regular sexual life. You both seem to be interested in sex and enjoy together different sexual variations. To begin with, let me wish you every happiness. It's really not every couple that agrees so well on the sexual level as you seem to. It's not so seldom that one of the partners tires and the other partner must resign himself to his fate or else try to find sexual satisfaction in some other way. Mutual sexual life is often plagued by routine, and one then needs help to find its cause, and as well to try to correct the difficulties. Many of my "patients" are people who have tired of sexual coexistence but are in all other ways very happy and pleased with each other.

But in spite of the fact that in general, everything's fine between you, there is nevertheless one thing about which you have differing opinions or preferences. And it is in regard to this question that you want my view.

The boundaries that enclose that which is called sexual life are very wide. Many people are contented with the traditional positions for intercourse—the so-called missionary pose, where the woman lies underneath. A recently completed investigation in Sweden shows that this method is practised by a surprisingly large majority of those investigated. In fact, more than 90% either seldom or never change from this method of intercourse.

One can of course speculate about these results and ask himself why Swedes—who have a reputation for being so "broad-minded"—don't vary their method of making love any more than they do. As far as I know, this question hasn't been asked of a representative group of Swedish men and women. It's most probable that even this conservatism, like so much other conservative behaviour springs from the education and feeling of shame of the individual. One is afraid of deviating from the prevalent pattern—afraid of being "different". This even applies to Swedes. Further, one is frantically afraid of not being "normal".

But what is normal? That question evokes many answers. What is normal to one person is abnormal to another. That's why it's so difficult to speak of sex in a language that everybody understands. One is more deeply affected by society's norms for sex life than one would think. My personal opinion is

that one should be extremely cautious with defining what is normal and what is not normal.

In this connection, one notices additionally that the border between "normal" and "abnormal" changes continually due to the character of the times and other changes in society.

And so to your question: Why can't your wife accept your wish for her to suck your penis? In reality this is a very common question. It seems as though it would be more "repulsive" for woman to suck a man's penis than for a man to stimulate the woman's clitoris with his tongue. In this respect it seems that prejudice—if it can be called prejudice—is stronger in the woman than in the man. Can it depend on the fact that the girl was exposed to a stronger cleanliness fixation during her childhood than was the boy? Boys are allowed to get dirty, girls are not. Well, this is certainly true as far as it goes but isn't the entire explanation.

I think that the man—as in most activities—is the one who take the initiative, even in the sexual life. It is he who is therefore more alert to finding new ways to stimulate one another. It isn't so seldom that a man tries to force his woman to suck his penis. The woman may concede and do his will, but does so reluctantly. And I don't know if the man gets anything out of it this way. My outlook in regard to this is that a person should never force another to engage in a sexual activity that the other doesn't want.

Naturally, it can feel great if your wife should suck your penis. But if she should do so without actually enjoying it herself, then, in the long run, I should think that it can't feel right for you either. We people are all different and like different things. I think that, at least for the time being, you'll have to accept the fact that your wife has different attitude in this matter. But she can change. It's probable that she has certain inhibitions that she has brought with her from childhood, and that she could feel better, mentally, by speaking with a psychologist or some other specialist and thereby receive help in understanding herself.

But don't push her—otherwise you can lose her. And, after all you don't want that. With best regards,

My Best Regards - Walter



It was my birthday. Lena, my girlfriend, and I had decided to spend a beautiful evening together. But, she had other things in mind, much to my surprise, for that evening she brought her two girlfriends with her—Viveca, blond and sensual and Rosa, small and supple.

Mal wieder Geburtstag. Laßt uns meinen Jubeltag im trauten Heim begießen, hatte ich meiner Freundin Lena versprochen. Ihr aber schien der Sinn nach andern Dingen zu stehen. Welch eine Überraschung, als sie zu dritt vor mir standen. Lena, Viveca, blond und sinnlich, und die zarte Rosa.

Pour mon anniversaire, Léna, ma bonne amie, et moi avions décidé de passer ensemble une agréable soirée. Cependant, à ma grande surprise, elle n'est pas venue seule ce soir-là mais avec deux amies à elle, la blonde et sensuelle Vivéca et la fine Rosa, toute en souplesse.

Ik was jarig. Lena, m'n girlfriend, en ik hadden besloten om 'n genoeiglijke avond te maken. Maar tot m'n grote verrassing had zij andere dingen bedacht, want deze avond nam ze 2 vriendinnen mee — Viveca, blond en sensueel en Rosa, klein en soepel.



"A birthday-surprise for you darling!", she said, and kissed me. "And here are your presents". I stared at their lovely faces.

„Du hast doch Geburtstag“, gurrte sie und hauchte einen Kuß auf meine Lippen. Hier ist dein Geschenk!

* Une surprise pour toi, chéri *, m'a-t-elle dit en m'embrassant. * Et voici tes cadeaux *. Ces derniers avient un bien mignon minois.

„E en verjaardagsverrassing voor Jou, schat!“ zei ze en kuste me. „En hier zijn Je cadeautjes“. Ik staarde hun aan in hun aardige toeties



In no time at all my clothes had disappeared. Hungry lips attacked my naked body. Three licking tongues aroused fire in my flesh.

Alles fiel. Die Kleider von mir und die Mädchen über mich her. Die dachten, ich sei der Kuchen, und schoben die besten Bissen in den Mund.

En un rien de temps, mes habits se sont envolés. Des lèvres goulues ont entrepris mon corps nu et trois langues ont mis ma chair en feu par leurs lèchements.

wip was ik van m'n kleren ont-Begerige lippen kusten m'n naakte. Drie slikkende tongen deden erd koken.





My limp organ was being played on by three sets of hands, mouths and tongues. Hungry lips closed on my swelling meat, sucking the knob of my cock. I didn't know who was doing what.

Was baumelte, bäumte sich mit einem Mal. Ein Griff an den Schaltknüppel, und schon wird die Fahrt rasanter. Wer packte da zu, und wo?





Trois jeux de mains, bouches et langues taquent mon membre au repos. Des lèvres gourmandes s'emparent du noeud de mon dard qui bande. Je ne sais plus à laquelle attribuer exactement telle ou telle caresse.

M'n slappe lul werd bewerkt door drie paar handen, lippen en tongen. Begerige lippen sloten zich rond m'n dikwordende pik, terwijl er aan de punt van m'n lul gezogen werd. Ik wist niet wie wat deed.







Eager hands roamed over my belly caressing and stroking my ass cheeks. A hot feverish tongue darted in and out of my asshole. I let out a scream, as my balls exploded a full oad of spunk.

•

Samtige Hände strichen über meine hintere Polsterung. Da leckte und züngelte es gar in der Kimme. Ich stöhnte auf, und gab eine volle Ladung von mir.

•

Des mains impatientes parcourent mon ventre, flattent mes fesses. Une langue en feu me fait une feuille de rose. Je pousse un cri rauque et mes couilles projettent une bordée de foutre.

•

Ijverige handen gleden over m'n buik, aaiden en streelden m'n billenwangen. 'n Hete koortsachtige tong ging m'n reet in en uit. Ik liet 'n kreet toen m'n ballen uitbarsten in 'n volle lading geil.

Fresh young nipples rubbed against each other. I felt the warm pressure of a hungry cunt, sliding slowly onto my prick.

Frische junge Äpfelchen rieben sich gegen einander. Etwas Warmes, Schleimiges schluckte mein Ding in sich auf.

Ces jeunes et frais mamelons qui se frottent les uns contre les autres ! Je sens la chaude pression d'une chatte qui en veut et se colle doucement à mon braquemart.

Frisse jonge tepels wreven tegen elkaar aan. Ik voelde 'n warme druk toen 'n begerige kut zich voorzichtig over m'n lul naar beneden drukte.



"Oh God, it feels so good." Her throbbing ass pointed right at my face and I thrust my rod even deeper into her belly as another series of orgasms convulsed me.

Mein herrlichstes Geburtstagsgeschenk, mein saftigstes! Meinen Schwanz hielten zwei glitschige Lippen fest. Und während noch ein Pfirsich-Arsch auf meinem Bauch auf und nieder tanzte, kam einer zuckender Ausbruch über mich.

"Ah, que c'est bon", dis-je en grognaçant. "Un con doux, brûlant et ferme qui bouffe ma bite". Son cul rebondi me nargue, aussi je pousse mon braquemart au plus profond de ses entrailles tandis qu'une série de spasmes me possèdent.

"Oh, lieve hemel" steunde ik „wat lekker." Haar trillende kond was juist op m'n gezicht gericht en ik duwde m'n stang nog dieper in haar geval, waarna ik opnieuw bezeten werd door 'n orgasme.





My hungry lips found a rigid clitoris. I licked the juice of her running cunt.

•
Meine Zunge reckte sich einem strammen Kitzler entgegen. Ich schlürfte sein salziges Gesöff in mich auf.

•
Mes lèvres goulues tombent sur un clito turgescent. Je lappe le jus de sa chatte qui ruisselle.

•
M'n begerige lippen vonden 'n stijve clitoris. Ik slikte 't sap van haar kut.





Somebody helped me. "Oh! Oh!" I fucked harder, biting and squeezing her voluptuous tits.

Einmal in Schwung, kann man so schnell nicht mehr vom Pudern lassen...

Une des luronnes se porte à mon aide. « Ah, ah ! ». Je la fouaille à plein; je lui mords et presse les nichons.

Iemand hielp me 'n handje. „Oh! oh! Ik neukte nog harder, terwijl ik in haar stijve tepels beet en kneep.







With cries and moans we came to a final crescendo. My fiancée's lips licked and sucked off the rest of the everlasting sperm. A last soft sucking kiss. What excitement! Indeed, a real birthday present!

Aber zum Schluß liegst du da mit hechelnder Zunge. Zufrieden und ausgepumpt. Ein Kuß, ein Seufzer, der sagt alles über das Genossene. Eine echte Geburtstagsfete — doch leider nur einmal im Jahr.

Dans les cris et les gémissements, nous atteignons le paroxysme de la jouissance. Ma bonne amie me taille encore un pompier et je redécharge un foutre pléthorique. Ce fut merveilleux. Je n'ai jamais eu mieux comme cadeau d'anniversaire !

Met kreten en gillen kwamen we aan het heerlijke einde. De lippen van m'n meisje slikten en zogen de laatste druppels sperma weg. 'n Laatste zachte zuigkus. Wat een belevenis. Werkelijk, een echt verjaardagscadeau!





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MILTON

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