

# PRIVATE

INTERNATIONAL COLOR MAGAZINE / LEADING IN EROTOGRAPHY

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## DAS WELTGRÖSSTE GANZFARBIGE SEX-MAGAZIN

IN DIESER 98 SEITEN AUSGABE:

SÜNDHAFT SÜSSE SCHWEDINNEN.

VERONICA:  
ABENTEUER IN PARIS.

MARGOT:  
MOLLIG UND VITAL.

KÖNIGIN FÜR EINE NACHT?

LESBEN DE LUXE.

EINES MANNES TAG.



TRADE MARK

PRIVATE: DAS EROTISCHE MAGAZIN NICHT NUR FÜR IHN.

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## MILTON

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

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

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# PRIVATTE

INTERNATIONAL COLOR MAGAZINE - LEADING IN EROTOGRAPHY

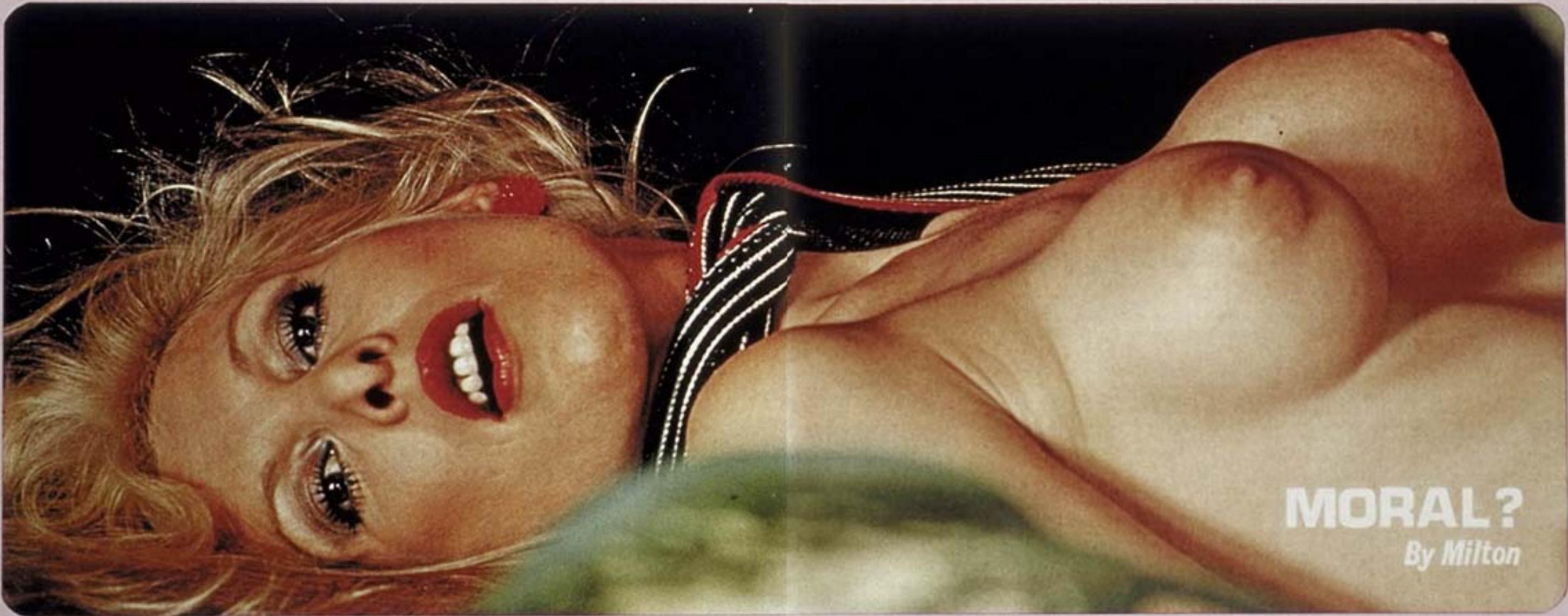
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TEXT IN  
ENGLISH

DEUTSCHER  
TEXT

TEXTE EN  
FRANÇAIS

ITALIANO  
TESTO



## MORAL?

By Milton

SWEDISH GIRLS ARE RENOWNED ALL OVER THE WORLD: SEXY, SINFUL AND PROMISCUOUS—AND PERHAPS IT'S TRUE.

Read how Norman Jackson describes them in his book, *Sexy Europe*.

We quote: STOCKHOLM. I don't know about you, but when I see a stunningly beautiful girl on the street, my reaction is to groan longingly and mutter something like, "Fucking incredible!" The reaction is spontaneous, it bubbles up without thinking. (You too, huh?) And of course it's reserved only for the most electrifying girls, those rare specimens of true movie-star caliber. On the streets of my adopted hometown of New York, girl-sightings that memorable happen only about four times a year.

On the streets of Stockholm, they happen about four times every ten minutes. That constant buzz you hear in the background as you walk around Sweden's capital city? It isn't the whine of distant traffic. It's the whimpering of the male population as their senses are tortured to the brink of rape by an over-plenitude of feminine lusciousness.

It's true. Stockholm women are so gorgeous, they're lethal. Their beauty is turning Stockholm men into an army of cripples. For example, the city is overrun with Blind Olafs whose eyesight finally flickered out in the girl's dazzling radiation. Other men fall helplessly to the pavement every half block as they wobble along, their knees permanently rubberized from too much buckling during encounters with blonde bombshells. (Rumor has it that some of these poor devils are so far gone, they even go down at the sight of American girls.) Then there is that legion of Stockholmers doomed to

go through life with monstrous bulges at the fronts of their trousers. That's right. Their whoozises were made to stand up once too often, and now they won't lie down.

If the foregoing sounds exaggerated, I can only advise you to go to Stockholm and see for yourself. You can't judge the degree of their succulence by the occasional Swedish chick you may have met in the States. You have to go to their country. This is because the Swedes have traditionally kept their choicest females at home. They have exported only the ugly ones—dogs like Ingrid Bergman, Bibi Anderson, and Liv Ullmann.

Fucking incredible, indeed. Seriously, though, Swedish girls really are the most beautiful in Europe, if not the world. And the *crème de la crème* in Sweden is the Stockholm girl. This is because as in all countries, the sharpest women tend to gravitate to the big cities.

You go down the street in Stockholm, and—okay, I was kidding, maybe you don't actually buckle to the sidewalk—but you are dazzled by the staggering quantity of beautiful girls. Typical are the tall, leggy blondes for which the country is famed. Natural blondes, of course. They don't know what peroxide is in that country. Blue eyes. Creamy-flawless complexions. Talk about mouth-watering. And so many of them!

To compound a plethora of blessings, you'll be happy to know that the rumors are true: this superior girl-flesh is highly available for carnal enjoyment.

Such a statement should, of course, be taken relatively. It doesn't mean all Swedish girls are roundheels, or that their

ALLENTHALBEN EILT DER SCHWEDIN EIN GEWISSER RUF VORAUSS: EIN SEXY GIRL, DAS OFT DEN PARTNER WECHSELT. DA MAG ETWAS DRAN SEIN.

In seinem Buch *„Sexy Europe“* beschreibt der Amerikaner Norman Jackson die Schwedinnen aus seiner Sicht. PRIVATE druckt einen Auszug: STOCKHOLM.

Wenn mir ein wunderhübsches Mädchen über den Weg läuft, entringt sich mir ein sehnsüchtiger Seufzer und ich murmele so etwas wie „Verdammt, einfach sagenhaft!“ vor mich hin. Diese Reaktion kommt ganz spontan in mir hoch. Und Sie? Wie würd's Ihnen gehen? Meine Begeisterung freilich bleibt den wirklich elektrisierenden Wesen vorbehalten, den raren Typen echten Leinwandkalibers. In meiner Wahlheimat New York sind mir solche denkwürdigen Anblicke knapp viermal im Jahr beschieden.

Auf den Stockholmer Straßen dagegen passiert es alle zehn Minuten viermal. Ein unablässiges Brausen erfüllt die Straßen der schwedischen Hauptstadt. Wo rührt es her? Ist es das ferne Tosen des Verkehrs? Nein, es ist das Ächzen der männlichen Bevölkerung, deren Sinne angesichts der Überfülle weiblicher Köstlichkeit dem Rand der Vergewaltigung zutreiben.

Wie wahr! Stockholms Frauen sind von einer tödlichen Pracht. Sie verwandelt die Stockholmer in ein Heer von Krüppeln. Sehen Sie nur die Scharen blinder Svens oder Olofs, deren Augenlicht in der blendenden Ausstrahlung der Mädchen endgültig erloschen ist. Andere wanken dahin und sinken in sich zusammen; Ihre gummiweich gewordenen Kniee halten den ständigen Begegnungen mit den blonden Sprengsätzen nicht stand. (Ein Gerücht will wissen, daß einige dieser armen Teufel selbst beim Anblick amerikanischer

Mädchen zu Boden gehen.) Dann gibt es die Hauptstädter, die das Los ewig ausgebeulter Hosen zu tragen haben. Wirklich! Ihr Wonneprügel hat sich einmal zuviel erhoben, und dabei blieb. Auch ihre Zahl ist Legion.

Übertriebene Töne? Ich kann Ihnen nur raten, sehen Sie selbst einmal nach. An den schwedischen Bienen, die Ihnen in Ihrem Land vorgekommen sein mögen, können Sie ihre Saftigkeit lange nicht ermessen. Ihre erlesenste Weiblichkeit haben die Schweden daheim behalten. Nur die zweite Wahl wie Ingrid Bergman, Bibi Andersson oder, die aus Norwegen geliebene, Liv Ullmann wurde der Welt vorgestellt.

In der Tat, verdammt sagenhaft. Wahr aber ist, die schwedischen Mädchen sind die schönsten Europas, wenn nicht der Welt. Und die *Crème de la crème* ist die Stockholmerin, so wie auch anderswo die großen Städte die bestechendsten Frauen anziehen.

Sie gehen nun wirklich durch die Straßen der Stadt und werden bemerken Der Kerl hat zu hoch gegriffen. Doch sagen Sie selbst, die Menge blendend schöner Mädchen ist verblüffend. Typisch sind die für Schweden berühmten langbeinigen Blondes – Naturblonden, versteht sich. Bleichmittel sind hier unbekannt. Blaue Augen. Sahnig-makellose Züge. Und, wie gesagt so viele. Da läuft einem das Wasser im Mund zusammen.

Um den Ansturm dieser Segnungen zu ordnen: Freuen Sie sich, das Gerücht stimmt. Diese überaus süße Haut ist in hohem Maße körperlichen Genüssen zugänglich.

Solch eine Behauptung gilt freilich nicht wortwörtlich.

ranks are without many exceptions to the general rule of Lustiness. (That's a capital L.) But it does mean that, in general—and certainly by comparison with the girls of southern Europe and even most quarters of the United States—Swedish women have an uninhibited attitude toward sex. While they're not a nation of nymphomaniacs, they frankly enjoy screwing, and they make no bones about it.

Don't take my word for it. Here are some Stockholm girls to tell you themselves. These are all verbatim quotes from my tape recorder. Notice the interesting adjective that keeps recurring.

Kristina, twenty-five, interviewed on a city bus: "Swedish women are more promiscuous than women in other parts of Europe."

Ulla, nineteen, at the bar in Sturehof: "We're promiscuous. I don't know why. I guess we just like sex."

Alexandra, twenty-one, on the ice rink in Kungstragården: "Swedish girls have very few sexual inhibitions. You might say we're promiscuous."

Time and again, that word promiscuous, self-applied. And, if not proudly so, certainly with no trace of apology. Just stating a fact. In our country, despite sex-lib trends, the last I heard it's still an insult to call a girl promiscuous. Very few American girls would happily hang the label on themselves.

I thought for a while that maybe these Swedish girls didn't fully understand the meaning of promiscuous, the way they repeatedly used the word to characterize their own and their countrywomen's sex habits. But when I questioned Kristina closely on the matter, she said, "I know what promiscuous means. As you Americans would say, a promiscuous girl is one who it's easy to get into her pants. Well, that's exactly what I meant. It's easy to get into a Swedish girl's pants."

So there you have it, fellas. From the horse's mouth. They put out.

But, again remember that all this isn't saying you can go bopping into Stockholm, draw your weapon, and plunge it with impunity between the legs of the first desirable female you see. It still requires a little finesse. You're still going to have to romance your Swedish girl for, oh... say, five minutes... before she lifts the lid of her jewel box to give you a peek inside.

No. Joking again. It takes more than five minutes. It takes being a pleasant, attentive guy to her. It takes talking with her, getting to know her as a person, letting her know you. In short, it takes all the things it takes anywhere in the civilized world.

But the difference—and now I'm serious—is that if your Swedish girl does take a shine to you, she will more freely and quickly become intimate with you than the girls of almost any other society. It'll take more than five minutes, yes but the odds are strong that if she likes you, she'll go to bed with you on your first date. Needless to say, this is manna for the amorous globetrotter for whom this book is written, who simply doesn't have the time to mount long-term seductions.

In sum, if your Klara or Katerina feels like screwing, she'll screw, and she'll do it on short acquaintance. In her country, the manner in which she's been raised, there's nothing to hold her back.

Schwedische Mädchen sind durchaus keine Wanderpreise, und in ihren Reihen gibt es ausgeprägte Vorstellungen von Ordnung. Andererseits – und das gilt vor allem im Vergleich mit Mädchen aus Südeuropa und einigen Ecken der Staaten – hat die Schwedin eine unbekümmerte Einstellung zum Sex. Kein Volk von Nymphomaninnen zwar, aber sie vögeln froh und frei und machen deswegen nicht viel Aufhebens.

Lassen wir doch einige Stockholmer Mädchen zu Wort kommen. So wie es hier steht, stammt alles aus meinem Recorder. Interessant die stets wiederkehrende Redewendung.

Kristina, 25, interviewt in einem Bus: „Schwedinnen wechseln häufiger den Partner als Frauen sonstwo in Europa“.

Ulla, 19, in der Bar Sturehof: „Wir wechseln oft den Partner. Ich weiß nicht, warum. Ich denke, Sex gefällt uns eben“.

Alexandra, 21, auf der Eisbahn im Kungsträgarädn: „Schwedische Mädchen kennen kaum sexuelle Hemmungen. Sagen Sie ruhig, daß wir häufig den Partner wechseln“.

Sie sehen, immer wieder die gleiche Wendung, von sich aus gesagt. Und das, wenn nicht mit Stolz, so doch ohne einen Anflug von Rechtfertigung. „Häufig den Partner wechseln“ – trotz Ansätzen zu liberalerem Sex würde diese Bemerkung in unserem Land einem Mädchen immer noch zur Beleidigung gereichen. Kaum eine Amerikanerin würde sich dieses Etikett selbst umhängen.

Ich überlegte mir schon, ob sich die Befragten überhaupt der Tragweite ihres Ausspruchs bewußt waren. Kristina, bei der ich nachhakte, antwortete: „Ich weiß schon, was es bedeutet. Ihr Amerikaner würdet sagen: Das ist eine, die schnell den Rock hochzieht. So ist es eben. Eine Schwedin kriegen Sie schnell dazu“.

Da habt Ihr's Leute. Aus beruflichem Munde. All das soll aber nicht heißen, daß sie der ersten Besten die Waffe zwischen die Schenkel klatschen können. Ein bißchen Feingefühl ist noch vonnöten. Ihrem schwedischen Mädchen müssen Sie immer noch mit etwas Romantik kommen – sagen wir, fünf Minuten lang – ehe sie den Blick auf ihr Schatzkästchen freigibt.

Na, Scherz beiseite. Fünf Minuten reichen nicht. Nett und aufmerksam muß man auftreten, mit ihr reden, sie ihren Wert als Mensch fühlen lassen, sich selbst nahebringen. Kurz, man muß aufwenden, was allenthalben in der zivilisierten Welt üblich ist.

Der Unterschied liegt darin – jetzt werde ich wieder ernsthaft – das das schwedische Mädchen, ist sie Ihnen gewogen, schneller intim wird als ihre Geschlechtsgenossinnen in fast allen anderen Gesellschaften. Gut, es braucht mehr als fünf Minuten, aber die Chancen stehen nicht schlecht, daß sie schon am ersten Tag mit Ihnen ins Bett geht. Das ist Musik in den Ohren des amurösen Globetrotters, dem dieser Bericht zugedacht ist. Und der nicht auf langes Verführen bedacht ist.

Kurzum, wenn Ihre Klara oder Katerina auf eine Nummer aus ist, wird sie es tun, und das nach kurzer Bekanntschaft. In der Umgebung, in der sie aufgewachsen ist, ist nichts, was sie daran hindert.



ADVENTURES  
IN  
PARIS.

•

ABENTEUER  
IN  
PARIS.

•

AVENTURES  
À  
PARIS.

•

AVVENTURE  
A  
PARIGI.

# VERONICA

Concerning attractive, horny Swedish blonds. I'm such  
a one.

•

Schöne, geile schwedische Blondinen gibt's. Hier.

•

Parlons des belles Suédoises blondes et chaudes. J'en  
suis une.

•

A proposito di belle e sensuali biondine svedesi,  
eccone una!

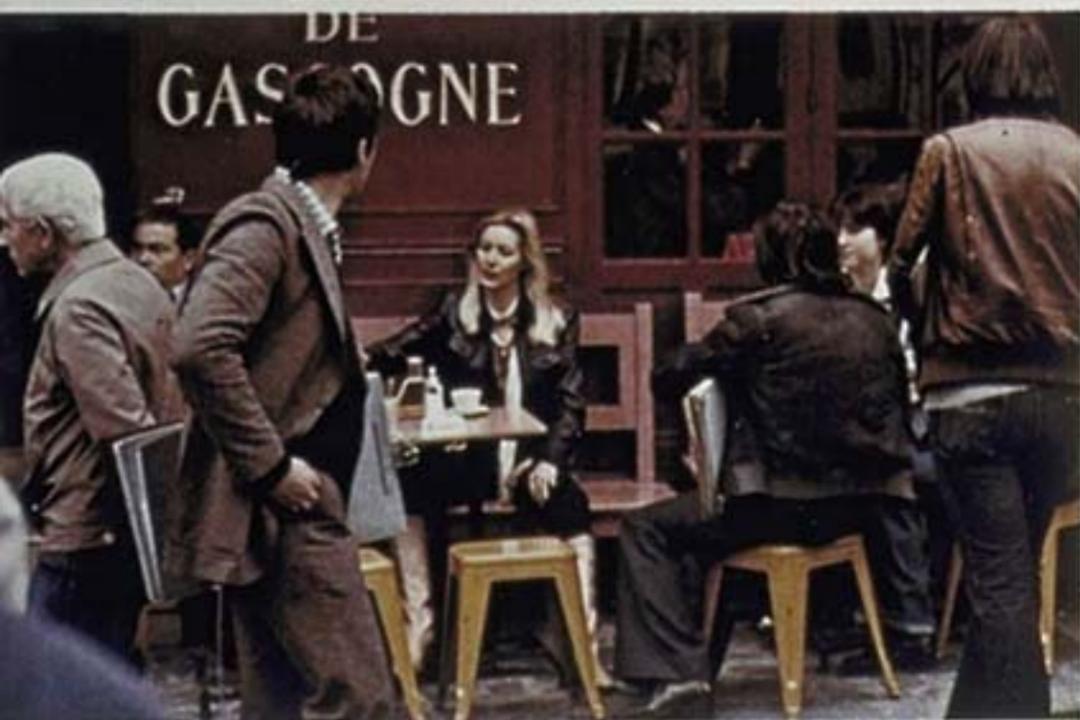


PARIS. Everyone was expecting me to be sinfully horny and easily available. And I am, too.

PARIS. Wer mich sieht, denkt: Sünde, leicht gemacht. Eh, wenn das Sünde sein soll?

PARIS. Tout le monde s'attendait à ce que je sois facile et chaude. C'est ce que je suis.

PARIGI. Tutti si aspettavano che fossi voluttuosa e abbordabile. Ed è proprio quello che sono.





Champs Elysées' fashion houses, wines! Met JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO in the crowd and tried to get him randy for me, but failed—this time.

Champs Elysées. Modehäuser. Weine! Dort im Gewimmel, ist das nicht JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO? Schade, ohne einen Blick ging er an mir vorbei.

Les Champs Elysées, les maisons de mode, le vin! Rencontre avec JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO. Essais de me le faire, en vain, pour une fois.

Campi Elisei, case di moda, vini! Ho incontrato JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO, ho cercato di riscaldarlo ... questa volta però non ci sono riuscita.



Paris in spring. First I felt a little lonely, but not for long.

Frühling in Paris. Da bleibt man nicht lang allein.

Je suis arrivée à Paris au printemps. Seule au début.

A Parigi in primavera. Sola, per poco tempo.

My hobbies? I ride, swim, play tennis, sew clothes, love to dance, do some sight-seeing, and of course, fuck.

•  
Ich mag die angenehmen Seiten des Lebens: Sport, Kleider, Tanzen – und Nummern!

•  
Loisirs. Cheval, natation, tennis, couture, danse, tourisme et, bien sûr, partouzes.

•  
I miei hobby? equitazione, nuoto, tennis, cucito, ballo, un po' di turismo e, ovviamente, chiavare.







When a man sees and hears what he **really** wants, he gets interested. That's my experience. That's why I willingly show off what I have and chat sexily and provocatively.

•

Laß einen Mann sehen und hören, was er **wirklich** will, schon steht er in Flammen. Das hat man schnell heraus. Und mein Auftreten richte ich danach.

•

C'est quand il voit et entend ce qu'il désire **vraiment** qu'un homme s'allume. C'est mon expérience. C'est pourquoi je montre toujours tout ce que je possède et provoque par mes paroles.

•

Quando un uomo vede e sente ciò che **veramente** desidera, si accende come un fiammifero. Ne ho fatto l'esperienza. Per tale ragione mostro quanto ho e parlo di sesso, in modo provocatorio.

Perhaps I'm not  
so very good at  
sucking cocks,  
but no-one  
complains.

•

Keiner hat noch  
geklagt, auch  
wenn ich im  
Lutschen keine  
Meisterin bin.

•

Je ne suis peut-  
être pas une  
très bonne  
suceuse mais  
personne ne se  
plaint.

•

Forse non sono  
bravissima a  
succhiare il  
cazzo, nessuno  
se ne è lamen-  
tato.





Anyway, I'm  
good in bed and  
I know that  
there I've got  
talent.

Aber im Bett leg  
ich los. Das laß  
ich mir nicht  
nehmen.

Je me défend au  
lit tout de  
même. J'ai du  
talent je le sais.

A letto sono  
però brava, è il  
mio talento, ne  
sono sicura.





To have a prick in me now and again is a must. Sometimes I get a bit in love, but not usually. I screw for the sake of screwing, and that's enough.

•

Ohne Schwanz kein richtiges Leben. Verliebt brauch ich nicht grad zu sein. Vögel' des Gezwitschers wegen.

•

Une bonne bite régulièrement, c'est vital. Parfois je suis un peu amoureuse mais rarement. Je baise pour baiser, çé suffit.

•

Farmi penetrare da un cazzo è per me condizione di vita. Mi innamoro molto raramente. Chiavo per il semplice chiavare e basta!





The first time I offered up my bum I was really scared and it hurt too—but, wow how exciting.

Als ich das erste Mal den Arsch hingehalten habe, kam ich vor Angst und freudiger Aufregung fast um.

La première fois que j'ai prêté mon cul, j'avais très peur. Ça faisait mal mais Dieu que c'était bon.

La prima volta che ho offerto il culo avevo paura e mi fece male, che tensione però.





Nowadays it's a wonderful variation and I get an orgasm when someone comes hotly way up my ass.

•  
Jetzt mag ich's nicht mehr missen. Ich komme jedesmal, wenn er tief drinnen abspritzt.

•  
Depuis c'est autre chose. Je prends mon pied dès qu'une chose chaude me pénètre profondément.

•  
Ora è diventata una bella variante. Vado in orgasmo anche quando mi si sbora profondamente nell'ano.





Everyone comments on my breasts. I enjoy having them appreciated, and likewise my cunt, mouth and bum.

Mein Busen hat noch immer helle Begeisterung erweckt. Und nicht minder das gesamte Arschrevier.

Ils admirent tous mes nichons. J'aime qu'on les apprécie ainsi que ma chatte, ma bouche et mon cul.

Tutti fanno commenti ai miei seni, piace vederseli apprezzare, come la fica, la bocca e il culo.





# MARGOT



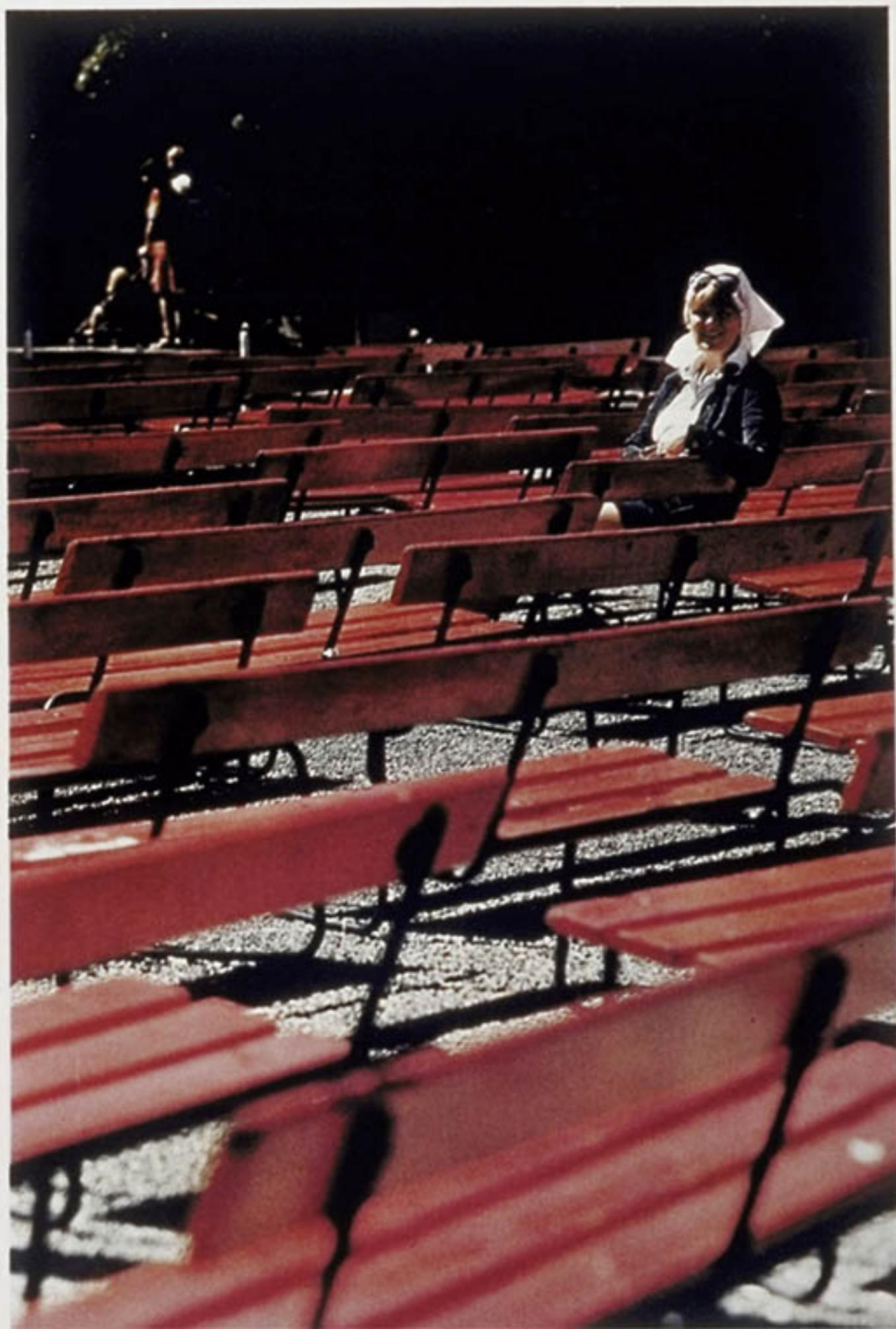
When PRIVATE offered to photograph me in coition scenes I was doubtful at first. Not from any moral point of view—luckily I'm sufficiently free for something like that. But I thought people only wanted to see slim young girls. Could I who am no longer so young and have pretty well accentuated curves really attract readers of PRIVATE?

Erst einmal war ich mir gar nicht sicher. Man hatte mich gefragt, ob ich es für PRIVATE vor der Kamera treiben wollte. Nicht, daß ich moralische Bedenken hätte. Wie aber ist es mit meinem Aussehen bestellt? Nicht mehr die Jüngste. Und Pfunde sind reichlich. Wie würde das Echo der PRIVATE-Leser sein?

Quand PRIVATE m'a proposé d'être photographiée en baisant j'ai tout d'abord hésité. Pas pour des raisons morales car je suis, heureusement, assez libre. Mais je croyais qu'on voulait des jeunes filles minces. Moi qui ne suis plus si jeune et avec mes formes très accentuées est-ce que je vais exciter les lecteurs de PRIVATE?

Quando PRIVATE mi ha offerto di farmi fotografare in pose oscene non me ne sono convinta subito, non già per remore morali, dato che mi sento emancipata per fare queste cose, bensì per il fatto di non essere più giovane e snella. Avrei potuto pertanto io non più in età verde e dalle forme accentuate attrarre i lettori di PRIVATE?





I know that many guys prefer "the little blond with the breasts", but also that loads of guys want to have that heavily-built, voluptuous woman like me.

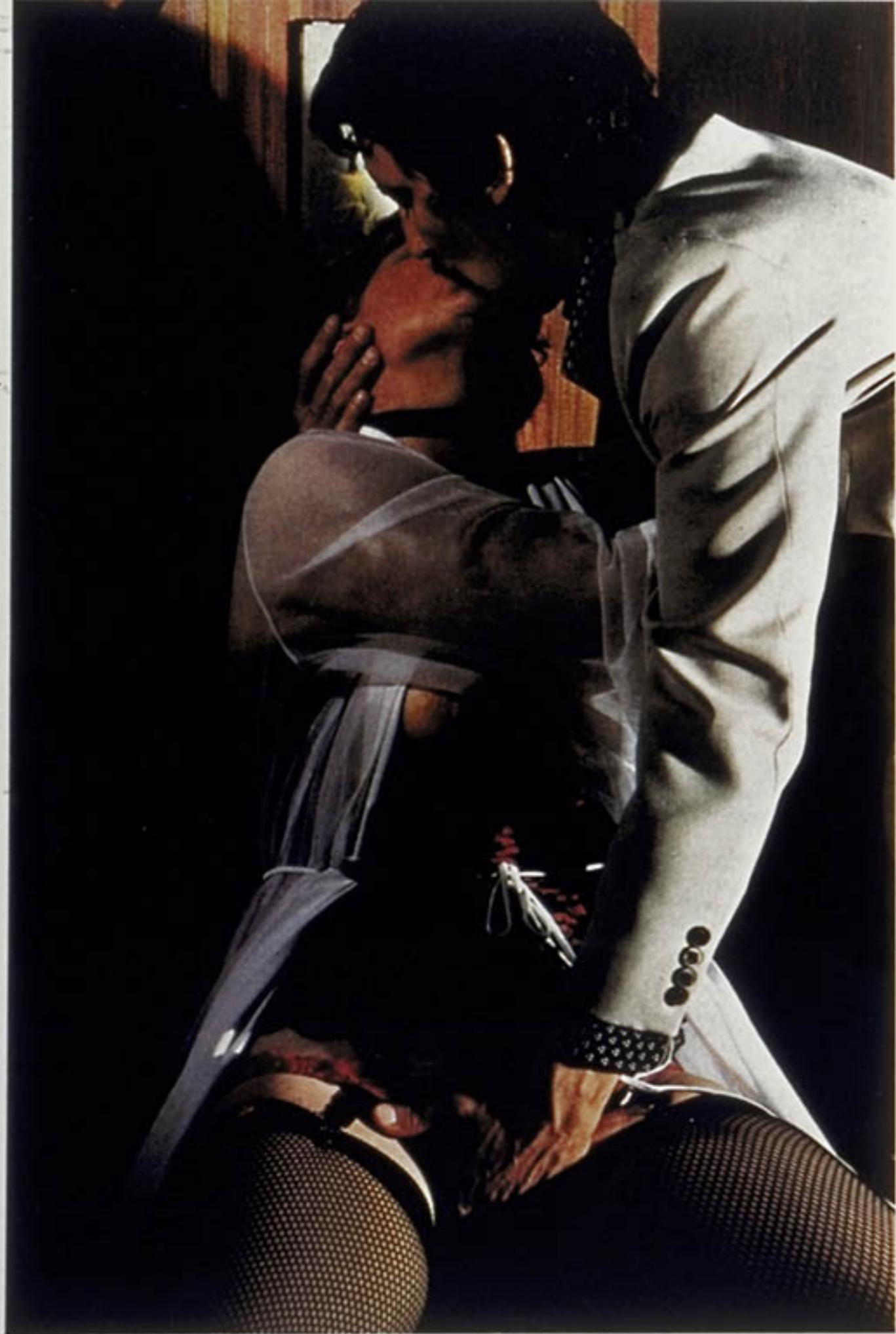
Daß die „kurvige Blonde“ am besten ankommt, ist altbekannt. Üppige Typen wie ich finden freilich auch ihre Liebhaber. Also machte ich mit.

Je sais que les hommes préfèrent «la petite blonde avec les nichons» mais aussi que bien des hommes veulent une femme bien en chair comme moi.

Che molti uomini preferiscono la «biondina dal bel seno», è cosa che so bene, non avrei però mai creduto che tanti desiderano una donna pesante e voluttuosa come me.









My breast are easily as sensitive as those of young girls and when I open my legs—you notice it ...



Mit meinen Brüsten nehm ich's noch mit jedem jungen Mädchen auf. Na, und wenn ich erst die Beine breit mache...



Mais nichons sont au moins aussi sensibles que ceux d'une jeune fille et quand j'écarte les cuisses...



I miei seni hanno la stessa sensibilità di quelli di una giovane, ce se ne accorge quando io allargo le cosce ...





When I'm sucking a guy off, sitting on him or spreading my legs wide, I can assure you he gets back as much as he gives.

•

Ob ich ihm nun einen blase oder rittlings auf ihm sitze - ich sage Dir, er hat was davon.

•

Quand je suce un homme que je le monte ou qu'il me monte, il est bien servit.

•

Sia quando mi succhio un uomo che mi poggio sul suo membro, posso assicurare di dargli la giusta soddisfazione.





You can use me in any number of positions, and wherever you use me, you can be sure there's plenty of me.

Ich kann's in fast allen Stellungen, und in jeder verausgabe ich mich ganz.

Toutes les positions sont possibles et là où je suis, j'y suis bien.

Posso essere impiegata in moltissime posizioni ed in qualsiasi modo mi si usi v'è molto di me.







This is how it looks—afterwards. It's juicy and warmed up. It's ready for more. Did I forget to mention that my capacity is in proportion to the rest. There's plenty of it too, and you're welcome. PS. I've written this **myself** and am very curious about the reaction from the readers. Margot.

Voilà le résultat, après. Ça colle et c'est chaud. Mais on ne s'arrête pas là. J'ai oublié de dire que mon rendement est en proportion avec le reste. Il ne fait pas défaut, bienvenue à tous. PS. J'ai écrit ça **moi-même** et je suis très curieuse de connaître la réaction des lecteurs. DS. Margot.

So sieht's dann aus - hinterher. Warm und klebrig. Noch lange kein Feierabend. Wer sieht, was ich hier vollbringe, kann sich schon den Rest ausmalen. Und den gibts massenhaft, mein Freund. P.S. Dies war ein Gruß von **mir selbst**. Ich bin sehr gespannt auf Eure Reaktion. Margot.

Ecco come appare il... dopo: bagnato e appiccicoso e caldo, pronto per un nuovo assalto. Ho solo dimenticato di dire che la mia capacità è proporzionale al resto. Ce ne è per tutti, siete i benvenuti. P.S. Quanto sopra lo ho scritto **io stessa** e sono curiosa della reazione dei lettori. DS. Margot.





# PRIVATE POST

Tell us your views, comments  
and your own erotic experiences  
PRIVATE PRESS AB, Fack, S-104 62  
Stockholm 17, Sweden

Hi Milton,

**W**ow—your issue nr. 22 was really great! (Private is always great—but that one was really). It's about time someone showed a male with shaved pubes. I shave (sometimes) my pussy—hair and love to do it to guys—few allow me!—hence I was very turned on to see a man with his pubic shaved clean!

And then I could not believe it—nr. 23—Therese—a pregnant gal! I am 25, very bi-sexual, and the mother of a fine 4 year old girl. I loved being pregnant. And I was very horny while I was. I would love to get it on with another gal who is pregnant!

I have always loved the openness of Private, the quality, color, people and photography! But now you are also showing some of the things I love that no one else seems to show! Thank you, thank you!

Now I can't wait for you to show B+D (I love to be spanked, esp. while I am bound!) and the other things I like.

I am really a very discreet and respectable gal. I am not wild or foolish—it is just that I get such a thrill out of unusual sex! I have

thought about having one of my nipples pierced and still dream of it! I also hope that you soon show W/S (I love enema, a pee fun).

I also have daydreams about animal-sex and child-sex—but I don't dare do it. I love great big dildoes and vibrators—esp. up my rear hole.

You do show two gals—but never two guys! Why? Do you have any idea how many other gals would love to see two guys getting it on? My brother (he is a doctor) is very bi-sexual also. I have seen him with another guy and it really turns me on! In fact my brother, who is 30, and I have had sex with each other for a long time and it has not hurt either of us. He has two really great friends. One can take a fist up his rear and the other has beautiful tattoos on his cock! Wow!

I read in nr. 23 of L.F. from Paris and how he likes girls douching (I'm sure that I would love to meet him!—few men seem to like it—that I know anyway).

So for L.F. (and others) I'm sending this color photo of myself. You have my permission to publish it wherever you like. All I ask

is that you publish each photo with my whole letter (as written) and with my name and address! I hope that other gals and guys will send in photos to you that answer to the specific interests of your readers! Just let me know if some really unusual photos are requested—I would love to pose for more and mail them to you. There is a method to my "madness"—I want to meet with, or at least correspond with, your readers who enjoy the unusual sex that I enjoy. Perhaps I will learn of something new—I am always open!

Rusty Nema  
P.O. Box A - 3248  
Chicago, Ill. 60515  
USA.

Dear Rusty.

Unfortunately we can't publish photographs in Private Post. Your letter however, reflects more of your character and fantasy than any photograph.

I hope you will get a good response. Please, let me know.

Good luck,  
MILTON.

# QUEEN FOR A NIGHT?



These days with news coming to us via newspapers, TV, film etc., it is virtually impossible not to be faced with pictures of current celebrities. Millions of people know what Jackie Kennedy looks like, and likewise Rachel Welch, Bardot, Queen Elizabeth and so on. Coincidence can sometimes bring you face to face with someone like this, sort of free and in the open. However, always hunted by journalists, photographers and the curious public, most celebrities try and keep out of the limelight when off stage, unless they enjoy the publicity of course.

AN AFTERNOON OUTSIDE THE ROYAL CASTLE IN STOCKHOLM

an  
exclusive inside  
Private report by  
MILTON

Fernsehen, Rundfunk, Zeitungen berieseln uns in unaufhörlichem Strom mit allen erdenklichen Neuigkeiten. Wo es Bilder gibt, blicken auch die Prominenten auf uns herab. Vom Beckenbauer bis zur Bardot, vom Schmidt bis zur Maria Schneider tanzt der bunte Reigen. Mit etwas Glück sehen Sie so ein Wunderwesen von Angesicht zu Angesicht, draußen in der vermeintlichen Freiheit. Im Troß tummeln sich die Journalisten. Adel verpflichtet eben.  
EINES NACHTMITTAGS VOR DEM KÖNIGLICHEN SCHLOß ZU STOCKHOLM



**A dark blue, well kept Volvo cruised discretely out into town.**

**Ein gepflegter Volvo glitt in Richtung Stadt davon.**

A dark blue, well kept Volvo cruised discretely out into town. As journalist and photographer on the spot, we had as always cameras, lenses and film at the ready. Who was it in the car? Wasn't it? Perhaps—perhaps not . . . Anyway, we followed the car, our curiosity getting the better of us . . . We decided to see where it was going, and if possible, to find out the reason for the trip. Of course it wasn't easy to tail the car unnoticed but we soon found that we were much more experienced in the Stockholm traffic than the woman driver. She drove extremely carefully.

She soon left the central town, turned off into an exclusive villa neighbourhood and stopped in front of a million dollar

**She stopped in front of a million dollar complex.**

**Auf einem pikfeinen Anwesen machte sie halt.**



Ein gepflegter Volvo glitt in Richtung Stadt davon. Donnerwetter, wer saß da im Wagen!? Einfach unwahrscheinlich . . . Wir erstmal hinterdrein. Kamera, Film und Tele haben wir dabei – wären wir sonst Reporter? Was für ein geheimnisvoller Ausflug bahnte sich da an? Sich jemandem an die Fersen heften, ist oft leichter gesagt als getan. Bald aber merkten wir, daß wir im Stockholmer Verkehr weit besser zu-rechtkamen als die Dame hinterm Steuer.

Sie fuhr wirklich behutsam. Bald war



**She drove extremely carefully.**

**Sie fuhr wirklich behutsam.**



ein nobler Villenvorort erreicht. Auf einem pikfeinen Anwesen machte sie halt. Was dann dem Wagen entstieg, lässig einen Pelz um die Schultern gelegt, dazu ein raffinierter Hut, war vom Scheitel bis zur Sohle eine königliche Erscheinung. Edelwild! Irrtum ausgeschlossen. Soweit war alles alltägliche Arbeit. Die Aufnahmen hatten wir geradezu herunterrasseln können. Jetzt aber mußten wir uns auf Geschicklichkeit, Glück und ein starkes Tele verlassen. Verdammt, welches Fenster war nun dasjenige welche? Vorsichtig näherten wir uns dem Haus und tarnten uns hinter mickrigen Bü-

complex. The driver stepped out, a regal-like creature in an exquisite mink fur with hat to match in a very special design. This must be exclusive game.

Up till now our expedition had not met up with any difficulties, and the pictures were an easy task. But now we needed luck, expertise and a long telephoto lens. I hoped we'd have enough of everything. We crept nearer the house and succeeded in finding the "right" window partially hidden behind some bare bushes. Inside, the oldest of all freetime activities got under way. A quick firey love affair. Time was obviously short since none was wasted over warming up or fore-



**THIS MUST BE EXCLUSIVE GAME.**

**EDELWILD! IRRTUM AUSGESCHLOSSEN.**





play. But there was certainly no lack in pleasure judging by the sunny smiles shining for every second. The tempo rose and ended up in a joint high of satisfaction. In truth, a regal pleasure for anyone ...

Inside, the oldest of all freetime activities got under way. A quick, fiery love affair.

Hinter den Scheiben hub schon der Welt älteste Freizeitbeschäftigung an, gekonnt und zielbewußt.



schen. Die Spürnase stimmte mal wieder. Hinter den Scheiben hub schon der Welt älteste Freizeitbeschäftigung an, gekonnt und zielbewußt. Die Zeit schien zu drängen, denn ohne Umschweife kam man zur Sache. Der Genuß hatte deswegen aber keinesfalls zu leiden. Das blieb selbst frierenden Reportern nicht verborgen. Kein Wunsch schien offen geblieben. Wahrhaftig ein königliches Vergnügen.





12



18



24



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23



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**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, German, French and Italian.**

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ADDRESS .....



*Your*  
**P R I V A T E**  
*Girl*



Photo by  
**MILTON**



*I am looking for  
usual  
(and unusual)  
people*

**Young or old, beautiful or not so beautiful, usual or unusual (perhaps very special) – I know that you have something to teach others.**

"I wish to promote a more liberal attitude towards sex, and a better understanding of all sexual inclinations, 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 I know, that good erotography has both a positive and stimulative effect on human sexuality."

Do you share my opinion? Good, but don't let that be just a passive "yes". Work yourself actively towards these goals. How? Discuss willingly sex and sexual morals with your friends and workmates, or why not

honestly and consequently make your stand by becoming a PRIVATE model. Expenses such as travel and other arrangements are of course met by PRIVATE. Payment? You suggest your fee. If for some reason you do not consider yourself as having the possibility to expose yourself openly, then we can make a film sequence with complete anonymity.

I'm interested in getting contacts both with couples and single models, preferably female. Please don't forget: you enclose one or more test pictures (which are immediately returned) and indicate the time you can spare for posing. Then I can make a proposal for photographic projects and a financial agreement. Naturally, all letters and photos are treated confidentially.

Sincerely yours.  
MILTON

## *Ich suche gewöhnliche Menschen – und ungewöhnliche*

**Junge und ältere, schöne und weniger schöne, Durchschnittstypen und ungewöhnliche, vielleicht auch mit ausgefallenem Geschmack. Jeder hat seinen Mitmenschen etwas zu geben.**

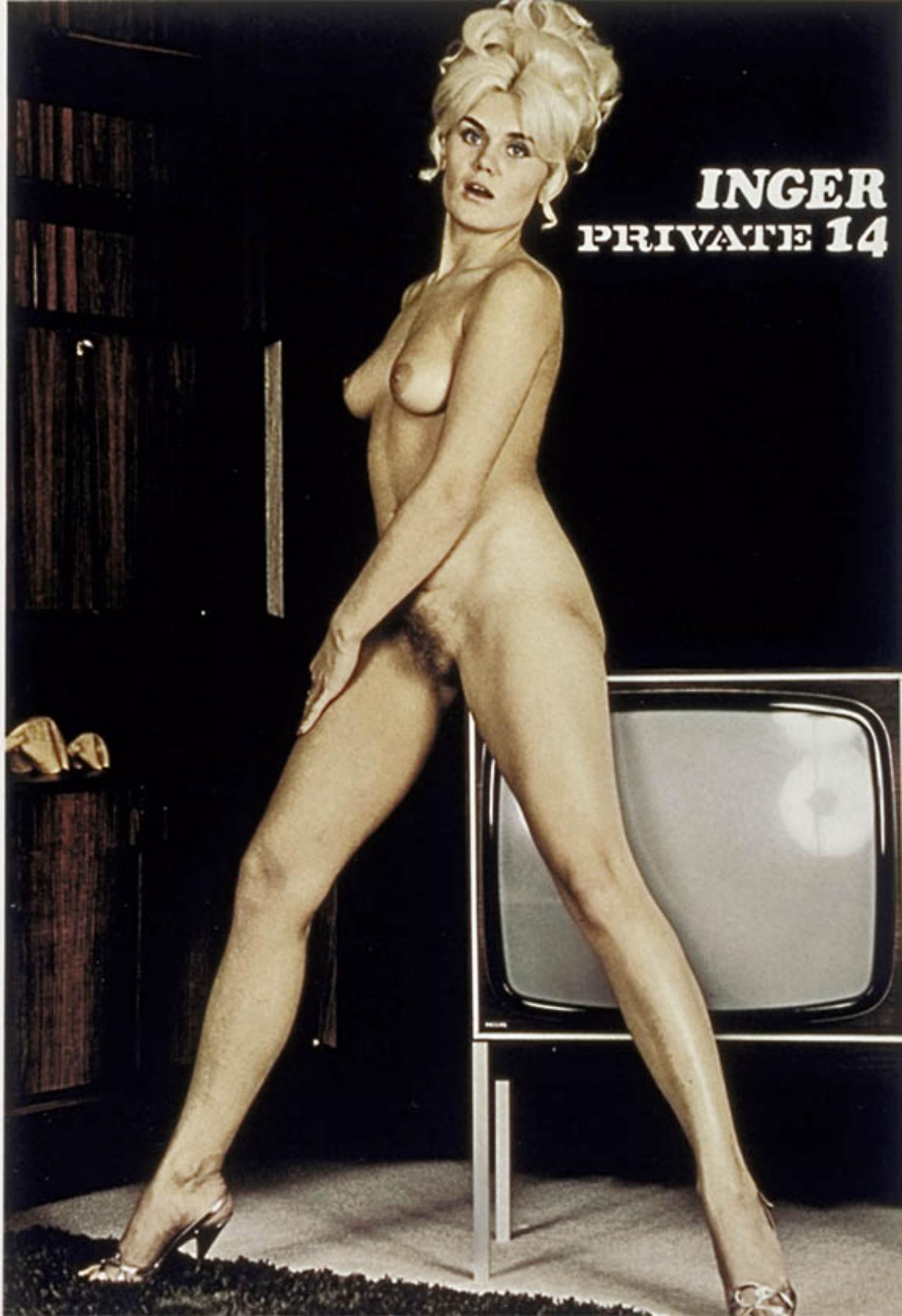
Mit meinem Magazin PRIVATE möchte ich eine freiere Lebensanschauung im Sexuellen und Verständnis für alle Spielarten des Sex fördern. Ich halte daran fest: Sex ist so schön und natürlich, daß es vor ihm keine Geheimnistuerei oder Scheu geben sollte. Und weiß: Gute Erotografie hat eine anregende Wirkung auf die menschliche Sexualität.

Sie teilen mein Ansicht? Gut! (Sonst hätten Sie wohl nicht dieses PRIVATE gekauft). Belassen Sie es aber nicht bei diesem passiven Bejahen. Arbeiten Sie selbst aktiv für dieses Ziel. Wie? Diskutieren Sie Sex und Moral mit Freunden und Kollegen. Oder – warum nicht eine kühne Konsequenz ziehen und selbst als Modell bei PRIVATE auftreten? Unkosten, Reisen und sonstiger Aufwand – PRIVATE kommt dafür auf. Gage? Machen Sie selbst einen Vorschlag. Wenn Sie aus irgendeinem Grund nicht offen auftreten können, läßt sich auch die Aufnahme einer völlig anonymen Serie arrangieren.

An neuen Kontakten, Paare oder einzelne Modelle, bin ich stets interessiert. Bitte nicht vergessen: Legen Sie Ihrem Brief ein paar Probestbilder bei (auf Wunsch zurück) und teilen Sie bitte mit, wann Sie zur Verfügung stehen. Ich werde Ihnen dann ggf. einen Vorschlag über Honorar und Aufnahmevorhaben machen. Volle Diskretion wird zugesichert.

Mit freundlichen Grüßen  
MILTON

**INGER  
PRIVATE 14**





**CAROL**  
**PRIVATE 35**

**MARION**  
**PRIVATE 38**



# BETWITCHED

By: Lucienne Camille.

In Sweden I always insist on having a male masseur, whenever I am in the mood for a little body rub. I do not worry much about the glances and cold reception I often get when I tell the assistant at the cash desk of my wish. They, in their minds don't think it was acceptable to be massaged by a male. Well, for me I don't want to spend my money and a lovely afternoon at the attention of those old female butch types they seem to have in a Swedish massage parlours. To me it is more sensual when the hands, that soothe away the tiredness and aches of my strenuous escapades, are the hands of a comforting male. To come to the point of my story . . .

However it was not difficult to get my own way and there I was laying temptingly beneath the hands of my wish. A masseur was massaging my supple body and when I opened my eyes slowly and looked at those professional hands, which were skillfully squeezing my thighs, I felt his fingers occasionally brushing against the black curls of the nest between my legs. He had a large Mick Jagger mouth, a mass of blond curls, and he looked about thirty-five years of age. His white overall hid his, to what I imagine, powerful body, his face presented a totally serious expression. Oh, I thought to myself, he is one of those type who are mostly interested in nothing but their work, for he certainly was not taken with my exposed pussy lips which stared at him from beneath the dark nest of hairs, though he kept brushing against them much too often. The towel that was supposed to cover this area, had slipped away to my side and I seized this given opportunity to break the silence between us. I gave a little wriggle and gasped, that did it, for he looked up at me disturbed. "Did I hurt you?", he inquired, "NO, it's great", I replied, "I was just enjoying the massage". As though he sensed my thoughts, he adjusted the towel back to its proper place. I emptied by the devil, I pushed the towel away again, "do not bother about that", I said smilingly, "in fact there is no one around, or don't you like to look at my cunt". I closed my eyes again very quickly, giving him time to let the open invitation penetrate through to him. I relaxed and continued to enjoy the minimum pleasure I was getting from his skillfull rubbing. "What is your name?", I asked, "Eric". Eric, a typical Swedish name. Well, anyway, Eric was a new masseur in this building, so he told me, for I had never met him on any of my previous

visits. I was grateful for that, for I felt particularly very devilish that day, and was not in the usual gossiping mood, which was a talent with Björn, the masseur I had had. Strong fingers languorously moved and pinched my naked body, they moved from my neck, shoulders, arms, across my stomach, to my thighs and legs, "Turn over please". Obediently I obliged. He was at the nape of my neck, his titillating fingers rushing downwards towards my ass. Eric was kneading and squeezing me in such a way and I found it utterly sensual, combined with the pressure of my belly on the massage table. All of a sudden, I felt surge of wetness between my legs, and a certain excited feeling rose so beautiful between my thighs. It was so delightful that I felt myself moving to the rhythm of Eric's hands, at the same time pressing my cunt harder against the table. Inevitably, I came, but I stifled the little moan of contentment that rose from my lips, at the same time unashamedly contracting my thighs to the waves of abandoned pleasure that I had reached. I wondered if Eric knew, that I had just had an orgasm, I hoped he had, for I wanted him to know what pleasure he had unconsciously helped me to achieve. I was distracted by my thoughts, I suddenly felt his fingers on my cunt. So he had noticed the happening. What must I do now to further the encouragement?, I was thinking hard. The lubricating oil he was using made me warm and lazy, totally relaxed both mentally and physically. I secretly plotted how I would like this massage session to end. I wanted my tormented cunt to have some pleasure and I wanted this strong attractive man to provide it for me. I let my hands touch my pussy. I stroked myself between the open lips, felt the lubrication of my orgasm still warm. I slipped one finger inside me, then two, pushing them gently in and out, teasing myself. "You are a hot randy bitch", I heard Eric say. "Got any complaints?", I laughed, "No", I could see he was getting worked up himself, and I proceeded the matter further. "Are you not excited, for i am and I want you to fuck me", I told him with all my sensual daringness. In the meantime, I had my legs further apart, drew up my knees and fingered myself faster and faster under Eric dreamy eyes, I was by then very very wet, my female sexual odour seemed to fill the tiny room and with an almost violent effort, I

Cont. after Sybil

Ruth, who is gentle, warm and loving. We make love to each other when we have no-one else to love.

Ruth, der Zärtlichen, der Liebevollen. Sie liebt mit mir und ich mit ihr - wenn es uns gerade an einem Liebhaber mangelt.

Ruth, douce et caressante. Nous nous faisons l'amour, elle à moi, moi à elle, quand nous sommes lassés de l'habituel.

Ruth dolce amabile e carezzevole. Ama con me ed io con lei quando non abbiamo altri cui fare l'amore.





# SYBIL



I am single, but I have wonderful relationship with—

•

Ich leb' allein, habe aber ein zauberhaftes Verhältnis mit —

•

J'ai une délectable liaison avec —

•

Sono sola, ho una meravigliosa tresca con —



Ruth is a rich man's daughter, but we understand each other which is the most important.

Ruth ist reicher Leute Kind. Doch das tut der Freundschaft keinerlei Abbruch.



Ruth est riche fille à papa et elle a des fantaisies ... que je comprends.

Ruth ha un papa ricco, noi ci capiamo ed è la cosa più importante.



To caress and help each other is beautiful, and after all it is a type of love.

Die Zärtlichkeiten, die wir tauschen, sind für uns der Himmel auf Erden.

Ah! Que c'est bon, ces câlineries amoureuses.

Accarezzarsi e aiutarsi è bello - E' sempre un tipo d'amore.



We can experience most things together, but we nevertheless miss—a man.

Gemeinsam erleben wir fast alles. Trotzdem: Wo bleiben die Männer?

Entre nous, c'est le pied. Pourtant un homme, quand même ...

Insieme proviamo quasi tutto - Ci manca però, lo sentiamo, un uomo.



I dream again and again about men when I get an orgasm, and Ruth, with a large dildo in her bum, screams in ecstasy and longing.

Wenn ich komme, sehe ich Männer vor mir, viele Männer. Und Ruth, mit dem dollen Dildo in sich, schreit vor Lust und Sehnsucht.

Même dans mes folies avec Ruth, j'en râle de langueur. Un gode-michet, bien sûr ... mais un braquemart ...!

Sogno sempre uomini e poi uomini quando me ne vengo e quando Ruth grida di piacere con un dito in culo.





Photo by  
**MILTON**

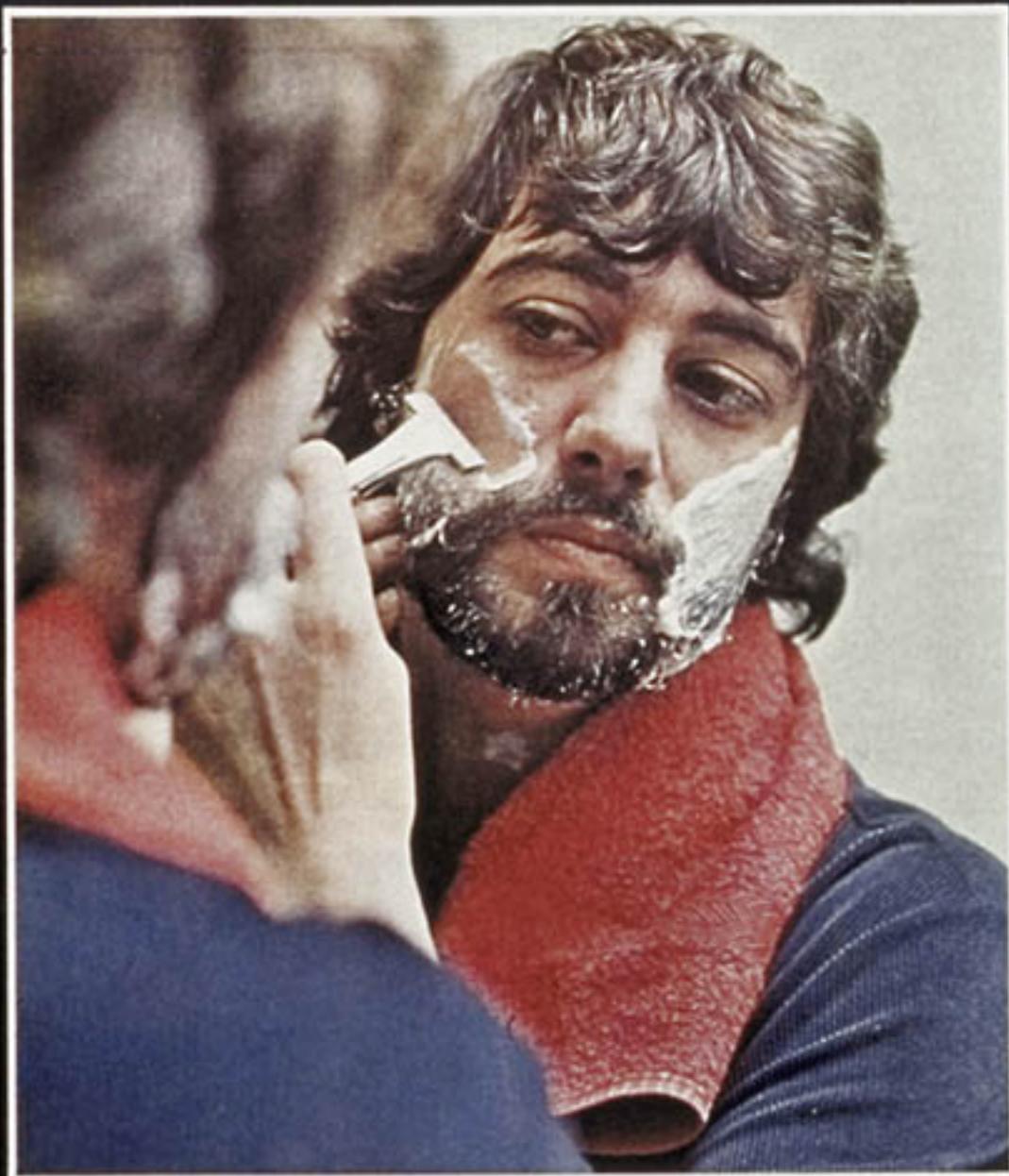
brought myself to a shuddering climax. Ooooh, it was good while it lasted! I took my fingers from my cunt and to tease Eric more, I put them in my mouth and licked off the juicy taste of myself, my own cunt flavour. This ordeal did not fail to arouse Eric, for I noticed the rising bulge through his nylon overall.

With unspoken consent, Eric turned round, unbuttoned his overall, unzipped his trousers drew the tiny curtain of the small room, making sure that the engaged sign was hanging in place. He came towards me, gazed appreciatively at my offering, then pulled me to a sitting position. He cupped my tits and we kissed, our tongues forcing their way in each other's mouth. He let me fall back again on the couch. I smiled at him, opened my legs to him, waiting. His tanned muscular body revealed the amount of passion that I could get from him and soon our bodies were entwined on the narrow table couch, I thrust my nipples tautly against his face, he took one of them in his mouth, licked it and then kneaded it with his teeth, whilst one hand went down to my cunt. I squirmed at his touch. Roughly he pressed me hard on the table, his lips left my nipple for my cunt. His tongue lingered over every corner of my labias, settled on my clitoris. Wow, that was some experience. Eric knew the art of sucking a woman's cunt, he left no spot untouched. The musky scent of my juice rose as the warmth of my wetness became greater. Eventually, after what seemed like an eternity, he slipped his hand under my ass and forced his tongue further into my hot hole. That set me on fire, I was jerking under his mouth, his eager greedy tongue darted in and out rapidly, licking and sucking at the escaping juice that kept on flowing from me. Waves of pulsating sensations passed through my entire body. "Shall we fuck now", I heard him say. I seemed to be in a semi-coma, my heart thumped harder at the thought of receiving his huge gorgeous cock. I just gasped as his statuesque organ entered me, it was so massive, I thought I'd scream in receiving it. I wanted to hold him there as we were, but he was eager, and started to move faster and faster, I was afraid he might come too soon. But then, I did not have to worry about that, for Eric knew what he was doing, he was insatiable. I went mad, really mad about what he was doing to me. I remember I wanted to sit up and grab his balls, but he just pushed me back and caught my nipples again in his mouth and bit them, they ached with lust and pain. I moaned and wriggled, and begged him not to stop.

I wrapped my legs round his neck, in appreciation of the friction of his cock on my clit. I thought the end was coming. Sensing that I had abandoned all concentration, Eric drove me to the long awaited orgasm that rushed away from me in a desperate wild relief, at the same time that he reached his own ecstasy in a gasping climax. We kissed and hugged, we laughed as we realized that we had completely forgotten where we were.

After a showering myself, I found that somehow the cold and hot sharpness of the water seemed to have revived my sexual appetite, I was not at all surprised over this mood. I went back to the cubicle. Daringly I proposed, "Again?", feeling quite sure he would not object. There was no question of persuasion, he was just as eager as I. The perfect feature of his super cock sent a thrill through me, I wiped his cock with a towel, gazed at it admiringly. I squeezed it firmly, noticed the beginning of a reaction. "Not yet you sexy bitch, give it time", Eric growled at me. To me these kinds of pleasure cannot be given time. I moved the skin of his cock up and down, revealing the hidden swollen pink head, I licked my lips, then plunged it in my mouth so deep, that I felt it touching the back of my throat. I sucked and licked him with short tantalising licks from the head to the base of his balls, I went now and then for his giant nuts. My art in fellatio was not too bad and I knew the effect it can cause. When I raised my eyes to look at him, I saw his face in a contortion of passionate pain and desire. I took him in my mouth again, and now he moved his cock in a fucking motion back and forth as if it was my cunt, he was fucking. When I was sure he had enough of that, I straddled him and sank his tortured penis up in me to the hilt. He was on the verge of shooting off then, so I rode him with all my strength, my tits dancing before his eyes. Then, he moaned, those sorts of tortured moans, he gave a last scream as his cock seemed to explode in thousands little piping gushes, showering my insides.

I did not bother to shower again. Without a word I kissed Eric and left. The massage and the fuck had left me drained. Within minutes I was home sleeping that relaxed fulfilled sleep that is usually reserved for those whose sexual desires have been completely satiated. AH, the world of sex. Both Eric and I had given each other, strangers as we were, what we both wanted and without regrets on either side. I nourish the feeling that when it would be possible and the occasion presents itself we will do it again. When?, Where? . . .



I have a problem it's my wife, in bed. You know what I mean. Hair-curlers, night face cream and her headache...

Zwischen meiner Frau und mir läuft nichts mehr richtig, im Bett. Mal ist es zu laut, mal zu kalt, mal sind's die Kopfschmerzen...

J'ai des ennuis de lit. Ma femme aussi. Les rouleaux dans les cheveux, la crème de nuit, ses maux de tête.

Ho problemi come mia moglie, a letto. Mi capite, bigodini, creme e mal di capo.

A DAY IN A MAN'S LIFE

EINES MANNES TAG

UN JOUR DANS LA VIE D'UN HOMME

UN GIORNO DELLA VITA DI UN UOMO





At that moment our little office girl  
came in, ready for a dictation and  
perhaps something else. . .

In dem Moment erscheint meine  
Sekretärin, bereit zum Diktat und. . .

Alors est entrée notre petite dac-  
tylo, prête à la dictée et, qui sait, au  
reste. . .

Ecco che entra un'impiegata pronta  
a scrivere a forse ad altro. . .





At the office I rang my exgirlfriend Ann. At present she's a call-girl, and she answered, "At your service, four o'clock, usual payment".

Vom Büro aus spreche ich mit Ann, meiner Verflissenen, heute Taxi-girl. ... und vergiß die Brieftasche nicht", haucht sie noch.

Depuis le bureau, j'ai appelé Anne, une ancienne, devenue call-girl. Elle m'a dits « A vos seins, 4 heures, tarif ordinaire ».

Anna la mia ex, mi ha telefonato in ufficio. Ora fa la call-girl. Mi ha risposto: a tua disposizione alle quattro, al solito prezzo.



After a few kisses she was willing and ready to go.

•

Nach ein paar Küssen wird sie scharf und schamlos.

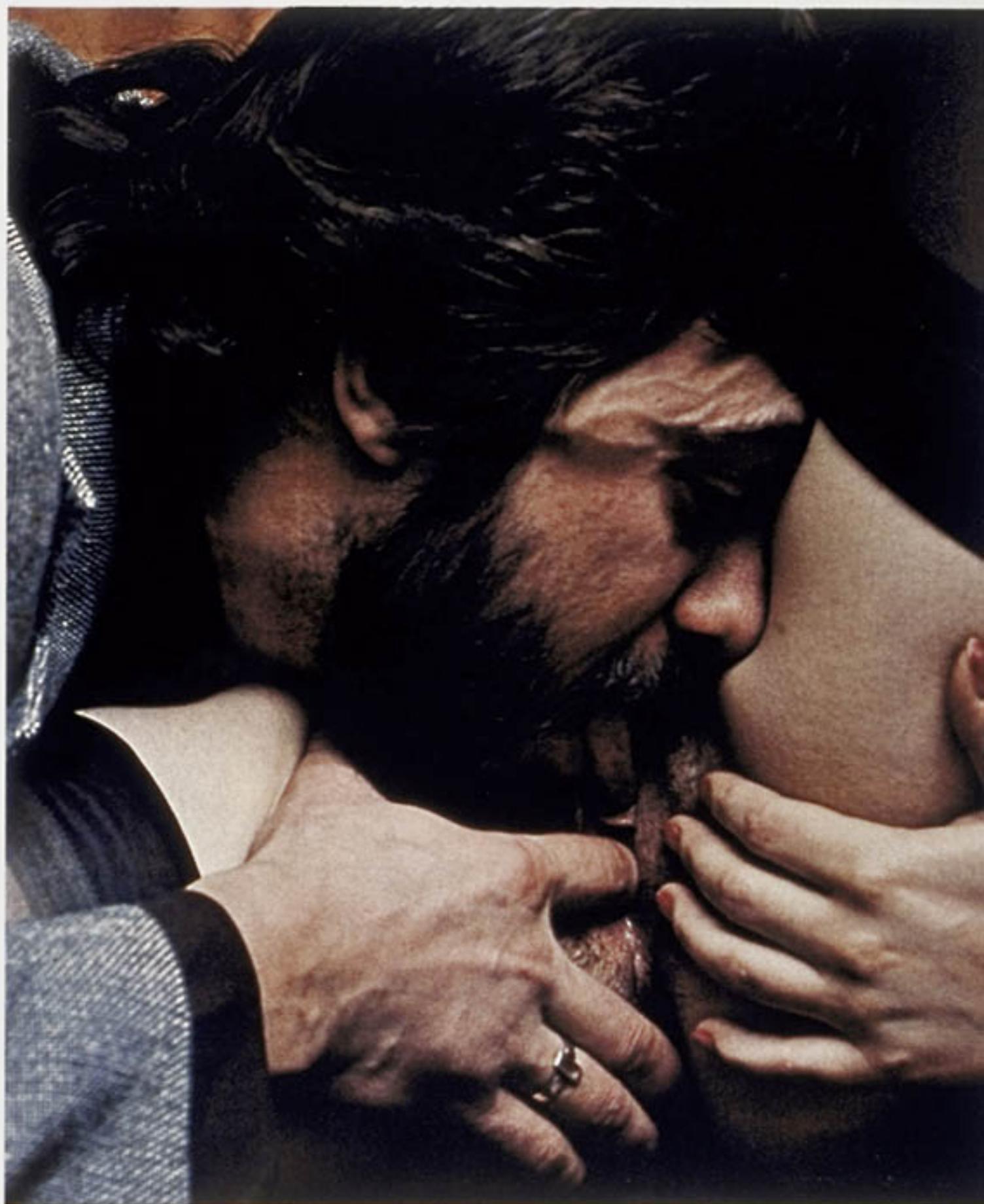
•

Quelquês langues fourrées et la voilà qui mouille!

•

Dopo pochi baci era bagnata, voluttuosa e pronta.









She wasn't very experienced, but eager to learn and did her best.

•

Was ihr an Erfahrung fehlt, macht sie durch Feuereifer wett.

•

Pas très experte mais brûlante d'apprendre.

•

Non molto esperta, ma vogliosa d'imparare. Ha fatto del suo meglio.



She smiled with my spunk glittering in her long,  
fine hair. The day started to get interesting...

Elle sourit, dans ses longs cheveux lustrés de  
foutre. La journée s'annonce belle.

In ihrem Haar glitzert es wie der Tau des Morgens.  
Soll man den Tag vor dem Abend loben?

Era li distesa con la sbora luccicante sui capelli.  
La giornata si faceva interessante.





And now home to Ann. There she was waiting for me, tall, sexy and whorelike. Her speciality—cock sucking.

•

Zum Nachmittag Ann: Langbeinig, attraktiv, verworfen. Ihr Superhit: Cocksucking.

•

Anne m'attendait, la fieffée putasnière. Sa spécialité : le pompelard.

•

Ora Anna: alta, sensuale, puttana, mi aspettava. La sua specialità: bocchini.







She did a good job.  
Gave me a hard-  
on, I came in her  
mouth and she  
swallowed it.

•

Ann ist eben Profi.  
Da steht dann der  
Pfosten, und sie  
schluckt alles.

Ah, comme elle sait le  
faire, la chaudasse. Et  
elle avale la fumée !

•

Un lavoro perfetto. Me  
lo ha tirato su e si è in-  
goiata la sbora.







Et JEANNETTE, mon épouse, qui pensait : « Je me sens des envies. Marre de ces nuits vides sans plaisir ».

Nel frattempo JEANETTE, mia moglie si è accorta che avrebbe dovuto fare qualcosa dopo tante notti vuote senza amore. Che cosa non fa una moglie per suo marito?

In the meantime, JEANETTE, my wife, perhaps by intuition suddenly felt it was time for a change after all these nights without love. And what won't a wife do for her husband?



Was mochte wohl bei JEANETTE, meiner Frau, vorgehen? „Plötzlich spürte ich in mir: So wie in letzter Zeit darf es nicht weitergehen. Also, raus aus dem Tran.“



# Jeannette

A new sexy dress, of course, and no panties. New hairdo, bath and make-up, dinner, candlelight, music, flowers and perfume.

„Ein aufregendes Kleid her! Weg mit den Höschen! Bad, Make-up, Parfüm. Ein festlich gedeckter Tisch. Musik.“



Et, pour m'affrioler, elle y va d'une nouvelle robe, du maquillage, du souper aux chandelles, de la musique douce.

Per primo un nuovo vestito, senza mutande, nuova acconciatura, un bagno, trucco, un pranzo, candele, musica, fiori profumo.

So many thoughts in my head on the way home.

Auch mir geht auf dem Heimweg Ähnliches durch den Kopf.

Je m'y voyais déjà.

Me lo immaginavo tutto nel tornare a casa.



And so she welcomed me—with naked pussy, sensual, full of love and desire. Ready for a wild night of love—like before.

Ein unbeschreiblicher Empfang, glaubt mir, Freunde. Ein Wesen voll Verlangen steht vor Euch, unterm Rock zarte Haut. Und dann die Liebesnacht — genau wie früher.

Le bon accueil! Ses charmes en vue, gonflée de désir impérieux, d'envies sauvages. Comme jadis.

Mi dà il benvenuto con il grembo nudo, sensuale, amabile e desiderabile, pronto per una notte d'amore.







My dearest, my love—let's kiss,  
caress and love as only we can.

•

Meine Liebste, meine Geliebte, ich  
erwidere deine Küsse. Es gibt nur  
uns zwei.

•

Ma chère salope, mon amour.  
Jouissons sans retenue, soyons  
cochons comme pas deux.

•

Cara, amore mio, baciamoci acca-  
rezziamoci amiamoci come ne  
siamo capaci.





Jeanette usually says: I don't care where or how you get an appetite, as long as you dine at home.

•

Jeanette kommt die alte Redensart in den Sinn: Hors d'Oeuvre draußen – Hauptgericht daheim.

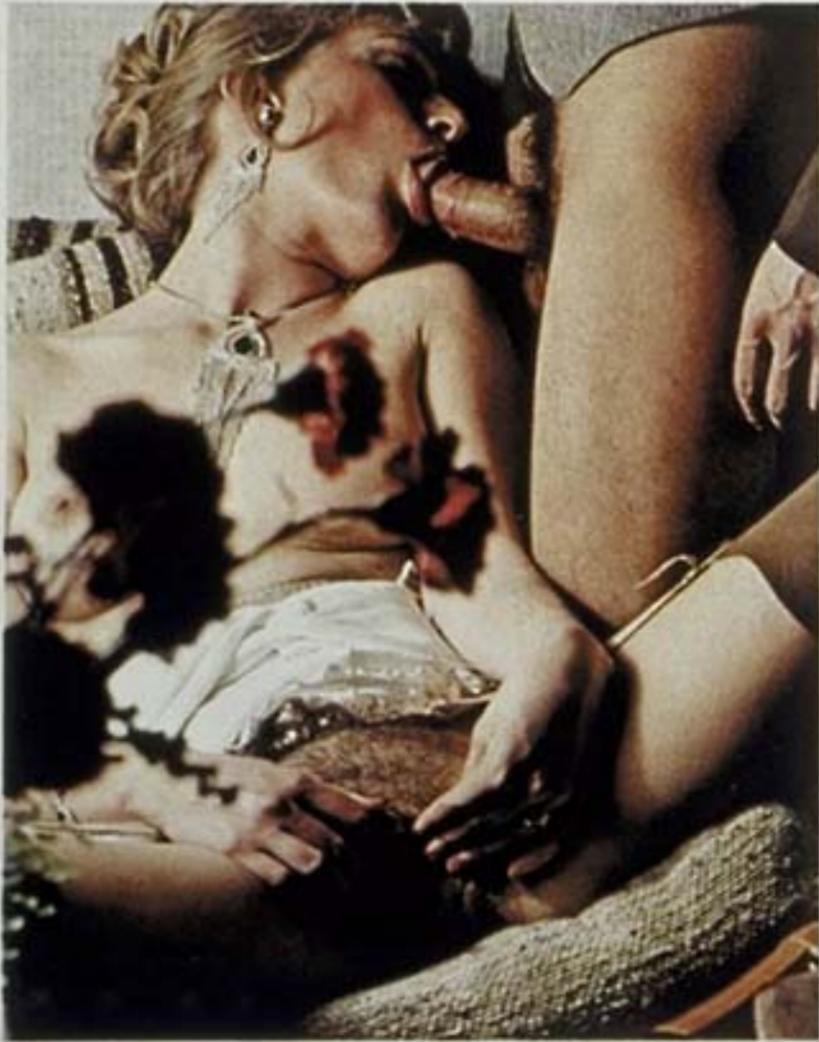
•

Jeannette me dit: «Peu importe l'origine de ton appétit pourvu que tu dînes à la maison.»

•

Jeanette mi suole dire: non mi interessa come e dove ti viene fame, l'importante è che mangi a casa.





Even a wife can be as expert and freely demanding as the most professional of whores.

•

Auch ein Ehefrau kann aus sich herausgehen, wie eine kundige Lebedame.

•

Même une légitime sait être dévergondée, comme la plus fière putain.

•

Anche una moglie può essere capace e spregiudicata, come la più esperta delle puttane.





There's no end to the variations when both strive for the best.

•  
Die geheimsten Tricks fliegen einem nur so zu – wenn beide echt wollen.

•  
Et nous nous multiplions les fantaisies.

•  
Non c'è fondo alle variazioni se si desidera il meglio.







I clasped her wonderful breasts and our eyes met  
—eyes full of love.

Surplombant ses succulents nichons, je vois son  
regard . . . de convoitise.

Unsere verliebten Blicke trafen sich, als sie mich  
über ihren herrlichen Brüsten abspritzen ließ.

Mi sono gettato sui seni incontrando il suo  
sguardo colmo d'amore.

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