

LOLITA



Lolita

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VLADIMIR NABOKOV

Adult

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Page	Content
7	<p>She trembled and twitched as I kissed the corner of her parted lips and the hot lobe of her ear. A cluster of stars palely glowed above us, between the silhouettes of long thin leaves; that vibrant sky seemed as naked as she was under her light frock.</p> <p>...Her legs, her lovely live legs, were not too close together, and when my hand located what it sought, a dreamy and eerie expression, half-pleasure, half-pain, came over those childish features. She sat a little higher than I, and whenever in her solitary ecstasy she was led to kiss me, her head would bend with a sleepy, soft, drooping movement that was almost woeful, and her bare knees caught and compressed my wrist, and slackened again; and her quivering mouth, distorted by the acidity of some mysterious potion, with a sibilant intake of breath came near to my face. She would try to relieve the pain of love by first roughly rubbing her dry lips against mine; then my darling would draw away with a nervous toss of her hair, and then again come darkly near and let me feed on her open mouth, while with a generosity that was ready to offer her everything, my heart, my throat, my entrails, I gave her to hold in her awkward fist the scepter of my passion.</p> <p>...But that mimosa grove- the haze of stars, the tingle, the flame, the honeydew, and the ache remained with me, and that little girl with her seaside limbs and ardent tongue haunted me ever since- until at last, twenty-four years later, I broke her spell by incarnating her in another.</p>
10	<p>...and soon I found myself maturing amid a civilization which allows a man of twenty-five to court a girl of sixteen but not a girl of twelve.</p> <p>... My world was spit. I was aware of not one but two sexes, neither of which was mine; both would be termed female by the anatomist.</p>
11	<p>Here is Virgil who could the nymphet sing in single tone, but probably preferred a lad's perineum.</p> <p>...But how his heart beat when, among the innocent throng, he espied a demon child,...dim eyes, bright lips, ten years in jail if you only show her you are looking at her.</p> <p>...The bud-stage of breast development appears early (10.7 years) in the sequence of somatic changes accompanying pubescence. And the next maturational item available is the first appearance of pigmented pubic hair (11.2 years). My litt cup brims with tiddles.</p>
12	<p>Some of them ended in a rich flavor of hell. I happened for instance that from my balcony I would notice a lighted window across the street and what looked like a nymphet in the act of undressing before a cooperative mirror. Thus isolated, thus removed, the vision acquired an especially keen charm that made me race with all speed toward my lone gratification.</p> <p>...on my rack of joy (a nymphet was groping under me for a lost marble)... Ah, leave me alone in my pubescent park, in my mossy garden. Let them play around me forever. Never grow up.</p>
13	<p>A short slim girl passed me at a rapid, high-heeled, tripping step, we glanced back at the same moment, she stopped and I accosted her. She came hardly up to my chest hair and had the kind of dimpled round little face French girls so often have, and I liked her long lashes and tight-fitting tailored dress sheathing in pearl-gray her young body which still retained- and that was the nymphic echo, the chill of delight, the leap in my loins- a childish something mingling with the professional frettillement of her small agile rump. I asked her price, and she promptly replied with melodious silvery precision (a bird, a very bird!) "Cent." I tried to haggle but she saw the awful long longing in my lowered eyes, directed so far down at her round forehead and rudimentary hat (a band, a pose); and</p>

Page	Content
	<p>with one beat of her lashes: "Tant pis," she said, and made as if to move away. Perhaps only three years earlier I might have seen her coming home from school! That evocation settle the matter. She led me up the usual steep stairs, with the usual bell clearing the way for the monsieur who might not care to meet another monsieur, on the mournful climb to the abject room, all bed and bidet. As usual, she asked at once for her petit cadeau, and as usual I asked her name (Monique) and her age (eighteen). I was pretty well acquainted with the banal way of streetwalkers.</p> <p>...in Monique's case there could be no doubt she was, if anything, adding one or two years to her age. This I deduced from many details of her compact, neat, curiously immature body. Having shed her clothes with fascinating rapidity, she stood for a moment partly wrapped in the dingy gauze of the window curtain listening with infantile pleasure...</p> <p>...Her hips were no bigger than those of a squatting lad; in fact, I do not hesitate to say (and indeed this is the reason why I linger gratefully in that gauze-gray room of memory with the little Monique) that among the eighty or so gruels I had had operate on me; she was the only one that gave me a pang of genuine pleasure.</p> <p>...I asked for another, more elaborate, assignment later the same evening, and she said she would meet me at the corner café at nine, and swore she had never pose un lapin in all her young life. We returned to the same room...</p>
14	<p>...and never may I forget the way her Parisian childish lips on "bas," ...</p> <p>...I had a date with her next day at 2.15 pm in my own rooms, but it was less successful, she seemed to have grown less juvenile, more of a woman overnight.</p> <p>...So let her remain, sleek, slender Monique, as she was for a minute or two: a delinquent nymphet shining through the matter-of-fact young whore.</p>
17	<p>...instead of pale little gutter girl, Humbert Humbert had on his hands a large, puffy, short-legged, big-breasted and practically brainless baba.</p> <p>...what really attracted me to Valeria was the imitation she gave of a little girl.</p> <p>...somewhat there her surprise, had her wear, before I touched her, a girl's plain nightshirt that I had managed to filch from the linen closet of an orphanage. I derived some fun from that nuptial night and had the idiot in hysterics by sunrise.</p>
21	<p>...can easily imagine how dusty and hot I got, trying to catch a glimpse of nymphets (alas, always remote) playing in Central Park, and how repulsed I was by the glitter of deodorized career girls that a gay dog in one of the offices kept unloading upon me.</p>
25	<p>...and then, without the least warning, a blue sea wave swelled under my heart and, from a mat in a pool of sun, half-naked, kneeling, turning about on her knees, there was my Riviera love peering at me over dark glasses.</p> <p>It was the same child- the same frail, honey-hued shoulders, the same silky supple bare back, the same chestnut head of hair. A polka-dotted black kerchief tied around her chest hid from aging ape eyes, but not from the gaze of young memory, the juvenile breasts I had fondled one immortal day. And, as if I were the fairy-tale nurse of some little princess (lost, kidnapped, discovered in gypsy rags through which her nakedness smiled at the king of his hounds), I recognized the tiny dark-brown mole on her side. With awe and delight (the king crying for joy, the trumpets blaring, the nurse drunk) I saw again her lovely indrawn abdomen where my southbound mouth had briefly paused; and those puerile hips on which I had kissed the crenulated imprint left by the band of her shorts- that last mad immortal day behind the "Roches Roses."</p> <p>...In the course of the sun-hot moment that my glance slithered over the kneeling child</p>

Page	Content
	(her eyes blinking over those stern dark spectacles- the little Herr Doktor who was to cure me of all my aches) while I passed by her in my adult disguise (a great big handsome hunk of movieland manhood), the vacuum of my soul managed to suck in every detail of her bright beauty,...
27	<p>Marvelous skin- oh, marvelous: tender and tanned, not the least blemish.</p> <p>...But nymphets do not have acne although they gorge themselves on rich food.</p> <p>...The glistening tracery of down on her forearm. When she got up to take in the wash, I had a chance of adoring from afar the faded seat of her rolled-up jeans.</p> <p>... Saw her going somewhere with a dark girl called Rose. Why does the way she walks- a child, mind you, a mere child!- excite me so abominably?</p> <p>... My darling, my sweetheart stood for a moment near me- wanted the funnies- and she smelt almost exactly like the other one, the Riviera one, but more intensely so, with rougher overtones- a torrid odor that at once set my manhood astir- but she had already yanked out of me the coveted section and retreated to her mat near her phocine mamma. There my beauty lay down on her stomach, showing me, showing the thousand eyes wide open in my eyed blood, her slightly raised shoulder blades, and the bloom along the incurvation of her spine, and the swellings of her tense narrow nates clothed in black, and the seaside of her schoolgirl thighs. Silently, the seventh-grader enjoyed her green-red-blue comics.</p>
28	I have all the characteristics which, according to writers on sex interests of children, start the responses stirring in a little girl: clean-cut jaw, muscular hand, deep sonorous voice, broad shoulder.
29	<p>What drives me insane is the twofold nature of this nymphet- of every nymphet, perhaps; this mixture in my Lolita of tender dreamy childishness and a kind of eerie vulgarity, stemming from the snub nosed cuteness of ads and magazine pictures...</p> <p>..."Look, make Mother take you and me to Our Glass Lake tomorrow." These were the textual words said to me by my twelve-year-old flame in a voluptuous whisper.</p>
30	<p>...I gestured in the merciful dark and took advantage of those invisible gestures of mine to touch her hand, her shoulder and a ballerina of wool and gauze which she played with and kept sticking in my lap; and finally, when I had completely enmeshed my glowing darling in this weave of ethereal caresses, I dared stroke her bare leg along the gooseberry fuzz of her skin, and I chuckled at my own jokes, and trembled, and concealed my tremors, and once or twice felt with my rapid lips the warmth of her hair as I treated her to a quick nuzzling, humorous aside and caressed her plaything. She, too, fidgeted a good deal so that finally her mother told her shapely to quit it and sent the doll flying into the dark, and I laughed and addressed myself to Haze across Lo's legs to let my hand creep up my nymphet's thin back and feel her skin through her boy's shirt.</p> <p>...pulling one's hair, hurting one's breasts, flipping one's skirt.</p>
32	...the piece of paper she held, my innocent little visitor slowly sank to a half-sitting position upon my knee. Her adorable profile, parted lips, warm hair were some three inches from my bared eyetooth; and I felt the heat of her limbs through her rough tomboy clothes. All at once I knew I could kiss her throat or the wick of her mouth with perfect impunity.
33	"Choose your favorite seduction," she purred.
36	My hand swept over her agile giggling legs, and the book like a sleigh left my lap...

Page	Content
37	<p>...I had had some experience in my life of pederasis; had visually possessed dappled nymphets in parks; had wedged my wary and bestial way into the hottest, most crowded corner of a city bus full of strap-hanging school children.</p> <p>...The passion I had developed for that nymphet- for the first nymphet in my life that could be reached at last by my awkward, aching, timid claws-...</p> <p>...the two nymphets would be whispering apart, and playing apart, and having a good time all by themselves, while Mrs. Haze and her handsome lodger conversed sedately in the seminude, far from prying eyes. Incidentally, eyes did pry and tongues did wag.</p>
39	<p>Then, with perfect simplicity, the impudent child extended her legs across my lap. By this time I was in a state of excitement bordering on insanity; but I also had the cunning of the insane.</p> <p>...by a series of stealthy movements, my masked lust to her guileless limbs. It was no easy matter to divert the little maiden's attention while I performed the obscure adjustments necessary for the success of the trick.</p> <p>...Her legs twitched a little as they lay across my lap; I stroked them; there she lolled in the right-hand corner, almost asprawl, Lola the bobby-soxer, devouring her immemorial fruit, singing through its juice, losing her slipper, rubbing the heel of her slipper less foot in its sloppy anklet, against the pile of old magazines heaped on my left on the sofa- and every movement she made, every shuffle and ripple, helped me to conceal and to improve the secret system of tactile correspondence between beast and beauty- between my gagged, bursting beast and the beauty of her dimpled body in its innocent cotton frock.</p> <p>Under my glancing finger tips I felt the minute hairs bristle ever so slightly along her shins. I lost myself in the pungent but healthy heat which like summer haze hung about little Haze.</p> <p>...her shameless innocent shanks and round bottom, shifted in my tense, tortured, surreptitiously laboring lap; and all of a sudden a mysterious change came over my senses. I entered a plane of being where nothing mattered, save the infusion of joy brewed within my body.</p>
40	<p>Everything was now ready. The nerves of pleasure had been laid bare.</p> <p>...I swear, a yellowish-violet bruise on her lovely nymphet thigh which my huge hairy hand massaged and slowly enveloped- and because of her very perfunctory underthings, there seemed to be nothing to prevent my muscular thumb from reaching the hot hollow of her groin- just as you might tickle and caress a giggling child-...</p>
45	<p>Two whole months out of two years of her remaining nymphage!</p>
46	<p>The hollow of my hand was still ivory- full of Lolita- full of the feel of her pre-adolescently incurved back, that ivory-smooth, sliding sensation of her skin through the thin frock that I had worked up and down while I held her. I marched into her tumbled room, threw open the door of the closet and plunged into a heap of crumpled things that had touched her.</p>
52	<p>Mrs. Haze, with her blind faith in the wisdom of her church and book club, her mannerisms of elocution, her harsh, cold, contemptuous attitude toward an adorable, downy-armed child of twelve, could turn into such a touching, helpless creature as soon as I laid my hands upon her which happened on the threshold of Lolita's room whither she tremulously backed repeating "no, no, please, no."</p> <p>...I would manage to evoke the child while caressing the mother.</p>

Page	Content
	...naively lascivious caresses, she of the noble nipple and massive thigh prepared me for the performance of my nightly duty, it was still a nymphet's scent that in despair I tried to pick up...
53	...by my marrying the mother of the child I loved I had enabled my wife to regain an abundance of youth by proxy. ... Jean, his youngish wife (and first cousin), was a long-limbed girl in harlequin glasses with two boxer dogs, two pointed breasts and a big red mouth.
61	Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the majority of sex offenders that hanker for some throbbing, sweet-moaning, physical but not necessarily coital, relation with a girl-child, are innocuous, inadequate, passive, timid strangers who merely ask the community to allow them to pursue their practically harmless, so-called aberrant behavior, their little hot wet private acts of sexual deviation without the police and society cracking down upon them. We are not sex fiends! We do not rape as good soldiers do. We are unhappy, mild, dog-eyed gentlemen, sufficiently well integrated to control our urge in the presence of adults, but ready to give years and years of life for one chance to touch a nymphet. ...We sat down on our towels in the thirsty sun. She looked around, loosened her bra, and turned over on her stomach to give her back a chance to feast upon. She said she loved me. She sighed deeply. ...She kissed me heavily with open smoky mouth.
64	She had come to my side and had fallen on her knees and was slowly, but very vehemently, shaking her head and clawing at my trousers. ...She said I was her ruler and her god. She said Louise had gone, and let us make love right away.
66	But no matter, the old rogue certainly had a sweet girleen.
80	"Well, you haven't kissed me yet, have you?" Inly dying, inly moaning, I glimpsed a reasonably wide shoulder of road ahead, and bumped and wobbled into the weeds. Remember she is only a child, remember she is only- ...Not daring, not daring let myself go- not even daring let myself realize that this (sweet wetness and trembling fire) was the beginning of the ineffable life which, ably assisted by fate, I had finally willed into being- not daring really kiss her, I touched her hot, opening lips with the utmost piety, tiny sips, nothing salacious; but she, with an impatient wriggle, pressed her mouth to mine so hard I felt her big front teeth and shared in the peppermint taste of her saliva.
81	"Say, wouldn't Mother be absolutely mad if she found out we were lovers?" "Good Lord, Lo, let us not talk that way." "But we are lovers, aren't we?"
83	She was on the whole an obedient little girl and I kissed her in the neck when we got back into the car. "Don't do that," she said looking at me with unfeigned surprise. "Don't drool on me. You dirty man." ..."Sorry," I murmured. "I'm rather fond of you, that's all." ..."Well, I'm also sort of fond of you," said Lolita in a delayed soft voice, with a sort of sigh, and sort of settled closer to me.

Page	Content
88	<p>When the dessert was plunked down- a huge wedge of cherry pie for the young lady and vanilla ice cream for her protector, most of which she expeditiously added to her pie- I produced a small vial containing Papa's Purple Pills.</p> <p>...As I expected, she pounced upon the vial with its plump, beautifully colored capsules loaded with Beauty's Sleep.</p> <p>"Blue!" she exclaimed. "Violet blue. What are they made of?"</p> <p>"Summer skies," I said, "and plums and figs, and the grape-blood of emperors."</p> <p>"No, seriously- please."</p> <p>"Oh, just Purpills. Vitamin X. Makes one strong as an ox or an ax. Want to try one?"</p> <p>Lolita stretched out her hand, nodding vigorously.</p> <p>I had hoped the drug would work fast. It certainly did.</p> <p>..."Oh, I've been such a disgusting girl," she went on, shaking her hair, removing with slow fingers a velvet hair ribbon.</p>
89	<p>I had left my Lolita still sitting on the edge of the abysmal bed, drowsily raising her foot, fumbling at the shoelaces and showing as she did so the nether side of her thigh up to the crotch of her panties- she had always been singularly absent-minded, or shameless, or both, in matters of legshow. This, then, was the hermetic vision of her which I had locked in- after satisfying myself that the door carried no inside bolt. The key, with its numbered dangler of carved wood, became forthwith the weighty sesame to a rapturous and formidable future. It was mine, it was part of my hot hairy fist.</p> <p>... I was still firmly resolved to pursue my policy of sparing her purity by operating only in the stealth of night, only upon a completely anesthetized little nude. Restraint and reverence were still my motto- even if that "purity" (incidentally, thoroughly debunked by modern science) had been slightly damaged through some juvenile erotic experience, no doubt homosexual, at that accursed camp of hers.</p>
90	<p>Naked, except for one sock and her charm bracelet, spread-eagle on the bed where my philter had felled her- so I forglimpsed her; a velvet ribbon was still clutched in her hand; her honey-brown body, with the white negative image of a rudimentary swimsuit patterned against her tan, presented to me its pale breastbuds; in the rosy lamplight, a little pubic floss glistened on its plump hillock.</p>
93	<p>Clothed in one of her old nightgowns, my Lolita lay on her side with her back to me, in the middle of the bed. Her lightly veiled body and bare limbs formed a Z. She had put both pillows under her dark tousled head; a band of pale light crossed her top vertebrae. I seemed to have shed my clothes and slipped into pajamas with the kind of fantastic instantaneousness which is implied within a cinematographic scene the process of changing is cut; and I had already placed my knee on the edge of the bed when Lolita turned her head and stared at me through the striped shadows.</p> <p>Now this was something the intruder had not expected. The whole pill-spiel...had had for object a fastness of sleep that a whole regiment would not have disturbed, and here she was staring at me, and thickly calling me "Barbara."</p> <p>... Finally I heaved myself onto my narrow margin of bed, stealthily pulled at the odds and ends of sheets piled up to the south of my stone-cold heels- and Lolita lifted her head and gaped at me.</p> <p>As I learned later from a helpful pharmacist, the purple pill did not even belong to the big and noble family of barbiturates, and though it might have induced sleep in a neurotic who believed it to be a potent drug, it was too mild a sedative to affect for any length of</p>

Page	Content
	<p>time a wary, albeit weary, nymphet. ...I lay quite still on my brink, peering at her rumpled hair and the glimmer of nymphet flesh, where half a haunch and half a shoulder dimly showed,I decided I might risk getting a little closer to that lovely and maddening glimmer; but hardly had I moved into its warm purlieus than her breathing was suspended, and I had the odious feeling that little Dolores was wide awake and would explode in screams if I touched her with any part of my wretchedness.</p>
94	<p>And less than six inches from me and my burning life, was nebulous Lolita! After a long stirless vigil, my tentacles moved towards her again, and this time the creak of the mattress did not wake her. I managed to bring my ravenous bulk so close to her that I felt the aura of her bare shoulder like a warm breath upon my cheek.</p>
96	<p>I gently caressed her hair, and we gently kissed. Her kiss, to my delirious embarrassment, had some rather comical refinements of flutter and probe which made me conclude she had been coached at an early age by a little Lesbian. No Charlie boy could have taught her that. ..."You mean," she persisted, now kneeling above me, "you never did it when you were a kid?" ...She saw the stark act merely as part of a youngster's furtive world, unknown to adults. What adults did for purposes of procreation was no business of hers. My life was handled by little Lo in an energetic, matter-of-fact manner as if it were an insensate gadget unconnected with me. ...I am not concerned with so-called "sex" at all.</p>
98	<p>Why then this horror that I cannot shake off? Did I deprive her of her flower? Sensitive gentlewomen of the jury, I was not even her first lover.</p>
99	<p>Her astounding tale started with an introductory mention of her tent-mate of the previous summer, at another camp, a "very select" one as she put it. That tent-mate ("quite a derelict character," "half-crazy," but a "swell kid") instructed her in various manipulations.</p>
100	<p>Lo would be left as sentinel, while Barbara and the boy copulated behind a bush. At first, Lo had refused "to try what it was like," but curiosity and camaraderie prevailed, and so she and Barbara were doing it by turns with the silent, coarse and surly but indefatigable Charlie, who had as much sex appeal as a raw carrot but sported a fascinating collection of contraceptives which he used to fish out of a third nearby lake, a considerably larger and more populous one, called Lake Climax, after the booming young factory town of that name. ...With the ebb of lust, as ashen sense of awfulness, abetted by the realistic drabness of a gray neuralgic day, crept over me and hummed within my temples. Brown, naked, frail Lo, her narrow white buttocks to me, her sulky face to a door mirror, stood, arms akimbo, feet (in new slippers with pussy-fur tops) wide apart, and through a forechanging lock tritely mugged at herself in the glass. From the corridor came the cooing voices of colored maids at work, and presently there was a mild attempt to open the door of our room. I had Lo go to the bathroom and take a much-needed soap shower.</p>
101	<p>Nothing could have been more childish than her snubbed nose, freckled face or the purplish spot on her naked neck where a fairytale vampire had feasted, or the unconscious movement of her tongue exploring a touch of rosy rash around her swollen lips;...</p>

Page	Content
	... I did not like the way my little mistress shrugged her shoulders and distended her nostrils when I attempted casual small talk.
102	<p>This was a lone child, and absolute waif, with whom a heavy-limbed, foul-smelling adult had had strenuous intercourse three times that very morning.</p> <p>...And let me be quite frank: somewhere at the bottom of that dark turmoil I felt the writhing of desire again, so monstrous was my appetite for that miserable nymphet. Mingled with the pangs of guilt was the agonizing thought that her mood might prevent me from making love to her again as soon as I found a nice country road where to park in peace.</p> <p>..."You chump," she said, sweetly smiling at me. "You revolting creature. I was a daisy-fresh girl, and look what you've done to me. I ought to call the police and tell them you raped me. Oh, you dirty, dirty old man."</p> <p>...she started complaining of pains, said she could not sit, said I had torn something inside her. The sweat rolled down my neck,...</p>
107	She would pick out in the book, while I petted her in the parked car in the silence of a dusk-mellowed, mysterious side-road,...
108	<p>I am not a criminal sexual psychopath taking indecent liberties with a child.</p> <p>...Only the other day we read in the newspapers some bunkum about a middle-aged morals offender who pleaded guilty to the violation of the Mann Act and to transporting a nine-year-old girl across state lines for immoral purposes, whatever these are.</p>
114	...at a motel called Poplar Shade in Utah, where six pubescent trees were scarcely taller than my Lolita, and where she asked,...how long did I think we were going to live in stuffy cabins, doing filthy things together and never behaving like ordinary people?
118	<p>...she never doubted the reality of place, time and circumstance alleged to match the publicity pictures of naked-thighed beauties;...</p> <p>...A fly would settle and walk in the vicinity of her navel or explore her tender pale areolas.</p>
120	For there is no other bliss on earth compare to that of fondling a nymphet. It is hors concours, that bliss, it belongs to another class, another plane of sensitivity. Despite our tiffs, despite her nastiness, despite all the fuss and faces she made and the vulgarity, and the danger, and the horrible hopelessness of it all, I still dwelled deep in my elected paradise- a paradise whose skies were the color of hell-flames- but still a paradise.
121	<p>I was still keenly interested in outdoor activities and desirous of finding suitable playgrounds in the open where I had suffered such shameful privations.</p> <p>... I met the unblinking dark eyes of two strange and beautiful children, faunlet and nymphet, whom their identical flat dark hair and bloodless cheeks proclaimed siblings if not twins. They stood crouching and gaping at us, both in blue play-suits, blending with the mountain blossoms.</p>
122	It was well over 10,000 feet and I was quite out of breath; and with a scrunch and a skid we drove off, Lo still struggling with her clothes and swearing at me in language that I never dreamed little girls could know, let alone use.
128	I immediately foresaw the pleasure I would have in distinguishing from my study-bedroom, by means of powerful binoculars, the statistically inevitable percentage of nymphets among the other girl-children playing around Dolly during recess;...

Page	Content
129	I often felt we lived in a lighted house of glass, and that any moment some thin-lipped parchment face would peer through a carelessly unshaded window to obtain a free glimpse of things that was not jaded voyeur would have paid a small fortune to watch.
131	Sometimes, from where we sat in my cold study I could hear Lo's bare feet practicing dance techniques in the living room downstairs; but Gaston's outgoing senses were comfortably dulled, and he remained unaware of those naked rhythms- and-one, and-two, and-one, and-two, weight transferred on a straight right leg, leg up and out to the side, and-one, and two, and only when she started jumping, opening her legs at the height of the jump, and flexing one leg, and extending the other, and flying, and landing on her toes- only then did my pale, pompous, morose, opponent rub his head of cheek as if confusing those distant thuds with awful stabs of my formidable Queen.
132	But I was weak, I was not wise, my schoolgirl nymphet had me in thrall. With the human element dwindling, the passion, the tenderness, and the torture only increased; and of this she took advantage. ...asking my sweetmeat or movie under the moon- although, of course, I might fondly demand an additional kiss, or even a whole collection of assorted caresses, when I knew she coveted very badly some item of juvenile amusement. ...Knowing the magic and might of her own soft mouth, she managed- during one schoolyear!- to raise the bonus price of a fancy embrace to three, and even four bucks.
133	Absolutely forbidden were dates, single or double or triple- the next step being of course mass orgy.
136	...though handsome in a coarse sensual way and only a year older than my aging mistress, had obviously long ceased to be a nymphet, if she ever had been one. ...was on the other had a good example of a not strikingly beautiful child revealing to the perspicacious amateur some of the basic elements of nymphet charm, such as a perfect pubescent figure and lingering eyes and high cheekbones.
137	A sudden odd thought stabbed me: was my Lo playing the pimp?
138	...Lolita would be haphazardly preparing her homework, sucking a pencil, lolling sideways in an easy chair with both legs over its arm, I would shed all my pedagogic restraint, dismiss all our quarrels, forget all my masculine pride- and literally crawl on my knees to your chair, my Lolita! You would give me one look- a gray furry question mark of a look: "Oh no, not again" (incredulity, exasperation); for you never deigned to believe that I could, without any specific designs, ever crave to bury my face in your plaid skirt, my darling!
139	..."is a lovely child, but the onset of sexual maturing seems to give her trouble." ..."All I mean is that biologic and psychologic drives...are not fused in Dolly,..."
140	The general impression is that fifteen-year-old Dolly remains morbidly uninterested in sexual matters, or to be exact, represses her curiosity in order to save her ignorance and self-dignity.
141	"Do you mean sex play?" I asked jauntily, in despair, a cornered old rat. ..."But this is not quite the point. Under the auspices of Beardsley School, dramatics, dances and other natural activities are not technically sex play, though girls do meet boys, if that is what you object to."
145	"...Oh, you know...the hotel where you raped me..."

Page	Content
160	And I thought to myself how those fast little articles forget everything, everything, while we, old lovers, treasure every inch of their nymphancy.
167	...Elphinstone, with everything right: the white wide little-boy shorts, the slender waist, the apricot midriff, the white breast-kerchief whose ribbons went up and encircled her neck to end behind a dangling knot leaving bare her gaspingly young and adorable apricot shoulder blades with that pubescence and those lovely gentle bones, and the smooth, downward-tapering back.
181	He was an amateur of sex lore.
186	I would be a knave to say, and the reader a fool to believe, that the shock of losing Lolita cured me of perderosis. My accursed nature could not change, no matter how my love for her did. On playgrounds and beaches, my sullen and stealthy eye, against my will, still sought out the flash of a nymphet's limbs,... ...two years of monstrous indulgence had left me with certain habits of lust:...
192	..I used to recollect, with anguished amusement, the times in my trustful, pre-dolorian past when I would be misled by a jewel-bright window opposite wherein my lurking eye, the ever alert periscope of my shameful vice, would make out from afar a half-naked nymphet stilled in the act of combing her Alice-in-Wonderland hair. ...indeed , it may well be that the very attraction immaturity has for me lies not so much in the limpidity of pure young forbidden fairy child beauty as in the security of a situation where infinite perfections fill the gap between the little given and the great promised-...
201	Edusa had warned her that Cue liked little girls, had been almost jailed once, in fact (nice fact), and he knew she knew.
202	But it was all drink and drugs. And, of course, he was a complete freak in sex matters, and his friends were his slaves. ..."Oh, weird, filthy things. I mean, he had two girls and two boy, and three or four men, and the idea was for all of us to tangle in the nude while an old woman too, movie pictures." (Sade's Justine was twelve at the start.) ...she uttered the "I" as a subdued cry while she listened to the source of the ache, and for lack of words spread the five fingers of her angularly up-and-down-moving hand. No, she gave it up, she refused to go into particulars with that baby inside her.
209	...a mute moan of human tenderness (her skin glistening in the neon light coming from the paved court through the slits in the blind, her soot-black lashes matted, her grave eyes more vacant than ever- for all the world a little patient still in the confusion of a drug after a major operation)- and the tenderness would deepen to shame and despair, and I would lull and rock my lone light Lolita in my marble arms, and moan in her warm hair, and caress her at random and mutely ask her blessing, and at the peak of this human agonized selfless tenderness (with my soul actually hanging around her naked body and ready to repent), all at once, ironically, horribly, lust would swell again-...
211	All at once I noticed that for the lawn I had mown a golden-skinned, brown-haired nymphet of nine or ten, in white shorts, was looking at me with wild fascination in her large blue-black eyes.
218	I'm not responsible for the rapes of others.
219	I have made private movies out of Justine and other eighteenth-century sexcapades.

Profanity/Derogatory Term	Count
Bitch	4
Goddam	1
Negro	7