

Dear Beaufort County School Board,

Please consider this a formal appeal to the Review Committee's recommendation to the Board for book numbers:

- **75- *All Boys Aren't Blue*** by George M. Johnson — **returned to grades 9-12**
- **76- *Confess: A Novel*** by Colleen Hoover — **returned to grades 9-12**
- **77- *Cool for Summer*** by Dahlia Adler — **returned completely**
- **78- *Half of a Yellow Sun*** by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie — **returned completely**
- **79- *Hopeless*** by Colleen Hoover — **returned to grades 9-12**
- **80- *Kingdom of Ash*** by Sarah J. Maas — **returned to grades 9-12**
- **81- *Lolita*** by Vladimir Nabokov — **returned to grades 9-12**
- **82- *November 9*** by Colleen Hoover — **returned to grades 9-12**
- **83- *Red at the Bone*** by Jacqueline Woodson — **returned to grades 9-12**
- **84- *The Duff*** by Kody Keplinger — **returned completely**
- **85- *Tower of Dawn*** by Sarah J. Maas — **returned to grades 9-12**

Again, I will ask that all pertinent material concerning the Review Committees be made available to the complainants upon notification of decisions by the Committees. As it is now, a Freedom of Information Act request is required. This has yet to be addressed. I do not feel that I can fully complete my appeals without this information being provided in a timely manner.

The South Carolina State Board of Education proposes to draft a new regulation that addresses school and classroom library materials. They have requested that interested persons submit comments on this proposal by 5:30 Friday, October 20, 2023. Ironically, this is the same day that this appeal is due. I am going to copy and paste the comments that I sent to them below. I feel sure that they are doing this because local review processes have continually allowed books to go back on the shelves that should not be. Now is the Board's chance to do what is right. It might save some embarrassment if a regulation is passed that considers some of the books you have voted to go back on the shelves inappropriate.

Dear State Board of Education,

Thank you for the opportunity to provide input on a new regulation(s) that addresses school and classroom library materials. To provide full transparency, I am one of two individuals who submitted a list of books to be reviewed by the Beaufort County School District. My list consisted of 96 books that were of an adult nature and should not be available to minors in a school setting. Some of the books were in K-8 schools. Most

were in either or both middle and/or high school. I want to be very clear: my focus and purpose was the adult content that the books contained. It was not politically or religiously motivated, nor was my intent to marginalize any minority race or the LGBTQ community. This process has been ongoing for almost a year, and most books have been returned to the shelves, some with restrictions and others with no restrictions. To say that the process has been frustrating is an understatement. However, the State Board of Education needs to see that the process (local policy based on the state's model policy) is not working and needs to be addressed. The review process is flawed and cumbersome. Locally, our review committees consist primarily of district employees, with them being able to serve in the capacity of a school parent and SIC member as well. We have a group in Beaufort who have rallied to fight against any removal of books, no matter their content. They have also continually submitted to serve on the review committees, making them even more biased.

I went into this process thinking that, indeed, the powers that be were unaware that the material contained adult content unsuitable for minors. I quickly found out that many were aware and purposeful. In considering new regulations, please keep that in mind. The regulations need to be clear-cut and concise about what is and is not allowed.

Precise definitions need to be included for the following words:

- Pornography
- Pornographic
- Explicit
- Obscene
- Obscenity
- Lewd
- Vulgar
- Pervasive
- Lascivious

Keeping these definitions in mind, I would like to recommend that the State Department of Education keep a master list of books that they deem not appropriate to be available in school libraries, classroom libraries, or used in the curriculum, allowing the issue to be handled at the state level and provide consistency across all districts in the state.

Unfortunately, Young Adult (YA) books, marketed toward minors as young as 12, have morphed over the years to contain content that is not suitable. So, the book's content must be considered, not just its designation or recommendation by the publishers and literary associations or reviews published. We can no longer rely on them to protect children from the adult content being pushed.

We cannot depend on current state law or local policies to keep pervasively vulgar books out of our schools. Consider that many people want to point to the Pico case as a cause for Districts and Boards not being able to remove books. According to The Office for Intellectual Freedom of the American Library Association, *“Pico is the first and only Supreme Court decision to address a student’s right to receive information; however, it does not provide a clear explanation of the breadth of the school board’s right to restrict access...Pico has been interpreted to allow school boards some latitude in choosing to remove a book. There are two standards that were discussed in the justices’ opinions which might allow for removal: pervasive vulgarity or lack of educational suitability. Unfortunately, the problem is associated with interpreting these two standards. An additional issue is that these two standards were supported by four of the justices constituting a plurality and not majority of the court. What has resulted from the case are several basic ideas:*

- *School boards ARE responsible for supervising the education of students who are in their care and can remove materials deemed educationally unsuitable or pervasively vulgar;*
- *School boards CANNOT impede student rights just because they object to a certain viewpoint or idea; and*
- *School boards must follow established procedures to remove materials from school libraries and classrooms.”<sup>1</sup>*

The Miller test is used to determine whether material is obscene.

### **Miller vs. California (1973)**

*Melvin Miller was prosecuted for distributing obscene material. He argued that there should be a national obscenity standard, not one based on local community standards. However, it was determined in that case that “[i]t is neither realistic nor constitutionally sound to read the First Amendment as requiring that the people of Maine or Mississippi accept public depiction of conduct found tolerable in Las Vegas, or New York City.”*

*Chief Justice Warren Burger outlined what he called “guidelines” for jurors in obscenity cases. These guidelines are the three prongs of the Miller test. They are currently used in many cases to help determine what is viewed as “obscene”:*

*They are:*

*(1) whether the average person applying contemporary community standards would find the work, taken as a whole, appeals to the prurient interest (i.e., erotic, lascivious,*

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<sup>1</sup> Dawkins, A. (2017, November 7). *The Pico Case – 35 Years Later*. Intellectual Freedom Blog The Office for Intellectual Freedom of the American Library Association. Retrieved December 12, 2022, from <https://www.oif.ala.org/oif/pico-case-thirty-five-years-later/>

*abnormal, unhealthy, degrading, shameful, or morbid interest in nudity, sex, or excretion);*

*(2) whether the work depicts or describes, in a patently offensive way, sexual conduct specifically defined by the applicable state law; and*

*(3) whether the work, taken as a whole, lacks serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value.*<sup>2</sup>

The problem we in Beaufort County have encountered is Number One of the Miller Test. We have consistently had our local School Board vote to uphold the recommendations of the review committees. The vote is usually eight members in favor with three opposed. In a meeting with our local solicitor, he stated that the School Board constitutes a *community standard* since the community elects them. So, our community standard is that pervasively sexual material is acceptable for minors.

I am incredibly thankful that the State Board of Education is taking this matter seriously. I am sure there will be pushback from the ACLU and literary/library associations. I hope that the Board stands firm that the number one priority should be to protect minors from material that is not appropriate. Please keep in mind this Attorney General opinion prepared for The Honorable Harry C. Stille on September 24, 1999:

*“The First Amendment protects against censorship of the school library, but does not prohibit removal of indecent or offensive material from the school library. If the motivation of school officials is not to suppress ideas, but to remove a “pervasively vulgar” book or a book which is deemed “educationally unsuitable,” then the removal is constitutionally valid. School officials have a duty under the law to protect school children from indecency and lewdness. The fact that a student may be exposed or have access to the very same book or offensive material outside of school cannot justify school officials abdicating their responsibilities.*

*In short, there is a big constitutional difference between the removal of books motivated by unconstitutional censorship and the constitutionally valid removal of material not appropriate for school children. School officials cannot censor books in a school library based upon their ideas, but can remove books pervaded by vulgar or filthy language. Our schools should be safe havens for our children. Common sense and community values have an important and permanent place on the shelf of the school library.”* ([Link](#))

I would love to help in any way to include research or to help draft the regulation. At this point, the State Department of Education must address this. Locally, we have exhausted

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<sup>2</sup> Jr., D. L. H. (n.d.). Miller Test. Retrieved December 16, 2022, from <https://mtsu.edu/first-amendment/article/1585/the-miller-test>

all means possible. I am happy to provide more information upon request. I have put in a great deal of time and research. Thus far, 74 books have been reviewed. Only four books have been removed. Another 11 books were just recommended to go back on the shelves. Among the books put back on the shelves are *Push* by Sapphire, *Tricks* by Ellen Hopkins, *Damsel* by Elana K. Arnold, *Milk and Honey* by Rupi Kaur, and four of the books from the series *A Court of Thorns and Roses* by Sarah J. Maas. Among those up for appeal currently are *All Boys Aren't Blue* by George M. Johnson and *Lolita* by Vladimir Nabokov. I urge each of you to research these books. I am certain you will agree that none of them are appropriate for minors.

Finally, the South Carolina Association of School Librarians has generated a form letter for people to send in. Of note is their assertion that "School librarians are teachers who have specialized training in building library collections that meet the needs of their community and state curricula. This includes evaluating and purchasing materials and serving as an instructional partner. In SC, school librarians have a Master's degree in Library and Information Science and K-12 certification and the process of selecting materials is covered in depth in their coursework including supporting the curriculum, student interests, and community standards. School librarians then follow local board-approved policies when selecting age-appropriate materials. State regulations may create confusion in a process that already has clear guidelines." If this is the case, we would not have these books in the schools, nor would a regulation have to be considered. Unfortunately, we can no longer trust their specialized training or process of selecting materials.

Thank you,  
Ivie Szalai

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

Mother of:

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

I am going to focus my appeal on two specific books, *All Boys Aren't Blue* and *Lolita*.

***All Boys Aren't Blue* by George M. Johnson Rated 4  
Voted to only go back into Circulation to High Schools. Meaning this book  
could be checked out by someone as young as 14.**

**Available at the following schools:**

Hilton Head Island High School

**Book Summary:**

A gay black man remembers his turbulent childhood and adolescence.

**Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains sexual nudity; sexual activities including sexual assault; alternate gender ideologies; profanity and derogatory terms; alcohol and drug use; and controversial racial commentary.

**Page 201** "Yeah." But I laughed and said, "Get your hand off my butt."

You giggled. "That's not my hand."

"You're lying," I said. You then placed both hands on my hips, as we lay side by side. There was still something poking me.

You were fully erect at this point. I was nervous. "We gonna get in trouble."

"You can't tell anybody, okay?" you said. "You promise that you not gonna tell anyone?"

I promised. You then grabbed my hand and made me touch it. It was the first time I had ever touched a penis that wasn't my own. I knew what was happening wasn't supposed to happen. Cousins weren't supposed to do these things with cousins. But my body didn't react that way. My body on the inside was doing something, too.

**Page 202** By now we were both touching each other. I tried my best not to enjoy it, because you were my cousin. We were crossing a line that family should never cross. But it felt so right for a boy who always felt that he was wrong. To know someone else was having those same feelings validated everything going on inside of me. I knew it wasn't fake. But the fact that we were doing it in secret also told me this wasn't something anyone would accept. Especially your girlfriend.

**Page 203** I had never done anything sexual with anyone up until that point, despite my friends in school all talking about losing their virginity.

**Page 204** We sat there for about ten minutes before you finally stood up. You then had me stand up with you. At this time, you were much taller than me, probably by a good foot. You told me to take-off my pajama pants, which I did. You then took off your shorts, followed by your boxers. There you stood in front of me fully erect and said, "Taste it." At first, I laughed and refused. But then you said, "Come on, Matt, taste it. This is what other boys like us do when we like each other." I finally listened to you.

The whole time I knew it was wrong, not because I was having sexual intercourse with a guy, but that you were my family. I only did that for about forty-five seconds before you had me stop. Then you got down on your knees and told me to close my eyes. That's when you began oral sex on me as well. It was the strangest feeling in the world. Unfortunately, I didn't have a handbook to learn sexuality as a queer boy. My crash course was happening right in front of me, and

despite the guilt I was feeling, there was also euphoria. Things were happening to me that I couldn't explain. Feelings and emotions I had not known existed.

After a minute or so, you stopped. You then laid me on the ground and got on top of me. You began humping me— back and forth back and forth—never penetrating me, though. It was just our bodies on top of each other going back and forth for several minutes while the music on the TV played in the background.

**Page 205** Aretha Franklin was singing "A Rose Is Still a Rose." The irony of a song playing in the background about the deflowering of a young girl being used by a man. The irony of me lying on the basement floor.

You eventually got up off me and told me to come to the bathroom, that you wanted to show me one more thing. You turned on the light and closed the door. You began stroking yourself in front of me. I just stood there nervous because I didn't know what to expect next. You said, "Just keep watching, Matt." So I stood there and watched you for several minutes.

Then you began to moan slightly. I took a step back because I didn't know what was about to happen, and then it did. You ejaculated into the toilet in front of me. I was very unaware of what sex involved at the time— primarily because I stayed away from it. I knew I didn't like girls that way, and the first thing folks would ask you if you inquired about sex was whether "you were fucking or not." And I wasn't. We also had the bare minimum of sex education in school, so I was unaware of a lot of things.

**Page 206** Watching you ejaculate was shocking. I remember you telling me, "It's semen. One day when nobody is around, you should do this until you get this feeling you never felt before and bust."

I looked at you and said, "I can't do that, I'm not old enough yet."

You laughed. "Matt, you are old enough. Go ahead and try it."

By this point, fear had overcome me and so many lines had been crossed that I finally said, "I don't want to do it."

"That's cool. Come on, let's go to bed."

We went back upstairs and both went to bed. You rolled Over to face the wall, and I sat there. For hours. I sat there until the sun came up, not knowing what to do or say or how I would face my parents. I finally fell asleep in the early morning. I woke up a while later, after you. You were still in bed behind me but watching TV. I rolled over and looked at you, and you said,

"Remember our promise, Matt? "

**Page 207** Two weeks after that night, I masturbated for the first time, and you were right. I was old enough to experience that feeling of what I would later learn is called an orgasm. Despite knowing that what happened with you was wrong, I now knew that I was definitely attracted to boys.

...I was soon a high school freshman, with sexually active teens all around me.

**Page 208** I unzipped my pants and began to pee in the stand-up urinal in the corner. I was there for about ten seconds before I felt someone come up behind me. At first, I froze because I didn't know what was happening. He put both his hands around me and then moved down to touch my genitals. I could feel every nerve in my body start to tingle. I didn't know who was behind me, but I knew that I was being violated.

I immediately stopped peeing, turned around, and pushed him off me. It was a boy I will refer to as Evan. Although we weren't friends, I knew who he was. We were in the Same grade and had taken classes together before.

I zipped up my pants and yelled, "What the fuck are you doing? "

"Yo, I'm just playing. Chill out," Evan yelled back.

Page Content

"I don't play like that," I said.

"Don't tell anybody, okay?"

**Page 209** "I won't. Just get out of here."

**Page 263** We learned the basics about sex. What an erection was, what sperm did and how it traveled to 'an egg to create a baby. We learned about STIs like chlamydia, gonorrhea, and HIV. But again, surface-level information. Nothing about how these infections harm one community more than the other—especially HIV in the Black community.

We also didn't learn about sex between two men. I focused on masturbation instead of sex, primarily because I still could not imagine myself having sex with anyone else. The feelings I had were for boys, but 'the only encounters I'd had with boys—Thomas and Evan—weren't the same as what I had seen in love stories or pornography. Those were mostly between men and women, and they were excited and confident with each other. The porn stories were so romanticized, but the passion was there. Even the corny storylines were better than my lived experience—which consisted of no romantic love at all. So, sex with myself was going to have to suffice until I had the ability to trust myself with someone else.

That moment for me didn't come until my junior year of college. I remained a virgin until I was almost twenty-one years old, something unheard of in my family. It had been a daunting task to lie about having sex (and with a girl) to all of my heterosexual cousins. I had never seen a vagina other than in the movies, and had no desire to.

**Page 266** As we kissed, he began unzipping my pants. It was clear to me in this moment that he wasn't new to this.

He reached his hand down and pulled out my dick. He quickly went to giving me head. I just sat back and enjoyed it as I could tell he was, too. He was also definitely experienced in what he was doing, because he went to work quite confidently. He then came up and asked me if I wanted to try on him. I said sure. I



began and he said, "Watch your teeth." I didn't want to let him know I was inexperienced. So, I slowed down and took my time and luckily got into a good rhythm. He didn't know I was a virgin, and I did my best to act dominant like my favorite porn star. I was an actor, and this was my movie.

There was so much excitement running through my body: This was much more than losing my virginity. For once, I was consenting to the sexual satisfaction of my body. This moment also confirmed that sex could look how I wanted it to look. And that it could be passionate and kind, but most importantly, fun and satisfying. His body felt great in my mouth.

I came up after a while and kissed him again. We both got up and went into his bedroom, where we got completely naked. He took off his clothes and immediately lay on his stomach. I then took off my shirt, and then my boxer briefs. I got behind him. There was moonlight coming through the shades of the dark room. Two Black boys under the glow of blue moonlight. How poetic, dare I say ironic?

**Page 267** Now, I was scared as hell. One, because I didn't know what I was doing and clearly, he did. Two, because it was still college, and my fear of word getting out that I was inexperienced or bad in bed would have been too big of a campus rumor. Let alone that I was having sex with men and a friend of someone in my chapter.

For the first few minutes, we dry humped and grinded. I was behind him, with my stomach on his back as we kissed. After a few minutes of fun and games, he got up and went to his nightstand, where he pulled out a condom and some lube. He then lay down on his stomach. I knew what I had to do even if I had never done it before. I had one point of reference, though, and that was seven-plus years of watching pornography. Although the porn was heterosexual, it was enough of a reference point for me to get the job done.

**Page 268** I remember the condom was blue and flavored like cotton candy. I put some lube on and got him up on his knees, and I began to slide into him from behind. I tried not to force it because I imagined that it would be painful; I didn't want this moment to be painful. So I eased in, slowly, until I heard him moan.

As we moved, I could tell he was excited and I was, too, but the pride in me told me not to show it. I felt like I was in control and proud of myself for getting it right on the first try—all the while still being nervous. I wanted to stay dominant in that moment. We went at it for about fifteen minutes before I started to get that feeling. Weakness in the legs, numbness in the waist. I finally came and let out a loud moan—to the point where he asked me to quiet down for the neighbors. I pulled out of him and kissed him while he masturbated. Then, he also came. That night was glorious. I had conquered a fear and had sex with a man on my own terms.

**Page 269** For me, I was finally on my journey of sexual exploration and couldn't wait to do it again.

He and I had sex a second time two weeks later, before school let out for summer. ...I had several sexual encounters that involved mutual masturbation and kissing and fooling around, but I just couldn't bring myself to have penetrative sex again. I was hesitant because I still had a lot of questions. As much as I enjoyed being on top, I wasn't sure if I always wanted to be the dominant person in the bedroom. I was still a novice at sex, and even more at gay culture and sexual positions. I wasn't sure if because I "topped" him, that meant I always had to be the top. I also wanted to try the bottom position, which I associated with being the more submissive person.

...I just needed time to reflect, and figure out if sex for me was going to be the casual hookup thing or if I was ready to now seek something more.

**Page 270** By that time, I was using a dating app online called Black Gay Chat. ...I got to his apartment and we both began drinking while watching TV. This lasted all of ten minutes before we started kissing and undressing each other.

He then stood up and grabbed me by the hands and led me into his bedroom. We took each other's clothes off, fast but deliberate. After, he told me to lie down on the bed. He asked me to "turn over" while he slipped a condom on himself.

**Page 271** My heart immediately started to race. Nervously, I asked him what he was doing, and he said, "You." I laughed at first but then told him that I had never been the bottom. He looked at me and said, "Well, that's about to change tonight."

I was extremely nervous. There is a fear, as with most things that you are doing for the first time. But this was my ass, and I was struggling to imagine someone inside me. And he was . . . large. But, I was gonna try.

I had previously topped someone who clearly enjoyed it, but he had been enjoying anal sex before I ever came along. He knew what to expect. I didn't. As an avid porn watcher, the only thing I knew about anal sex previously was that it was painful, or at least played up as such on the cameras.

Nervous and drunk, I listened and got on my stomach. He got on top and slowly inserted himself into me. It was the worst pain I think I had ever felt in my life. He then added more lube and tried again, which felt better but not by much. He began his stroking motion. Eventually, I felt a mix of pleasure with the pain.

I can't say that I didn't enjoy it, because I did. But it was painful for sure. In those few minutes though, I can say that he was gentle. His aim wasn't to hurt me, and my aim was for him to be pleased, too. He didn't last long inside of me, thankfully. He gave me a kiss before he pulled out. I didn't stay long, nor did I masturbate after. I was in a state of shock. I just wanted to get back home.

**Page 272** I was in pain for nearly three weeks following that encounter and too afraid to go to the doctor for help because I would have had to tell them I had been having

anal sex. So, like most other trauma in my life, I sucked it up and dealt with the pain until my body healed. I didn't have sex for several months following that encounter.

But after a while, I got the courage to try it again, but this time I went into it much more prepared. With each time, I learned more about my body...

...Sex should be pleasurable.

...Like they say, Practice makes perfect, and I eventually got a lot of practice.

Profanity	Count
Ass	2
Faggot/Fag	13
Nigga/Nigger/Negro	16
Piss	1
Shit	11

***Lolita*** by Vladimir Nabokov **Rated 3**

**Voted to only go back into Circulation to High Schools. Meaning this book could be checked out by someone as young as 14.**

**Available at the following schools:**

Battery Creek High School

**Book Summary:**

This book is about a European intellectual who is a pedophile. He marries a woman to get close to her daughter which he refers to as a nymphet.

**Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains sexual activities involving pedophilia; sexual nudity; and mild profanity/derogatory term

**Page 52** 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."

...I would manage to evoke the child while caressing the mother.

...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...

**Page 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.

**Page 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.

**Page 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.

**Page 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.

**Page 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?"

**Page 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 88** 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.

...As I expected, she pounced upon the vial with its plump, beautifully colored capsules loaded with Beauty's Sleep.

"Blue!" she exclaimed. "Violet blue. What are they made of?"

"Summer skies," I said, "and plums and figs, and the grape-blood of emperors."

"No, seriously- please."

"Oh, just Purpills. Vitamin X. Makes one strong as an ox or an ax. Want to try one?"

Lolita stretched out her hand, nodding vigorously.

I had hoped the drug would work fast. It certainly did.

..."Oh, I've been such a disgusting girl," she went on, shaking her hair, removing with slow fingers a velvet hair ribbon.

**Page 89** 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 dangle 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.

... 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.

**Page 90** 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.

**Page 93** 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.

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."

... 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.

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 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 purloins 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.

**Page 94** 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.

**Page 96** 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.

**Page 98** 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.

**Page 99** 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.

**Page 100** 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.

**Page 101** 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;...

... I did not like the way my little mistress shrugged her shoulders and distended her nostrils when I attempted casual small talk.

**Page 102** 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.

...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.

..."You chump," she said, sweetly smiling at me. "You revolting creature. I was a daisyfresh 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."

...she started complaining of pains, said she could not sit, said I had torn something inside her. The sweat rolled down my neck,...

**Page 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,...

**Page 108** I am not a criminal sexual psychopath taking indecent liberties with a child.

...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.

**Page 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?

**Page 118** ...she never doubted the reality of place, time and circumstance alleged to match the publicity pictures of naked-thighed beauties;...

...A fly would settle and walk in the vicinity of her navel or explore her tender pale areolas.

**Page 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.

**Page 121** I was still keenly interested in outdoor activities and desirous of finding suitable playgrounds in the open where I had suffered such shameful privations. ... 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.

**Page 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.

**Page 128** I immediately foresaw the pleasure I would have in distinguishing from my studybedroom, by means of powerful binoculars, the statistically inevitable percentage of nymphets among the other girl-children playing around Dolly during recess;...

**Page 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.

**Page 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, andtwo, 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.

**Page 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.



**Page 133** Absolutely forbidden were dates, single or double or triple- the next step being of course mass orgy.

**Page 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.

**Page 137** A sudden odd thought stabbed me: was my Lo playing the pimp?

**Page 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!

**Page 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,..."

**Page 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.

**Page 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."

**Page 145** "...Oh, you know...the hotel where you raped me..."

**Page 160** And I thought to myself how those fast little articles forget everything, everything, while we, old lovers, treasure every inch of their nymphancy.

**Page 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.

**Page 181** He was an amateur of sex lore.

**Page 186** I would be a knave to say, and the reader a fool to believe, that the shock of losing Lolita cured me of perdersosis. 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:...

**Page 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-...

**Page 201** Edusa had warned her that Cue liked little girls, had been almost jailed once, in fact (nice fact), and he knew she knew.

**Page 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.

**Page 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-...

**Page 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.

**Page 218** I'm not responsible for the rapes of others.

**Page 219** I have made private movies out of Justine and other eighteenth-century sexcapades.

Profanity/Derogatory	Term Count
Bitch	4
Goddam	1
Negro	7