

The Catholic Schoolgirl Fetish...



THE SINS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH are without peer in the wretched annals of Western Civilization. Although the papacy is thankfully in decline, it once wielded a cold steel boner over the world, channeling its terrified followers' sexual energies into global

Sadism Pageants. The church subsumed the faithful's carnal appetites and gave them back bloody Crusades, brutal Inquisitions, and public witch-burnings. It systematically extorted poor, hardworking souls in exchange for the cynical promise of a heaven that doesn't exist. It ostracized and punished and often killed those who dared challenge its divine authority. Its insane oligarchy's warped libidinal misery forbids abortion so that the fetuses can grow into little children ripe for physical and sexual abuse at the wrinkled hands of a depraved clergy. Chastity belts and mohair shirts and self-flagellation. The dead-flesh smell of incense, the rote torture of Mass and the rosary, the constant screaming threats of hell, hell, hell... The Catholic Church has been a naughty, naughty boy.

Catholicism is an S&M cult masquerading as a religion. It is the largest, longest-running Fetish Ball in history. There are heavy sexual undertones in its aesthetic of darkness, in its mandatory confession of sins, in its clerical vows of celibacy, in its nutty doctrine that priests can *literally* turn bread and wine into Christ's flesh and blood, in its teaching that the son of God popped out of a virgin's vagina, and in its insistence on showing the crucified Jesus in all his gore-splattered pain. (Note that Protestants display empty crosses rather than crucifixes.) It's no coincidence that sadomasochistic role-playing borrows heavily from Catholic iconography: undefiled virgins, stern confession-booth priests hearing your most embarrassing secrets, and evil nuns, who were history's template for the modern dominatrix.

The Holy Roman Church has been in power for nearly 2,000 years, and it is therefore responsible for more human suffering and sexual repression than modern-day pestilences such as fascism and communism.

Despite all that, it has also given us the Catholic schoolgirl uniform, so I hereby declare all its sins forgiven.

Hi, my name is Sandra and I used to attend a nice Catholic Girls School in the Philippines. I am now 21 years old and have kept my uniform but only just realized that men like me to wear it when we have sex. I personally like to wear it without any underwear on underneath then sit on a man's face while he licks my bald pussy.

—Ad for a Hong Kong porn site

The young Catholic schoolgirl was being overpowered by her own budding sexuality. Almost by reflex, she slid her already-short skirt farther up her thigh. She took her pen and pushed it up the rest of the way under her skirt, rubbing the bottom of the pen against her pink panties.

—From a fiction piece posted on alt.sex.stories

THERE IS NO CLOTHING FETISH MORE COMMON than that for the “naughty schoolgirl” outfit. It is so universal—so catholic, in the lower-case sense of the term—that it hardly seems like a fetish at all. It is a mandatory item in every stripper's wardrobe. In virtually all pornographic magazines and videos, you'll find some pigtailed maiden in a short plaid skirt acting young and innocent. Countless websites cater to the obsession, boasting come-ons such as “Who wants some tight Catholic schoolgirl pussy?” and “Catholic School Girls in uniform...and out....oops!”

The schoolgirl fetish is by no means limited to Catholic girls. In England, where they killed all the Catholics, the “naughty art-school girl” is a star player in erotic fantasies. In Japan, sexualized schoolgirls are a national obsession on a par with rape-themed comic books and penis enlargement.

The libidinous fixation on schoolgirl outfits belongs to a broader fetish for all uniforms, such as those for nurses, waitresses, and cheerleaders. Uniforms are sexy because they harness the individual. They depersonalize you and make you interchangeable with others in uniform. They imply tight, repressed, vacuum-sealed, anti-individualistic discipline...until the wearer can stand it no longer, at which time the buttons pop off and the zippers unzip. Uniforms bear something S&M about them that becomes more troubling when the uniform in question is common among underaged girls. Nurses and waitresses are presumed to be adults; cheerleaders and schoolgirls aren't.

ASK THE AVERAGE MAN: “Do you like Catholic schoolgirl outfits?” and his answer will be, “Yes.”

Then ask him: “Are you a pedophile?” and the answer will be, “No.”

Yet since Catholic girls only wear uniforms until the end of high school...and since most high-schoolers only reach age 18



it's not just for pedophiles!

during their senior year...any adult male who's aroused at a girl wearing such finery is essentially fantasizing about sex with someone the law defines as a child. It's not as clearly pedophilic as “big daddy/little girl” psychodrama, but it's still dicey.

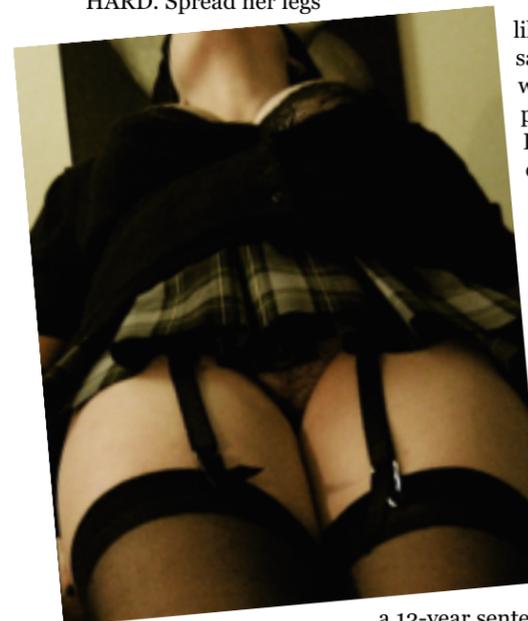
AS PART OF MY LABORIOUS RESEARCH for this noble essay, I asked about a dozen guys—none of whom seem like baby-rapers or cradle-robbers—whether they thought Catholic schoolgirl outfits were sexy, and they all said yes without hesitation.

So I can either conclude that they're all chomos, or that the main appeal of Catholic schoolgirl outfits lies outside the sickly realm of child molestation.

I should confess that I speak as one who shares the fetish. I believe that if a woman insists on wearing clothes, at least let it be a Catholic schoolgirl uniform. I find them so hot, my testes swell like boiled eggs whenever I see one. My cock is drawn to a plaid skirt like a big pink moth to a flame. I can't describe it because it is beyond words...it is spiritual. 'Tis something more mystical than the divine mysteries of the Eucharist. It is the power of the Holy Ghost moving between a girl's thighs.

Her plaid skirt is the matador's red cape, and my cock is the bull. I see that red tartan pattern, and I need to get at the little furry monkey beneath it. The girl could have the face of an algae-eater, and yet in that uniform, I want to make more little Catholics with her. Like someone liberating the German camps, I want to set free all that repression in her vagina.

Raise that Cunt Kilt and fuck her. Pull her pigtails and fuck her HARD. Spread her legs



like the Red Sea and savagely defile the wench. Stick your pope-thang up her. Fuck all the guilt out of her. Fuck all the Hail Marys and Our Fathers clean out of her. Nail her as if the bed is a wooden cross, she's Jesus, and you're a Roman centurion. Grab that hot Catholic ass and get busy.

I WAS RAISED CATHOLIC, so don't start squawking that I'm prejudiced. I was given

a 12-year sentence in their school system, so I know of what I speak. Twelve years of near-daily exposure to those uniforms. My testicles descended, my voice changed, and I sprouted pubes while surrounded by a forest of 2,000 Catholic schoolgirls in uniform. My high school eschewed plaid kilts in favor of one-piece blue polyester zip-up things with a light-blue shirt underneath, blue knee socks, and a little patch

on the left breast. The ample boobs of the girl who sat behind me in sophomore year's homeroom class yearned to break free from their blue-polyester prison...or at least that's what I hoped.

I lost my virginity at age 12 with a Catholic girl, and I can attest that the “Sluts for Christ” rumors are mostly true. There is more sweat and desperation in their love-making than the public school girls with their “sexually healthy” attitudes. For a faith so allegedly sex-hating, Catholicism produces females who swallow cum like it's holy water. They're the sort of girls who'd raise Jesus from the dead just so they could blow him. They are wanton cesspools of carnality, sticking themselves with dicks like a junkie uses needles, taking in cocks like a chain-smoker lights cigarettes, one after the other, more, more, MORE....

It makes sense that a religion which strove to destroy the sex drive would wind up producing oversexed progeny. It's as simple as a law of physics: You push it down hard, it comes back up harder. Tell her she can't do it, she'll do it twice.

Poor girl. The church acted as if it owned her vagina, forbidding her from having an abortion, denying her the choice of having a baby or dumping it in the clinic wastebasket. But all the attempts to neuter her have ultimately backfired. The church placed a psychological cork in her vagina that couldn't help but pop. She could only “hold it in” for so long. How many thousands of times during her schooling has she been forced down onto her knees, eyes closed and mouth wide open, awaiting the bland Christ wafer? So the first time she takes it upon herself to get down on her knees, be sure she'll put something more substantial in her mouth.

So I'd speculate that the fetish for Catholic schoolgirl outfits has little to do with an attraction for underage chicks and much more to do with the allure of sexual repression finally unleashed. When it comes to Catholic schoolgirl uniforms, the word “schoolgirls” is far less essential than the words “Catholic” and “uniforms.” It's not pre-pube innocence which drives men wild—it's the LIE of innocence.

Whatever papal flunkey thought these outfits would be a good way to harness female sexuality was a Class-A Retard.

Or maybe not.

Perhaps there's something more devious at work. Drowning in scandal and dwindling membership, maybe Rome is using the Catholic schoolgirl outfit as a last-ditch recruiting tactic. I see similarities to the Children of God cult from the 1970s, where female missionary-prostitutes won converts by having sex with them.

It doesn't bother me, so long as you keep making those uniforms.

