

CATHOLIC UNDERWEAR

By Giovanna Coppola

A little while ago, Donna Jones from Catholic School showed me a picture that she had taken when we were in sixth grade. I was posing for the camera, lifting up my skirt, showing my underwear.

There I was in my uniform and pigtails, standing in the parking lot before school started. I had a shy smile on my face, showing off my white underwear with pink flowers. I held the skirt daintily with my two pinky fingers up in the air as if I were holding teacups that were hot to touch. I looked directly at the camera, my head tilted to the side, a brazen smile in full recognition that I was doing something *bad*.

“Jesus, Mary and Joseph,” I thought to myself. “I was a little tart in Catholic school.”

From the beginning I knew there was more out there than what they were telling us in school. I had been to Italy and Naples; I saw what people did there on the beach and in parked cars. Things were definitely not concealed like they were in Catholic School, or in Upstate New York for that matter.

I needed to find out what they weren't telling us and that started with my underwear.

It was the uniform that made me do it. Everyday I wore a button down shirt with a rounded collar under a plaid jumper with a pleated skirt. I wore navy blue socks up to the knee with Mary-Janes. But there was nothing between my underwear and my pleated skirt that swished so gracefully. It was just so *easy*.

I would swing my skirt from side to side by pulling my jumper straps back and forth. If I did it fast enough my skirt would fly up and swing around my waist perfectly like a ballerina's tutu. I would do it in the hallway and on the playground when no one was looking. The best place was in the lunch line where I would have a large audience and everyone would scream.

It wasn't just the underwear, though. I liked to see how far I could go. In the second grade, I spent a recess on top of Kevin Rembo, who reminded me of Egon, the geeky scientist from Ghostbusters. I knocked him to the ground and straddled him, shouting “Egon! Egon!” as I kissed him all over his face while he screamed for help. One day I pulled down my underwear in front of Paul Sheedy by the tire swings and showed him my butt. In third grade I fell in love with Craig Germani and kissed him on the mouth in the middle of class and harassed him every day, asking him to be my boyfriend.

As I got older, I got a little more daring. In the sixth grade I got into the habit of slapping a boy's ass every time he bent down to get a book or tie his shoe. At a school dance in seventh grade, I chased around the eighth grade boys and demanded that they feel my tits. That caused a lot of attention, but no one tried. Thank God for that, because I didn't realize what I was asking for. It was definitely not romance, since there was nothing provocative about a seventh-grader with frizzy hair, glasses, and an overbite who periodically opened up her coat revealing a faded Mickey Mouse sweatshirt shouting “feel them!”



It's amazing I never got in trouble. It wasn't like I was fearless. Sometimes my hyperness overcame me and I couldn't stop myself. Afterwards I would feel *sooooo* scared that someone would tell a teacher. But if that ever happened, the teachers left me alone. Maybe they just wanted me to figure it out for myself.

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CATHOLIC SCHOOL.