

PRIEST TURNS CONFESSION BOOTH into "erotic lingerie modeling booth for boys"...

The boy spins his skinny body lazily around the brass pole which juts phallically up through the cramped wooden booth. He is clad only in underwear, his creamy ten-year-old skin a pale canvas freckled with red splotches of light that bounce off the mirrored disco ball. The priest crouches in the dark on the other side of a small grated window, straining to see the boy's every move. Although the pumping anal-piston sound of British Trance music rumbles inside the small wooden booth, it is barely audible throughout the rest of the church.

After the requisite three songs are finished, the red light goes off and the priest declares that all the boy's sins are forgiven. The boy gathers his clothes and leaves. The priest waits a minute, then does the same.

The priest's name is **Father Brad Chomenstein**, and he's been shepherding the flock at the Saint Scrotus School for Boys in Tillamook since 1984. It was only recently, claims the tall, shifty, baldheaded Chomenstein, that God presented him with a "vision" that inspired him to construct his first-of-its-kind "erotic lingerie modeling confession booth for boys," which resembles a standard 'jack shack' except for the fact that it's in a church and is intended to be used exclusively by prepubescent males. "The Lord knows it gets lonely for me out here on the Coast teaching at an all-boy school, so he entered my bedroom one warm summer night with some surprisingly bawdy, yet *tasteful*, ideas for what eventually became my erotic modeling confessional booth for boys," Chomenstein tells me as we walk barefoot in a field of daffodils near his church. "The Lord said, 'Brad, my son, thou hast been living a chaste life devoid of carnal pleasures. Thou knowest that the body is the Temple of the Holy Ghost, so why dost thou not erect a shrine so that thou mayest pay tribute to the supple little Temples of the youngest lambs within mine flock?'"

"You mean God *really* talks like that?" I ask him, "with the King James Bible shit like 'thou mayest' and 'why dost thou not?'"

"Yeah," Chomenstein says. "It's awesome!"

"I'VE BEEN DANCING FOR FATHER CHOMENSTEIN for almost a year now," says "Li'l" Davey Geary, a student at Saint Scrotus who Chomenstein claims is his "absolute favorite confession-booth boy." Chomenstein describes Geary as "a so-so student with a wonderful smile and a grace not unlike that of a salamander." Geary views his role as erotic confessional-booth dancer much more pragmatically: "The way I see it, I'd rather dance to three songs in my underwear than say a dozen Hail Marys. It's easier, and I walk out of that booth with my sins cleansed. Sometimes he even lets me play my own music in the booth," claims Geary, adding that his favorite music artists are P. Diddy and Kid Rock.

"THERE'S NOTHING WRONG with an erotic lingerie-modeling booth for boys," insists Father Ignatius Rectalopagus, a professional Catholic scholar and Chief Rector of the rectory at Saint Prostatu Church in McMinnville. "The Holy Bible, as well as apostolic tradition, is explicit on this matter—there is ABSOLUTELY NO prohibition on underwear-clad boys dancing for the pleasure of priests in the confessional. This practice is forbidden NOWHERE in Holy Scripture or Papal decrees."

"Yes," I challenge him, "but neither does the Bible *explicitly* forbid people to download pictures of naked boys from the Internet."

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...and there's nothing
the cops can do about it!



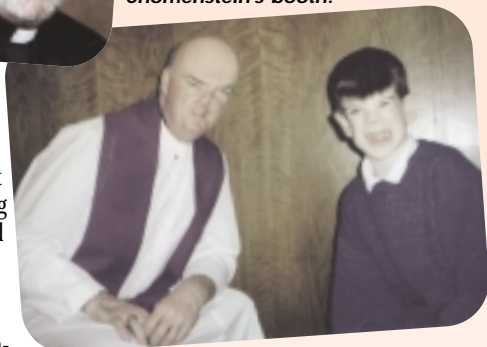
TOP LEFT: The controversial "erotic lingerie modeling booth for boys," a traditional Catholic confessional which Father Brad Chomenstein has refitted with red lights, a brass pole, a disco ball, a paper-towel rack, a framed photo of a boy in underwear, and a state-of-the-art stereo system.

LEFT: Father Ignatius Rectalopagus, a Catholic scholar who says Father Chomenstein's booth violates no church or biblical laws.

BELOW: Father Chomenstein and "Li'l" Davey Geary, who confesses his sins at least twice a week in Chomenstein's booth.



"I'D LOVE TO NAIL HIM on sex charges," says Portland police officer Frank Rhino, "but technically, Father Chomenstein's not doing anything illegal. The boys don't get totally naked. He's not touching them. There's no force involved or threats made—the boys can leave the booth any time they want. Plus, there's the legal matter of priest-client confidentiality. Since we're not permitted into the church to do surveillance and witness the act as it's happening, we'd have trouble convicting him even if he *were* committing crimes. Young boys are notoriously unreliable witnesses. I mean, they lie about *me* all the time!"



"I'D LIKE TO CRUSH CHOMENSTEIN'S BALLS under a pile-driver," says Tex "Itchy" Geary, father of "Li'l" Davey Geary, the boy who is currently Chomenstein's favorite sin-confessor/erotic dancer. "I'd like to take a pair of tweezers and pluck every hair from Chomenstein's body one at a time and watch him scream in pain while I laugh. I'd like to shove a red-hot iron rod up his ass and videotape it, then make him watch the videotape. I'd like to slowly make cut marks all over his body with a straight razor and then pour a bucket of rubbing alcohol on him while I recited the 23rd Psalm. I'd like to cut off his dick and balls, make him eat them, wait until he shits them out, and make him eat the shit that's composed of the dick and balls he ate, and THEN eat THAT shit when it comes through again. I'd like to force him to watch kiddie porn and then smash his genitals with a mallet every time he starts to get excited, and then make him lick up the blood that splurts out of his little dick every time I hit him with the mallet. A modeling booth for boys—what kind of a SICK MIND would think of such a thing?"