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Christian Pornography: O Come All Ye Filthy!

by Miss Poppy Dixon 10.2000

NOTE: If you are sensitive to, or easily offended by graphic representations of sexuality, sexualized violence, or child abuse you may not want to read the writings of these Christian authors.

Christian pornography has a long and illustrious history. During the "burning times" church-commissioned depictions of Hell included blatantly pornographic images, naked men and women for instance, staked to the ground writhing in agony while wild animals devoured their genitals. These images surely mirrored the psycho-sexual tortures perpetrated against the citizenry by the church inquisitors. Graphic visions of Hell continue to dominate the Christian sexual imagination today. The love and grace of Christ is too tame for the jaded, sex-obsessed minds of most Christians.

Beginning in the 70s garish blood-soaked posters extended the Christian pornographic repertoire. Existing as the sole articulation of many Christians' "pro-life" sentiments, their more verbose counterparts managed to describe in gore-saturated detail the atrocities of "partial birth" abortion, Chinese fetus-eating, and abortion-mobiles roaming the countrysides of the Orient brutally ravishing the privates of helpless protesting women. Meticulously detailed violence substitutes for sex, satisfying an ever prurient, yet repressed, audience.

Three popular Christian authors, all from the Bible belt, have braved conventional religious objections about pornography, and have written explicitly of illicit sexual liaisons. David Wilkerson is the author of the popular "Cross and the Switchblade," later made into a movie starring Pat Boone and Eric Estrada. In "Sipping Saints" [David Wilkerson](#) serves up hot sexual innuendo pickled in booze and beat living. [Bob Harrington](#) casts his pornographic fantasies on the streets of New Orleans in "The Chaplain of Bourbon Street." And [Bob Larson](#) writes about the most depraved forms of pedophilia in a suspiciously knowing way. These three authors' work in Christian pornography is rivaled only by the Good Book itself.



Thieves in Hell, from the late middle ages [1]

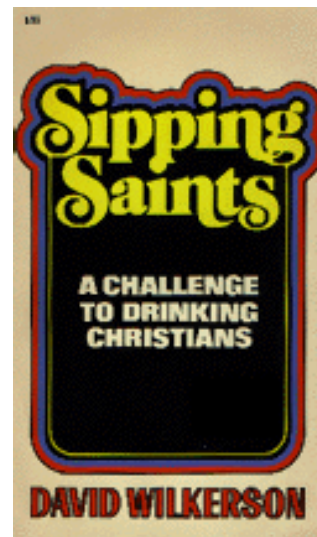
Wilkerson: Holy Swingers [2]

Written in 1978 as an admonition against drinking Wilkerson adopts a decade-late tone, charmingly reminiscent of 60s beat culture. He warns about a "new breed of holy swingers" among church families. They faithfully fellowship, tithe, study the Bible and raise their children in the church.

But, when night falls and the weekend hits, they begin to swing... Proudly aware of their jet-set bodies, they expose everything they can legally expose. The beach parties, the curious forays to the latest X-rated movies, the double-meaning, blue, sex talk, the cocktail parties - they're all part of this new breed of life-style. p62

Wilkerson is grateful though that many Christians reject this lifestyle, "yearning for relationships based on more than sex play and six-packs." p77

To what does Wilkerson attribute all this shady behavior? Not surprisingly, the answer is women.



It used to be the girls had to learn how to say no. Not today! Women's lib changed all that. Nowadays, it's the boys who have to fight off the girls. Aggressive, hard-drinking girls go after boys today, more so than in any past generation. No wonder one of every two marriages ends in divorce. Easy girls become easy wives. p 78

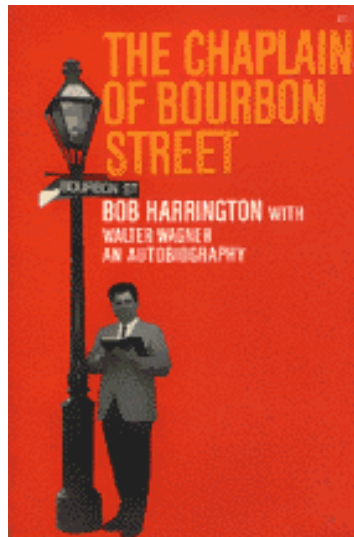
No hard data is given to substantiate the claim that being an "easy wife" is more likely to end your marriage than virtuously keeping your knees together.

Wilkerson's imagination gets the best of him as he proceeds, degenerating into religiously sanctioned whacking material.

You cannot play around in the drunken sex holes of this society and not be affected by them. You cannot dress like a harlot, flirt like Delilah, hug and rub - cuddle and coddle, - then indulge in fornication and walk away with a clean mind. You cannot go to dirty movies, get stoned, read filthy books, oogle at nudes, park and "go all the way" - and call it innocent flirtation. p83

Wilkerson does not reveal whether the information he provides is anecdotal or experiential. Either way he's willingly compromised his godly standards to bring these important warnings to youth - a sacrifice we surely all appreciate.

Harrington: Red Fingers Encircling the Crotch [3]



Bob Harrington, aka the Chaplain of Bourbon Street, chronicles his years ministering to the denizens of New Orleans' seamier streets - hookers, pimps, strippers, addicts, drunks, run-aways, lesbians, homosexuals, and lonely johns. His little storefront ministry competes with a nearby lingerie shop...

filled with dirty and suggestive cardboard signs ("French Tickers" and "Our Birth Control Pills Are 100% Pregnant-Proof")... G-strings, pasties, breakaway gowns, peek-a-boo brassiers, see-through blouses, skirts slit to the hip and panties with red fingers encircling the crotch are among the items for purchase. (p 104)

The minister seems a little too familiar with the catalogue of lingerie. But perhaps it was only research.

Prowling the streets at night Harrington happens upon a couple in intimate embrace. Fascinated, he is unable to turn away,

Passing an alley off Bourbon Street late one evening, I saw two shadowy forms silhouetted in the moonlight. I walked toward them, but they were oblivious to my arrival. A girl was on her knees before a half-undressed sailor. After the sailor cried out his satisfaction, the girl rose and saw me for the first time.

"I should charge you for watching," she said. "You some kind of pervert?" p 116

In a later testimonial, Harrington gets Fred to open up and recount the sexual exploits of his youth.

The first time I remember enjoying sex was when I was about thirteen; that was the first time I found out there was a lot of satisfaction... We also had a lot of gangbangs. Seven or eight of us would go to one girl's house and we'd draw straws to see who would be first. The girl would always tell me to be first and the others had to draw the straws... If there were ten of us in line and I was the eighth guy I would fall in love with the girl and try to talk her out of having relations with the next two. I also remember when I was about fifteen that a bunch of us would ride our motorcycles up into the hills. We'd drink wine and mess around and then we'd have intercourse on the motorcycle. We'd put the kickstand down, start the bike up, gun the engine, place our jackets on the tanks

and put the girl on the seat and stretch her out over the tanks. p 147

Fred could have come to a bad end, but fortunately was saved a few pages later. Harrington made a career of drawing teary detailed confessions from his penitents.

Bob Larson: She had to kiss her daddy's ... [4]

Depending on the thoroughly discredited phenomenon of ritual Satanic child abuse, Larson's imagination digs a well of pedophilic derangement and tosses in a child. Three hundred and fifty pages later he emerges a hero, with child and new wife safely in tow, having exposed a Satanic conspiracy that reached to the highest levels of both church and government.

Larson's book DEAD AIR revolves around a cross-generational Satanic cult near Indianapolis. Wes (Bob) first learns of the magnitude of the cult's evil machinations as he crouches powerless behind bushes, watching nine-year-old Jennifer being coronated as cult queen.

The top of the cage had been lifted, and the small girl stood motionless on the ground, seemingly unaware of the biting cold, despite her nakedness...

In unison, the men untied the ropes around their waists and parted their robes... She obediently knelt in front of the participants. Wes... watched the child proceed from one participant to the next, performing fellatio..."

Later Jennifer addresses Wes directly, confusing him with her "husband" Black Raven.

Jennifer sat naked in the middle of the bed... Then to their utter amazement, Jennifer lay back on the bed in a sexually receptive position. 'Come, Black Raven,' she crooned 'I am yours.'

The books continues with tales of Jennifer's father performing cunnilingus on her while in infancy, "marrying" her in a ceremony where she is "bathed" in blood and urine, and then gang raped. In a section dedicated to ritual Satanic abuse, victims recount in lurid detail genital mutilations, castrations, bestiality, cannibalism, animal sacrifice, and the killing of infants.

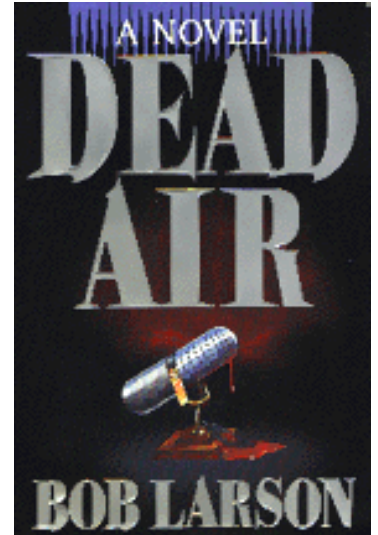
Larson puts himself on the cutting edge of Christian pornography in his "rebirthing" tale. After Jennifer's "marriage",

...they killed a horse, a large horse, then split open its belly and cleaned out its insides. Jennifer's hands and feet were tied, and she was put [in]... They somehow enlarged the rear end of the horse and pulled Jennifer through it... [T]hey told her the horse was giving birth to her.

Why does Larson revel in the telling of these tales? Larson claims in the end note that these stories are "based on actual experiences." Yet the lack of evidence, factual or anecdotal (outside of this account), eliminates that possibility. Larson, whose ministry centers on demon possession, stands to gain from an expansion into Satanic Ritual Abuse. His willingness to believe these accounts from others reveals him as either hopelessly naive or cynically opportunistic. The most frightening possibility is that Bob Larson fabricated these stories from his own imagination. If this is the case, Larson's perverted fantasies rival the work of the most twisted secular pornographers.

Larson's DEAD AIR should serve as a cautionary tale. Repressing healthy outlets for sexual expression leaves Christians only the goriest, most brutal, and deviant alternatives. God loves sex, and intends it to give us open pleasure, not festering psychic pain.

The Uncut Bible



There are no better porn writers than the authors of the Bible. Consider the unbridled eroticism of the Song of Solomon. Or if you want hardcore smut, incest, rape, sexual mutilation, voyeurism, watersports, fornication, adultery, etc., look no further than your family Bible. Christians justify the sex therein as "contextualized" with a "moral message." Wrapping porn in a morality tale is the oldest ploy of smut peddlers. No one reads the endings anyway, but including a moral message salves the conscience of the pious. It's one way to have your..., shall we say "cake," and eat it, too.

NOTES:

1) "Thieves in Hell," *Le Tr sor de Sapience*, Chantily, Musé3 Condé, from Alice K. Turner, THE HISTORY OF HELL (Harcourt Brace and Co.,1993).

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2) Wilkerson, David, SIPPING SAINTS, A CHALLENGE TO DRINKING CHRISTIANS, Lindale TX: David Wilkerson Publications, 1978. Visit

DavidWilkerson.org.

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3) Harrington, Bob and Wagner, Walter, THE CHAPLAIN OF BOURBON STREET, Nashville TN: Impact Books, 1969. Visit [the Chaplain Web Site](#).

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4) Larson, Bob, DEAD AIR Nashville TN: [Thomas Nelson Publishers](#), 1991. Thomas Nelson Publishers print Bibles for the American Bible Society. Visit BobLarson.org.

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