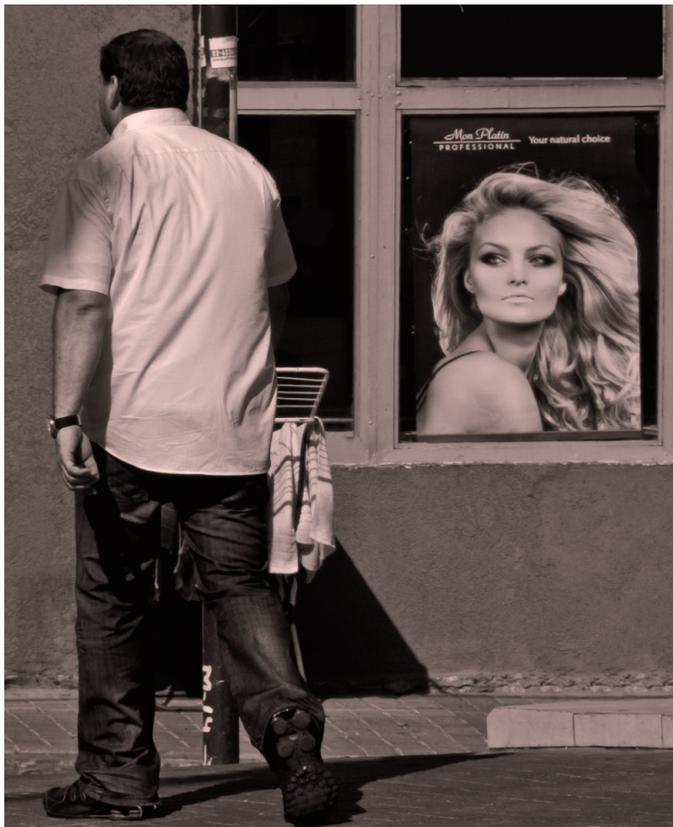




# The truth about sexual lust; Part 11. Sexual Gratification



To Fred Stoeker, co-author of *Every Man's Battle*, sexual lust is impurity of the eyes, and is necessarily sexual foreplay, which leads to “defiling the marriage bed.”

For males, impurity of the eyes is sexual foreplay (pg. 66).

Impurity of the eyes provides definite sexual gratification. Isn't *that* foreplay? (pg. 59).

Fred fails to recognize degrees of sexual gratification, insisting that *any* sexual gratification leads to the sin of “defiling the marriage bed”:

It's critical to recognize visual sexual impurity as foreplay. If viewing sensual things merely provides a flutter of appreciation for a woman's beauty, it would be no different than viewing the awesome power of a thunderstorm racing over the Iowa cornfields. No sin. No problem. But if it *is* foreplay, and if you're getting sexual gratification, it defiles the marriage bed. Marriage should be honored by all, and the marriage bed kept pure, for God will judge the adulterer and all the sexually immoral—Hebrews 13:4. (pg. 68).

For the first and only time in the book, Fred Stoeker seems to admit there could be such a thing as “a flutter of appreciation for a woman's beauty.” But don't worry; it's hypothetical. To Fred, no flutter could be innocent. In the Fred World, flutter leads invariably to fuck. Fred Stoeker fights his own moral battles, and because he knows himself, he cannot trust himself. Because Fred Stoeker relies on human self-control (he is *religious*) rather than the flesh-checking ability of God's spirit, he cannot take chances. He also assumes everyone is like him. Since Fred assumes everyone's self control apparatus is as shaky as his, he cannot believe that anyone could possibly stop the lust train at a mere flutter of appreciation of feminine beauty.

Since, in Fred's mind, the flutter of appreciation *inevitably* leads to sin, he counts it as actual sexual foreplay.



Amish in Chicago.

### Blame religion

I hypothesize that both Fred and co-author Stephen Arterburn suffered early under a religious condemnation making them react abnormally to sexual stimulation of the most innocent and enjoyable variety. Concluding that any and all such stimulation would inevitably lead to either rape or adultery—or to a host of other things they define as “sexual immorality”—they panicked. It is this irrational panic, based on an irrational and misguided fear of divine condemnation, that forced them to the abnormal solution based on their abnormal conclusion: *It is best to avoid sexual stimulation altogether.*

The Amish share this same illogical, fear-based mindset. Why do the Amish eschew modern conveniences? They are convinced that all such things lead to deeper sin. For instance, if they watch a Gilligan’s Island re-run today, tomorrow they will produce porn videos. If they touch their sex organs today, tomorrow they will be screwing pole dancers. If they paint their buggy anything but black today, tomorrow they’ll be pimping their Porsches.

Doesn’t anyone trust the spirit of God any more?

### Where in Scripture is sexual gratification a sin?

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I agree with Fred that “a flutter of appreciation for a woman’s beauty” cannot happen apart from sexual gratification. But my question is: *What the hell is wrong with sexual gratification?* Our authors’ first mistake is assuming “sexual” to equal “evil.” Their second mistake is assuming that any gratification acquired outside marriage is “defiling the marriage bed.” Their third mistake is assuming that the mere appreciation of female beauty inevitably leads to either actual or masturbation/fantasy-based intercourse with the source of that beauty.

It happens to me all the time: I see a beautiful woman, and there is a flutter of appreciation. Is this lust? Yes. Lust is desire, and I am desiring the woman’s beauty. Note: I am not desiring *her*, but her beauty. I can easily desire her beauty without desiring her; I do it all the time. In fact, I’m sure I have done it tens of thousands of times. But let’s say I do desire her. Does that mean I take her to bed? No. My spirit-directed conscience kicks in, and I walk away.

(Fred doesn’t get this, and can’t. Fred distrusts the spirit

“Since Fred Stoeker’s so-called spiritual life began with *his* decision to accept Christ, Fred naturally sustains his Christian walk via acts of nearly surreal asceticism.”

of God within to check his behavior. I see no evidence—after reading *Every Man’s Battle*—that Fred Stoeker even has the spirit of God. Fred has the spirit of religion to be sure—he has that in droves—but the spirit of God is undetectable. Fred makes it clear that he saves himself by the hour from moral ruin. He accomplishes this by amazing feats of self-discipline. Since this is so, why wouldn’t he also believe that he saves himself from *spiritual* ruin? The difference between Fred and unbelievers—to Fred—is that Fred chose Christ while the unbelievers did not. Thus, Fred saved himself by believing in Jesus. It is not the faith of Christ that saved Fred, but Fred’s faith *in* Christ. All Fred’s writing smacks of this. Since Fred’s so-called spiritual life began, not with Christ, but with his decision to *accept* Christ, Fred naturally continues this course and sustains his walk via acts of nearly surreal asceticism. His battle against lust is but one example of this.)

My lust for a passing woman’s beauty may be low-grade lust, but it is lust just the same. It is also sexual gratification; I will not deny it. Why should I? I am being *gratified*



(receiving pleasure) from a member of the opposite *sex*. It may be low-grade gratification, but the grade doesn’t matter, only the essence—and the essence is gratification.

I’m human. Where, in Scripture, does God call such low-grade sexual satisfaction sin? Why is looking at a

pastry in a bakery window fine, but looking at a beautiful woman in a party dress a sin? Did God make the pastry? No; it’s an abortion of sugar and over-processed wheat flour. But He surely made the woman.

Let’s say my hormones kicked in at age 13. I am constantly aware that I occupy a planet filled with amazing creatures known as women. I am also constantly aware that a good percentage of these women are beautiful. Because much of life is ugly and hard, I lust for (that is, I desire) beauty—any beauty. So when I see a beautiful woman, my eyes naturally gravitate toward her; I do not bounce my eyes from her, any more than I would bounce them from a rainbow or a glazed donut.

I’ve been exercising my flutter rights for 38 years now. I figure I experience the flutter of appreciation at least ten times a day. There are 365 days in a year. Allowing for at least ten flutters per day, every day, for 38 years, I have enjoyed the flutter of appreciation for beautiful women 138,700 times. According to Fred’s theory, then—that “foreplay outside of marriage is wrong” (pg. 66), and visual gratification is “a form of sex for men” (pg. 68), and that lust is defined as “any look that creates that little chemical high, that little pop” (pg. 125), and that lusting after a woman is the same as committing adultery (a misquote of Matthew 5:28, which we will address shortly)—I have committed adultery (we may as just well say, “had sex with”) 138,700 different women.

That’s strange. It feels like a lot less.

### The marriage bed

If I am receiving sexual gratification from the eyes, then according to Fred, I have “defiled the marriage bed” 138,700 times. Is there a compartment of hell hot enough for me?

Here is the infamous “defile the marriage bed” verse, as quoted by Fred on page 68. This is from the NIV:

Marriage should be honored by all, and the marriage bed kept pure, for God will judge the adulterer and all the sexually immoral (Hebrews 13:4).

Once again, here is a case where the NIV turns a specific sinner known as a paramour (a male prostitute) into “all the sexually immoral,” allowing people like Fred Stoeker to tell us who “all the sexually immoral”

are. In this case, it's any man who lusts for (that is, who looks with a flutter of appreciation at) a member of the opposite sex.

Here is what God *really* said. This is from the *Concordant Literal New Testament*:

May matrimony be honorable in all, and the bed undefiled, for paramours and adulterers will God be judging.

A paramour is a male prostitute, and an adulterer is a person who steals another person's spouse. This verse is warning married couples to keep other married people—and male prostitutes—out of their beds.

Men who appreciate the beauty of the opposite sex are not, by any Scriptural standard, defiling the marriage bed.

### Adultery? In your dreams

This sort of self-inspired, sexual insanity has so grasped and ensnared Christian men that some of them now believe they are committing adultery in their sleep. I kid you not. A man named Joe—he has a thing for female beach volleyball players; who doesn't?—relates on pages 23-24 of *Every Man's Battle*:

At night, I've had shockingly vivid dreams with these women. Some have been so exhilarating and so real that I wake up the next morning *certain* that I've been to bed with them. Heavy with guilt, I wonder where my wife is, sure she has left me over this affair and wondering how I could have done such a thing. Finally, as the cobwebs clear, it slowly dawns on me that it *was* just a dream. But even then I feel uneasy. You want to know why? Because while I know it was just a dream, I'm not at all certain it *wasn't* some form of adultery.

Leave it to guilt-oriented Christians to learn to damn themselves for even their dreams. Wow. Not even the law of Moses tapped *that* sin market.

### Call the cops; Now we're thieves and embezzlers

It is not enough for Fred Stoeker to insist that, simply by looking at women, normal men can rightly be considered adulterers. Now, any man who catches even a glance of a woman's cleavage is—*literally*—a



thief and an embezzler. From page 72 of *Every Man's Battle*:

The impure thought life is the life of a thief. You're stealing images that aren't yours. When you had premarital sex, you touched someone who didn't belong to you. When you looked down the blouse of a woman who isn't your wife, you were stealing something that isn't yours to take. It's just like walking down Main Street behind someone who drops a one-hundred dollar bill out of his pocket, and you pick it up. That money isn't yours—even if he didn't know he lost it. If you choose to keep the money instead of saying, "Hey, Mister," then you've taken something you're not entitled to.

Similarly, if a woman's blouse falls open, you can't say, 'Hey, that's in my sight line, I get to have that.' No, you have to look away. Otherwise you're a thief. You need to leave that valuable creation in the hands of God and her husband or her future husband. When we're thieves with our eyes, we're embezzling sexual gratification from areas that don't belong to us, from women who aren't connected to us.

You. Have. Got. To. Be. Kidding. Me. If Fred is right here and men are supposed to think this way, then no man with either sacs, semen, eyes—or all three—can go to an art museum and emerge pure and holy. That's because, at an art museum, there are many paintings and even sculptures (such as the "Venus de Milo" at the Louvre in Paris) of women who are not only naked, but bereft of any marital ties to the male museum-goer.

Let's insert the museum analogy into *this* particular homemade condemnation of Fred Stoeker's, and see—yet again—how ridiculous a Fred Stoeker homemade condemnation can truly be: The impure thought life is the life of a thief. You're stealing images that aren't yours. When you looked at the breasts of a naked woman in a painting at a museum, and that woman was not your wife, you were stealing something



that isn't yours to take ... If you see the sculpture of a woman with lovely breasts, such as the Venus de Milo, you can't say, 'Hey, that's in my sight line, I get to have that.' No, you have to look away. Otherwise you're a thief. You need to leave that valuable creation in the hands of God and her husband or her future husband, or her past husband.

If it was up to Fred, we would see the following warning sign at the Louvre:

WELCOME TO THE LOUVRE. PLEASE NOTE THAT THE MODEL FOR THE VENUS DE MILO WAS MARRIED. THEREFORE, OUT OF RESPECT FOR HER PAST HUSBAND, KINDLY BOUNCE YOUR EYES FROM HER LOVELY TITS.

As I've stated before, if this were any sort of principle to live by, how could a single man be legitimately attracted to *any* woman? He's not allowed to lust after anyone but his wife—but he currently has no wife. He has no choice, then—if ever he is to be married—but to lust after (look at with a sexual flutter) a woman who is not his wife. If her blouse happens to fall open (darn those cheap buttons),

he has to turn his eyes away out of deference to the woman's husband "or future husband." What if *he* becomes her future husband? Then he must turn away out of deference to himself. Otherwise, he is stealing—from himself. There is no way this man can never be married, according to Fred Stoeker, without first sinning. Even if he eventually marries the woman for whom he is experiencing the flutter of sexual appreciation, he is presently sinning both against her and against God. He is stealing what is not his.

Every road to marriage, therefore, is necessarily—according to Fred Stoeker—paved with sin.

The road to Fred Stoeker's book, however, is paved with *grievous* sin. —**MZ** (*To be continued.*)

Produced by Martin Zender/www.martinzender.com  
 © 2017 by Martin Zender/Published by Starke & Hartmann, Inc.  
 email: mzender@martinzender.com