



News from the Web...

By: Bob D.

Hi again!

It's been a while since this column made it to the PBR and lots has happened on the SAA Webpage!

The big news is that the **SAA Store** is open for business. Now you can buy all the stuff that SAA sells On-line. Here's how it works: You go to the SAA website, [www.saa-recovery.org](http://www.saa-recovery.org), and go to the SAA Store page. From there you can now look at descriptions of:

- SAA Literature,
- Other recovery books sold by SAA,
- SAA Conference tapes, and
- Medallions

You can put things in your "shopping cart" by just clicking on them. When you are done, you complete your order by providing a credit card number and your address. The system computes sales tax (if you live in Texas) and shipping charges, so your order will be on its way as soon as possible. You don't have to call the SAA Office, write letters, or anything — You can order via the Web anytime you want!

If you're worried about on-line security, we're using the same encryption systems that the big e-commerce businesses use. And we promise not to sell/give your address to anybody!

So if you've been meaning to get some more recovery books, why not check out the collection on our Web site? While you're at it, take a look at the SAA Literature, there's stuff there you probably never even hear of!

I'd would like to take a minute to reflect on SAA's on-line progress and, yes, do a little bragging. The idea for the SAA Webpage started about 4 years ago and an early draft was on-line by January, 1996. At the 1996 Convention meeting, the Board approved going "public", that is indexing the page with search engines and spreading the word in the fellowship of its existence. The month before going public, in June, 1996, we had 96 visitors. Today in a typical month we get 15,000.

We've now become the first "S" group web page to use electronic commerce, we're starting a "Member Functions" page that describes events and workshops sponsored by groups; and we now have most our web page also on-line in Spanish!

All I can add is: Stay tuned – More to come!

## Glenn J. voices opposition to publishing article from Jun-Jul issue of PBR....

TO: Editor, Plain Brown Rapper; P. O. Box 70949; Houston, TX 77270  
 FROM: Glenn J.; Houston, TX  
 SUBJECT: "Top Ten Reasons God Created Eve" Article in the Volume 11, Issue 3 PBR.  
 DATE: 26 July 1999

Dear Plain Brown Rapper Editor:

Please retract or recant the subject article and issue an open apology in the Plain Brown Rapper (PBR) for publishing the "Top Ten Reasons God Created Eve" Article in the PBR.

It is highly inappropriate to include in a recovery publication articles such as this which includes such disparaging and oppressive language.

This article is especially oppressive since the remarks are largely attributed to be God's (or HP's) opinion. Whether this article was attacking men, women or children, it is inappropriate to stereotype anyone with disparaging statements like:

- would always be lost..."
- ...hate to ask for directions."
- ...needed someone to hand them the TV remote."
- "...they don't want to see what's ON TV, they want to see WHAT ELSE is on!"
- "...would never buy a new fig leaf when his seat wore out... need Eve to get for him".
- "... would never make a doctors appointment for himself."
- would never remember which night was garbage night."
- .. men would never be able to handle childbearing."
- ...would never remember where he put his tools."
- needed someone to blame his troubles on when God caught him hiding in the garden."

And most oppressive of all the assertions is:

"When God finished the creation of Adam.. [Ed: — the exact text, our italics added: "*She* stepped back, scratched *Her* head and"....] ...said, 'I can do better than that'."

God (or HP) does not make junk! And it is inappropriate for the PBR to support the idea that men, women or children are incompetent, incomplete or inadequate creations of God.

I suspect this article was intended to be a bit of humor for the reader. However, when I first read it I was offended and felt betrayed by PBR for characterizing readers as innately incompetent, incomplete and inadequate creations of God; Essentially mistakes. Good humor is a positive force in our lives. However, humor of this type depends on degrading or oppressing another for the sake of a laugh and is inappropriate for PBR publication.

I honestly never expected SAA to disparage anyone (men, women or children) like this and frankly felt betrayed. I should not be afraid to read the PBR for fear of being hurt or oppressed.

I am also offended that the PBR spread this oppression to my many brothers and sisters in recovery who read the PBR. We deserve to be honored for the wonderful complete creations we are. We deserve to be encouraged to see each other that way too.

In closing; thank you very much for your dedication to editing and publishing the PBR. As a whole it is a very good publication and to edit and publish it is a sizable and valuable contribution to the SAA recovery community.

Sincerely,  
 Glenn J.

PS: In addition to the retraction and apology, I would appreciate you publishing this letter in the PBR as well. Thanks.

## PAUL W. RESPONDS AGAIN, SENDS ANOTHER ARTICLE

### From Paul W. [prisoner]

Dear Editor,

This letter is in reference to my article in your Feb-March, 1999 issue, "Out of the Darkness", and another article I recently wrote.

I would like to apologize for any problem it may have caused. That was my request for pen-pal support since there wasn't and still isn't, an SAA meeting here. There may be soon because the coordinator of the sex offenders program I went through is going to try to get it going again. He said I could take a big part in it and help get it going.

There was also one response I received from my article, "Out of the Darkness". He is an inmate who recently got locked up for his sexually deviant behavior. We have continued to correspond and share our experience,

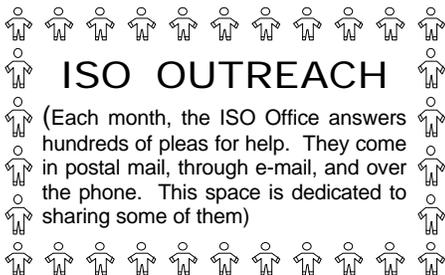
strength, and hope with each other. It has been a great reward to share with someone outside these walls.

I have written another article. I would like to ask if it could be printed in a future issue. I hope it will be rewarding for those who read it. It helped me, and possibly others, see what it was like, what happened, and what it's like today in my spiritual growth.

I thank you for your time and attention in this matter. I wish you all the best in your journey through life.

Sincerely,  
 Paul W.

Ed Note: Paul W's article is too long to get into this issue of the PBR, in fact it is long, period. We do plan to include it in the Oct/Nov issue.



## ISO OUTREACH

(Each month, the ISO Office answers hundreds of pleas for help. They come in postal mail, through e-mail, and over the phone. This space is dedicated to sharing some of them)

**Ed. Note: The following is sent indirectly via the ISO office, and shows the outreach benefits of our web-site, where Dave found us.**

"My name is Dave. I'm a sex addict."

With those words, I broke a silence of 45 years. As I continued to talk, my voice varied in its intonation and clarity. I paused, I stuttered and started again. I was nervous and exhilarated and slightly embarrassed all at the same time. This was the first time I had ever spoken publicly about my addiction. Finally I said, "Thanks for letting me share." All around me I read in the eyes of the other men not condemnation and shock, but acceptance and understanding. I felt like I had come home.

After the meeting, a man came up to me and said how unusual it was for a newcomer to share at his first meeting. I took this as a compliment. I was ready. I was more than ready to face my addiction head on and knew I would need the help of a group like this. I was reminded of the joke about the guy who said it was easy to quit smoking - he'd done it many times. I, too, had tried to quit my addiction many times without success. At this, my first SAA meeting, I began to see the wall of shame start to crumble. I hoped that maybe this time would be different. Maybe this group was the key to becoming addiction-free.

As nearly as I can remember it began when I was 5 or 6. I was a creative and imaginative child, way too sensitive for my own good. I recall a Sunday afternoon. My family and I had been to see a circus movie at the local theatre. When we arrived home, it was time for my nap. As I drifted into sleep, I visualized some of the scenes from the movie. So young a child merely experiences and does not analyze or ask "why?". All I knew was that bringing up images of the leading actress was pleasurable. I had never heard words like "masturbation", "pornography" or "intercourse". To my knowledge, no one ever sexually or physically abused me, although there was verbal and emotional abuse. In any event, addiction had crept into my life in the simplest and most innocent way.

The years went by, the fantasizing continued. As I grew and learned, the storylines for my imaginings became less childish. At 14 I began masturbating. I fantasized to images from magazines, newspapers, record album covers and pinup calendars. A cycle developed. Fantasies of yearning romantic adolescent love alternated with those of hardcore sex accompanied by masturbation. Just after graduating from high school, I got up the nerve to buy my first men's magazine. Through my college years I immersed myself in erotic literature,

pornography and XXX movies. By my senior year, masturbation was well entrenched and compulsive. The Garden-of-Eden naivete of the child was long since crushed and buried.

In the vast and thorny world outside of fantasy, my relationships with women were anything but healthy. Idealistic, incredibly romantic, and morbidly passive, I was a young man set on a course for failure. What relationships I did have lasted less than six months. Only a very few were sexual. Because I was frightened of asserting myself, the women pretty much controlled the relationships, whether they wanted to or not. The only good that came from these liaisons was that I tended to masturbate less when I was involved with someone.

The one exception to this was R. whom I met when I was 27. She was 14 or 15 at the time. The prudes and the self-righteous probably thought they had this sized up pretty quickly: older man, out for sex, exploiting young girl. The truth was something else again. I was emotionally stunted for my age, R. was very precocious. She was also smart, down-to-earth and had a great sense of humor. Our relationship was the happiest I'd ever had. During the 4 years I was with her, I matured considerably with the unfortunate result that I became bored as I realized just how young she really was. We drifted apart and she began dating guys her own age. Masturbation and the use of pornography had tapered off while I knew her, but reached new and higher levels after she was gone.

Prior to meeting R. my drug use had begun. Alcohol never really appealed to me. My mother was an alcoholic and I had seen up close what drinking could do. But marijuana, LSD and speed were another story. Drugs added intensity to masturbation and made it possible to prolong my fantasy sessions for hours at a time.

In the late 70's I got a job at an adult bookstore. This was simply one more in a long line of dead-end jobs. Working in the bookstore was Paradise for a drug user and pornography addict. I didn't have to go looking for my fix. Dealers came into the store and offered their wares right there on my counter. Plus, I was surrounded by pornographic magazines and movies. Paradise? Hell, those days were some of the most miserable and depressing I had ever experienced.

While working in that store the other 3 clerks and I were busted 4 times by the police for selling obscene materials. We eventually served 2 weeks in jail. So these were the events that preceded the first meeting with the woman who would become my wife. I was, in a word, a loser. Looking back, it seems almost miraculous to me that I fell in love with B., married her and am still with her. She gave me love and encouragement like I had never had. I grew, I blossomed, I flourished.

B is a remarkable woman. Never had anyone loved me like that. With her I achieved an emotional maturity and stability

"...in April of 1999, I went out on the Web, ... and discovered SAA."

that had many positive results. My drinking, which had been moderate, was reduced to minimal. I gave up drugs. I went back to college and eventually landed a job, which turned into a real career. I was more confident and poised than I had ever been. And yet, in spite of all my success, I could not give up masturbation and the use of pornography. I tried to conceal my other life, but eventually my wife found out. After many confrontations, many promises broken, and much trust destroyed, I was forced to admit, for the first time in my life, that I was an addict and that I could not control myself. Finally, in April of 1999, I went out on the Web, searching for information about addictions, and discovered SAA.

We have finished reading the 12 Steps. The Leader invites us to begin sharing. The first to speak is one of our younger members. He looks to be on the shy side of 30. I realize that it is his time to speak and that I must remain quiet. But I want to jump up and applaud him. I want to say, "Good for you, son! Face your addiction now. Don't be like me and waste another 20 years of your life in this cesspool." Now one of the older men begins sharing. His voice is soft. He pauses often to choose his words carefully. He leans forward, his elbows resting on his knees. There is a great, heavy sadness in him. I, too, know this sadness, I know whereof he speaks. The sharing passes to the next man. Somehow, this guy always gets us laughing. Using himself as the butt of his own jokes, we easily identify with him. His humor helps to lighten the burden of addiction for all of us. Now a fourth man is talking about compulsive behavior. His story provides a cautionary tale. I thought it was enough simply to stop acting out. But as I listen to him, I learn that I must be on guard for other numbing, automatic behaviors that keep me from facing my depression head on. And so it goes. Every man who speaks has something to say which is worth remembering and thinking about later. Every man has been where I have been. Every man could easily be my brother.

The sharing concludes. We all rise. The Leader says, "Whose Father?" And we answer in unison, "Our Father, Who art in heaven." At the end of the prayer, we turn and hug each other. On the drive home, I recall bits and pieces of what I have heard that night - much real, gritty wisdom about life and addiction. Throughout the week I will think back to the meeting and try to apply what I learned from these men to my own life.

Maybe it's too soon to tell. Yet, I do feel more at peace. My relationship with my wife is improving almost daily. For now at least I have quit acting out. I am feeling a new sense of spirituality emerging. And all because I am no longer alone. I now have allies and brothers!!

"Thanks for letting me share."

Dave

# ..UPCOMING EVENTS.. North and South

**FALL RETREAT  
OCTOBER 22-24, 1999**

**BY:  
"CHOICES" AND "SERENITY"**

The place will be at **St. Mary of the Pines, Chattawa, MS.** The Retreat Title is: **"Mother"-Acceptance, Forgiveness and Letting Go.**

Register by October 10, 1999. Make Checks payable to Ronald Fournet, retreat treasurer. Send to Sharon T., P.O. Box 359, Lawtell, LA, 70550. For additional information, call, and/or leave message: 318-543-8957.

E-mail: cajun\_magic@att.worldnet.com. Fee are \$60 per person, Double [semi-private]-[You may indicate your roommate when sending registration] \$75 per person, Single [private room]. Retreat T-shirts are \$11 L, XL, XXL only.

Meals and room are included, bring snacks for sharing. Supper WILL be served Friday night. Please bring a photo of your mother for sharing.

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**5th Annual IISAA RETREAT..  
Step Two:**

**"In Search of a Power  
Greater than Ourselves"  
October 29-31, 1999**

The Indiana Intergroup Fall Retreat will be held at Camp Pyoca in Brownstown, IN [between Indianapolis and Louisville, off I-65].

"A 'Hands on' Retreat". Whatever your experience of a higher power is, it can help someone else to "come to believe" in a power greater than himself/herself.

A Spaghetti dinner will be held Friday night. A hayride, scavenger hunt and pumpkin carving are also planned.

**Registration forms available from Mike C., Retreat Chair, at 317-636-6010 or from Indiana Check-In, 317-545-9783.**

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**COSA/SAA FALL RETREAT  
September 17-18-19, 1999  
Columbiere Center  
Clarkston, MI**

**"ABANDONMENT"**

The cost for this retreat is \$97 and includes all workshops, lodging, meals and linens.

For additional information contact Ila D. at P.O. Box 502, Mt. Morris MI 48458. 517-624-9893.

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**New Mailing address for  
MICHIGAN INTERGROUP**

**Michigan Intergroup  
P.O. Box 25133  
Lansing, MI 48909**

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**\* TRANCE BUSTERS.....**

By William D.

- 1. "Hey, '\_\_\_\_\_', you had better get dumb real fast or you are going to die!
- 2. "If you cannot obey a simple sign on the wall that says 'No Smoking', how could you ever expect to recover from the disease of [alcoholism, sex addiction, .....]"
- 3. "It takes one to know one" [cross talker]

.....

Thanks to those we may never know... Perhaps our HP sends them to us for just that reason...???

Dear Robert,

I really appreciated the article "Thought Abstinence: A Vision of Sobriety" in the June/July issue of the PBR. Please extend my sincere thanks to the anonymous inmate who submitted it. In reading the article, I found myself identifying with the author's struggles, particularly the problem with sexual fantasies and the acknowledgement that sexual addiction is "like a drug that brings intense stimulation." I also understand all too well the terrible, depressing feeling described by the author of being "all used up on the obsession."

Beyond the bond of identifying with the author's struggles, I also wish to thank the author for the practical suggestions included in the paragraphs addressing thought substitution and replacement. As a direct result of reading this article, I have recently begun my initial 90-day period of abstinence from masturbation. More importantly, I've made a commitment to my group in this regard. For the first time in over three years I believe I've finally stopped talking the SAA program and have hopefully begun to live it. And for the first time I'm truly hopeful. The program and the PBR give us the tools for recovery, the responsibility for using them lies with us.

Sincere Thanks,

Ken  
SAA of the Black Hills



# POET'S PAGE



Dear SAA,

Hello! A while back I sent you "The Hunter" to publish on the poet's page. I send two more to share with you and everyone else. Enjoy! Sincerely, Terry K.

### "Ode to a Daughter"

I once was a hero  
In somebody's eyes,  
Who thought I could lighten  
And darken the skies.  
She gave me her love,  
Rarely asked for a thing,  
But disappointment was all  
To her life I did bring.  
When I took what I wanted,  
I lost all that I had,  
Now I'm nobody's here,  
And I'm nobody's dad.  
+++++

### "Life"

Once you go through the edge  
And out into the empty  
There's no way of getting back  
To where you started.  
And the loneliness becomes greater  
Than that of a lost mitten.  
The telephone becomes only an  
echo  
To an empty room.  
And you discover -  
That the worst sores in life,  
Are caused by crumpled rose  
petals...  
Not by the thorns!  
Terry K.  
+++++

**"Direct your eye right in-  
ward, and you'll find  
A thousand regions in  
your mind  
Yet undiscovered. Travel  
them and be  
Expert in home-  
cosmography."  
Thoreau  
Walden**

Huffing rock bottom for me was a fright  
filled experience; however, it was not as  
frightening as the tasks involved in re-  
covery. My first lesson was that the

Piper  
always demands:

### "Payment"

Wandering, wondering, a life with no  
cares.  
Seeking, not finding, just roam every-  
where.  
Is this the fate I've dealt for my days?  
No other enjoyment on this trouble filled  
way.

Time is the culprit, it never slows down.  
We see only peace in this tangle we've  
found.  
When time with its weapons leaves us in  
fear  
These friendships engendered need to  
be near.

Can we ever be sure of our ultimate  
fate?  
To complete this journey would really  
feel great.  
The mountains we face are rugged and  
tall  
As we struggle for conquest, sometimes  
we fall

Into the abyss - this hell we have  
wrought  
Because we want the pleasures our ad-  
diction brought.  
First for our egos we kept that within  
Then for the hate over which we will  
never win.

Today begins the payback. Just watch  
our smoke.  
When the air is cleared, our resolve will  
not be broke.  
Not beaten, no pain, on a new path we  
choose to turn,  
Away from the fires of Hell leaving our  
addiction to burn.  
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**"PEACE COMES WITHIN THE  
SOULS OF MEN  
WHEN THEY REALIZE THEIR  
ONENESS WITH THE UNIVERSE"**

**BLACK ELK**

### It's All in My Mind

6-10-99

Kristopher D.

It's all in my mind  
When I'm attracted to someone I see  
And think that experiencing their  
body  
Will bring me the happiness I seek.

It's all in my mind  
If I think they are made  
Of different elements than me  
Have different senses, different  
limbs.

It's all in my mind  
If I think that their search  
For happiness and contentment  
Is any different than my own

It's all in my mind  
If I look to a person for pleasure  
And then become upset  
And blame them for not providing it.

All I have to do is see "person"  
Nothing more  
There are many "persons" in the  
world  
Why allow this one to awaken my  
monster?  
[inspired by A.K.]

**"Wholeness experience first  
hand cannot be tyrannical, for it is infinite  
in its diversity and finds itself mirrored and  
embedded in each particular... The par-  
ticulars count. [to wit:]**

**The Chickadee  
The chickadee  
Hops near to me.  
Thoreau**

**The man pulling radishes  
pointed the way  
with a radish  
Issa**

**Old pond,  
frog jumps in —  
splash.  
Basho**

**Get it????  
[Wherever you go, There you are.  
by Jon Kabat-Zinn]**

# WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DAY MAKES.... 24 LITTLE HOURS [Times 365 & 1/4, that is]

Dear PBR Editor[s],

I'm an indigent inmate in the Department of Corrections for committing a sexual abuse crime. I am also in recovery and could really use the support of the PBR. Therefore I humble request to be added to the mailing list. I also grant you permission to include my story and/or poem in the newsletter. Thank you very much for your time and efforts. Many Blessings! K.D.

And his story...

When I got here, I thought to myself, I've endured too much in my life to let a little thing like going to the penitentiary break me, bodily or otherwise. Twenty-five years of active drug/alcohol addictions, three broken marriages, countless broken hearts, broken dreams that lay scattered in my wake like the wreckage of a plane crash. "This" will be nothing in comparison. And anyway, life is just a "bitch" and then you die.

Oh, don't get me wrong, I am a very emotional type of guy. In fact, I barely kept the sheen of tears that glossed over my eyes from beading and running down my cheeks. But, then again, they're just life's little insults, heaped one on top of another, that seem to sink in and get at me.

And then it happened. The ol' major catastrophe - getting dumped and dragged through the mud by yet another woman that I've pledged to love until death. But shoot, I can take it' I'm a trooper; I'm a fighter. I continued to back up my beliefs; that I had shackled myself, one more time, to a woman who valued status above all. I question myself as to why I haven't learned my lesson about women and answered it, "I just like the domestic life too much." So much that I continue risking experiencing this pain that I always feel when, the woman I think is mine, trades me in for another man. The pain of betrayal and rejection that, after all these times, still cuts me so very deeply.

I focused the blame on her as usual, wondering why women just seem to be able to give my heart back to me, without an apology or any sign of regret. Why [does] it seem as though I fall for women who stroll the path of love, and leave it littered with the carcasses of those who have been cast aside along the way?

I've tried to stop myself from walking that road again; but alas, I told myself that "I've done it once more." Why can't I learn to live single? Learn to have no expectations to live up to but my own? Learn to have no definition of success or failure or wealth or worthiness but my own? To be....content?

I was again drowning in a sea of pain, need, and loneliness. With that deep, empty loneliness that goes beyond a need to be around people to a need for one person, for a soul mate. I have shared, I thought, with all my

loves - not just my body, but my past, my heart, my vulnerabilities. I pondered the hurt as I thought that none of them wanted that from me and as I swam in the pain of having so much I wanted to give and no one to give it to.

Although I haven't been incarcerated quite a year yet, since coming here I've been introduced to SAA and I'm starting to see the past in a very different light. I have come to see, through the program, that my world has been skewed by my sex addiction and the more I learn about it, the happier I am becoming with myself. That is just the tip of the iceberg. So many issues are surfacing now that I'm taking measurable steps to uncover what my part in all of my relationships I played instead of focusing on and blaming others. It's been a long haul, but I see now how I'll never be happy unless I rid myself of all of my mental and emotional scars that I've developed while living my life in the misconstrued manner of my past. The sexual expectations, coercion, and manipulation of others must stop. In all of my "belly-aching" I wasn't able to see that a big part of my problem is my fears of intimacy and rejection and how I have trouble putting words to the kind of physical or emotional closeness I really want. Maybe now, I can develop a healthy sense of self and direction and respect the boundaries of others as well as my own. Then to get over my anxieties of abandonment instead of picking fights, blaming, screaming, and slamming doors to push people away, or threatening to leave if I don't get my way. I'm so thankful for the insight that the program has given me and very glad to know that you all will continue to stand by me and help me grow.

Many blessings!

Kristopher D.

**NEED SOME  
HELP HERE  
GANG...!!!**

Dear Rob,

I want to pass along to you something I am working on and need feedback from the rest of the fellowship. I am trying to develop some kind of a list of tools to strengthen groups. Below is an article I wrote that will go into the Indiana Check-IN and which I am offering to you for the PBR if you choose to run it.

Chris C.

### **SHARING OUR GROUP STRENGTH** by Chris C.

At one of our recent intergroup meetings, we talked about the need to help strengthen new and struggling meetings. I felt particularly challenged by this need since I have lived in different areas where the program was having

difficulty getting off the ground. After praying and reflecting on Twelve Step literature, I realized that if we help groups carry the message more effectively then their collective Higher Powers will strengthen them.

So I started making a list of tools that would help groups pass on recovery. Then I realized that there is a lot more wisdom in the collective experience of the fellowship than I can muster. So I need all of you to help.

I am tentatively calling this collection "101 Tools Groups Can Use To Advance Recovery." So far, I have come up with about 40 tools. Here are a few of the items on my list: study the Traditions in meetings; hold occasional open meetings and invite affected others; create more trusted servant positions as the meeting grows; seek larger quarters as the numbers grow: any group tends to level off around 80% of its room's seating capacity; start new meetings in jails/prisons, HIV/Aids resource centers, hospitals, etc.

Here are a few other comments about "101 Tools Groups Can Use To Advance Recovery" to trigger your thoughts. First, the emphasis here is on GROUPS, not individuals; while we each have the responsibility and opportunity to reach out, it is in and through groups that recovery happens. Second "advancing recovery" can mean many different things. It could focus on spirituality, Step work, the Traditions, running meetings, formation of meetings--and on and on. It could happen within groups, between groups, within the broader fellowship, or through outreach to addicts within the community. It could be activities that would ordinarily fall to an intergroup but that a single group might do if it is the only one in an area. No idea is too small or too large. Third, the point of this collection is action, what groups can DO, not just say or believe.

So please, send me a note on what you have done or have seen that helps advance recovery in our groups. I will compile, edit and offer the list for feedback. In keeping with the Twelfth Tradition, no names will appear in the collection. I ask only a couple of things: If your submission comes from written material, list the source and page number. Also, send me a return address so that I can ask you any questions that may come up.

Send your suggestions to me at: [cknm@netdirect.net](mailto:cknm@netdirect.net); write "101 Tools" in the subject box. Or snail-mail it: 101 Tools/ c/o Indiana Intergroup of SAA/ P.O. Box 20834/ Indianapolis, IN 46220.

**ISO FINANCES - JANUARY 1, '99 - JUNE 30, '99 - "CONTINUING TO SERVE"**

**FINANCIAL SUMMARY**

**- BALANCE SHEET -**

	Month	Month	Over/Under	YTD	YTD	Over/Under
Income	Actual	Budget	Budget	Actual	Budget	Budget
Sales	5,336	3,281	2,055	23,246	20,926	2,320
Donations	5,975	3,470	2,505	27,090	21,738	5,352
COSA Inc-(Taping)	0	0	0	0	100	-100
Interest Earned	0	0	0	266	165	101
Uncategorized Inc.*	0	0	0	28,785	28,462	323
1999 Convention*	0	0	0	0	0	0
<b>Total Income</b>	<b>11,311</b>	<b>6,751</b>	<b>4,560</b>	<b>79,387</b>	<b>71,391</b>	<b>7,996</b>
<b>Cost-Goods Sold</b>	<b>2,553</b>	<b>2,557</b>	<b>-4</b>	<b>14,702</b>	<b>13,235</b>	<b>1,467</b>
<b>Gross Profit</b>	<b>8,758</b>	<b>4,194</b>	<b>4,564</b>	<b>64,685</b>	<b>58,156</b>	<b>6,529</b>
<b>Expense</b>						
Wages	3,294	2,389	905	14,483	14,975	-492
Health Benefit	248	248	0	1,488	1,488	0
Payroll Tax	252	170	82	1,102	1,100	2
Sales Tax/Purch.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Depreciation	0	0	0	0	0	0
Ins- Brd/Comm	0	0	0	488	0	488
Insurance - Office	378	263	115	693	407	286
Travel/Meals&Lodg	0	4,500	-4,500	0	4,500	-4,500
Meeting Expense	0	16	-16	1,506	1,104	402
Postage/Shipping	228	282	-54	1,613	1,771	-158
Phone	285	120	165	1,662	1,768	-106
Utilities	70	75	-5	403	415	-12
Professional Fees	540	24	516	1,680	156	1,524
Office Expense	308	236	72	2,929	2,012	917
Equipment Leases	132	74	58	626	456	170
Rent	375	375	0	2,250	0	2,250
Advertising	89	88	1	124	123	1
Committee Expense	139	127	12	1,163	793	370
Financial Charges	52	0	52	76	0	76
Bad Debts	0	24	-24	21	156	-135
Uncategorized Exp	0	0	0	0	0	0
1999 Convention	100	0	100	18,921	21,031	-2,110
<b>Total Expense</b>	<b>6,491</b>	<b>9,011</b>	<b>-2,520</b>	<b>51,228</b>	<b>54,505</b>	<b>-3,277</b>
<b>Net Income</b>	<b>2,267</b>	<b>-4,817</b>	<b>7,084</b>	<b>13,457</b>	<b>3,651</b>	<b>9,806</b>

The financial summary:

**Highlights:** The 1999 ISO Convention was a success on all fronts, including financially, netting over \$8,900 and enabling the ISO to fully fund its Operational Reserve (although this will not show up until August after the convention checking account is closed and the money can be deposited into savings). On the other hand, the workload at the office has reached the point at which has become necessary to add a part-time employee which will increase our expenses about \$12,000 annually. The new staff will be added by September 1.

Love,  
Jerry B., Office Manager, ISO of SAA

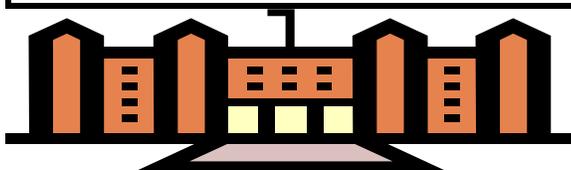
\*\*\*\*\*

\*Editorial Assumption: It appears that these two lines might be exchanged with each other since the 1999 Convention Income should appear someplace. The expense lines reflect Convention expense.

**No Monuments, Empires, Fancy Buildings**

At the right under the balance sheet you'll see a picture of what the ISO of SAA is **NOT!** The funds received from you by way of contributions, PBR donations, or purchases of literature is for one reason and one only: To Reach Out To The Addict Who Still Suffers! You know how it works, from the ground up. One to one support, individually, through our groups, through the intergroups, and through the consolidation of efforts through the SAA Foundation, its ISO Board, the Literature Committee and all other Trusted Servants working together on whatever committees or sub-committees. **Your continued support is appreciated!! Thanks !!**

<b>ASSETS</b>	
Cash In Banks	
ISO Checking	7,320
1999 Convention	4,573
ISO Savings	
Capital Reserves	3,136
Operational Reserves	19,888
Health Reserves	1,488
Total ISO Savings	24,512
<b>Total Cash In Banks</b>	<b>36,405</b>
Accounts Receivable	
Accounts Receivable - Trade	1,063
Accounts Receivable - Others	0
<b>Total Accounts Receivable</b>	<b>1,063</b>
Other Current Assets	
Product Inventory	
SAA Literature	2,280
SAA Medallions	1,721
Non-SAA Literature	237
<b>Total Product Inventory</b>	<b>4,238</b>
<b>Operating Supplies</b>	<b>400</b>
Prepaid Expenses	
Prepaid Postage	245
Prepaid Security	-31
Prepaid Equipment Leases	139
Prepaid Insurance	244
<b>Total Prepaid Expenses</b>	<b>597</b>
Deposits	
Office Security Deposit	375
Data Card Terminal & Printer	300
<b>Total Deposits</b>	<b>675</b>
<b>Undeposited Funds</b>	<b>1,679</b>
<b>Total Other Current Assets</b>	<b>7,590</b>
<b>Total Current Assets</b>	<b>45,058</b>
Fixed Assets	
Furniture & Fixtures	47
Office Equipment	2,335
<b>Total Fixed Assets</b>	<b>2,382</b>
<b>TOTAL ASSETS</b>	<b>47,440</b>
<b>LIABILITIES &amp; EQUITY</b>	
Current Liabilities	
Accounts Payable	
Vendors	0
Health Benefit	1,488
<b>Total Accounts Payable</b>	<b>1,488</b>
Other Current Liabilities	
Sales Tax Payable	94
<b>Total Other Current Liabilities</b>	<b>94</b>
<b>TOTAL LIABILITIES</b>	<b>1,582</b>
<b>EQUITY</b>	
Opening Assets	34,066
Opening Liabilities	1,665
Opening Equity	32,401
<b>Current Equity</b>	<b>45,858</b>
<b>NET INCOME</b>	<b>13,457</b>
<b>TOTAL LIABILITIES &amp; EQUITY</b>	<b>47,440</b>



I attended my first SAA Convention in 1991 at Grand Rapids, MI. I was in the program about 9 months. I remember being so afraid of being recognized as a Sex Addict by people I had never met before. I also remember attending a workshop entitled "Healing the Family". This workshop enabled me to admit to and address an incest issue that had occurred in my youth. I was able to bury a family ghost that I had been unable to deal with for thirty years. A miracle. I also met Jeannie O., and heard her story. This was so very important to me, as I had been a life-long woman-hater, and didn't like feeling that way. Her story helped me relate to the female perspective, and I was able to start stopping my woman hating at that time. I still remember that convention with great affection.

I missed the great conventions of Tucson and Louisville, due to finances. I will always regret not having seen the passing of the hat that paid our fellowship's debt to the hotel in Louisville. I can only marvel from this distance of time at that miracle. Phoenix was my second convention, and was the beginning of a string that has continued through the present, at Los Angeles. At Phoenix, the most memorable event for me was taking part in the delegate convention as a delegate for my home group. That was the convention that set the standard of carrying literature for sale that is not produced by SAA in our fellowship office, to better serve the still suffering sex addict. The second most memorable event was the award of the 1995 convention to Ann Arbor, Mi.

I was not involved in the bid for the Ann Arbor convention, and had no real idea of doing any work on the convention, other than as a possible presenter; so, of course I got involved as the program chairman, a job I really had to grow into. We who worked on the 1995 Convention are still gratified by the comments of participants who come up and affirm their own very warm memories of Ann Arbor. I consider it the high-water mark of my own service to SAA. I was also selected to serve on the ISO Board as an at-large trustee, an honor (and a HEADACHE) I had for three interesting, and productive, years.

Minneapolis was the next stop, and I met Pat C. for the first time, and had an opportunity to thank Jeannie O. for her talk and workshop at the 1991 convention. At the delegate convention, I also was paid the most endearing personal compliment, from a certain special Lady, which I have ever received. As I was holding up a "7" for the purpose of Delphi prioritization of agenda items, She walked by and said "No Mark, you're a 10". I have never been able to receive

# EVERY CONVENTION IS AN ADVENTURE

Mark N.

compliments from women very well (I am getting better at it) and I was speechless at the time, thought I was triggered, etc. No! In truth' I was smitten by what She said to me. I left Minneapolis walking on air, and have always remembered that compliment as one of my great moments. I can see now that at that time, my stunted self-image was still starving for honest affection and appreciation. How I love (and treasure) what she said to me.

Houston was next on the path, and I recall a very fine time indeed, for while there was some small unpleasantness at the delegate convention (I felt picked on, crying towel please), our fellowship did very well financially, and I got to visit our service office, and even pack some literature for the convention bookstore. MI in all, an excellent convention.

Hampton Beach reminded me in one way of the Ann Arbor convention: The layout of the hotel was very similar, and the feel of the place was very laid-back and comforting. I was again par-boiled at the delegate convention (My crying towel, again, if you please) but as I went off the board immediately following adjournment, I felt alright about it. The outstanding thing I remember about the conference was the tour of Hampton Harbor we took. Seeing Hampton College, seeing the site of the civil war battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac, seeing where Blackbeard the Pirate's head was displayed after his death, and seeing Norfolk Naval Yard, including the USS Enterprise; Whew! What a tour!

I lived in LA in 1979. I lived in Pomona, in Santa Ana, and in Anaheim. I worked in La Mirada. When I attended our convention this year, I was able to lay several personal ghosts to rest, for in 1979, I was still an acting out sex addict, who, while he wasn't always drunk, was never entirely sober either. I also visited several Marine bases I was stationed at in the "long ago". I stayed with a dear friend who very generously granted me a room in Her home for a

week, while I made like a tourist. The convention itself was very upbeat, and the workshops I attended were very beneficial. I also was able to conduct some personal business, and I have high hopes for that endeavor. I left the convention on Sunday, said goodbye to my friend, and started the long drive back to Grand Rapids.

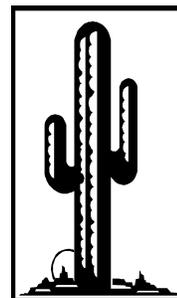
I got into Utah that night, slept over in some small town, and took off again the next morning. At approximately the same time as our convention was breaking up in LA, my truck was breaking down in Utah, just about 10 miles south of Provo, in a charming community called Spanish Fork. As this was Monday, I was indeed fortunate that the local constabulary happened to be running a speed trap just where my transmission gave up the ghost. I was helped out by the Police, who called a wrecker, which dropped my truck off at the local dealership, and dropped me off at a motel. I counted my lucky stars that my good old Dodge, which had carried me from Phoenix to Ann Arbor to Minneapolis to Houston to Hampton Beach to LA (Again; Whew! What a tour!) had the good grace not to die in the desert. I finished my trip home with a good new Chevrolet.

However, while I was vegetating in my motel room, waiting for the verdict on my old vehicle, the thoughts that crossed my mind weren't healthy ones. I considered briefly the possibilities of connecting with a potential sex partner. I even had a fleeting thought of drinking. The action that I took: I called one of my Sponsors. I always get Good Orderly Direction from my Sponsors. He gave me a list of options regarding transportation home. He gave me a friendly voice to listen to. Most importantly, talking with Bill G. got me out of my own head, so I didn't have to settle in Spanish Fork after all. A nice town, really, and I hope to visit it again someday, but it has nothing on LA or GR.

The twelve-step programs give us the tools we need to get through stress-times. If I can remember to work my program, I am always gratified, for the program has never failed me. It's up to me to remember to work it.

**I hope to see you in Tucson!**

+++++



Editor, PBR,

Paul V here, in McKinney TX. Hey, my DW is very interested in providing a column for the PBR from the CoSA point of view. Would you have any interest? Do you think that it's appropriate? I believe that it would give a new perspective to some of the people in the fellowship, as to the intertwining of the problems of a sex addict/co-sex addict relationship. There is certainly some confusion among the SAs that I am acquainted with about how much of their spouse's pain they need to own. I am in NO WAY abrogating my responsibility in the deterioration of my marriage while I was acting out, but there is a healthy body of knowledge about co-addiction, and it has been instrumental in my personal recovery to have a mate who is responsible for her own recovery, and knowledgeable about the dynamics of co-addiction and co-dependency. It seems to me that this kind of perspective may be very helpful in assisting some SAs as they try and lift their eyes from shame to grace. My wife and I have also considered submitting a kind of He Said/She Said column, to illustrate the dynamics which I have mentioned. Let me know what you think.

Peace, Paul V  
+++++

Here ya go! I hope my first contribution to the Plain Brown Rapper meets with your approval.

Thanks for the opportunity to contribute. I'm a long-time member of other 12 Step programs, and one thing I really miss in COSA is the fellowship enjoyed in older groups like AA and Al-Anon. I understand the somewhat different dynamics, of course. But I know that for myself, and having heard the same sentiments echoed in the email list groups I administrate, understanding each other is an invaluable part of the recovery process. And I hope, too, that the partners of your readers maybe gain a different perspective on the interrelationships between the Co and the SA. In my humble opinion, mutual recovery is definitely the way to go!

L'illette V

I am a co-sex addict. Sometimes I can even say I'm a *grateful* recovering Co-SA. That's been a long time coming! It was easier when I was "just" an alcoholic and drug addict. Easier, too, to deal with overeating, overspending, family of origin issues, rape and physical

WHO WE ARE  
TOGETHER  
Significant others  
in our lives

abuse... well, you get the picture!

I am grateful for the opportunity to join you as a voice of the co-addict. I speak from my own experience and not for co's as a whole. However, I find that I am not so unique as I once thought! I offer you my own experience, strength, and hope. Nothing more...

My father was a sex addict. My husband is, too. No surprise that I'd be drawn to relationships offering growth opportunities in that area. Thank God that I had benefit of several years of 12 Step recovery *before* I tackled this disease. "Co" recovery is not so clear a path. It's not about just stopping codependent behaviors like snooping, controlling, mothering, quietly accepting the unacceptable, judging. A lot of "don'ts".. and all of them either necessary components of my survival arsenal, or the legacy of my family of origin. To successfully work my program, I have to bring to light every aspect of who I am and how I move through this world - to explore, try on for size, and then eliminate those parts of myself that no longer protect me, but instead cause immeasurable pain and grief. Destroy those parts of myself that perhaps even define who I am.

Scary stuff! Definitely not something I can do alone. Hello, God! Hello, 12 Steps! Hello, RECOVERY!

In the beginning of this recovery process - March 1998 - I blamed my husband for garbage he brought into our marriage, for hurting me, for being irresponsible and uncaring, for causing the problems we faced. But I had too long been involved in 12 Step recovery to really believe it was all about him. Still, I was angry with myself for entering this relationship knowing what was involved. I was ashamed that I had no better grasp on my own recovery than to fall into destructive rages and emotional withdrawals. I was embarrassed and appalled at my own lack of control. I truly did not believe I would ever be able to deal with all this, or that our marriage had any chance of surviving.

The good news is that I finally quit blaming, started focusing on my own recovery. And things *are* better now. Ours is a dance - we SAs and Co-SAs have the steps down so well that to

change them is to risk a death of sorts. But the dance *must* change if we are to save our marriages, save our selves. Are we so very different from one another, the SA and the Co? We dance the same steps, to the same music of addiction. We are partners in the disease. Addiction is not a solo activity. Families are involved. Recovery cannot be a solo activity. My husband is a part of my life, and part of my recovery. I want to understand him. And I want him to understand me.

God bless you and your loved ones. May they also "come to believe"... and to understand...

L'illette V.

+++++

WE GET A LITTLE  
FLAK SOMETIMES...

There's nothing like a little "feedback" from the readership to awaken us from the doldrums of somnambulism. And we need the stimulation.

What happens is: We print something in the PBR which activates the mental acuties of our readers. That's the "good" part. That's the intention; from the mind comes subsequent action, or inaction, as the case may be. Hopefully that's advantageous to Fellowship recovery, in whatever fashion. And sometimes we get "attaboys" for printing it.

The "flip-side" is when there's not consensus on the value of portions of a given article, or when there's differences of opinion as to whether or not our PBR material is consistent with SAA Steps and Traditions. Sometimes the feed-back is gentle and uplifting, sometimes a bit more "vigorous".

We appreciate ALL of it; gives us an appreciation for generally acceptable standards we apply to the PBR.

Keep it up.

HOWEVER... If you have interest enough to read and respond, perhaps you'll have interest enough to send us **YOUR** Experience, Strength, and Hope so we can share it with other readers. It will also give you an opportunity to measure your own recovery by looking at others, if that's important to you. We make our own way but when "we take what we can use, and leave the rest", we really do use the ESH of others as a tool of measurement for ourselves.

It might even help us learn more about the principles we espouse as those used for our recovery. How do we look at the Steps? And work them? What do the Traditions mean to us, as individuals? We may even have some issues where total agreement gives way to "consensus". That means we might think, even act differently, but be respectful of others who see it THEIR way.

And WE DO NEED SOME STEP AND TRADITION ARTICLES!! NOW!! [Ed.]

## "CHRONICLE OF A DRIVE IN THE COUNTRY..."

Dennis H.

Dear Sir:

I am a sex addict beginning my fifth year of recovery with no bottom line violations. Critical to my recovery has been SAA group meetings in Dadeville, AL.

My years of acting out culminated in a prison sentence during which time I was introduced to group meetings. I learned three important lessons: 1) That my addictive illness was terminal, that is, it could not be cured, 2) That it could be successfully controlled, and 3) That I could not control it alone. That was the beginning this wonderful second half of my life.

One day following a meeting, I reflected on those difficult years of trying to deal with my addiction alone and I remembered the arguments I had with my addict, although I didn't know what it was back then. I recorded this typical dialogue in hopes it might help others understand the power of the addictive dysfunction that enslaved me. The dialogue has never been published and I offer it to the PBR if you think it might be useful to your readers. The event took place in a foreign country where I lived at the time. Women often worked alone in the fields and pastures. I call the story:

CHRONICLE OF A DRIVE IN THE COUNTRY  
A=addict D=me

A: Hello there! It's me again!  
D: What are you doing here?  
A: Aren't you glad to see me?  
D: Not really.  
A: You were the last time. We had lot's of fun.  
D: It ended wrong.  
A: You enjoyed me. I could tell.  
D: I decided not to invite you back.  
A: You really didn't mean it.  
D: Oh yes I did! I decided never to invite you into my house again.  
A: You've said that before, but you always open the door when I knock.  
D: I've turned you away many times.  
A: But less than the times you invited me in.

D: This time it's different.  
A: So were the others. Don't you feel just a little yearning to be with me?  
A: Of course I do but I always end up hurting.  
A: It's a small price to pay for all the pleasure I give you.  
D: It hurts.  
A: But not as bad as the good it feels.  
D: I'm not so sure.  
A: Let's try it again. You'll see.  
D: I prefer to be with my wife.  
A: You can have the best of both worlds.  
D: I loose my desire for her.  
A: Only for a little while. You're oversexed with enough to go around.  
D: You think so?  
A: I know so. Come on. Let me in.  
D: No!  
A: Just let me in this time then I'll go away for good.  
D: You mean that?  
A: Sure. Just one more time and I'll never bother you again.

D: You promise?  
A: Sure. Cross my heart and hope to die.  
D: I'd like to believe you.  
A: Are you going to open the door or not?  
D: Only if you promise to leave before things get out of control.  
A: We'll just play some innocent games. I promise. Cross my heart .  
D: You said that already.  
A: Thanks. It was chilly and lonely out there. I feel so warm and secure when we're together.  
D: I do, too.  
A: You're feeling better already.  
D: Yes, but let's keep things under control.  
A: You're good at that.  
D: Don't be facetious!  
A: Nothing really bad has ever happened.  
D: I usually lose control.  
A: You won't this time.  
D: How can I be sure?  
A: We'll test your resolve.  
D: How?  
A: Let's take a little drive in the country. You've been working too hard lately and you need to relax.  
D: I don't have time.  
A: You can make it up later.  
D: Okay. Just a short drive. Thirty minutes.  
A: That's fine. Thirty minutes should do the trick.  
D: What did you say?  
A: Oh, ah , I said thirty minutes will be enough time for you to prove yourself.  
D: Oh.  
A: Let's take that road we enjoyed so much before.  
D: And test my will power.  
A: Yes. If she is there this time, we are in business.  
D: She never really looked my way.  
A: But we pretended she did.  
D: She won't be there today.  
A: Sure she will. This is the same time of day we came last time.  
D: I hadn't noticed.  
A: I had. That's why I came when I did today.  
D: Okay. This will be my test.  
A: And a good one. You'll see.  
D: Here's the stretch of dirt road where we turn.  
A: And there ahead is the pasture.  
D: I don't see the cows.  
A: Strange. I don't either.  
D: I'm going home.  
A: Just keep on driving.  
D: I ought to go home.  
A: That was no test. You really need to prove yourself this time.  
D: I guess you're right. We'll drive for fifteen more minutes.  
A: Fair enough.  
D: If no one is out there, I'm going straight home.  
A: You got a deal.  
D: I'm feeling relaxed.  
A: I told you that you needed some fresh air.  
D: Time's up. I'm going home.  
A: Just ten more minutes. Turn up that new road to the right.

D: Then we're going home.  
A: I wonder where this road leads.  
D: Time's up. I'm going home.  
A: Let's continue just around that next curve.  
D: That curve and no more.  
A: Now, just over that next hill.  
D: That hill and no more.  
A: Look out there! She's all by herself and quite attractive.  
D: She's too far away to tell.  
A: She's a woman.  
D: How well I know.  
A: You're feeling good aren't you? Let's stop and stretch in the shade of that tree.  
D: Can she still see me from where she is?  
A: You're really anticipating this. I can tell.  
D: Let's walk over to the edge of the shade.  
A: She's looking this way.  
D: How well I know.  
A: She's interested in what you're doing.  
D: I'm just relieving myself.  
A: How well I know.  
D: She's looking at me.  
A: She doesn't think you see her. Don't make it too obvious or she might turn away.  
D: I'll be careful.  
A: Isn't this fun.  
D: Better than ever.  
A: I said you would enjoy it.  
D: And you were right.  
A: Just look at her. She's a woman and is probably enjoying it, too.  
D: Wow! Yes! It feels so good!  
A: We can do this as often as we like.  
D: Don't talk. Just let her look at me.  
A: I am. It's so much fun.  
D: Dammit! I failed my test.  
A: Don't feel bad. No harm done.  
D: I lost control.  
A: Yes, but you're doing better.  
D: I'll never do it again.  
A: Most certainly not.  
D: I feel so badly. That poor woman. She was probably frightened.  
A: No harm done. Think of all that pleasure.  
D: There is no pleasure now.  
A: You're just taking things too seriously.  
D: I just know I ache. I've got to get home.  
A: Don't drive so fast! You scare me.  
D: I shouldn't be here.  
A: But you took some pressure off.  
D: I feel worse than before.  
A: You'll get over it.  
D: Get out!  
A: You don't mean it.  
D: Get out! I'll never let you in again.  
A: Okay, but just remember that whenever you feel sad or lonely or stressed out, I'll be near.  
D: Get out! You deceived me. We're through forever.  
A: Okay, but remember, I'm your closest friend.  
D: Get out! Now!  
A: I'm gone.  
D: I failed my test, but I know I can do better. I'll never do it again. God, please help me!  
A: [A few weeks later] Hello there. It's me again.

Sincerely,

Dennis H.

P. S. Enclosed is \$15 to help defray the publication costs of the PBR.



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**CONVENTION WORKSHOPS**

Steps 1-12, An overview	
Myel J.	088
Step 1: Are you a REAL Sex addict	
Deborah F.	089

Step 2: Coping with Withdrawl	
Myel J.	090

Step 2: Meditation Meeting	
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