
Plain Brown Rapper



The purpose of the Plain Brown Rapper is to be a voice of the SAA Membership, published by and for those recovering from compulsive sexual behaviors. We strive to be informative, sensitive, and responsive in expressing the experiences, strengths and hope of recovering sex addicts. Unless otherwise noted, the content of the PBR reflects the opinions of the writers and editors and not necessarily of the National Service Organization, the Literature Committee, or Sex Addicts Anonymous as a whole. Contents © S.A.A. N.S.O.

Faulty Braking System

It was like a switch went off in my head. Suddenly, I had tunnel vision. All I could think about was acting out. Nothing else entered my mind, no thoughts of consequences, no thoughts of risks. Finding a woman to sexually assault was the only option in my brain. Some great mental wall kept out all sane thoughts; perversity remained. I started cruising in my car, hunting the right victim. Not just any woman would do; she had to be pretty. Eventually I found her. The great pit in my stomach swelled larger. Then I did it. I forcibly touched her where no stranger had

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LETTERS

March 14, 1993

Dear Plain Brown Rapper:
I loved your latest issue so much that it was hard to pass on my copy as I usually do. I especially needed to read the conclusion of Nadine's Sixth Step. I too need to feel God's love in terms of grace rather than as a reward for constant denigrations. I also feel that the new size is more manageable.

As Michigan Intergroup Representative for the Ann Arbor Friday night Womens' Sanctuary Group, I wrote a Christmas card and brief note to the Grand Rapids Women's Group for support and networking. The results were very gratifying. They recently responded and I have sent them information about our group. I am hoping that we can keep in written contact.

Along the same lines, I

would like to contact the new For Women Only group listed in Rap-Around. Can you please send me a contact address for them? Starting this coorespondance has been a boost for my program and I'm wondering if you could help me further by putting a notice in one of the issues. It might read something like the following:

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PBR Editorial Staff

Dave M.
Fred J.
Lisa G.
Zoe

Submit articles before the 15th for consideration in the following issue.
Send to: PBR, P.O.Box 3038
Mpls. MN 55403

Articles from or about those of us who have been imprisoned on account of our sexual addiction, with the understanding that...

We're All Doing Time



Home Steel Home

My home is a big headache
A place of steel and stone,
An iron cell, a place in hell,
That no man wants to own.

My home in hell is one small cell,
Where lights glow night and day.
Although I rage and pace my cage,
I still must stay and pay.

But don't be sad, it's not so bad
Cause I hide it deep within,
No trace outside, it's deep inside,
What my trip through hell has been.

John G. • Liberty County Jail, Texas

Part II of **Beyond My Wildest Dreams**

by John A

...I had no religious convictions. In fact, I had rather abandoned the idea that God even cared. How could He? As I grew older, the schemes I used to set up sex with other children grew more and more complex and conniving in their nature. It was also at this time that a boy my own age assisted me in experiencing my first orgasm and I truly began to lose control over my sexual desires; I was 13.

Once I lost my virginity, I became destined to find ways to relive the excitement of that first time as much and as often as possible. Drawn to it as if compelled by some outside force, I withdrew deeper and deeper into a fantasy world of masturbation, which was always followed by tremendous guilt and shame. Even though I felt defective and evil, I continued to pursue my sexual fantasies.

As time passed and the obsession to find sex became stronger, I feared ridicule and humiliation should my secret be found out. By growing up knowing that I was probably homosexual, I felt that there was no one to whom I could turn for support. I was becoming something society abhorred. I didn't want to be this way, but the attraction toward other males was something I couldn't control. It became a fact of life for me.

I began taking risks with people I didn't know and began orchestrating more and more sexual events. I started hitchhiking on a stretch of interstate highway near my home because I knew that "people do things to young boys" in those circumstances. The danger was only an added element of excitement and made the experi-

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ence somewhat unreal. I would later equate the experience to that of taking a narcotic. It provided a rush — and for the moment, took away my pain.

I pursued jobs in businesses where known sexual encounters had taken place, hoping that I too, would find such an encounter. The obsession for sex and nurturing by anyone overwhelmed my sense of practicality and safety.

I felt so alone. There was no one in the world I could talk to about what I was feeling. There was no one who could understand my feelings of guilt and worthlessness. There was certainly no one to whom I could tell the truth about my homosexuality. I felt like the scum of the earth—worthless and disgusting. I

withdrew deeper inside of myself. Thoughts of suicide emerged more frequently and I would soon make attempts on my own life.

Throughout high school, alcohol and drugs played a prominent role in my existence. They

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too, like the sexual fantasies and masturbation, helped to mask what I was truly feeling. I honed my survival instincts and began watching the behaviors of people around me. I

learned to become all that you wanted me to be and I could forget, if for only a little while, the hurt I was feeling inside. I had to—no one could possibly like me for the person I was. I had to survive—and survive I did, the best way I could. I became wiser to the ways of

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