
Plain Brown Rapper

THE SAA NEWSLETTER



The purpose of the Plain Brown Rapper is to be a voice of the SAA Membership, published by and for those recovering from addictive 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 ©

DICTIONARY DEFINITIONS

Recovery: Means of restoration: cure, remedy; the act of regaining or returning to a normal or usual state; a period of upturn following a depression. **Recover:** To get or win back; to bring oneself back to normal balance or self-possession; rescue, deliver; make up for; to gain by motion or effort; restore, cure, heal; to find again; to save from loss and restore to usefulness—reclaim; to bring to light after neglect; to regain a normal state as in vigor, self-control, consciousness; to make one's way back—return.

Fred J. • Mpls.

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Recovery in Carolina

The night my father killed himself, I ended up in my parents' bed comforting my hysterical mother. In a house full of mourning, confused, embarrassed adults no one was comforting me, a six year old boy; instead I was in bed with my mother holding a wet cloth to her feverish head. Only now, at forty-nine years old am I beginning to unravel the deeply buried lessons I learned that night.

For example, I learned not to cry when something hurts. And then I learned that someone I love and trust can leave me alone with no warning, never to return. (Simultaneously, I think I chose to believe that Dad would someday come back home to me, and I have spent the last 42 years waiting for that day.) Next, I subconsciously decided that if I ever abandoned, disagreed

with, or got angry with my mother, she would die and it would be my fault. My one obligation in life was to take care of her; everything else came second. Without specifically saying it, she reinforced those beliefs throughout my youth.

As a young boy and a pubescent teenager, I imagined that some idyllic, angelic, erotic woman would save me from the abandonment and despair in which I found myself. She would come to me and return the "golden ball" of hope, love, confidence and self-respect that I had lost. I saw her everywhere, in the beautiful mothers of my friends and in the high school queens. These rescuers would have to find me; I would never approach them.

In 1968 I wrote in my diary, "I do not want to do any-

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A Sufi Fable : PerRection

One afternoon, according to an old Sufi tale, Nasruddin and his friend were sitting in a cafe, drinking tea and talking about life and love.

"How come you never got married, Nasruddin?" asked his friend.

"Well," said Nasruddin, "to tell the truth, I spent my youth looking for the perfect woman. In Cairo, I met a beautiful, intelligent woman with penetrating eyes like dark walnuts, but she was unkind and self-important. In Baghdad, I met a woman who was a wonderful

and generous soul, but we had nothing in common. I searched and searched. One woman after another would seem just right, but I would always find something missing. Then one day I met her. She was beautiful, intelligent, generous and kind. We had everything in common — in fact she was perfect."

"Well," asked Nasruddin's friend, "what happened? Why didn't you marry her?"

Nasruddin sipped his tea reflectively, "Well," he replied, "it's a sad thing. Seems she was looking for the perfect man."

Fred J. • Mpls.

PBR Editorial Staff

Dave M.
Fred J.
Lisa G.
Zoe P.

Now 'hats Enuf

There were a lot of sex addicts laughing the night of the recent Twin Cities Inter-group fundraiser when a bevy of female sex addicts posed as members of Hat Addicts Anonymous (H.A.A.) and conducted a typical meeting. It was a group fairly new to hat addiction recovery as evidenced by the fact that most of the women were wearing more than one outlandish hat.

The woman with the most hat addiction recovery was little Janice who was wearing a very demure little horned hat. When one of the newer members asked Janice about her experience in recovery, Janice confessed she still had a stash of hats she'd been unable to part with, though she no longer wore them—a hat stash she proceeded to show us. There was the visor for those times when she

couldn't resist going topless, and the ski mask for the times when she was overcome with shame from her addictive hatting out. With a fond but rueful smile she pulled out the tiny sun bonnet that her mother had graced her baby head with so many years ago; the one that had started all the hatting out.

There was talk about obsessive shopping for hats and about the desire to just put a hat on once and then throw it away. There was talk of time spent obsessing about one hat while wearing another one and having fantasies about hats with bigger brims and softer feathers. The meeting was closed with the hat press where all the group members stood in a small circle and bent their heads forward till they all met in the center.

Lisa G. • St. Paul

Don't Act Out ... Reach Out

Public Service Announcements

The Eleventh Tradition of S.A.A. states: *Our public relations policy is based on attraction rather than promotion; we need always maintain personal anonymity at the level of press, radio and films.* To help those suffering from sexual addiction it is vital that first, they know that a 12-Step program for recovery from sexual addiction exists, and second, how to find a meeting nearby.

The Public Outreach Committee of Twin Cities Intergroup has produced an introductory letter and a series of public service announcements for radio. Please feel free to use the letter and PSAs that follow. Here are a few suggestions about dealing with "the media" and insuring that those PSAs do get on the air.

1. Your local yellow pages has a listing of all the radio stations that broadcast in your area. Call each one and ask for the name of the Public Service Director.

2. Call and talk directly to the PSA Director whenever possible. That personal contact can make the difference as to whether your PSA gets aired or not.

3. Promptly follow your call with a mailing of the material. The packet should look as professional as possible — letterhead or stationary is great. Short of that, make sure the material is typed neatly with no spelling or grammar errors. (Media folks have notoriously short memories and can be sticklers for accuracy.)

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thing respectable; I want to do something timeless, primordial; to stand naked, lost amid gray oaks and touch the breast of an angel." As much as I hiked in the woods, I never found her, but I did find her in pornography. There she could only make me feel good; she could never hurt me.

Then, in 1978, I married a woman whom I loved (as much as I knew of love.) I thought she would never hurt me. For several years, the insanity of my secret life with pornography was not clear to me. Then, it started looking pretty crazy, driving 60 mph on an interstate with a pornographic magazine propped on the steering wheel, hiding the x-rated videos in the attic, sneaking off to the topless bars.

By 1986 or 87, I was trying hard to quit pornography—alone. I would go to a gothic cathedral and pray—alone, I would pray that God would let me love my wife with a pure

heart. I was sure of two things: that absolutely no one on earth would understand my problem if I tried to tell them, and that this was my only problem. Wrong on both accounts, right? On a deeper level, though I didn't know it, I was still that six year old boy soothing his mother's frantic brow, and that six year old boy sitting on the door step hoping beyond hope that some day Dad would come home.

... "..an angel.."...I never found her, but I did find her in pornography. There she could only make me feel good; she could never hurt me.

When my wife and I adopted a baby boy, I vowed to myself that I would not let him grow up with a Dad addicted to

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pornography. Addicted? I had seen a book on a shelf that suggested this could be an addiction and that there was help. It took me a year to find S.A.A. and go to a first meeting. I left that meeting more at peace with myself than I could ever remember. I told my wife so; a month later she left me for another man. The agony of this abandonment has been almost unbearable.

A year and a half later, I am still not free of pornography, but its power seems to be less and less. Only a week ago I spent three hours with x-rated videos, the day after a wrenching session with a therapist in which I desperately tried to make him become the father I never had. At other similar times I have sought the help of the strong bonds I have made with other men in S.A.A.

What have I learned? I have learned that the key to getting my "golden ball" back is under my mother's pillow, and that I

must steal it from her and never return. I have learned that the spirit of God is within me and not in that gothic cathedral. I have learned that the love of a woman will not solve all my problems; it will not get me out of debt, it will not make me happy with my work, and it will not make me a good father.

*I have learned that
the love of a woman
will not solve all my
problems*

I visit my father's grave and tearfully tell him that I will be the father he wanted to be that I will do it for both of us, and that my son will have the chance to grow up being the son we all wanted to be.

Bill P. • North Carolina

Part III of
Beyond My Wildest Dreams

by John A.

... On September 5, 1985, I had an awakening. I couldn't go on this way. I knew that help was out there, but didn't know where to go for it. Even if I found it, would I have the courage to ask for it? I must. There was nothing left inside. When I looked into a mirror, the reflection revealed only a ghost of a person who once lived. I took a long, deep look into the eyes of that stranger

*There was nothing
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lived.*

.....
looking back. No one else was in the room; I had to be looking

at me. I dropped to my knees. I was horrified and in shock. I had surrendered to my truth. "Help me!" I cried. "Show me the way to stop this insanity!" I believed I was losing my mind.

I remember that a calmness came over me. Inside my tearful, ringing head I heard the words "You don't have to live like this anymore. Pick up the phone and ask for help." I picked up the phone and called a hot-line number. It became very apparent that drugs and alcohol were killing me and that I needed help. Sex, on the other hand, was still not the issue. Sure I was out of control, but sex I thought, was my only remaining source of comfort. I couldn't give it up...not yet.

It would not be until two years later in trying to maintain

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some semblance of sobriety from alcohol and drugs, that I would finally see the ruinous nature of my sexual relations. It didn't make sense to me that in living my life without drugs and alcohol, I should still be so miserable. What could be the problem? My life had gotten considerably better, hadn't it? Yet there was still an emptiness inside and I didn't know why.

Suddenly my excursions to the bathhouses and the adult bookstores became daily occurrences. The number of sexual partners I indulged increased dramatically. I began to blame myself for the uncontrollable desires and I sought to hurt myself as a result. I was torn between the comfort I once knew from past encounters and the destructive nature of my present condition. I was stuck in a tornado of emotions and saw no means of escape. This is what I deserved, I thought. It would be my way of punishing

myself for becoming the person I had become.

I began responding to and placing personal ads in sado-masochistic publications. I frequented leather bars and sex parties where bondage and discipline were the activity du jour. I became a vessel for which anyone—young, old, fat, thin, ugly or attractive, could use me as a personal sex slave. I allowed myself to be bound, gagged, beaten, and urinated upon. I was physically forced to accommodate my partners in ways that I often resulted in my leaving the scene swollen and bloodied. I allowed myself to be humiliated beyond any limits I had ever known. The worse my behavior got, the worse it became. I was on a downward spiral the likes of which I had never known. Even with the threat of HIV and A.I.D.S., I couldn't seem to stop. What would it take?! How far down the scale would

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I have to go?

I believed that whatever was wrong with me, be it my behavior with sex, my uses and abuse of alcohol and drugs and my failed relationships with friends, lovers and family, was all my fault. I wouldn't drink or take drugs, I vowed, but I wasn't ready to give up the sex. It was all I had! It became my justified way of dealing with the pain of life on life's terms.

Having no where else to turn, I began to pray. I knew that through the twelve-step model I had been released from the devastation of addiction to drugs, alcohol and nicotine. If that were possible, then wouldn't it also be possible to have my compulsion for abusive sex lifted from me as well? I asked my God to grant me the willingness to at least look at the possibility.

I became involved as a patient through a local out-patient facility and inquired as to whether there was someone I

could talk to about my powerlessness over sex. I was referred to a clinical psychologist who immediately recommended that I attend some meetings of Sex Addicts Anonymous. After some trepidation, I agreed. I was full of fear at the prospect, but knew that if I did not, I would soon be dead.

Sex had been my ally and close friend for many years. It was there to comfort me when I was sad and there to discipline me when I was bad. What I would learn, however, was that I was never "bad." Instead I came to believe through the twelve steps of Sex Addicts Anonymous that good and bad have nothing to do with who I was. I was a sick and suffering sex addict; that was all. It was not my fault—any more than a diabetic is at fault for his or her disease.

Staying sexually sober has not always been easy for me. In fact, I acted out again shortly after attending my first meeting of SAA. The very

thought of living without the kind of fix I received from sex scared me to death. I immediately turned to what I knew would take away my fear, more sex. I got angry. I had worked so hard at my recovery from alcoholism and drug addiction. Why would I have to face this problem too? Why did it have to be so difficult?! I withdrew from the meetings and began rationalizing my thoughts and actions about sex. In a short time, I was deeply enmeshed in the behavior that would ultimately destroy me if I didn't stop. I couldn't continue like this for very long. I had learned too much. It would never be the same.

When I did return to the meetings, I was welcomed with open arms. No one judged me or put me down because I hadn't been able to maintain sexual sobriety. Instead, the men and women of SAA provided me with a safe haven in which to share my difficulties and to offer me hope. They were pa-

tient with me and they told me that abstinence was not a prerequisite for membership. They

When I did return to the meetings, I was welcomed with open arms. No one judged me or put me down because I hadn't been able to maintain sexual sobriety.

explained how I might find some help if I took it a little easier and learned to be gentle with myself—the way I had been with others trying to stay sober. It was time for me to listen to the words I had so often heard and even spoken at times to others.

BEYOND MY WILDEST DREAMS

Conclusion Next Month

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



"Press Your Bunk!"

Have you heard that saying before? You have if you've ever been incarcerated in the Michigan Department of Corrections System. I am presently serving a 3-15 year sentence for criminal sexual conduct third degree. Do I deserve to be here? Yes, I sexually abused a thirteen year old girl.

There are many reasons in my life for that action, but no justifications. Pornography—I loved it all including movies and magazines. The VCR was a boon to my addiction as I could view triple X movies in

the comfort of my home. Women were sex objects, not human beings. They were toys to be used and then discarded. My wonderful wife was someone to be lied to and deceived. Sex to me was love. No sex, no love.

Do the words *tree topper* mean anything to you? This is what you are labeled if you are a sex offender. What is it like in here? I have a bunk, a desk, a locker and am allowed to shop at the store once a week. If you are a sex offender you cannot work outside, in the laundry,

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DOING TIME from page 12

bakery, hospital or outdoor maintenance. You can work only in the mess hall. Pay is real good—from 17 to 37 cents an hour. Due to my medical condition of having congestive heart failure quadruple by-pass, and being a diabetic, I am classified 00, which means no work.

I attend therapy once a week for an hour and a half. I attend A.C.O.A. for two and a half hours a week. I was a member of S.A.A. before being sentenced and I still work my program. I have a strong supportive group in Grand Rapids. I also have Arnold D. If I'd known of S.A.A. a month before I offended I might not be here now.

I beg all of you, my brothers and sisters in S.A.A., to work your program. If there is anything I can do to keep just one of you from walking this walk, I will feel God has given me a gift. The way the public views

sex offenders is no different than how fellow prisoners treat you. Prison is no picnic—I am in a place that houses 1600 prisoners. Eighty percent of us are sex offenders, one percent of us admit to it. There's no healing program in that.

*If I'd known of
S.A.A. a month be-
fore I offended, I
might not be here
now.*

I am one of the fortunate, as I receive therapy, but so many do not. I have twelve step programs to attend and many do not — not enough room. I have the most wonderful fellowship in the world supporting me—S.A.A., many do not. My dear brothers and sisters in S.A.A. I close for now. I will write again. Bear with me. I send all of you best wishes for your recovery.

Lawrence D. • Jackson, MI

To My Mother

*As cold and hard as a rock
out of Lake Superior*

*A cold voice, screeches,
to silence unheard cries*

*A cold heart buries
hoped for dreams*

*A cold soul hates with
thin, tight lips*

And silence reigns

*And no one hears a
little boy die.*

Charlie R.

.....

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4. Follow your mailing with another call to the PSA Director. Ask if the material was adequate, if you can provide them with more or if you can help answer any questions they may have.

5. Ask outright when you might expect to hear the PSAs

aired. They may not be able to tell you specifically, but their answer may indicate to you whether they intend to air them at all.

6. Finally—bug them periodically. Call back every one or two weeks and find out if the announcements have been airing. If they have, great! If not, this is a good time to find out why and an opportunity for you to help the PSA Director overcome any objections.

You may and likely will encounter some resistance to airing our PSAs. It could simply be laziness, or it could be a personal discomfort with the idea of a 12 step program for sex addicts. Our hope is that through patience and persistence our message will get out to the still-suffering sex addict. You really can help people and perform valuable 12th step service work by getting these messages on the air.

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Sample letter from
Twin Cities Public Outreach Committee

Dear *Name of PSA Director*
Station Call Letters
Address

A member of our Public Outreach Committee recently contacted your radio station about sending you a copy of our first public service announcements. We, with Sex Addicts Anonymous, work a 12 step program for recovery from sexual addiction. We are writing to you in the hopes that your station will air the public service announcements we have included with this letter (in 15 and 30 second versions). We ask that your station make these announcements regularly so that our organization can better help those who are unable to control their addictive sexual behavior. Also enclosed, you will find a pamphlet that we give out to newcomers, and an information packet detailing a little more about our fellowship. *{Include the Sex Addicts Anonymous brochure and the Fact File, a Twin Cities packet which has been used for local mailings to professionals, that describes the organization. Add any other materials suitable to your area.}*

Please contact us if you have any questions.
Thank you for your consideration in this matter,

Twin Cities S.A.A. Intergroup
Public Outreach Committee

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Public Service Announcement — 15 seconds

Sex Addicts Anonymous is a fellowship of men and women who share their experience, strength and hope with each other so they may overcome their sexual addiction and help others to recover. For information — call Sex Addicts Anonymous 331-0217.

Public Service Announcement 15 seconds

Have you used sex to escape from troubles or to avoid important matters in your life? In the past have you promised yourself or others to control your sexual behavior and found that you could not keep those promises? For information about recovery from sexual addiction— call Sex Addicts Anonymous 331-0217.

Public Service Announcement — 30 seconds

Have you used sex to escape from troubles or to avoid matters in your life? In the past, have you promised yourself or others to control your sexual behavior and found that you could not keep those promises? Sex Addicts Anonymous is a fellowship of men and women who share their experience, strength and hope with each other so they may overcome their sexual addiction and help others to recover. For information about recovery — call S.A.A. 339-0217

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