
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 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.

CHILD SEXUAL ABUSE: A LOOK FROM BOTH SIDES

The following was part of a written handout at a workshop in Louisville, Kentucky, initiated by Lester D. for the third year in a row at the national SAA convention. Next month we will print the story submitted by the other person who led the workshop, Jill S. Almost certain to be on the roster of workshops again this year, don't pass up the opportunity to listen and share as people become vulnerable and strong.

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* Who? You!

This workshop focuses on recovery from child sexual abuse—recovery for the survivor and recovery for the perpetrator. Perpetrators were survivors before they were perpetrators; survivors have the potential to become perpetrators. We have much to share with each other in the spirit of healing.

Lester's Story

I am a survivor of child sexual abuse. I was a perpetrator of sexual abuse. I am a recovering sex addict.

The experiences of being sexually abused as a child shaped my patterns of sexual attraction, my understanding of how relationships worked, and my responses to the exercise of power.

As the sex toy of adults I lost my sense of autonomy and empowerment. My response to that was to turn children younger and weaker than myself into sex toys. I knew it was wrong but I could not stop. I became addicted to the physical sensations of sexual response combined with the adrenaline surge of doing something forbidden. My moral sense had been damaged. I was like a flower bud that had been forcibly opened. I was unable to bloom normally into adulthood.

I kept this part of my life secret and the secret poisoned every adult relationship I ever had. Eventually I perverted a parenting relationship into an incestuous one with my stepdaughter.

She, a child, had the courage I lacked. She broke the silence, brought the secret into the light.

I acknowledged my guilt, turned myself in, pleaded guilty and accepted the legal consequences, and took the First Step of recovery.

Mid-Winter Board Meeting Highlights

Convention plans are well along and credit goes to those in Phoenix preparing to host our 7th Annual SAA Convention.

The new bylaw adopted last year (on audit, Article IV, Section 10) will be presented for ratification at the convention.

The S.A.A. Literature Committee was affirmed for its work and was empowered to spend its 1994 budget. Last summer, the committee helped resolve our cash shortage by foregoing two teleconferences and suspending the PBR for two months. The board requested a pamphlet on sponsorship.

Adopted was the function of the Office Oversight Committee, a five-member panel which supports and oversees the national office. Liability and worker's compensation insurance were approved, with self insurance chosen for contents by setting aside \$80/month. A draft Board Manual was adopted. The manual lays out NSO policies for anyone involved in national service.

Pre-convention Board meetings will be held May 25 & 26. There will also be a meeting of all board members (current, outgoing, and incoming) during the convention on May 29.

Rotating off the board in May are Kevin K. (So.Cen.), Tom R. (S.E.) and Tony L. (Pac. N.W.). Their replacements for three-year terms will be elected by regional caucus Saturday, May 28. Still on the Board will be Elizabeth N. (S.W.), Harry S. (Great Lakes), and Robert S. (No. Cen.). Mike O'D. and Claude E. are nominees for election by the delegates as At-large Board Members.

Humbly,
Kevin, chairperson, N.S.O. of S.A.A.

- Kevin may be reached via e-mail using KevinSAA@aol.com

My Abandoned Adolescent Addict

A lot of issues were worked out at the meeting last night. I was being distracted by my thoughts of acting out sexually with a married man even though I had told my sponsor that I wouldn't see him again. He had left a message on my phone that he wanted to see me the next day. I had just got back from visiting someone else who I care very much for, and even though I know this person is not ready for a relationship with me, I was still feeling abandoned. My low self esteem was coming in to play. My adolescent sex addict knew we could have sex with the married man and get our self-esteem raised and our abandonment feelings nurtured.

Thank God that the pain of the sex addiction was greater than the pain I was trying to erase. When I left the meeting I went to my car and cried and cried. My sponsor was at the meeting and came out to see if I wanted her to stay with me. However I just wanted to be alone—to feel the pain I didn't feel 27 years ago when my parents sent me away to have my first child, to feel the pain of having decided at that time that there was no God—to feel the pain of my sex addiction.

The pain was incredible. It was like it happened yesterday instead of 27 years ago. Living with a family of complete strangers, I took care of their house and three daughters in exchange for room and board. When it was time for me to go have the baby, the lady I was living with dropped me off at the hospital and left. I was completely alone in a Catholic hospital filled with Nuns. The only nurses that took care of me were Nuns. I can

remember when my water broke. It scared the hell out of me. I thought the baby had come out and exploded.

The most painful time came when all the other mothers got to hold and nurse their babies. It was also painful when visiting hour came and all the other women had their husbands and family there. Last night for the first time I felt the pain I was not letting myself feel all those years ago. I remember when one of the Nuns came to my room and asked me if I wanted to see my son. I remember standing there looking through the glass at this tiny baby in the bassinet thinking to myself that there was no way I could give him away.

It just this minute occurred to me that God had to be working in my life at that time too, because standing there wanting to hold my son and run away to be with him forever, was no way going to be my reality at that moment. And yet, it did happen. Not only did it

happen because my oldest sister came to my rescue, but my parents came to love my son as much as I did. Funny, I was so angry at God at that time I couldn't see that He was there all along. My addiction to diet pills and food kept me in denial about many things and didn't allow me to feel pain or joy. It all makes so much sense now. God is inside of me and the loss of self, with God inside of me, is the payoff of my addictions. In order for me to find myself and God, the addictions have to go.

"The loss of self is the pay off of any addiction."

I used to think that my biggest abandonment happened when I was 11 years old, right after my sister was born. Last night when I realized the even greater pain of abandonment I felt when I was sent away to have my first son, I also took stock of the fact that since I became pregnant with Chris I have used one addiction or another. One doctor prescribed diet pills for me. I

took those pills the whole nine months, yet it didn't make much difference, because I still gained a hundred pounds. I'd become pregnant from a one night stand. I was so scared that I hid my growing belly with a girdle and never told my parents until my sister Dede made me do so, when I was eight months along. My mother said, "Why didn't you tell us sooner so we could take you to Mexico for an abortion?" They were both so worried about what their friends and neighbors would say. They told me I would have to go out of town to have the baby and then give him away or they would disown me. Last night I got in touch with the pain of that abandonment. Of course I have dealt with those issues in recovery and therapy before, but I was always using one addiction or another.

After last night's meeting I had not made up my mind about what to do about seeing my addictive

partner. I came home and called someone I trust in SAA and told him what happened. The tears continued to fall. I told him how I really didn't want to continue in my sex addiction, but I didn't know if I had the courage to give it up. He was a big help and encouragement to me, and I knew he wouldn't pull any punches with me, that he'd be honest. The biggest reason I didn't want to give up this addictive partner is because he helps at those times when I am feeling shitty about myself and when I am feeling alone.

Today I realize that recovery for me is to feel the pain of being alone and to take action by calling a friend so that I am not alone. I realize that as long as God is in my life, I am not alone, and that as long as I use my addiction, the payoff is loss of myself and of God. I have also learned that my self-esteem will never be raised by doing things which go against my basic beliefs. Sex

with a married man is one such belief. My abandoned adolescent addict kept trying to convince me that it was ok. By the grace of God, I don't have to listen to her today; God and I are in control, not her.

Today, I broke off the relationship with the married man. I was honest about my feelings. It feels so good to tell the truth. He didn't take it very well. He said he hated to see me sail my ship alone. What he really said was that he didn't want me to be alone. What he didn't know is that I'm not alone. Thank you God.

Anonymous

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*Lust is a cheap gift.
It's a peanut out of my
circus bag.*

*So you're here to see
the show? I know
pyrotechnics, but I've
never mastered the small
steady flame.*

Maria S. * Ypsilanti, MI

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*Excerpted from the December 1993
edition of SISS:
Sisters In Sexual Sobriety*

To receive a copy of this newsletter by and for women in Sex Addicts Anonymous, simply send name and address to the editor. The deadline for written submissions to this newsletter is the fifteenth of each month with issue date the first of each month. Write to Editor SISS, 420 Allen St. Lansing MI 48912-2602. Phone 517-484-1807.

*Victoria's Lie:
A Chance Encounter with
My Supply*

Walking the Mall

As I do each day for wake up exercise
I passed a pillar;
There was a breast staring out at me,
Decently clothed in a bra
Though the cup was small and a mound of flesh
Behind it invited me.
I looked down almost automatically
For the curve of hip that would be below.
It was a modest almost slight curve
As though the model were young or slender.
Then I looked up to the face.
She stared back at me intently,
Solemnly, purposefully, the lines
Of her mouth and eyes so straight
So studiedly relaxed that the face
Suggested the deepest passionate desire.
When I have seen that look before
On a woman's face
I have wound up in her bed.
What a lie it is, here in a Mall store window!
That look was posed for a photographer.
That look wasn't meant for me.
She doesn't see through the camera
Out of the print and probably she would
Not be impressed by this aging overweight
walker.

Harry S.

HOPE ?
HOPE ?
NOPE.

Hope is a word that had no meaning for me when I first came to SAA. My life stayed in the addict, always looking for the fix to save me from the various pressures of everyday living. Once I started attending weekly meetings, and got through the shame of admitting to my addictions, I started to feel the warmth that flooded my soul with hope. Hope is the promise of a new day, the conversion of the old into the new.

My life began changing dramatically. I had never before been able to speak of my sexuality. Once I realized I could do this in SAA, I began to see problems that had started at

childhood. I realized that I had been emotionally deprived by both my parents. I admitted to being abused as a child by both a male and a female. And most of all, I realized that I had been using sex as a fix to validate my existence—I realized that I had become an addict to sex.

After attending SAA for a year and working the tools of the program, my life has changed. By admitting that I am powerless over my addiction, I'm learning how to trust my Higher Power and His will for my life. I find that I have more courage and serenity than I ever thought possible. I'm learning self-love and how to

build healthy relationships from that love.

My recovery in SAA is much like a seed that is planted in the healthy soil of the program. The seed gets rays of sun, and drops of rain, when I go to meetings, journal, telephone other members and use other tools of the program. I find hope by realizing others have planted their seeds in SAA—their blooms spring forth all around me.

LAD • New Orleans, LA

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Vacant Editor!

ah rather, Vacationing* Editor!

NO! NO!

EDITOR VACANCY

Needed! Person(s) who are Willing, Sober and Literate!

The position of PBR editor and the accompanying PBR editing committee positions IS open. Interested persons will have familiarity with and access to a computer and the necessary software (including an electronic mail service), will be required to dedicate at least 25 hours a month, and will do all this for a consultant's fee of \$50.00 a month. As such it is essentially service work. A job description for this position is available. Interested persons should contact a member of the Literature Committee or the national office for details. A letter of inquiry by interested persons should contain such things as time of sobriety, past SAA service work, skills with computers, language, organization skills, the reasons for wanting to serve as editor and a brief description of the applicant's view about the role of the PBR newsletter in SAA. NSO of SAA, P.O. Box 70949, Houston TX 77270

* (Istanbul & Greece)

The Beast

It comes to me quietly, takes my hand
and compels me to do its bidding.
It disguises itself,
appearing with such great beauty
that I am left blinded and
aching with desire.

It whispers in my ear
what sanity would reject
but my ear finds it pleasing.
Trance-like I follow as it draws me into itself
and engulfs me with such sweet pleasure
that I can think of nothing else.
I embrace it and am consumed.

Then I awake,
breathless in the icy sweat of reality.
Suddenly to see clearly its wretched ugly face,
its savage nature of destruction.
I recoil in horror as it shrieks
and mocks me for my weakness.

Sickened with despair,
I fall to my knees and beg God's forgiveness.
The remembrance of my sins is grievous to me
the burden of them is intolerable.

And yet,
there is a secret part of me
that listens for that soft voice.
The breath in my ear
that will pull me again
into that sweet embrace
that closes off the universe
and speaks only to me.

The disclosure was 7 1/2 years ago. In a few more months, in August of this year, I will celebrate the 7th anniversary of my first S.A.A. meeting. Against very high odds, I have not become a repeat offender. I believe this is a miracle of recovery.

In SAA and in group therapy with other adult survivors and perpetrators I began to recover what I had lost. Particularly in SAA, I found a Fellowship that practiced what I could not experience in my own family of origin—unconditional love and a safe place to let go of the secrets of the past and the potential secrets of the present. I found acceptance of both survivors and perpetrators through our common bond of sex addiction and our desire to change our behavior. Most importantly, for there is no recovery for me without a relationship with my Higher Power, I had a spiritual awakening.

Today here in Louisville I am working the Steps as best I can, particularly Steps Nine and Twelve.

I am working Step Nine because there is no recovery of self-esteem until I have made amends. I cannot at this time make direct amends to all those I have harmed because it would almost certainly harm some of them to have contact with me. I must respect their needs for emotional safety and their right to choose their own pace of recovery. One thing I can do is visualize the scared abused adolescent inside of me and visualize hugging him and comforting him. And I can work the Ninth Step by working the Twelfth Step—by reaching out to other perpetrators and survivors with the message of SAA. SAA offers a program of recovery that has given me a taste of the blessings of serenity and the joy of giving that expects no reward except the reward of release from self-centeredness.

Lester D. • Madison, WI