

A man's silhouette is centered against a dark green background. Several white doves are in flight around him. A chain is draped over his left shoulder and chest. The overall mood is one of liberation and hope.

**How Jack Derritt
Freed Himself From**

**SEXUAL
ADDICTION**

by David R. Yale

How Jack Derritt Freed Himself From Sexual Addiction

By David R. Yale

A Healthy Relationship Press LLC

From Saying No to Naked Women
A novel by David R. Yale

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Introduction

This story is set in 1974, in the back woods of Arkansas, 30 miles from the nearest small town. 30-year-old Jack Derritt, a city boy from Minneapolis, has retreated to the Arkansas woods to live in a self-built shack with no electricity or running water.

Although Jack thinks he has left his problems behind in the big city, they follow him right to his hilltop retreat.

A magical Chassid, who seems to know all about Jack, comes marching up the dirt road one day. He confronts Jack and helps Jack understand more about himself.

In this story, The Chassid insists Jack must come to terms with his sex addiction.

Jack, who is ready to change his way of thinking, finally frees himself from porn values.



Jack Derritt's Story

The Chassid was an older man with a thick grey beard. But man, could he run fast! He chased me across the field, right through the thorny blackberry bushes, and up the hill to my shack, yelling “Damn it Jack! You have to talk about this.”

“Go away!” I yelled, my heart and veins pounding like a giant set of drums within me.

“Please explain something: If it means so much to you, this wish of yours to marry and have children, why don't you ever think about it? Why don't you dream about it?” The Chassid thundered.

“All this summer, when the sun went down, when the clouds stopped glowing orange, when the crickets were singing, you climbed into your sleeping bag. Your hands reached downwards, pulling down your pajama bottoms, stroking your penis until it was stiff and throbbing.”

“Stop, damn it! I don't want to hear this.”

“And then you started your fantasies. You have two women, always the same two women. Pam is blonde, Jean has black hair, but they look alike. They have big breasts, pretty faces, and small asses. They are young. They are not interesting to you. They don’t have much to say, and you have nothing you want to tell them. You don’t even like them.

“But they excite you,” the Chassid said.

“In your fantasy, you sit on the edge of your bed, Jean on one knee, Pam on the other. You kiss them alternately, invading their mouths with your tongue, as if you were consuming them like so many candy bars. Your hands grab and squeeze their breasts. Pam moans a little, and kisses you harder; Jean’s tongue traces lines of pleasure on your ear.

“Your hands undo Pam’s slacks, pull down her panties, grab her buttocks and her vagina. You pull her down, over your knees, her long blonde hair hanging, and you spank her while Jean kisses you, spank her until there are interlaced red finger marks all over her buttocks; you pull off your belt and whip her until she is crying, begging you to stop, telling you she’ll do anything you say.”

I picked up a rock and hurled it into the forest.

“Stop it. I don’t like this fantasy,” I shrieked.

The Chassid continued: “You sit Pam on your knee again, reaching up under her blouse to fondle her, and you kiss her while Jean strips for you, and when Jean’s breasts come cascading out of her bra, you see large, dark nipples, the size, the shape, the exact shade of pink you lust for, and you run your tongue over those circles of skin, meant for a baby’s

mouth to draw nourishment from, those circles that have become fixated in your mind so that you see them day and night, throbbing in front of you, as if they were some magic. You run your tongue over them, Jean standing in front of you, squealing, Pam still on your lap, your hands on her breasts, under her blouse, undoing her bra, pulling her clothes off, while you suck on Jean's nipples.”

My most secret thoughts were revealed to the trees and sky. I ran off again, back down the path toward the creek. But the Chassid jumped up and sprinted right behind me, speaking in a loud, booming voice I couldn't tune out.

“You have to hear this, Jack. You have to deal with this fantasy.”

“I hate it.”

“Good. Your distaste will help you come to terms with it. But we can't do that unless we get it out in the open. So I'm going to continue – even though I know you're squirming. Say it out loud, Jack: ‘And then...’”

I couldn't help myself. I started talking.

“And then I make them kneel before me, each one untying a shoe, removing my socks, licking my feet. I toss my shirt across the room, and let my pants drop. We get into bed, Pam and Jean side by side, me sitting on top of them, dangling my testicles over their faces, rubbing their vaginas, one with each hand. Jean licks my penis. Pam doesn't want to, but I slap her hard, and thrust into her mouth. Then I make her put her tongue up my ass, and I feel power, I believe I'm a real man, with two women obeying me, two

women with big breasts and beautiful faces, doing what I command.

“I kiss Jean’s breasts while Pam... That’s enough! I hate this!”

I kept running, but the Chassid was right behind me, and I couldn’t evade him. When we got to my creek, he stood right beside me and yelled into my ear, drowning out the sound of my waterfall.

“And then, Jack?”

I was silent.

“Then the spasms grip you, and you’re alone, right in the middle of your orgasm, alone and emptier than before. A wave of fury fills you, erasing Pam and Jean from your mind. You lay there, numb and empty, your semen still wet, still warm, on your chest and belly, your fingers dipping into the seed of your unborn, and you wonder what those children would be like if you could conceive them. Tears stream down your cheeks before you fall asleep,” The Chassid said.

“You did this night after night, all summer long.”

He stood rigid before me, his left hand pulling on his beard. I followed him when he strode away from the pool; I didn’t know why.

“But this is not a vision of love, Jack. It is filled with anger and fury. Is that what love means to you?”

“I don’t know.”

“Would Pam and Jean be interested in your adventures this summer? Could you talk with them about your interviews with senior citizens? Would they

read your journal and be able to discuss it with you? Do they care about your music, your thoughts, your life? What would you say to them? What would you do with them for enjoyment – besides sex? Why ... are ... you ... stuck ... here???" he demanded, his words a staccato barrage, like machine gun fire.

"I don't know," I croaked.

"Would you like to marry one of them?"

"No," I said in a small voice.

"What would you do if you made one of them pregnant, and she insisted on having the child – your child? What kind of mother would Pam or Jean make? What would that do to your child – and your dreams?"

I knew the answers to his questions; I was furious with myself for having this stupid fantasy.

But I felt trapped by it.

He ran faster; I followed. Suddenly, he stopped in his tracks and spun around, pointing at my crotch. I covered it with both hands, my face turning bright red.

"You hate this fantasy?" he demanded. "Then why do you have a hard on?"

"I don't know. But if Pam and Jean came walking down that path, right now, ready and willing to jump into bed with me, I wouldn't touch them."

A big question mark formed on his face.

"Even though when you think about them, you get so stiff you feel like you'll tear a hole in your pants?"

"Yes."

Let's see, Jack. Let's see."

We turned a bend in the path, and there, in the field, was a king-sized mattress covered with a clean white sheet.

"Stand here!" the Chassid ordered me.

In the distance, I heard two female voices.

"Jack! Jack Derritt! Where the hell are you?"

Down the path from my shack, Pam and Jean came running, their long hair flying behind them. They stood in front of me, smiling.

"Jack, we came all the way down here from Minneapolis to make it with you," Jean said. "I want to strip for you."

"Spank me hard, Jack," Pam said, slowly licking her lips. "It turns me on."

"No thank you," I said.

They took off their clothes as if they hadn't heard me. Jean's nipples were just inches from my face, big, round, dark pink. A great battle went on in my mind. I wanted to bury my face in her breasts. And I also wanted Jean and Pam to vanish, to leave my life, to stop haunting me.

"Sorry you came all this way. I don't want to make it with you. You're both very pretty. But I don't know you. I don't love you."

"So what!" Pam said. "You must be lonely here, all by yourself."

She knelt in front of me and pointed to the throbbing bulge in my pants.

"I want to suck it," she crooned, moving her upturned face toward my crotch, reaching for my belt.

"No!" I said, jumping backwards.

Pam and Jean disappeared.

"Perhaps they're not pretty enough," the Chassid said, waving his arms slowly over his head. "You're in the mood for a different look today?"

A long line of naked women appeared, starting right in front of me, and snaking off into the distance. They had red hair, brown hair, black and blonde. They were tall, short, in-between. They had skin the color of chocolate, coffee, alabaster, olives, one after another, each one more sexy than the last, stepping up to me, begging me to fuck them. But I didn't know any of them; I didn't have any feelings about them. Only lust.

They walked toward me, heads flung back, breasts sticking out, hands reaching for my crotch. I jumped away from them, again and again, until my back was against a blackberry bush, and the thorns tore into me.

"I'll do anything for you, Jack. I'll suck your dick and swallow every drop."

"And I'll put my tongue up your ass."

"That's nothing, I'll suck your toes."

"You can tie me up and do anything you want to me."

"Beat me with your belt. I need a man like you to whup me. It turns me on. Please, Jack!"

"Forget her. I'll drink your pee. Wash my face with your golden shower, Jack!"

“No, thank you, but I don’t want to do that and I don’t want you. I want love!” I said.

“But Jack,” they said, like a chorus. “You crave us in your fantasies.”

“Fantasies are not the same thing as real life,” my voice boomed over the field. “Why do you want *me*? What fantasies are playing out in your heads? Can you see me – the person, Jack Derritt, with hopes, dreams and ideas?”

“We need sex, Jack. And you’re handsome. Who cares about anything else? We need you. We’ll do anything to make you like us.”

“But how will you like yourselves?” I asked them.

They did not answer. I turned to the Chassid.

“I’ve had enough!” I said.

He lifted his arms again. And the line of women vanished. The mattress, with its crisp sheet unused, slowly disappeared.

“Can you tell me why you don’t want to make love with all these beautiful ladies?” the Chassid asked me.

“Because it wouldn’t be making love,” I said.

“Neither are your fantasies.”

“I know.”

“If your fantasies don’t involve love, what are they about?”

“I don’t know. I can’t get beyond them.”

“I can help you,” the Chassid said.

“How?”

“Do you remember Lois Palermo?”

“Lois Palermo? I still dream about her. She was the sexiest girl in high school, with long, silken black hair, huge boobs, and a gorgeous face. Every boy had the hots for her. I didn’t have a chance. She never said a single word to me, even though I sat next to her in homeroom. Why was that? Why wouldn’t she even say hello to me?”

The Chassid said softly, “You were young when you started at East Brooklyn High, only 14, because you skipped eighth grade. You were short and skinny. And that made you invisible to Lois Palermo. You could have been Einstein, you could have been the best lover in the world, and she would not have been able to see you.

“When you looked at Lois and saw the tops of her breasts rising out from her low-cut blouse, with the little silver cross dangling on them, you wanted that forbidden fruit,” the Chassid said.

I could see those enormous breasts in my mind, and the silver crucifix that, to me, marked them out of bounds. I continued remembering where the Chassid left off.

“I tried to date that first year. But they laughed at me, these girl-women, with their pretty faces and big breasts. Why? What was wrong with me?”

The Chassid put his hand on my shoulder.

“Nothing was wrong with you. But the girls you adored wanted tall, muscular hunks, not short, skinny smart kids. They didn’t care about what went on

inside your head. And even if they had been interested, you didn't know how to tell them about your inner life, your spirit and your soul. Now, continue your story."

"I would wake up on weekends and think about Lois for hours, desperate for her to like me, wanting to touch her, to kiss her, to see her naked. I felt that sex was something I could never have, because I was strange and different, but if I could make it with Lois, I would be just like everyone else; even the tall athletes would say 'Did you know Jack got it on with Lois Palermo?' And they'd be jealous of me. They wouldn't bully me anymore."

"What does this mean, Jack?"

"I don't know."

"Yes you do. Speak!"

"I've never gotten over Lois Palermo sitting next to me in homeroom, ignoring me and flirting with boys taller and stronger than me while I sat, legs crossed, to hide my erection. That's why my fantasy women, Pam and Jean, are high school girls, because I'm still trying to heal that awful scar from those years. But I can't do that by humiliating and hurting Pam and Jean in fantasies. I know that, but I feel cornered. The anger doesn't go away. I'm still alone. I still feel like the short, skinny, peculiar kid."

"You're not, Jack," said the Chassid, his voice gentle, warm. "You're not skinny now. You've grown tall. You're not a kid anymore. But that's only part of the story. Let's look at the other side of Lois."

"What do you mean?"

“Was she a good student?”

“She got terrible grades.”

“Did she go to college?”

“No way. She always said, loud and clear, she wanted to be a housewife.”

“You drank in every word she said. Did she ever utter anything that was interesting or original?”

“No. I guess she didn’t.”

“So her relationships with boys were based on what?”

“Her looks.”

“And she had nothing else to offer them?”

“If she did, I sure couldn’t see it.”

“What kind of marriage do you think she has now?”

“It probably isn’t that great.”

“Did you like Lois?”

“No. She was pretty thoughtless,” I said.

“Just like the women who lined up for you in this field. And when it came right down to it, you did not want to have sex with them. So you couldn’t have what you didn’t want, and that has made you miserable for years,” he said.

I started to laugh.

“Pretty silly when you look at it that way, isn’t it?” I said.

“Would you want to marry Lois?” The Chassid asked.

“No way! I just wanted to make it with her.”

“You mean you just wanted to use her to try and stop the pain inside you?”

“I ... uh... I guess so.”

“And now, every time you have your fantasy, you’re trying to do something that will make you feel good, that will stop the pain. But it doesn’t go away. So maybe this is not the way to stop it. When you have sex with women, do you act out your fantasy with them?”

“No. I don’t want to.”

“You’re kind and gentle?”

“Yes.”

“But you feel desperate to have sex?”

“I feel like there’s something wrong with me if I’m not having sex on a regular basis.”

“But you could have had sex with a hundred women right here in this field. You didn’t do that. Why?”

“It doesn’t feel right anymore.”

“Do you know why?”

“No.”

“Is your fantasy playing in your head while you make love?”

“Yes. I can’t come without that fantasy.”

“And when you have your orgasm, you feel alone?”

“I seldom feel like the woman is involved in my orgasm. It’s like she’s lying there, just letting it happen to me.”

“What do you think it’s like for a woman who makes love to a man who’s desperate to have sex? Do you think she can feel his desperation? Does that desperation keep him from being emotionally involved with her? From appreciating her? From even seeing who she is?”

I felt like he’d just hit me with a 40 lb. sledgehammer.

“I understand,” I whispered.

The Chassid looked at me, his head tilted to the side.

“You understand, but you do not understand. This will be like a giant onion, this problem of yours. We will strip away layer after layer, until you are left with what seems to be nothing, just the smell of onions on your hands, and that, too, will fade. But the nothingness will be your freedom. It will take time, but you will see, you will see.”

The Chassid paused for a moment. I looked down and saw a bright red flower at the edge of the path, growing on a slender stalk.

“Do you remember the first time you had sex, Jack?”

I felt my face relax.

“I sure do. It was with Lisa Elman. I was 22. I’d known her for a long time. I liked her a lot.”

“Why?”

“She was smart. And while she had a gentle side, she was strong-willed and tough-minded. But most of all, I admired her courage. When she graduated from high school, she became a full-time labor organizer. I wish I’d had the courage to do that.”

“Why?”

“Because the factory workers’ union she helped organize in Minneapolis went on strike, and forced the owners to fix unsafe working conditions. Lisa worked right there, in those factories, on the assembly lines, making candy, garments, and toys. And her union won a contract that increased wages, so its members could get ahead of inflation for once. Maybe that wage increase helped one father keep the family together after his wife died, so he didn’t have to make his children into orphans to survive, like my Grandpa Marty did. Lisa made a real difference in people’s lives.”

“Did you ever tell her that?”

“No,” I said, to the forest floor.

“Was she pretty?”

“She had huge hazel eyes that always sparkled. Yes, she was very pretty.”

“Did you tell her that?”

“No. I guess I’m not very good at communication. But then again, she never told me how she felt about me.”

“Did any of your girlfriends?”

“No.”

“So you chose women who couldn’t communicate? Who had the same problem you did?”

“It looks that way, doesn’t it!”

“Tell me about that night with Lisa.”

“I kind of knew that ‘it’ was going to happen that night. She was coming to my place for dinner. I knew she drank beer, which I thought was pretty daring since I didn’t drink alcohol myself. I bought her a couple of bottles of Michelob.

“I cooked a dinner of roast chicken and potatoes. We ate. We started kissing. But we didn’t talk. We took off our clothes. I kissed her breasts. We lay down on my bed. She rested her head on my belly, looking at my penis. ‘Oh, please, Lisa! Please suck my penis. I’ve dreamed of having a woman do this for so long,’ I begged. But I said it to myself, in my head. I didn’t say a word out loud. Neither did she.”

“So you were using her, Jack?”

“What do you mean by that?” I said, an edge creeping into my voice.

“You didn’t say you dreamed of making love to *Lisa* for a long time. You said you wished for a woman to ‘do this.’ Wouldn’t you have felt just as happy if another pretty woman was ‘doing this’ for you?”

“I don’t know.”

“Instead of thinking about Lisa while you were making love, weren’t you thinking about your great need? Wasn’t it just as if you were begging her, ‘fix

me, make me whole, turn me into a real man?' She would suck your penis, you would come in her mouth, and almost by magic, you'd be a validated male?"

"Oh shit! I never realized that."

"Jack, you've had several women give you oral sex. Does it ease your emptiness and pain?"

"No. But it does feel good."

"Wouldn't it be more pleasurable if you could get close to the woman emotionally? If you didn't have a great need throbbing away in your head, distracting you from love-making?"

"It probably would."

"Tell me what happened next," the Chassid continued.

"I tried to get her to suck me by gently pushing downward on her head. But she resisted, and we kissed again. Then we had sex, but I couldn't come, I was so nervous. I don't think she came either.

"We didn't say anything after 'it' was over, except 'goodnight.'" I felt like a failure; I couldn't come. But until now, I never thought about what it must have been like for Lisa. Was she playing out a fantasy, too, over and over, trying to ease her pain, her emptiness? Was she expecting, hoping, for something more from me? Did she ache for me to tell her 'I admire you, you're courageous, you're pretty, I like you?'"

The Chassid walked over to a tree near the edge of the field and sat down, his back leaning against it. I followed.

“If you had an orgasm that night with Lisa, would you have felt alone?”

“Yes.”

“Even though you liked her a lot?”

“Yes.”

“Do you think she was feeling alone that night, too?”

“She must have been. I certainly didn’t do anything to help her feel close to me. What can I do to change this? I don’t want to feel alone. I don’t want the women in my life to feel alone when they’re with me.”

“Well, we’ve just discussed one thing you can do. Can you tell me, in your own words?”

“Yes. Talk about my feelings. Ask about hers. But it seems so hard to do. Especially when I’m having sex. It feels like it would break my concentration.”

“Your concentration? On what?”

“On having an orgasm.”

“You mean on your fantasy, don’t you?”

“Ooff! I never thought of it that way.”

“So this fantasy, which you detest, is actually interfering with your love life.”

“I see that now. What can I do about it?”

“You understand one thing that’s going on in your fantasy now. Explain it to me, in your own words.”

“I’m trying to get even with Lois Palermo and all the other airheads like her, who wouldn’t pay attention to me in high school.”

“Good. Now what else is going on in your fantasy?”

“I don’t know.”

The Chassid reached out and placed his hand on my shoulder.

“Brace yourself! This is going to be a shock. You’re angry with your parents.”

“What?” I said. “That’s crazy.”

I jumped up, shaking my head from side to side, pacing around and around in front of the Chassid.

“That can’t be.”

“It can be,” he said. “It is.”

“Explain yourself!”

“The first woman in your life is your mother. Boys, in particular, learn about male-female relationships from their moms. If a boy’s mom is kind, understanding, and emotionally available, there’s a good chance the boy will behave that way with women when he grows up. Was your Mom emotionally available to you?”

“No.”

“Did that make you angry?”

“I guess so.”

“You guess so? C’mon, Jack. You’re so angry, you can’t forgive her. And because she was distant

and uninvolved with you, you try to punish women in your fantasies.”

He tightened his hand on my shoulder.

“Did your Mom teach you how to communicate your emotions to a woman?”

“No. She didn’t want to hear about my feelings.”

“Did your parents express their feelings?”

“No, except when Dad got angry and yelled at Mom. Or they both yelled at me.”

“So you don’t have a model for how men and women should communicate?”

“No. I don’t.”

“Are you able to do express your feelings to women now?”

“I guess not,” I said softly. “Just look at how I botched it up with Lisa. I’m not sure I’d do a whole lot better if Lisa was here right now. But what about Dad – how are my fantasies about anger with him?”

“Did he talk with you about girls and sex?”

“No.”

“So he didn’t help you figure out how to get what you want in relationships?”

“No.”

“When you couldn’t get the affection you wanted from women, did you get angry?”

“Yes.”

“Did you blame him?”

“No. I guess I blamed them.”

“So some of your anger was at your Dad for not teaching you how to be a man?”

“Yes.”

“And you turned that anger against women – the more frustrated you got, the angrier your fantasies got?”

“Damn! What do I do now?”

“Learn how to communicate your feelings to women. It’s a lot of work, you know.”

“I don’t care if it takes a year of hard labor.”

“It will,” The Chassid said.

“Now, Jack. Let’s go back to the line of women in the field who wanted to have sex with you,” the Chassid said.

“I’m not interested.”

Why?”

“If these women need sex so much that they’d plead with me to tie them up, pee in their faces, and humiliate them, they don’t have much self-esteem. If they beg to be beaten, they must hate themselves. They probably had terrible, loveless childhoods. Worse than mine.”

“So?”

“They’ll have trouble expressing their feelings – other than anger. And they won’t know how to love.”

“Why not enjoy the pleasures of the flesh?”

“That won’t bring me the love I deserve. Or the children I want. Who I am does not matter to any of these women. I could be any male body. And if – at the moment of orgasm – my overwhelming feeling is ‘look what I can make this gorgeous woman do for me because I have power over her’ – then I undermine my self-esteem further.”

I stepped up to him, my nose touching his, poking my finger into his chest with each word:

“This would be wrong for me. Why are you suggesting it?”

“Undermine your self-esteem? How?” he asked.

“Instead of affirming each other in a loving relationship, we’d be acting out fantasies of anger and agony. Sex is a transaction between two people, and the currency is emotions. We each get a bad deal in that fantasy of mine. It’s as if they’re saying ‘punish me, I’m not worthy, but at least I feel like I’m getting some attention, just like I used to get from my father when he abused me. I need to act out my unworthiness over and over again.’

“And my side of the deal would be, ‘I feel powerless because I don’t know how to have a real relationship with a woman, I’m angry because I didn’t get what I needed from my parents, so if I punish and demean you, I’ll feel like I have some power, I’ll feel like I’m getting even with Lois Palermo – until my orgasm fades away and I know that I haven’t become more potent at all.’ And I, too, perform the pageant of my livid self-hatred, just as they do, each time I fuck, and you have to use that crude four-letter word, because there’s no love involved at all.”

“Those fantasies are gone from your mind forever?” the Chassid said gently.

“They’re still here,” I said, pointing to my forehead. “I need your help. Because the truth is, I don’t know how to make them go away.”

“But *you* have the key to ending them. You said it yourself: ‘I feel powerless because I don’t know how to have a real relationship with a woman.’”

“I don’t.”

“So we’ll have to work on that next.”

“How?”

The Chassid grabbed my rake and gathered a large pile of leaves.

“Well, first of all, I want you to lie down on that soft, leafy mound,” he said.

I lay down.

“Let the warmth of the sun filtering through the trees overhead make you feel good.”

I closed my eyes, and let go of the tension in my muscles.

“Now,” said the Chassid, “Fantasize about meeting the love of your life – a woman who is not needy and wracked with problems.”

I lay there, unmoving, until Saturday. And then, from afar, I heard people call my name. I followed the sound of their voices, down a path and across a meadow. A chorus was calling to me. Around a bend in the path, I saw a line of women, clamoring for my attention.

“Jack! I need to talk with you,” said the first one, who wore a dazzling green gown and sat at a matching baby grand piano. “You could be my soul mate. I’ve heard you improvise jazz. We could compose together. I want to learn the song of your soul, and fall in love with you.”

She started playing the most amazing mix of stride and jazz piano I’d ever heard. “You can make it happen!” she sang – and then she disappeared.

A woman in a spectacular purple dress stepped forward, and took my hand.

“I’ve read your writing. I just love your narrative style and your insight into characters. I got my first novel published because I’m good with plots. But my narrative is weak. Will you write novels with me? We’d be a great team, especially because you’re so lovable. And I know you like puns. Why do poets make good comedians?”

“I don’t know,” I said.

“Because they’re always a-musing! Why is a sleeping pill for cattle so powerful?”

“Beats me!” I said, laughing.

Because it’s a bull dozer! We could have such fun together. Make it happen, be the love of my life,” she said, withdrawing her hand and fading away.

The next woman in line, in a sleek red jumpsuit, danced around with excitement.

“I’m so pleased to finally meet you! I’ve heard so much about you, I feel I’m already your friend. I love the way you work with kids. I’m going to open a summer camp for teens who need help growing

beyond their painful childhoods. I want you to be my partner and my soul mate. You can make it happen!" And she, too, vanished.

All dressed in yellow, with long brown hair, the next woman stepped forward like a giant sunflower. She looked at me with the most intense green eyes this side of heaven.

"Hi, Jack! My family and I are starting a business to grow and preserve the old fashioned flower and vegetable seeds, you know, the stuff we used to have before these weird hybrids. If we fell in love, you could do the advertising and marketing for us, and still have plenty of time to write. I want a man like you to be the father of my kids. Please, Jack, make it happen!"

Bit-by-bit, she disappeared, until only her smile and her radiant jade eyes hovered in the air in front of me – and then, they, too, vanished.

One after another, fascinating women presented me with possibilities and begged me to make them come true.

I began to feel a tiny trickle of joy flowing inside me. I could make it happen.



Discussion

We may dream of making big changes in our lives. We may pray to God to help us find true love and happiness. But part of us will fight tooth and nail to keep things exactly the way they are.

Strange, but true. It's part of human nature. For Jack. For you. For me. For all of us.

Why? Because making changes means we have to look at things about ourselves that are unpleasant and uncomfortable.

Changing and growing hurts, even if we feel much better afterwards. So we develop defenses that keep us from looking at our fears, our guilt, our anger, our problems.

But people *can* change. Jack's story is fictionalized, but it is based on reality.

There is hope. For men. For women. For love. For you.tm

There are two reasons Jack was able to make the big changes in his life that led him to conquer his sexual addiction and purge his porn values.

First of all he really wanted to make these changes. You can't change unless you make a commitment to yourself to do it – no matter what it takes.

But that's not all you need.

Just making resolutions to banish negative values from your mind won't work. You have to understand what's causing your problems. Only then can you change how you think – and solve your troubles.

That's the second critical factor you need to be able to grow right out of your problems.

Like most men and women, Jack had no idea what was causing his unhappiness.

And as we see in Jack's story, he didn't want to talk about his problems – even to himself. He ran off to the Arkansas backwoods in an effort to avoid dealing with them.

So even though he desperately wanted to change, Jack had two strikes against him.

1. He didn't understand the cause of his difficulties.
2. He didn't want to deal with them.

Not because he was lazy or evil. Because they hurt too much. And he didn't know where to start.

That's why just about everyone needs a wise man or woman to confront them in a kind, loving, but

firm manner – and help them see what they can't see for themselves.

That wise man or woman can be a therapist, a counselor, or a psychologist who is trained to help people understand themselves.

In Jack's case it was The Chassid.

Which brings me to two fascinating things:

1. Even a gifted therapist can't help himself or herself deal with serious problems. Therapists have to go to other therapists for help! Just like doctors go to other doctors when they're sick. Furthermore, if your loved one is addicted to porn, consider this. Therapists never try to help their own loved ones overcome problem sexual fantasies. They refer them to other therapists.

Don't try to play the role of wise one unless you're trained to do that. And never play the role of wise one with your own loved one. No matter what your training is!

2. The Chassid was not actually a therapist. But he had total insight into Jack. At first, Jack couldn't believe the reason for The Chassid's amazing ability to understand him. Find out how The Chassid did this in *Saying No to Naked Women*, the novel. More later.

So where do fantasies like Jack's daydreams about Pam and Jean come from? How do they get started?

There are a number of different ways. Because this is Jack's story we're writing about, we'll limit our discussion to male fantasies.

But if you're a woman, don't go away. You can understand a lot about men if you understand how and why they fantasize about sex.

Men who are still angry about girls who rejected them when they were teens are likely to fantasize about teenaged girls – even when they are adults.

This is especially true if these men experienced rejection by their parents when they were young boys.

These men have not been able to grow beyond the hurt they felt from those parental rejections and the negative responses by teenaged girls during their adolescence.

So they act out their pain and anger, again and again, in fantasies where they do get the teen angels of their past dreams.

And since the hurt and anger from those past rejections is what is causing those fantasies, they can make for hostile and sadistic daydreamings.

It's as if there was a giant balance scale in these men's minds. What has happened in their love lives since then has not been enough to tip the balance away from hurt and over to satisfaction.

They seek revenge. And they're stuck in the past. So they fantasize about teenaged girls.

This is one of the reasons for the explosion of teenaged porn.

But there is hope. If a man with "revenge on the teen angels" fantasies really wants to change, and a wise person guides him, he can grow beyond those problems, just like Jack did.

Let's clarify what I meant by parental rejection. If a boy's mother is distant and uncaring, he may grow up angry at women – and try to punish them in sexual fantasies.

He will have to come to terms with his mother to get to the root of this problem. Jack actually does this in *Saying No to Naked Women*. Read on to find out more.

But distant mothers aren't the only source of sexual anger.

When a boy's father hasn't taught him how to be a man, by talking with him about sex and relationships, as well as helping him understand how to communicate with women, this can cause big problems.

The boy grows into a man, but he can't seem to get what he wants from women because he doesn't know how to have a relationship.

His frustration at not knowing how to have relationships with women can be turned into anger against them.

Another fantasy trap men can fall into happens when a man is attracted to someone he despises, like Jack was attracted to Lois Palermo.

It sets up a conflict inside him.

He doesn't like her. But he wants her.

He's angry that he can't have her, so he fantasizes about using sex to get even with her.

Sure, that fantasy can turn him on, and the emotions behind it can power intense orgasms.

But the fantasy doesn't help him change. He still feels powerless to get what he wants. Even if he does despise her.

So he gets angrier. And his fantasies get angrier and more extreme.

The anger grows, fueled by the fantasies, which get more aggressive, fueled by the anger.

This is why porn values are addicting.

If a man confuses his fantasies with real life, and starts to act them out with women, growing beyond them will be much more difficult.

And that can easily happen. When a man tries to ease hurt, pain, and feelings of not being worthy by having angry sexual fantasies, he begins to associate sex with anger.

A man can get into an endless loop that gets more and more unsatisfying.

The fantasies don't deal with the problem. It gets harder to come. So he has to escalate. To porn.

To more sadistic fantasies. And to acting them out in real life.

Even worse, when a man uses violent sexual fantasies to ease pain, they become part of him. After a while he may not be able to have an orgasm without those violent fantasies – even if he’s making love to a woman he really cares for.

Violent fantasies can interfere with relationships and love.

If you’re a man who doesn’t want to grow old alone, if you’re a man with dreams of romance, if you’re a man who yearns to have children – porn values will stand in the way of everything you hope for and dream about.

Some people – perhaps you’re one of them – are surprised to find out that Jack actually hated his fantasies and wished to be rid of them.

But consider this: there are two kinds of fantasies. The first type is not good for you, but the second type is.

1. Fantasies that play over and over are often about mental pain. The person has chosen fantasies that soften the pain, but don’t help him or her to do something positive to end the hurt and sorrow. These are negative fantasies.
2. Fantasies where you take steps to change things, to grow beyond your problems, are positive fantasies. When Jack imagined the second long line of fascinating women, the ones who he could share his life with, he was taking a

step toward positive change. If you can imagine it, you have a chance to make it happen.

The bottom line is this – hating your fantasies, and wishing you could stop having them is a positive sign that you really want to change.

Feeling guilty or uncomfortable about your sexual fantasies and wishing you could stop having them is a positive sign that you really want to change.

The next step is to find a wise man or woman to guide you.

Jack did it. Other men can, too.

There *is* hope. For men. For women. For Love. For you.tm



[Click here now to get the full novel,
Saying No to Naked Women!](#)

**Get the Whole Story of Jack Derritt!
Find out how he:**

- **Transformed his despair into hope and confidence**
- **Turned his fury at his parents into forgiveness**
- **Learned to accept people very different from himself**
- **Overcame intense, crippling guilt**
- **Won an encounter with a huge cougar without firing a shot**
- **Changed himself from a “kid” into a man**

Dear Friend:

The story you have just read tells about only a small part of Jack Derritt’s struggle to turn himself from an unhappy “kid” into a fulfilled and satisfied man.

It was an amazing adventure! City boy Jack, who had never lived in the woods before, built his shack 30 miles from the nearest town for less money than Henry David Thoreau spent.

He lived without running water, electricity, or a phone, deep in the Ozark mountains, where fierce cougars still roam free.

Breezes and butterflies flew through his open door and stayed to visit awhile.

The shack was, to put it mildly, unusual. Jack built it out of trees, old hogwire fencing, used shower curtains, and tarboard. But it kept him warm and dry – at least most of the time.

Penny for penny he spent less money than Henry David Thoreau paid out for the [shack](#) at Walden Pond.

And it let him fulfill his dream of living in the woods and getting to know people from Arkansas who were very different from him.

In the full novel about Jack, [Saying No to Naked Women](#), you'll see exactly how he built his hut.

Author David R. Yale will draw you word pictures of the woods at sunrise and sunset, of the trees tossing in a storm, of the flexible shack walls breathing in and out with the wind, of the sound of the cougar stalking and killing its prey, and the crickets singing in 4-part harmony.

But even more important, he'll tell you about the rest of Jack's adventures with The Chassid.

Because the truth is that conquering his sexual addiction and cleansing himself of porn values was just part of Jack's change from a "kid" to a man.

In real life, each problem we have is connected to another. And in Jack's life, his sexual addiction was connected to his fury at his parents.

But during his Ozark summer, Jack was able to forgive them.

That didn't mean Jack excused their behavior. Or denied that his parents had deeply hurt him.

It did mean that he came to understand them. And to realize that even though he was infuriated with them, he still loved them.

For Jack, forgiving his parents felt like someone had lifted a solid stone jacket off his shoulders. His fury disappeared into the mountain air.

For you, it could mean a whole new outlook on life.

The Chassid helped Jack through this process, step-by-step.

[So you can follow it, see how Jack did it, and be inspired to forgive your own parents, if that is an issue for you.](#)

In addition to freeing himself from sexual addiction, porn values, and fury with his parents, Jack had to overcome crippling guilt which, at one point, seemed to nail him to his bunk, as if he was being crucified.

The Chassid helped Jack understand what was causing his guilt, and how to conquer it for once and for all.

As you follow Jack on his quest for hope and confidence, you'll find a lot of insights that could be very useful to you:

- ✓ Surprising, destructive behavior pattern that comes from wishing your parents were different. It can cause you to choose wrong romantic partners if you don't understand it. See page 296
- ✓ Why some parents get angry when their kids challenge them. Understanding this can help you forgive your parents. Page 232

- ✓ **Unexpected personal reason why some people become workaholics. It has nothing to do with the demands of their jobs. Page 252**
- ✓ Simple technique helps you build self-confidence, even in difficult, scary situations. Anyone can learn it. Page 261
- ✓ Why some people can't accept compliments. Page 264
- ✓ Why Jack felt he needed another person to be complete, how that doomed his relationships, and how he triumphed over that belief. Page 259
- ✓ Behavior pattern that makes other people feel like you're trying to take over their lives – and sends them running away at top speed. When Jack realized he was doing this, he was able to stop it, and find the woman of his dreams. Page 288
- ✓ Why someone who appears to be strong and confident may actually have hidden emotional booby traps that will destroy anyone who tries to get too close. Page 301
- ✓ **The real reason why some people try to control every situation they're in and everyone around them. See Page 303 of [Saying No to Naked Women](#).**
- ✓ Why some people can't actually marry you – even if they go through with the ceremony and live with you for years afterwards. Page 325
- ✓ Some people will never be able to see your needs and respect your wishes. They may be hard

to spot at first – but if you look for this symptom you can recognize them fast. Page 307

✓ **What's really going on when two people have sex. Page 482**

✓ Why some people feel like you're criticizing and attacking them when you're not. Pages 232-233

✓ New way of thinking gives you incredible power and control over your life. Page 395

✓ Two things that help parents handle difficult situations with their kids, without anger or violence. Page 237

✓ **What Samuel Derritt said that made sure his son Jack would never *want* to use drugs. Page 208**

✓ Why your children may be ungrateful – even though you give them much more than you ever had. Page 238

✓ Easy way to make your kids feel special. Doesn't cost a cent and takes about 37 seconds. Page 416

As you can see, [these insights](#) can help you spot and avoid problem people, find emotionally stable partners, become closer to your parents, raise happier children, and live a more contented life.

But that's not all. The Chassid and Jack will reveal lots of insights about love and romance for both men and women. For example:

✓ Shocking problem that makes men rabidly hostile toward women. Avoid men like this if you're looking for true romance. Page 273

✓ **Why a woman will continue to talk about her hurt feelings – even after you’ve apologized to her. And why this is actually healthy behavior. Page 396**

✓ Some men can’t and won’t discuss the first big problem they encounter in a relationship – they take off for the hills instead. Here’s why. Pages 294-295

✓ Powerful reason why some men will pursue a woman even harder when she is cold and distant. They can’t help themselves – unless they understand this. Page 304

✓ Why the “right” man or woman can *never* wipe away your inner pain – and how believing this can actually lead you to choose the wrong person for you! Page 307

✓ Alarming adult symptoms of childhood sexual abuse that will sink a relationship if they haven’t been dealt with properly. Can you name them? Page 296

✓ Why “love at first sight” almost always leads to disappointment. See page 297 of [*Saying No to Naked Women*](#).

✓ Problem you have makes you feel a woman doesn’t need you – when she’s really very interested in you. Page 354

✓ **Why some people feel threatened when you show concern and caring for them. Danger – stay away from this type if you want a happy marriage! Pages 323-324**

But that's still not all! [When you read *Saying No to Naked Women*](#), you'll follow Jack on his Arkansas adventures:

- ✓ An old man who still works as a blacksmith teaches Jack how to forge an iron shovel from a white-hot metal rod.
- ✓ Jack, alone in the woods at night, faces down a cougar without firing a shot.
- ✓ **The acrobat in a small town circus tells Jack his secret performing method – and Jack finds out it's a highly valuable way to deal with fear and danger.**
- ✓ The powerful County Judge goes to bat for Jack when Jack is told he can't record senior citizen memoirs anymore.
- ✓ When his truck has 2 flat tires – and there's nobody around to help him – Jack still manages to get to town, 30 miles away.
- ✓ With The Chassid, Jack makes bowls, pots, and cups from the yellow Arkansas clay – and fires them in a pit kiln.
- ✓ **When Dorothy and Jerl need help castrating their piglets, Jack doesn't flinch.**
- ✓ Walking in the fields at dusk, Jack flushes out a sleeping 25-point buck deer, which just about knocks him over as it jumps up and runs away.
- ✓ Jack cooks and eats rattlesnake, squirrel, and terrapin.

✓ **Jack and Dorothy get chased by the game warden's helicopter, and Jack ends up with rifles hidden in his bunk.**

[*Saying No to Naked Women*](#) is a great adventure, as well as a source of uncommon knowledge about how relationships work.

It's easy and fun to read. And by the end, you'll feel like Jack, The Chassid, Katie, Dorothy & Jerl, and a whole host of other fascinating characters are your personal friends.

Don't delay! [The insights you get from this powerful book](#) could help you live a happier life, be a better parent, find the right man or woman, and iron out differences with your own parents.

It's interesting, easy, and fun to read. And it's a great adventure, too!

But above all, [*Saying No to Naked Women*](#) is a positive affirmation: There *is* hope. For men. For women. For love. For you.™

[Click here now to get your copy of *Saying No to Naked Women!*](#)

Sincerely yours,

Pat Johnson-Hart

Pat Johnson-Hart
Publisher
AHealthyRelationship.com

PS: Find out about the surprising, destructive behavior pattern that comes from wishing your

parents were different. It can cause you to choose the wrong partners if you don't understand it. See Page 296 of [*Saying No to Naked Women*](#).

PS2: Why someone who appears to be strong and confident may actually have hidden emotional booby traps that will destroy anyone who tries to get too close. Beware of this type! See Pages 301 and 305.

PS3: Little-known reason why children become selfish and unappreciative. See Page 238.

[**PS4: Click here now to get your copy of *Saying No to Naked Women!***](#)