

Dear Fight The New Drug.org,

Open Letter To Anyone With a Porn Habit Like Me

This is an open letter to anyone who has ever wanted stop watching porn, but could not. Those desperate souls who, like me, tried every known remedy. I had tried journaling, daily exercise, nutrition, setting goals, notes on my computer, destroying laptops, self-help books, science studies, therapy, accountability partners, going “off the grid”, socializing more, self-punishment, and eventually...planning my suicide.

I am one of a small percentage of people in the world who is *hopelessly* addicted to porn(ography). I am someone who could not stop watching and spiraling into the most extreme and mortifying content regardless of any consequence, threat, or fear of imprisonment. For more than twenty years I consumed it, rationalized it, loved it, hated it, and eventually-- was enslaved to it.

I would visit Fight The New Drug’s website in the hope that, with the help of thorough research and testimonials, I might develop enough emotional outrage, fear and shame, to leave porn for good. To my surprise this did not make me stop. The more I tried to control and suppress my urges, the worse the desire became.

Everything I seemed to learn would be absorbed into a new fetish or “kink”, like my brain was an infinite sponge for sexual variety. I then believed if only I could accept myself more, welcomed these “kinks”, that might give way to love, understanding, and control. But this was never the case. My sexual template became unrecognizable as I consumed to physical injury, failing health, failing jobs, and failing relationships. I withdrew from my friends and more and more into myself. My secret double-life, once a fun outlet of dopamine-rich exploration, became a living grave where the blinds were always closed, the paper towels were always running out, and the hours were always disappearing. Occasionally, the haze of another spree would lift and I would “come to” asking myself, “What the hell just happened...?” Unable to cry, knowing that there was no hope, so I might as well blot out my reality with another go, always thinking those familiar words, “*this time* will be different...”

As I write this now, I am amazed to share that my reality is a very different one. It’s incredible to find that today I am well over a year away from that dark, all-encompassing servitude to feed that incessant “itch” for another video. Today, I have no blockers on any machine, no notes on any computer, no one monitoring me to make sure I don’t have another “slip.” I spend those hours I used to waste on computers by gardening, attending local farmers markets, volunteering in my community, having movie nights with friends, and most of all – by helping the next person who suffers like I did.

I am part of an anonymous community that supports anyone who wants to quit porn and compulsive sex but isn’t able to. We support anyone regardless of disability, race, gender, religion (or lack thereof), location, or creed. *I do not represent any particular group here.* The places I attend have no opinion on the reformation, morality, “goodness”, or legality of any pornographic content. While some individuals may have a feeling that movements like Fight The New Drug are beneficial, many may not, or may be impartial. Some people in the groups don’t even struggle with porn, but are working to quit other sexual behaviors. We don’t discuss any solutions to the weighty problems of the world. We simply help each other to quit unwanted sexual behaviors, for good and for all.

If anyone reading this is in that pit of agony without hope, where the only way to stop is through harming yourself or locking yourself up away from the world-- where the shame and irreconcilability of sexual actions is beyond despair and reproach--- I want you to know that you are not alone. There are thousands of us just like you and there is *always* a way out. If you have oxygen moving into your lungs, it is not too late for a change.

You can find us by doing some searches online or asking around your local communities. We are only too glad to support the next person. That is the best part of what keeps us away from the old suffering, like a positive feedback loop of community. It reminds us of where we were, helps us to develop empathy and connection, and provides a sense of purpose in those times of great difficulty.

There are very brief occasions nowadays when I may miss what porn did for me. It was a safety blanket for pain and discomfort through many hard times. But I wouldn't trade the best escapes and "highs" from digitized content for a single day of the life I have today. Even surgeries haven't sent me back to those old pixelated comforts. I now sleep 8 hours a night and actually wake up excited for life. Crazy! I didn't know it, or believe it was possible, to feel the sense of ease and freedom I have now without the drug. Sometimes fighting it really means finding a better substitute.

In gratitude and service,
- Anonymous