

My story

Posted by bitachon - 20 Dec 2013 06:28

I am posting here in order to share some feelings that obviously I cannot share with anyone else. Sometimes it gets lonely by yourself. So even if this thread will remain a monologue, the sharing will be therapeutic for me. I don't know how often I will feel the urge to post, but here is the first installment of my story.

My story starts with my earliest recollections of being busy with lust. The first thing that I remember is in sixth grade the class got into some discussions about sex. I remember the powerful surges of energy and heady feeling when we were discussing them. I remember the slumber parties with the talk about sex.

At some time in my early youth the school went to a park for a Lag Beomer trip. There was a couple behaving appropriately in the area where we were supposed to play. Although I didn't see anything and I heard about from my friends, until today my mind is still turning over the story. I still think about the question were they doing it in the park. It is as if my mind is trapped in the thought process of a ten year old until today.

Another obsessive thought that has never left me is the time that we found a penthouse magazine. I still remember the captions under the pictures. Every once in a while, I start to think about how to find out what year it was so that I can see those pictures again.

One day I was climbing a pole and I began to feel these pleasurable feelings. From then on I would climb a lot and would climax on the rope. After a while I discovered that I don't need to climb. I could stimulate myself with my hands. I would sneak into the bathroom and masturbate until I came. I have a very persistent memory of a friend of mine offering to show each other our privates. At that immature state privates meant the behind. I remember us exhibiting to each other. I myself wasn't so interested in the show. I was more interested in masturbating. I tried to interest him in masturbating but it didn't interest him.

After a while I began combining the two things. I would go to a secluded place outside. I would then pull down my pants and masturbate while fantasizing that I was that couple that was making out. I would do this all the time. I especially enjoyed doing it when people weren't so far away. It just seemed more exiting.

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Re: My story

Posted by skeptical - 20 Dec 2013 08:06

Welcome to GYE!

We're all in the same boat and can relate, because we've been there too.

I'm looking forward to getting to know you better.

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Re: My story

Posted by ????? ?????? - 20 Dec 2013 22:17

Hello and welcome to

GYE

you are in the

RIGHT PLACE

check out the full line of advise here

may Hashem be with you

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Re: My story

Posted by bitachon - 24 Dec 2013 06:27

Thank you for the warm welcome. Here is more of my story.

It seems like all of the above happened before my Bar Mitzvah. Towards the time of my Bar Mitzvah it seems like I got more into learning and I forgot about these things. In high school my problems started again. In eleventh grade I constantly fantasized. There were a few boys that were caught with pornography. It seems that although I had seen porn magazines when I was younger, I had forgotten about them. I began to constantly fantasize about how I could get

them. Every time that I went to a store I would hungrily look at them behind the counter. I could never bring myself to buy one but I would imagine paying a goy to buy it for me.

The school had English books with some pictures of women I would rip them out and bring them to the bathroom and masturbate. The school library also had a few books that weren't so appropriate for a yeshiva bachur. I devoured them and would read the stories over and over .In my home we had the sears and Spiegel catalogues with a lingerie section. I would wait until everyone was sleeping and then I would go to the bathroom for an hour or so.

I was also desperate for information about sex. I would read all the An Lander and dear Abby to glean some more information about sex. I remember going through all the entries in the encyclopedia looking for more information. One day I read in the Kitzur that it is a special mitzvah to be your wife Friday night. So I decided if I can't do that at least I should make sure to masturbate then.

In this period I realized that fashion magazines were pretty racy. So if I couldn't get the real thing at least I could have that. I would go to the library and read them. Every time I found a picture I like I would rip it out and stick it in my pocket. I would stay there in the library rubbing myself and looking until I came in my pants. After coming in the library I would leave and feeling stupid dump all the pictures in the Sewer. I remember one summer in the nine days not being able to take a shower and being full of semen from repetitive masturbation. The dumping in the sewer became for me almost a ritual as I used to dump magazines and later cds into the sewer.

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Re: My story

Posted by SIB101854 - 24 Dec 2013 07:14

from the time that I was a teen until I found a therapist and this site, I would resort to masturbation and porn , in any form, whether it was free or for sale, as a retreat from reality. I can only say that my addiction impacted my marriage in a very negative way, and that my confronting my addiction has really helped my marriage in every way because I realized that porn and masturbation were poor and false substitutes for emotional and physical intimacy, and that no stress in the world , regardless of its origin, should ever blind me to the fact that I have a great Eshes Chayil, wonderful children and grandchildren.

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Re: My story

Posted by gibbor120 - 24 Dec 2013 22:08

Welcome bitachon! I can relate to a lot of your story. Your words really capture your feelings.

How are you doing now? Are you a bachur? Married?

We are all in the same boat. Our stories are all different and also the same. Funny you mention the Spiegel magazine. That was a BIG trigger for me too. I remember going through all the magazines to find the "good" pictures and remembering where they all were.

Have you tried to recover? What have you tried? What do you think your next step should be?

We've all been through similar stuff. Keep posting.

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Re: My story

Posted by bitachon - 31 Dec 2013 11:18

Thank you for all your words of chizuk. I don't have so much time to post. I do hope eventually to get out my whole story including my current situation.

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Re: My story

Posted by bitachon - 06 Jan 2014 07:50

This continued until the end of high school. I wasn't learning anything, and I would spend hours daydreaming about sexual scenarios. In bet medrash I continued the same behavior. However my attitude had already changed. Until now I had viewed myself as a good kid now I began to realize that I could be a Bum. I began to associate with a different type of crowd. My acting out also became deeper. I discovered secular music and how erotic it could be. I had a radio with a recording feature. I would record the songs on the radio that were triggering to me. I would then go to the store and buy a glamour magazine and read it while listening to the music. What I really wanted was to hang out with live girls. Here also my fantasy mind went crazy. Every girl that I saw I would imagine how I could be her boyfriend. When I would go to eat at people's houses I would see their daughters and imagine how I could hook up with them. All this took place in my mind, in the real world I was so in awe of a girl that I would never dare approach them. Also after living so many years in a fantasy world my ability to relate to people was stunted. I remember that once I finally got my opportunity to go to Woodbourne to hang out and

I just sat at the edge of the crowd not able to make my move. I came home so frustrated with myself, here was my opportunity to finally score and I blew it.

One day I woke up and decided to change my life around. I left all my friends started ignoring them and would learn the whole day. I became so extreme that I didn't leave the yeshiva building for six months. I became the biggest matmid in the yeshiva. This went on for years until I became a big talmid chacham. At this time knowing my weakness I avoided girls completely. Every one attributed this to my tzniut. In all this time I slipped just once and masturbated. After that I just forgot about it and continued my great hatmada.

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Re: My story

Posted by dms1234 - 06 Jan 2014 08:11

I have very similar experiences as you, particularly with seeing girls on the street and fantasizing about them.

Great to have you here. Keep posting your story please!

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Re: My story

Posted by SIB101854 - 07 Jan 2014 07:17

During the summer, I also have difficulty in walking past women who are inappropriately dressed. I was once told that one could adapt the nusach of HaNeros Hallalu (Ein Lanu Rashus Lhishtameesh Lahem, Ela Lriosam Bilvad) as an eitzah, but I think that the only strategy that works for me is the straight ahead subway blank eyed gaze as if noone else is present on the sidewalk, and to avoid triggers like newstands and the like at all costs.

I recently came across a fascinating blatt of Aggadeta in Maesecta AZ where the Chachmeu Unos Olam asked the Chachemei HaTalmud why if HaShem despises AZ so much , why doesn't HaShem Yisborach nullify the power of the AZ completely? The Pashut Pshat in the Gemara is that such forces of AZ are needed in a constructive manner by Jews and Gentiles alike, and that HaShem prefers to allow the world to run in its manner without interfering in nature except for such absolutely necessary events as the Exodus from Egypt, the splitting of the Red Sea and Matan Torah .

Similarly, the RaMChal in his intro to Mesilas Yesharim, points out based on the comment of the Talmud in Chulin 111 that whatever the Torah views as prohibited, can be enjoyed in a permissible manner. I was thinking that the Koach HaTaavah, that so many of us are addicted to, is proper, but only in the proper context. Realizing that fantasies are addictive requires both avoidance of all temptation, but also the realization that the Torah, Chazal, and Rishonim did not view marital relations with either the hedonistic view of the Greeks and Romans nor the prudish views of Victorian England or as inherently evil in its own right.

(When I was in Woodbourne a number of years ago, a sefer called Baalei HaNefesh was for sale-but only for married men-precisely because it was a manual for marital intimacy written by one of the Gdolei HaRishonim-the Raavad. The Ramban (or Raavad), is also viewed as the author of Igeres HaKodesh, a sefer written in the same style.)

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