

The Meadows, run by retired Air Force Lt. Col. Pat Mellody, is strictly no-nonsense--an austere little retrofitted dude ranch with a tiny, unheated swimming pool. It has 70 beds, of which about 55 were filled on average last quarter. The typical stay is four to five weeks, at \$900 to \$1,000 a day--which more than half the time isn't covered by insurance. Here, pleasure reading is usually prohibited; phone calls are limited to five or ten minutes. The only vice allowed is smoking (in "his" and "her" smoking pits to discourage fraternization).

At the Meadows, after extensive medical and psychiatric evaluations, you are grouped with other sex addicts and subjected to a regime that can be both grueling and gruesome. You spend a week in a therapy boot camp called Survivors, picking through your early life for trauma, abuse, neglect, and anything else that might have contributed to your problems. You write an autobiography, detailing all your transgressions and their repercussions, to "get in touch with all the havoc you've caused in other peoples' lives," says Mellody. You get lectures (several hours a day), 12-step meetings (almost nightly), and group therapy (three hours a day) with the likes of Maureen Canning, who had three CEOs in one of her groups in December. "A very high-functioning group," she says. And just how does one conduct therapy with a CEO? "It's like doing a dance. You're looking for a way in, the point that hurts the most," she says. "Then you go for the jugular."