

gay of the gab

with

Tim Fountain

TIM FOUNTAIN, THE MAN WHO'S SLEPT WITH FIVE THOUSAND MEN AND A LESBIAN, TELLS US ALL ABOUT BEING A SEX ADDICT AND FUNNY BRITISH HANKY PANKY.

I've been addicted to casual sex ever since I visited the toilets of the Bradford bus station when I was 14. I was on my way to visit the Bronte Parsonage Museum in Haworth and needed to make a call of nature. As I was peeing in an underground lavatory with graffiti that would have made a staff sergeant blush, ('I want to watch you shag my wife', '£ for a suck' and perhaps the strangest of all 'Derek shags convicts' wives'), a large black cock came through the glory hole in the cubicle wall.

It was the most exciting experience of my life and my guilt was so great that when I got to the Bronte Museum and an American tourist triggered a motion sensor alarm in Emily's bedroom, I was convinced the Bradford constabulary had followed me and I was about to be arrested.

After that day there was no looking back. I had sex all over Yorkshire, from the porn cinema in Leeds where men had mags on their laps (not Apple Mags, either), to the toilets at Leeds Bradford Airport where I encountered an unusually large amount of gay plane spotters. But my favourite was Lewis's department store on the Headrow in Leeds where the toilets had piped muzak. I still fondly recall wanking under a cubicle wall to the sound of Rod Stewart singing 'I Am Sailing'.

This kind of behaviour continued right up until the age of 37 when I did a show at the Royal Court Theatre called 'Sex Addict', in which I went on Gaydar and the audience got to choose who I slept with. The Daily Mail headline the next day shrieked, 'Curtain up on depravity, gay actor stages naked sex show in Public Square'. A caller to Radio Five Live said I should be burned at the stake.

This reaction set me thinking: was my sex life that different to everyone else's in Britain or was I just more vocal

about what I got up to? The result is my new book *Rude Britannia: One man's journey up the highways and bi-ways of British sex*. I travelled the length and breadth of Britain to find out what bonking Brits are getting up to in 2008. What I saw astounded me.

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I stayed at a gay guesthouse in Blackpool where the owner said, 'If you fancy a bit, just leave your flip flop in the door'. I met a married transsexual foot fetish prostitute in Bushy Green who ran a website and broadcast pictures of her feet to subscribers every night from her kitchen. I went to Hereford with a cross dressing sissy maid called Kitty who'd flown in from Japan and paid a thousand pounds for the privilege of sleeping under someone's

stairs and waiting on them hand and foot in a Victorian Maid's outfit.

I went to a watersports club where I encountered a man who laid in a paddling pool all night but couldn't get anyone to piss on him. I dressed as 'Tim the Tiger' and went fursuit-

ing (furies are people who like gay sex dressed in furry animal costumes - there's lots of vids filed under 'furring' on XTube). I went to a naturist sauna where I was hit on by an obese toothpaste rep and where there was a cheese and tomato sandwich in the Jacuzzi, which got stuck in my chest hair. I also met another man from Hull who liked to have sex with horses and kept a set of fold-up steps in the back of his car for the purpose. It was quite an eye-opener.

Now my journey is complete and *Rude Britannia* is written, my sex life feels less extreme. That said, two years of looking at all kinds of strange casual sex has clearly had an effect, and right now I'm in a relationship with a gorgeous twenty five-year old called Richard, who the audience chose to have sex with me when I did my last sex show in Glasgow. He's a good kisser, he hoovers like a demon and has a foot long cock, and in case you're wondering, we ain't monogamous. Villefranche 2 is our Gaydar name - do get in touch.

Rude Britannia is published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson.

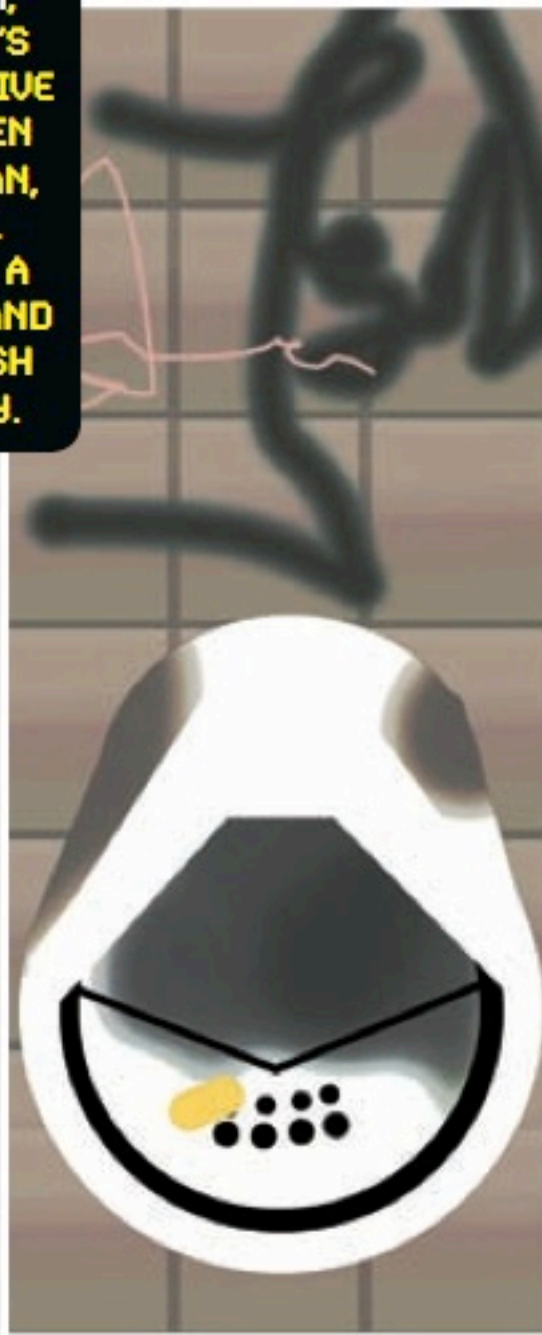


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