

From 1991 to 2021

Episode 5

Transcript

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A gay man's account growing up

with a sex and drug addiction



Episode 5

2011

My weird symptoms kept on going, my involuntary words at night learned new ones, like wanker, and fuck. But this still kept happening at night, and if I had the urge to say one of those words during the day, I was able to suppress them. Friends asked me to stay around their houses, so I had to explain my 'nightly routine' - that was not fun! Also what was not fun, was that I now couldn't hide the head nodding. I had to go back to my GP

Now, I wanted to know what this could be, I know, you shouldn't look at your symptoms on the internet, but I was scared and unsure. So I did a quick search and found that it could be Tourette's Syndrome.

Here is what it says on the NHS site on Tourette's Syndrome:

Tics are the main symptom of Tourette's syndrome. They usually appear in childhood between the ages of 2 and 14 (around 6 years is the average).

People with Tourette's syndrome have a combination of physical and vocal tics.

Examples of physical tics include:

- blinking
- eye-rolling
- grimacing
- shoulder shrugging
- jerking of the head or limbs
- jumping
- twirling
- touching objects and other people

Examples of vocal tics include:

- grunting
- throat clearing
- whistling
- coughing
- tongue clicking
- animal sounds
- saying random words and phrases
- repeating a sound, word or phrase
- swearing

In regards to the swearing tic, although a part of Tourette's - it is the most uncommon of tics, as only 10-15% of Tourette sufferers swear - obviously with my N-bomb last year, I am unfortunately one of that 10%. For me, it CAN'T be Tourette's - it CAN'T BE, because the last time I looked I was 35. I know I have been a late starter for things but DAMN! I went to my GP, and he sent me back to Mental Health Services, with a suspected case of Tourette's Syndrome. I did ask him, 'How can it

be, I'm over 14!' - To which he replied 'kids can get Alzheimer's'. I left the surgery thinking more about those poor kids than I did of my suspected new condition.

In December I got officially diagnosed with Tourette's Syndrome.

The panic attacks all those years ago were tic fits, the depression OCD and anxiety were co-occurring conditions of Tourette's Syndrome. How much more can I take. I've picked myself up so many times, this was the last straw, and I did what came to me naturally.

2012

This was the year my dear friend's mum died. I am writing this on the day of her death. She was like a second mother. She was absolutely fine with all my foibles including my newly diagnosed Tourette's diagnosis. If my Tourette's ever uttered a really bad word, she would say, 'I've heard worse - I used to be in the Wrens'. She died aged 92. I helped my dear friend clearing her flat out, and with other things.

I suppose what with the death of my friend, my brother coming out as trans, the abysmal behaviour of the friend I looked after, my dear friend's mother's death with the added bonuses of depression, OCD, anxiety, sleep problems and Tourette's, I just couldn't take any more heartache or stress

This was also the time I had a smartphone. that smartphone had 'dating apps' for gay men – more like the modern version of a cruising ground/public toilet. I had both my pc and smartphone set up, so it was easier to find people who were into drugs.

Chem friendly chilled out sessions meant the guy took drugs, C, K, M, T meant Coke, Ketamine, Mcat and Tina respectively, H&H, meant that the guy was High and Horny at the time.

I was chatting to a guy, who wanted a threesome, and he mentioned that he was into slamming. I didn't know what he meant but had a clue. As I have gone so far down the drug route by now, I thought I 'would give it a go'. If you want to know what 'slamming' means, please look at my 'Terms used here' page. I did, and Oh My GOD, it was THE BEST HIGH ever! They left, and I was still buzzing, so I went to London to get more sex.

I forgot to clear up from that evening, and my dear friend saw the needle. I can't seem to remember what I said. But I think he was OK with the explanation - or just didn't want to admit that his best friend might have a problem.

2013

This is where things get blurry, I was getting high more times than I was sober. There are a few events that stand out, but cannot put a date to.

I met this guy on my smartphone, he was everything I wanted in a guy, including drugs.... including slamming.

This guy showed me how to get hold of 'legal highs' off the internet. Legal Highs was a bit of a euphemism as these things were roughly the same as the REAL class A drugs, but by switching a couple of molecules about, you get a different chemical. Thereby selling them legally online – and being able to get them delivered to the door.

So, now I have found a way of getting hold of drugs without the need to use my PC or phone's dating apps. Thanks to my Tourette's being the socially unacceptable condition that it is also meant I could stay away from London. The 'drugs at home' originally started on

- Weekends...then...
- Every Wednesday and weekend...then...
- Every night.

I was taking drugs every night, watching my porn collection, with my phone in hand, seeing if I could get a lad to join in. As I became H&H (High and Horny) it meant that I had a 'reasonable excuse' on not to travel.

The guy I chatted to on my phone, we met regularly, and there were occasions that he'd organised threesomes at my place. My home became a drugs den and a place for H&H gay men to meet up in. Unless it was on those days that no-one was there, so I spent a weekend watching porn, high. ALL weekend, From 7 pm Friday evening until 8 am Monday morning.

2014

Some events stick out in my mind. I got one lad to come over, who was into slamming, and he was able to arrange a foursome for us to go to. I took my legal highs with me, and we had a great time, there was a sling, porn, needles, drugs, you name it. The orgy lasted for hours.

The other guy wanted to meet up after, so dropped me off in Brighton. I was high, and was in a couple of saunas, I also went around the trolling area. It got to about 8 pm and I had no way to get home. My phone was flat, and only had a couple of pounds to make phone calls.

I was able to get hold of my dear friend, who was able to get hold of the local police. Thankfully as I had Tourette's I could mask the fact I was high as a kite still. I do have a feeling the police could see I was still high, but never made it an issue. Again my dear friend came and picked me up,

Thank you once again.

There was another guy I met on a few occasions, where I would go and travel myself, go to his place, we would slam, get high, look at our phones to see if we could get another guy, and I would either make my way to London for more - or on rare occasions go home - those going home occasions is where I already had my own stash.

Regarding slamming, was I careful with needles? No. We shared.

Were we taking precautions? No

Was I having sex with HIV+ men? Yes.

I was HIV/AIDS awareness trained, I was a stickler for safer sex. Now it was just as if I didn't care anymore.

2015

This was around the time I found I could get illegal drugs sent through the post online. You really have to be VERY persistent and VERY technical to do this. Now remember I bought my drugs whilst still high as a kite, so I am even shocked myself I could do this. So in order, this is how one would have to get illegal drugs to your doorstep:

OMITTED FOR OBVIOUS REASONS!

The drugs would arrive in 'stealth' so that the Royal Mail didn't get wind of what was sent to you. I had Speed, E, Coke and Crystal Meth sent to me. Again - these were always taken at night.

THIS IS NOT TO BE TAKEN AS A GUIDE FOR BUYING DRUGS OFF THE DARK WEB - I'M NOT CONDONING THIS WHATSOEVER.

2016 took a very dark turn - even if the previous years weren't enough.

2016

January:

The guy I was meeting on a regular basis came over for the weekend. We had a threesome, and loads of sex and drugs were involved. I started becoming truthful to the lack of going to the sexual health clinic. I got the third degree on what I was doing. I also got a neurologist for my Tourette's - only took me 5 years! - I was honest with him with the chemsex and what I was doing. I tried to come off the drugs, the sex, everything. I hit an all-time low. For me, I had nothing at the point. I got my pills and some alcohol out. But before I actually did anything, I rang the Samaritans. They kept me talking. My dear friend must have thought something was up and came to my flat at 2 am, just before I took the overdose and he stopped me.

We did go to the local A&E, waiting for the Crisis Response team. They never turned up, so went home.

February 22nd:

I went back online to see if I could find a guy with chems. he had Mcat and G. He came over, we had fun. He 'went under' a couple of times. Going under is that you go unconscious.

February 23rd:

At 6 am he left. I did ask if he could leave something for me, so I could 'finish myself off'. he left me some G and I did what I usually do. I went under. I went more than go under. I was almost dead.

What happened next I only know, because my dear friend me found me almost dead on my bed. He cleared up as much as he could and switched the TV off so that the paramedics didn't see what I was up to. When he was on the phone he was told to check on my breathing. I was so far gone that I had the 'death rattle' I was dying. I was taken to the hospital and was put in an induced coma. I was in that coma for a couple of days.

February 25th:

I woke up from my coma. I was in a room on my own, wires coming out of me everywhere, I tried to piece together how I got there. I assumed it was a drug overdose, and I got myself there. I remember telling the nurse to tell my dear friend nothing about the drugs, not realising my dear friend got me there in the first place.

I was admitted to the drug and alcohol service in my local area and took it up. I went to the meetings for almost a year.

I came off the scene, I deleted the apps. I got rid of the Tor browser and emptied my phone-book on the people who were a bad influence on me. I went to the sexual health clinic in my home town and had every test imaginable. I had a few sexual diseases that could be solved with a bunch of antibiotics. I also had an HIV test.

You know you have been down a dangerous road, and you have been very lucky when the nurse comes back to you and says, 'I can't believe this - you are HIV NEGATIVE.'

Even with the sharing of needles, knowingly going with positive guys, not having safer sex I AM STILL NEGATIVE.

To almost quote from 'It's a Sin' - I was VERY lucky with the guys I had and shared needles with. The only thing I lost physically is my teeth. The drug abuse all these years with Speed, Coke and Mcat took a toll on them. I know. I'm VERY lucky to be alive.

Possibly this is why I am still alive, to tell this story on how bad things can be if no-one stops you, or hide parts of your lifestyle for years.

2017

This was the year of counselling and mental health.

I found a Friday night venue that ran a monthly meeting called 'Lets Talk About Gay Sex and Drugs' - I found there I could actually get help for my chemsex activities. As I was coming off drugs, I was starting to replace this with alcohol. This is the problem with addiction, there is a very dangerous part of your recovery where you replace one addictive activity with another. I was getting drunk quickly.

This was the sum total of my gay London trips in 2017, as I didn't feel I could cope with anything else just yet.

This was the help I had with everything over 2017:

- Counselling for chemsex
- Counselling for my 'grief' with regards to my Tourette's - up to that point I was grieving for the life I thought I'd lost.
- Neurologist meetings for my Tourette's
- Psychiatrist meetings for my mental health.
- Drug meetings with other addicts.

One by one over the year they dropped off, as each part of my life was being sorted. My dear friend, who has now become my part-time carer too took me to ALL of these appointments - especially as at least two of those counselling sessions weren't in my home town. This was the year that everything got sorted mentally AND physically. I even started going to the dentist to sort out my teeth as they were in a bad shape due to all the drug abuse all those years previous.

Part of the Chemsex recovery was to go back to the London scene, which I did. I went back to my haunt, but my OCD took over and couldn't go back - maybe it was just a bit too early in my recovery. I started going out again. But thanks to my Tourette's I was turned away by some venues - as they were accusing me of taking drugs. I was sober for nearly a year! Stupid thing was, some of these clubs I went in high as a kite and got in. Sometimes there is no justice in the world!

This is when I found that the gay scene, whether it was a venue, an app or with outreach groups we were now starting to take drugs and chemsex seriously.

But you see, here is the problem, drugs and chemsex are now going underground. This alone is a frightening concept - we are losing guys we now can't reach out to.

2018

I had one bad experience on the gay scene in London this year, and I stopped going. I wanted to do something with my life, so in August this year, I started another business venture - yeah I know, I was starting a business in the middle of Brexit, my first business mistake. I was apparently far too optimistic in those negotiations!

I got myself into a pattern. I was working 4 days a week, Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. Tuesdays my dear friend and I used these Tuesdays to go out and do things, I was also helping out with a charity and was running my own Tourette's group too. I know this is the first time I mentioned it here, but we have been running that group for nearly 6 years at this point. It is worth mentioning at this point that I was a functioning addict, I was still doing stuff, but it was more autopilot, and any weird behaviour was put down to my conditions.

I was going around a friends house once a weekend too.

I also started to set myself projects, during the height of my drug addiction I was spending £150 a week on drugs. So, I funnelled this into either the business or into my Media Server setup, my retro gaming or my smart home.

The business I'm in? I web host and web design for a living. I would normally advertise myself at this point - but for the time being, I am keeping those separate, not that I'm ashamed, it's that at the moment the message is more important than the person behind it.

September this year, was the first of what should be of many (Covid stopped that!) hospital pantos. So I was performing again. My drag colleague and I got involved with this. On the night of the show, the pair of us realised we were too old and too disabled (I was the disabled one) to do this full time again!

My porn collection is now at a stable 150 videos - a far cry from my 10,000+ photos - I tried to go back on the apps, but now I can only deal with about 10 minutes of them. They stay on my phone for about a month and then get deleted. My sexual addiction is almost coming to an end.

2019

This is the year of the comeback queen!!!

This was the year I FINALLY got back onto the gay scene. I got back to going back to my regular haunt. There had been a couple of occasions where I drank too much, but the guys there have been great, they tell me that I should go home if I have drunk too much - or if I have been sensible enough, sober me tells THEM to stop serving me alcohol when I've drunk too much. Drunk me hates that! My drinking there has gone up and down in waves, this again is down to the fact I was still in the recovery part of my addiction.

I also went to a pub that was none sexual on a Friday or Saturday so to break the pattern of just using London for sex.

This was also when I found a chemsex group, which met on a Friday - brilliant, have that bit of support, whilst helping others, and I can go to a none sexual venue afterwards.

New Year's Eve came. So I celebrated it in my haunt - as this year was the hardest. On the train home I posted this on Facebook:

'I've had a good year with business and personal things, I'm drunk, but happy in that I've ended the year and started the year as a 'clean man' London for me was a big thing to overcome but after 10 months and one hiccup, I've done it!!!! Tonight was to prove myself I could do it and I've had! I'm crying right now because I know now I'm free from the shackles of addiction, thank you, everyone, including you know who for being there! 2020 is definitely going to be the year that nothing is going to stop me!!!!!!!

I think we can all see the irony in the last sentence there now can't we!

2020

As this was the first year of Covid-19 - I'm going to use this year as a year of reflection.

My gay lifestyle has been a roller-coaster, to say the least, so has my mental and physical health, not to mention my addictions. This could VERY easily have been the year where I could have simply downloaded TOR and start again.

I could have also illegally met up with guys online for sex and drugs.
I haven't.

I have been busy with Zoom meetings for my local Tourette's group, I have also either been busy with projects or brushing up my web development skills.

I am worried about going back on the London gay scene when this is all over - but I'm assuming I'm not going to be the only one that is going to have trouble readjusting when that happens!

What I really want in life now is a hubby and a couple of kids, but I'm now having the same issues I did in 1991 thanks to Covid, my thought process goes something like this...

- I want a hubby.
- Surely someone else wants a hubby.
- HOW THE HELL DO WE MEET!

2021

As you can see, that after watching 'It's a Sin' I have been proactive over the last few months. I have set up a web-server, designed and created a podcasting site. I have written, produced recorded and edited 5 podcast episodes and have distributed them.

This part of the episode was written and recorded on the day after my coma 5 years previous.

I am also proud to tell you that I am now 5 years clean from my sexual and drug addictions.

Thank you so much for listening to my story over the last 10 weeks.