

To swaddle

To soothe

To shush

To smother

To lull

To gurgle

To gag

To paddle

To pillow

To pump

To plump

To punch

To massage

To moisten

To spritz

To stretch

To cradle

To divide

To heat

To rise

To sweat

To steam

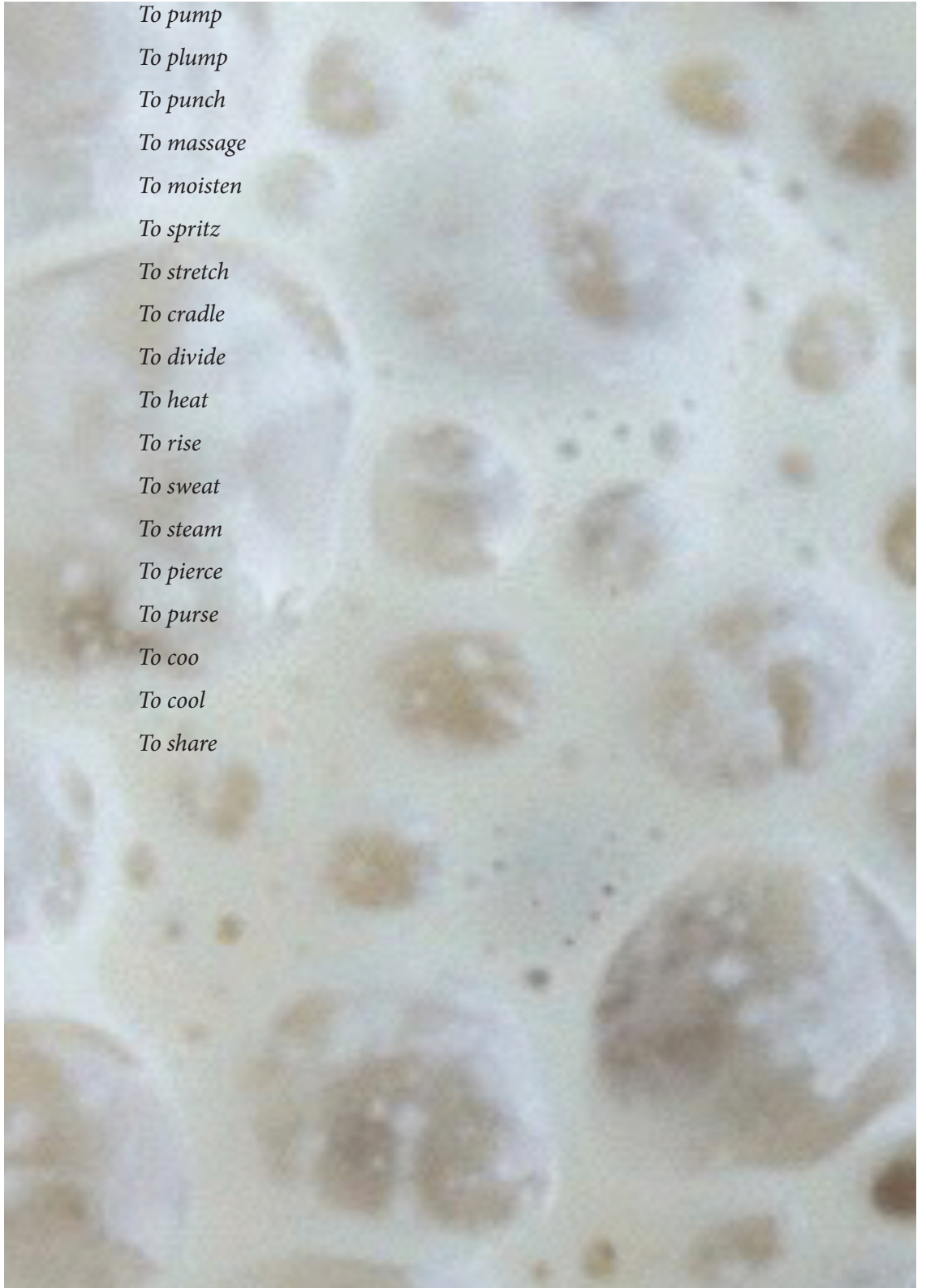
To pierce

To purse

To coo

To cool

To share



Fwd: questions on sauna

Kieran Bryant

Wed, Nov 13, 2019 at 11:15 AM

From: **Dominic Byrne**
Date: Tue, Nov 12, 2019 at 12:04 AM
Subject: Re: questions on sauna
To: Kieran Bryant

Hey hun,

What a moment. How is the egg? has it cracked? You caught me in a good mood - i'm ready to answer questions to the press.

So the sauna was divided into three job areas you'd be assigned to for your whole shift - sort of consigned to an area with its own unique responsibilities. One was working the bar, so not much movement. The other was working the 'front' area which consisted of the locker rooms, one of the shower rooms, cleaning the private rooms that could be booked, and a bathroom.

The third, which probably had the most ritualised movement was the 'back' section. This incorporated two levels of cruising - the ground floor had showers, a steam room, a sauna, a theatre and a dark room as well as an upstairs section which was just filled with private rooms with no door lock and porn playing in the corridors.

What I remember mostly from the whole movement in space was the wearing of gloves and the torch you kept on you at all times when inspecting. When i first worked upstairs (which has a sort of reputation for being the grossest, where you're most likely to get groped and just see dirty shit) I was explained how to move through the space. In one hand you'd hold the torch in front of your COCK protecting it from being groped and your other hand would be behind your back effectively covering your ass from people groping. It barely happened to me so seemed a little paranoid but nonetheless that was that.

I liked how my manager held the torch, which was instead of holding it where you normally would (around its sides like you were holding an 11" COCK) he'd cup his hand around the actual front where light was emitted so that his fingers partially covered the light source - almost like a claw. This was in effect to 'soften' the harshness of the light and not make it seem like you were a cop raiding the place. Uniform was a red t shirt and white short shorts that had a HOOTERS level of objectification to the male body. Totes revealing!

There was something definitely shark or fish-like to your movements, you'd essentially be doing inspections fairly often and sort of re-group to the bar area once everything was covered for a glass of water and a lil' chit chat. When inspecting, you'd constantly move in the semi-darkness, never stopping unless something caught your eye flashing the torch into every unattended private room. If the door was shut you'd sort of peek atop the gap between the door and ceiling with a flashlight to see if anyone was in there, if there was you'd get this quick flash of naked bodies or just a bloke in deep sleep wearing only a towel (or nothing). It never felt particularly invasive doing that, and no one ever got annoyed that I was. And you sort of had to duck and weave through 'foot traffic' at a constant pace, but not too fast. It's like how people advise to move through busy traffic as a pedestrian let's say in a busy city in Asia. You don't start, then stop, then run = you move at the same pace letting motorists know you're passing by and they move around you accordingly with that knowledge.

The non-stop moving was also to evince a level of professionalism I'd say - the place was heavily monitored by CCTV and it was stressed that if you showed interest in someone or dare I say it, act upon it you'd be in deep shit. I'd very rarely make eye contact and rarely make conversation apart from 'thank you's' here and there. But, if I was to stop it was to let certain people pass by and then you'd cover your front area with the torch pointing down. Both covering your junk and sort of 'showing' with the light you weren't a patron. There was very little conversation in the cruising areas - which made everyone there seem so menacing, you'd rarely see their face. But it was always funny when someone spoke up - an intimated British accent from a 50 year old man asking where the locker rooms were or something. Not being there for sex myself always made the place as a centre for men looking for sex seem extra-absurd like sex always is when you're not interested!

Cleaning was pretty horrible just in terms of the chemicals you'd huff or get on your skin and wake up the next day with a weird rash. There was so much squatting, holding two white towels cleaning walls and such. One towel to spread whatever you'd sprayed on the wall, the other to dry it off. So you'd sort of frog leap around a room spraying and wiping walls to clean it. But most cleaning that was done was at least when an area had been shut down so you didn't have to worry about patrons bumping into you. There was very little sponging tbh, the white towels (patron towels that had gotten dirty and thus became cleaning towels) were used for everything. If they got shit, vomit or a questionable substance on them you'd use a white garbage bag and immediately dispose of them to the outside bins. For the shower rooms, you'd use limescale remover to clean the walls and ceiling. Everyone had their own way of making that job as easy as possible as it was quite labour intensive. The main one was you'd have a red bucket with this diluted chemical and dip a broom into the mix and scrub the walls that way, let it sit and then use the shower nozzles to fill the bucket up with water to throw on the walls so as not to leave a stain. You'd start of edge your bucket throwing around the shower room in a circle until you' thrown water everywhere. On an overnight shift, you'd shut down the downstairs cruising area to do so and most guys decided to go topless as it was so fucking hot n' steamy!!! As an ex fat kid I chose instead to keep my t shirt on and sweat through it entirely.

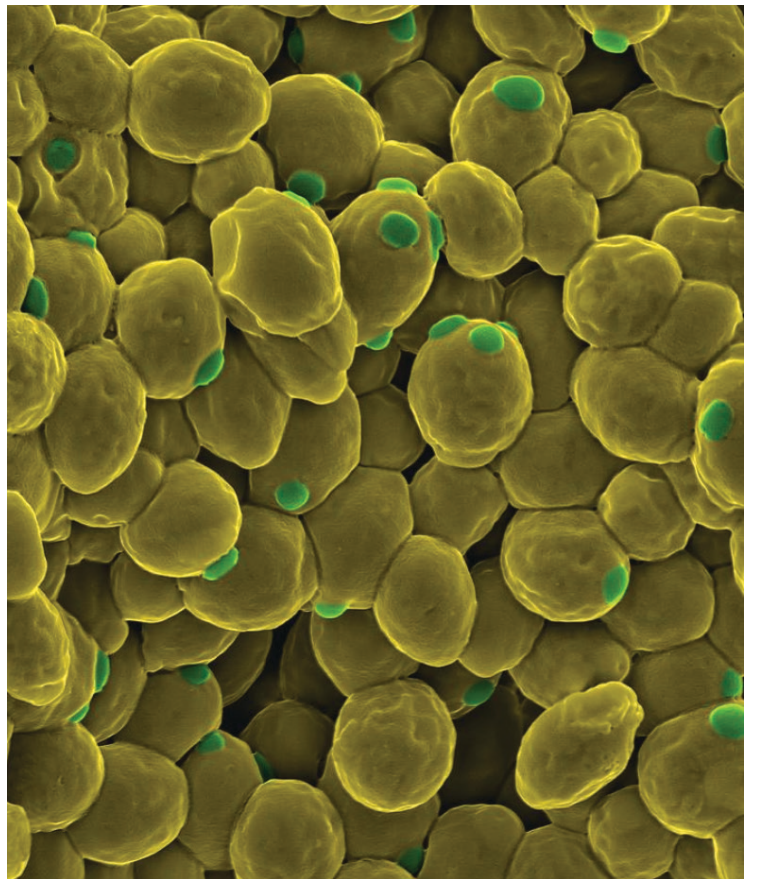
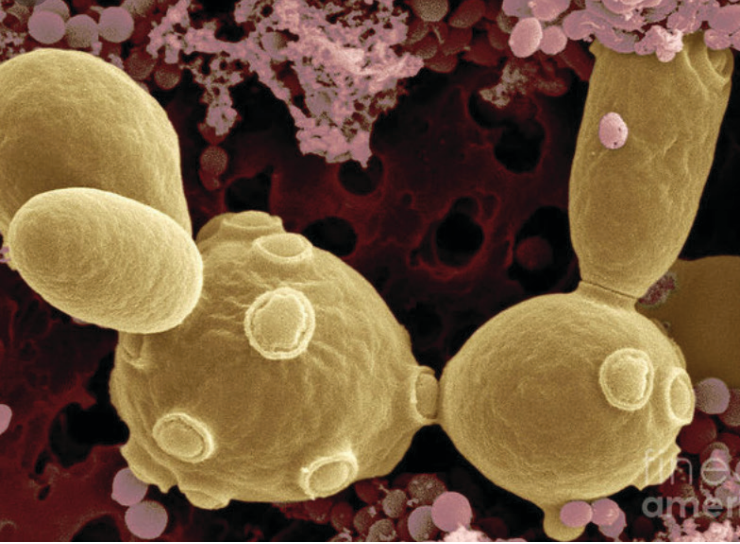
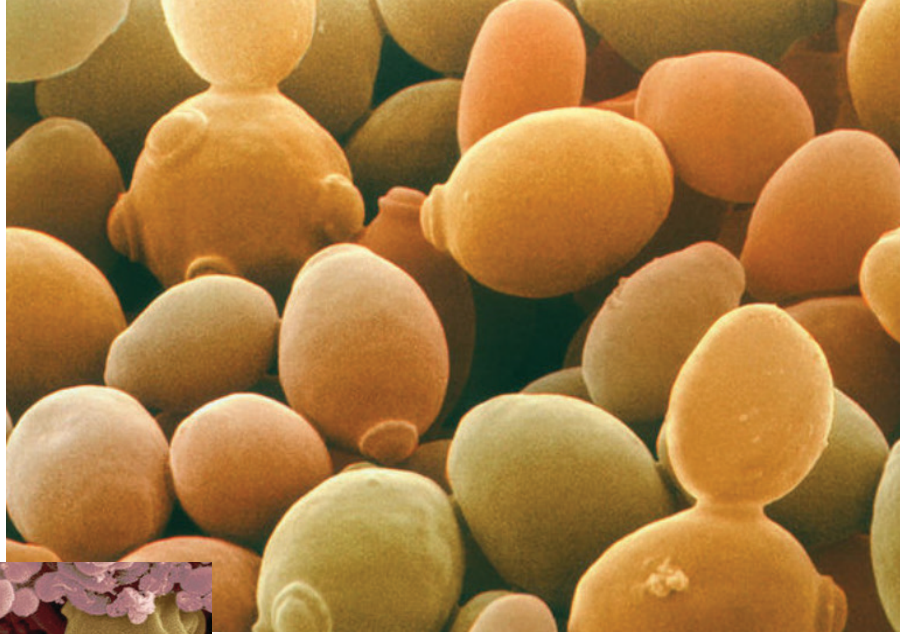
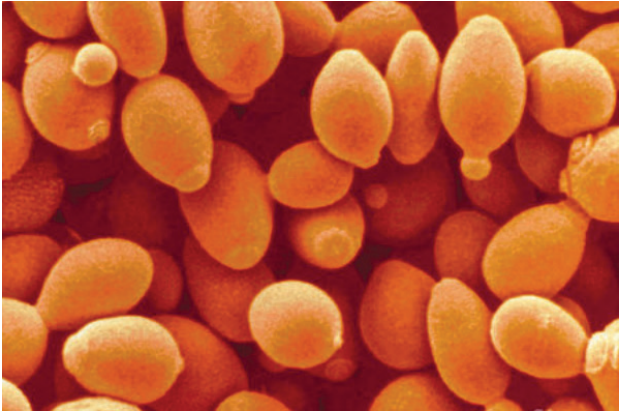
I'd say the only other notable thing about the movement that comes to mind was cleaning the mats in the rooms in the upstairs cruising lounge. Usually smattered with used condoms and lube on the mats (sometimes worse but not too often), you'd sort of squat down and bounce around the mat spraying it first with a de-odouriser, then an anti-bacterial spray then wipe away and dry at it with a white towel. I guess it was sort of a dance akin to - wait for it - the way Pollock painted around the canvas on the floor. YES, I did that.

But yeah, the main thing about movement that I noticed the most when I started working there was the difference in pace between workers and patrons. As a worker, you'd never move too fast as it's rather dark and you're turning corners and the last thing you want to do is accidentally make body contact with a wet patron (and you never knew what wet from). So you'd sort of glide non-stop, with your torchlight ahead of you hitting the floor, as if to announce yourself around corners or into dark rooms. The light very rarely went above waist level in what it shone on as you didn't want the patrons to feel uncomfortable in that sense, and most dirt was on the floor anyway. This was compared to the patrons who moved at a slower pace, with their back straight only in a white towel. Something about it looked so funny to me, perhaps a little cruel of me. It is in theory quite beautiful how a lot of these men - closeted, not in 'good shape', older - have a sense of silent confidence in there. They're not acting with 'bravado' or like loud queens, but they're on 'the hunt' I guess. What's that Lil' Wayne line? "Real G's move in silence like lasagna".

I'll end on that note unless anything else sticks out.

Kindest of regards,

D.



Suppose the flesh were not some pre-given architecture, stubborn and inert, but were alive with flows of heat and cold, fluxes of phlegm and blood and choler that in their changing distributions connect the body to permutations in the weather, the rising of the moon, the distant circuit of the stars?

What if the body is more than its limbs, organs and flesh as traced by an anatomical chart, as united into a finite whole? Microbiology...describes the human body not as a self-sealed microcosm, but as a porous environment in which colonies of bacteria symbiotically enable digestion or poisonously invade wounds; in which tiny worm-like creatures contentedly inhabit the follicles of eyebrows, oblivious to the emotions that traverse the face and animate their home; in which cells are semiautonomous beings that communicate, labour, multiply, die.

Extracts, Jeffrey Cohen, *Possible Bodies: Medieval Identity Machines*, University of Minnesota Press, 2003

yeasty fermentations
bubbling circumnavigations
frothing through the skin
light and airy

on the old heavy and solid
if you compress enough flesh together
would you get a brick

a r o lling boil, it's on the heat
the humors have heated and are
now warming - reaching the head!
Excitement!

Percolating

Ei Eii Eiii -----



compulsive co-existence

intangible irresistible repulsion

/body/body/body/body/body/body/body/body/body/body/body/body/body/body/body/body/body/body/body/

protein insinuation

a third from two

a myriad third

risky attachment

restless caress

enflamed fecundity

timeless minute attention

impatient uncontrol

itchscratchitchscratchitchscratchitchscratchitchscratchitchscratchitchscratchitchscratchitchitch

unconscious desire slip burn

Extract, Tarsh Bates, 'HumanThrush Entanglements', *PAN: Philosophy, Activism, Nature* no.10, 2013

<http://www.yeast-art-of-sharing.de/2016/04/tarsh-bates-candida/>



My breasts have become your territory. Claimed. Jealousy guarded. The force of your suction produces twin yellow bruises around my nipples. Thin scabs crust my chest, tracing the force of your sharp nailed caresses. Sometimes I swaddle your fists in woollen mittens to protect the skin and you bat away at my breasts like a tiny boxer. Mum told me that the breasts can respond to the cries of other babies, releasing milk to serve other mouths, fill other bellies. I imagined a sympathetic ooze, aww poor hungry baby, but no, the milk is more likely to spray and shoot out, breasts to the rescue!

Nursing produces a surge of oxytocin, the same feel-good hormone rush that accompanies orgasm (and labour). I try to imagine a direct line between nipple and clit as you suck suck swollen tender. Your hands stroke and press the breast flesh in increasingly complex choreographies, sometimes twisting one nipple as your lips work the other. Often you protest if I speak with others or try to read during feeding, staring up at me and groaning in frustration at my divided attention. Other mothers describe the sensation of feeling 'touched out' at the end of the day, of feeling full, satiated, overwhelmed with the giving and receiving of this primal bond. Prior sexual urges are dimmed, smothered by the intensity of this eight hour erotic massage.

Our days are organised around your feeding schedule. You refuse to drink from a bottle, even one filled with freshly-pumped breast milk. The doctor watches you feeding during a check up and declares - ah, well it's no wonder, she's a boob addict. And so, the day unfolds in two and a half hour increments. I am human snack machine. I learn to perform many tasks one-handed. I declare my actions and intentions to you in a cheerful voice to keep you calm as I leave the room to shower, to shit, to furtively type a text in the other room (you've started to notice screens). I invent songs for sleeping, for feeding, for walking, for staring at trees. I click and cluck and coo chou chou choupie baby one. I swaddle and pat and shhhh shhhh shhhh. You are completely dependent, defenceless and yet you have some power - the ability to refuse sleep, to refuse sleeves, to refuse bottles, to refuse to be comforted. I learn the deep frustration of expertly performing rituals of wrapping, rocking, singing and patting, watching your eyes flutter closed and feeling your breath become deep and slow, finally placing you carefully on the mattress only for you to wake and spring into action with leg spasms, whipping head wriggling and cries of protest. Back to the beginning.

My body aches all over. Legs that protest and stiffen as though I've run a daily marathon. Constant back pain from hoisting, rocking, holding. Shoulders and neck curved forward from nursing and bearing your body in a tightly wrapped tissue. I catch myself breathing shallow, barely breathing, always on alert.

In the first months after the birth I would take long walks with you, running the pram over rough ground for hours to hypnotically bump you into a nap. Sleep-deprived and terribly lonely, I would be struck by flashing scenes of violent accidents - the pram hurtling over a cliff top, falling down stairs with you in my arms, a garden hoe penetrating your tiny skull, slipping in the bath tub and cracking your head against the tiles. Sometimes I would fantasise about running away, leaving you crying in a darkened room and just walking far far far from this sudden responsibility, from your suffocating need.

Last week whilst cutting your nails with the clippers the skin of your fingertip was caught in the blade. Baby blood spurted on the play mat, on your mozzarella thighs, on your frog rattle. I carried you through the flat searching for bandages while you wailed and clawed at my face. Baby blood on my cheek in my eyes on my sweater. I wrapped your hand in socks to stop you sucking the wound and cried as you cried. We're in this together.