One mans trash is another mans trapeze act

TEFLONRABBIT ARTICLE No.318

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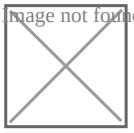
Burlesque performer

In tedium veritas

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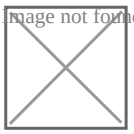
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Many occupations incur the penalty of near terminal boredom, however security work has possibly the greatest levels of mind boggling boredom associated with it. The only tangible benefit is that the hours spent in quiet reflection can lead to a greater self knowledge. Likewise a greater understanding of others.

Sex *Society* *Censors* *What is TEFLONRABBIT*

After an otherwise inconspicuous evening working in a nightclub, the author was enjoying the obligatory staff drink with colleagues and a few select patrons. Invariably these patrons are the friends of a staff member, the management or the promoter. Because of their connection they are permitted to join what is otherwise an extremely exclusive social occasion. Generally speaking it's quite worthy of attending. The staff have been working hard and they enjoy the opportunity to let off a bit of steam. Some form of familial atmosphere evolves and with the inclusion of pretty barmaids and macho doorman there is generally a chemistry of sorts. Most premises will frown on the consumption of alcohol during work hours and as such the staff have witnessed several shifts full of drunken punters enthusing without so much as an aperitif passing their lips. Unfortunately said included patrons have generally attended the evening well in advance of this early morning lock in. They may well have even been in a bar before they arrived at the nightclub. Basically what this means is that they're normally shitfaced and can make total twats out of themselves.



Cue the good buddy of a DJ who had finished assisting with the carrying out of the numerous flight cases full of 90's dance hits on white label. His name is irrelevant and he is remembered for entirely different reasons. With a shock of peroxide spikey hair his central belt accent was becoming slightly slurred. This is not an unfamiliar scenario for the staff and they generally tolerate such unattractive drunkenness with relatively good humour.

On this particular evening, one of the door staff was seeking to dominate the conversation (as usual) and had swung the topic around to sexual fantasies. The normal offerings were heard, she likes when men do this, he likes it when women do that etc etc. After a particularly bawdy account of felatio had been heard from one of the barmaids, spikey haired man suddenly burst out with his own concept of highly satisfying sexuality. Basically his contribution involved him engaged in the act with an appropriate female partner. All very wholesome one might assume. However the venue for the performance of this act was (in his demented mind) best facilitated via the surface of a bar counter. Odd, but not exactly disturbing ... yet. In addition to having sex on top of a bar, he also wanted a cross section of his male friends to be watching. This raised a few eyebrows but still, voyeurism and exhibitionism are nothing particularly revolutionary. But he wasn't anywhere near finished. At the point of climax it was essential that his friends all throw their pints of lager all over him and the lucky lady....

The expressions on the faces of the staff could only be described as an edifice of horror. Literally turning to each other with mouths agape shaking their heads and mouthing 'WHAT?' at each other. Spikey haired man was not expecting this reaction. Clearly he had spent so long imagining this scenario that he had become utterly desensitized to the profoundly obscure nature of his fantastic desires.

> Aye but you know what I mean, eh? Like we've all had that fantasy..... haven't you????

Clearly none of the other thirty odd people in the room had ever in their wildest dreams considered this as representing anything even remotely erotic. Rejoinders of

> Ehh , nope.

and

> Fuck off, freak

were the only responses he received. Clearly nonplussed he remained quiet for a few minutes while everyone pretended to ignore what had just happened. Fortunately the DJ was a tee total aficionado and presently ushered him away to finish packing the van. All in all it was possibly the most awkward thing to ever take place at that particular staff drinks.



Some years later in a different venue the author was once again subject to his colleagues reveling in shared proclivity details. The staffing dynamic was quite complex with staff from two separate venues collaborating in one nightclub. The precise reasons for this are extremely long winded but basically their club had been burned to the ground and to avoid the death of the promotions, they rented out a nearby venue. Consequently you have two sets of people who know each other very well but don't know the other team well at all.

The head of security for the guest team was quite an established face on the scene. He had some form of straight job working for the government and consequently his door was known for avoiding any prima-donna ultra-violence, which is a good thing. However on this particular night he decided to share a bit too much in terms of his frankly disgusting penchant for having his salad tossed. His second in command clearly knew all about it and was heartily engaged with ridiculing him in front of the rest of the mixed team.

> But I mean, what 's that all about? Don't you feel guilty? I mean there's no way she can be enjoying it, so just I mean .... what are you even thinking?

This did not deter the salad aficionado in any way whatsoever.

> Here, I'll tell you what. Last night I went for a shite and didn't wipe properly just to make it extra special for her later on.

Again the looks on the faces of the rest of the team represented something from an Edvard Munch painting. Howls of disapproval echoed down the street. Some even lost their composure and covered their eyes while stumbling away.

The author was once again left shaking his head and considering a career change at the earliest convenience. However the worst part of the experience was still to come. Some days later, salad man announced that his girlfriend would be showing up later and to make sure that she got in ok if he wasn't on the door at the time. All standard stuff and with things being quite busy no more thought was given to the subject. That is until she arrived.

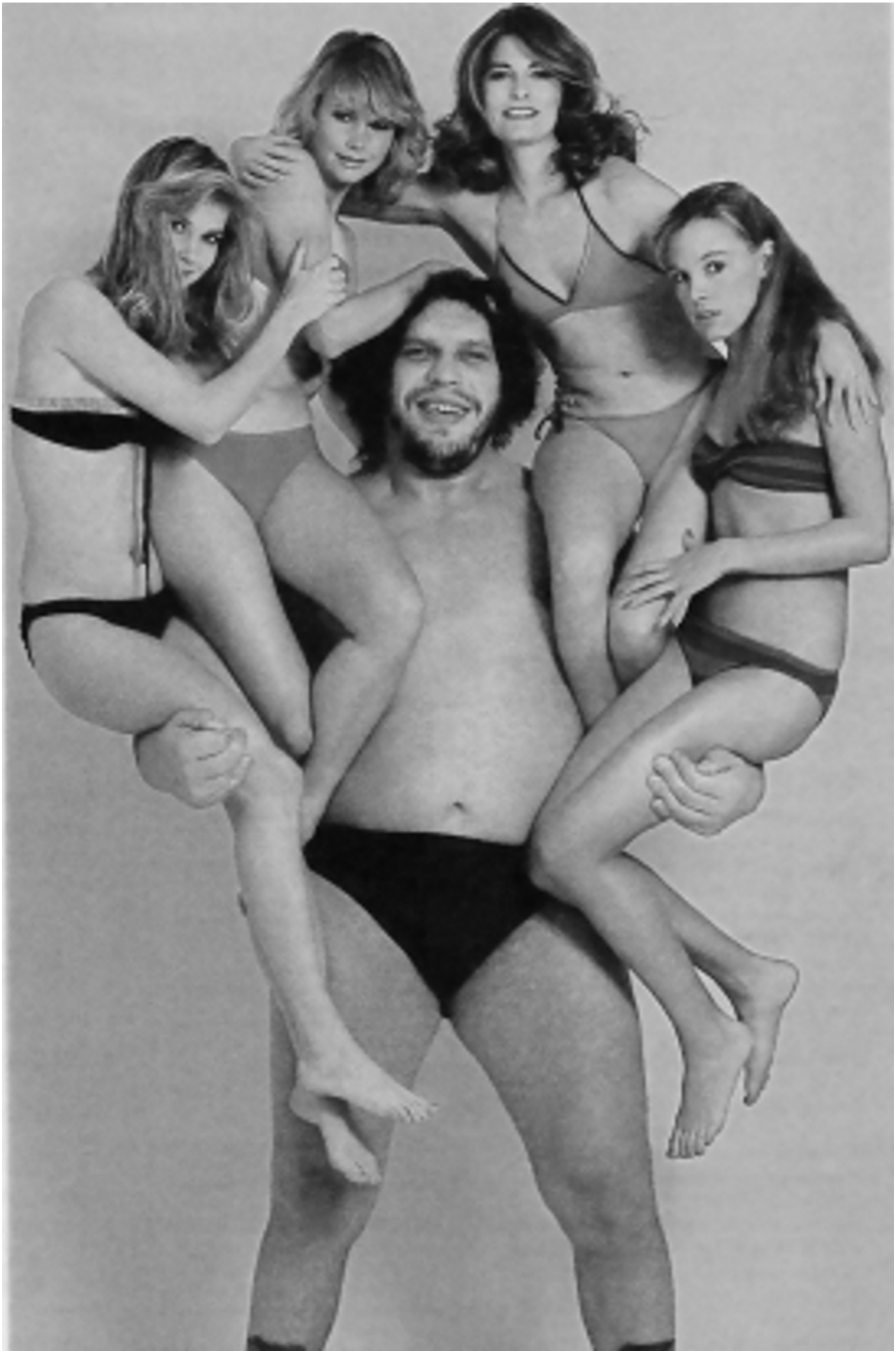
> Hi, my boyfriend told me not to wait in the queue and I should just come and speak to you guys. He's (name redacted) do you know him?

The presentation of this entirely delightful woman was quite flabbergasting. There was this down to earth, unassuming, quite pretty and truly lovely woman presenting herself in front of us without knowing that salad man has shared his most grotesque habits with all of us. The author was almost speechless. We ushered her past the cash desk and then all shared a series of uncomfortable glances.

> I can't believe he does that to her, I mean she's just so .... well ... I dunno ...like ... . nice!

Shaking of heads all round and back to work we went.

The author never got over this ghastly situation. For the rest of his life he would remember looking at this vision of wifely material with pity and a not insubstantial amount of disdain for salad man and his fucked up fetish.



Many security staff consider body building to be a valid method of qualifying for the job. The harsh reality is that pumping iron in no way makes for a good technical fighter. Quite the opposite is true and generally speaking unless they get their opponent in a bear hug, the amount of damage that they do is relatively minor. On the other hand there are also a goodly number of them who do know how to fight. At no point should anyone ever get in a fight with a body builder who has knowledge of technical fighting. It will be a total bloodbath and precisely none of the blood will be theirs. The author has witnessed violent events that frankly defy explanation through the medium of accepted physics,

Body building is possibly the most tedious sport in the history of mankind. It's also extremely demanding in terms of budget and logistics. At some point anyone who is serious about their hobby and moves into competitions hits a plateau of muscle gain. During the first few years they will be able to meter their progress with the usual measuring of biceps, oiling themselves up and preening in front of the mirror etc. After these good gains years, they invariably have to make a decision about whether they will use steroids or not. There are many misconceptions about the use of anabolic steroids. Anecdotes about muscle turning to fat and manhood shriveling up are commonplace among non users and the general public. In reality there is no way for muscle to turn to fat, it's just nonsense. What does happen is that when they take a break from training or stop completely, they are probably still consuming in excess of three to four thousand calories per day. Without regularly burning off the calories, weight will certainly pile on. As for the decrease it male potency, there are effects from the use of steroids that are comparable to the use of amphetamines. This does indeed include thee reduction in surplus body fluid provided to the extremities. Consequently anyone looking as ripped as Skeletor will probably not be auditioning for any work as a porn actor anytime soon.

Along with the requirement for regular major carbohydrate based meals, comes the cyclical responsibility. In order to get the best from any six, eight or ten week cycle of steroid use during training, the application of regular dosing is a must. Otherwise it can lead to physical complications such as fatal heart attacks or even worse - not making the gains in muscle mass that they want so badly. The long and the short of it is if you're on a cycle and you're also working at night, you need to eat a substantial meal during the shift and also take at least one injection of the chosen performance enhancing drug.

One an occasion such as this, two colleagues had hurried off to the gents to administer their required dosage. To avoid any unsightly puncture marks marring their baby-oiled presentation at the next mirror session, they ideally want to avoid using their arms for injections. As with many injections, the least inconvenient location for a syringe application is in the soft tissue of a buttock. The scene in a gents cubicle with two body builders trying to inject each other in the ass is high comedy in itself, but it gets better.

The first subject had his injection administered by the other doorman and everything went as expected.

> Right, that's me done - now I'll do you. Hang on and let me get into position.

A few thumps were heard as these two men with upper body development like Gorillas try to swap places in an area the size of a large wardrobe. The second injection was prepared from a bottle that clearly read "FOR ANIMAL USE ONLY" on the label and the application to the buttock was made. Unfortunately this approach was somewhat skewed and resulted in an off target administration.

> Ahhhh! you got me right in the ringpiece ya fucking eeejit!

With some consternation these two oversized dimwits concluded their incompetent cannula experiment, put their jackets back on and awkwardly opened the cubicle door to go back to work. There between the wall mounted urinals stood a rather camp gentleman with a look of excited anticipation on his face. By all accounts he was literally rubbing his hands together at the thought of getting to know the occupants of the cubicle. Needless to say when he witnessed the uniforms and the frankly obscene muscle mass crammed into starched white shirts, his face became somewhat ashen. Noticing this look of anticipation one of the walking adverts for 'Just say no' fixed him with a thousand yard stare and barked:

> What the fuck do you want - ballbag?

Clearly this light-footed gentleman had not anticipated this turn of events and had very little to say on the subject. In fact he put two hands up in a gesture of submission and with a look of sheer panic in his eyes, darted through the exit and disappeared back into the club.

As to the moral of these stories, it seems that some things are better left unsaid because they can cause such profound hilarity / horror that they can be remembered for the duration of a Mayan long count.