





One of my favorite gleaned objects resembles a belt. It is a strip of metal that found its shape when it was folded around one of the wooden beams of an old railway track. The railway track, now derelict, loops around the old centre of Paris and is named 'La Petite Ceinture' – the little belt.

When I wear a jockstrap I feel gathered, even though my ass is out. A wide elastic band holds my lower midriff.

Before jockstraps, men wore 'suspensory bandages', to prevent their testicles from bouncing against the hard wooden seats of horse-drawn wagons. Throughout the nineteenth century such supportive goods became a health trend, promoted in postorder catalogs and said to prevent weakness and 'diseases of men'. Around the turn of the twentieth century the first jockstraps were designed in Boston to offer support to bike jockeys as they navigated the city's cobblestone streets. Fashioned out of 'genuine surgical elastic', jockstraps became part of the standard attire of athletes, and were a staple in steamy locker rooms until the 1980s, gaining a fetish status within gay culture.

When wrapping a bandage around something tightly, you tuck the last bit of fabric between its own folds, so that it holds itself in place. At the intersection of healing and eroticism we tuck, we tape, we bind. A sensual dressing for the griefs of unrealised desire.















