



Source: David Nason, 'Bush poised for shift on Iraq', *The Australian online*, 13/11/06.

Tags: [sex](#), [workplace](#)  
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Mostly, you'll learn as you go. But here are a few pointers that might help you make it through the first days.

Of course, luck can fall from the sky. But don't presume it's good luck.

Before you go in there, make a mental note of how far you're prepared to bend to give and get pleasure.

Never forget that your skin holds its memories in bruises of old blood.

If you indulge at the bar, you'll taste a warm tincture of lust in every cold beverage. You should abstain all the time, unless ordered to imbibe.

Sometimes the rain will come down on the roof. It will have a rhythm that's almost Cuban. Get this in your mind so you don't get shocked on your skin: our thunderstorms are warm, like the blood from a freshly killed chicken. Before the end of a storm you might feel something slippery on your thighs, something like an ooze coming out or prying in the several folds where you sense you're most vulnerable.

Mistah Kurtz, he dead.

Your easiest expenditure will be sweat. But they like all kinds of fluid.

There are tiles on the walls as well as the floors, and the staff hose the place down every night, just before sunrise. Don't be alarmed about this. Just accept it. Persevere.

There's a room upstairs, at the back, where men come to watch women cry. Consider whether you might be prepared to volunteer for work in this room.

Practice a face unmarked by surprise. They will ask and pay for dozens of things you won't expect. For instance there's a Colonel from the UN who just sits alongside the women, watching them when they're asleep.

Doorknobs can get some men excited, but then so can cellophane tape.

The most popular song on the jukebox: something histrionic by Mister Roy Orbison.

If ordered to use a knife, simply tell yourself you can carve anything, just like it's regular chicken.

'Shanti'—it's a word from an Eastern scripture, meaning 'the peace which surpasses all understanding'.

From the client's point of view, there's nothing here—NOTHING—that's banned from request. This is regardless of whether or not the thing has a name. I mean, whether it has a name other than 'thing'. As for whether you are capable of fulfilling all requests, this knowledge will come to you with experience.

You should pretend you believe every promise that comes off the TV screens. This way, most sessions should be easier, and the clients might be less inclined to be cruel.

Finally, there is a category of services that gets paid with a magnetic card. If you are willing to take part in these activities, the rewards can be considerable. But it's best you understand at the outset that you will need to learn quickly how to detach yourself in this regard...how to get detached cleanly and completely from all definitions of self-respect. These special services are in a category code-named 'PURPLE'. And, because I like you, I'll explain here beforehand and generally...I'll explain what's involved. Basically you must agree to do absolutely anything that a small cartel of Americans want.

As I said when we started: it's best you make a mental note of how far you're prepared to bend to give and get pleasure.

*Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a story by Ross Gibson.*