



**“IF SOMEONE LOOKS AT YOU OR SMILES AT YOU, THEY DEFINITELY WANT SEX WITH YOU”**

talking to Shane and Karen, who sit on the sofa opposite.

Karen is slightly overweight and Shane looks like any bloke down the pub. It's only Shane's second visit to the club and he looks nearly as uptight as I feel. Karen puts a protective arm around him, as though this isn't her second time, or even her third. "I work for a law firm, and I do worry about meeting people I know here," she says. "The closest I came was seeing someone on a bus that I knew from here."

By "knew" she means "had sex with". Or maybe she does mean "knew". There's no pressure to actually have sex here, they explain. If we want, we could stay up here all night, drinking.

The key is that, unlike other bars, sex isn't the undercurrent here, it's the overcurrent. If someone looks at you, smiles at you, or does anything at you, they definitely want sex with you.

"The etiquette is that no really does mean no," says Karen. "If someone touches you, they're interested and if you touch them back, that's a positive response. If you're not interested, you must make a definite pushing action and they'll leave you alone. Rejection happens all the time, so you're not really hurting people's feelings."

We're having a very pleasant chat, but the thought occurs that they might be trying to seduce us right now. Are they interested or are we just talking?

I am nervous. I go to the bar for another couple of strong drinks. Peter stops pashing the barmaid. "What can I do to you... for you?" he smirks.

Couples aged from their 20s to 40s sit in the lounge area, wearing their normal street clothes. I try to look at them without catching their eye or smiling. On the TV overhead, a fat man posts his unlikely penis into a woman with big hair, who whines in fake ecstasy.

In the far corner three girls in their early 20s sit in a row, like they're at the hairdressers. Their partners occupy another two sofas. None of them is talking. Are they going to swap within the group or with other couples entirely? I wonder why they haven't all

stayed at someone's house and saved their money.

As I sit down again, a slim dark-haired girl wearing Glomesh hotpants arrives in the centre of the room and starts dancing like someone in the first stages of a strip act. By the look on her face I estimate she's taken about a kilo of ecstasy. She sways over to two couples and grinds her hips as though she's trying to unscrew them. They ignore her. Eventually, she leaves.

Out on the rooftop patio, David and Nicola invite us over immediately. They are somewhere in their 30s, although in the dark it's hard to tell where. They're both dressed in black and look very confident. David's eyes have a slight glitter and I feel like we're being sized up. Or that we've already been sized up and he's just finalising the room and the positions.

Sure enough, they've both been swinging for a while. This is the best club in Sydney, they reckon. They've been to others where the owner is a weirdo, or it's filthy, or everyone's fat and 50.

When we admit it's our first time, David looks even more interested. He talks about the importance of hand signals. "You've got to be able to tell each other when you don't feel comfortable. If one of us isn't having a good time, we have an agreement that we both stop immediately and leave."

At 1.30am, Rachel and I are still tipping shots down our necks in an effort to get used to the skewed situation in here. Not only can we have sex with nearly everyone we see, but we could be doing it very soon.

A bloke next to me at the bar points at the porn on the TV and tells me the actor's name. When the girl's face finally comes into view, he knows her, too. I accuse him of having a large '80s porn collection, and his girlfriend laughs.

Suddenly I am more interested in his girlfriend than I am in him. She must be nearly 2m tall, and sexy as hell. Even Rachel seems a bit stunned. Angie is a student of 23, but she's much more experienced at this than Nick, a 26-year-old accountant. Even though he's got

Snorting Regaine, not a good idea

