

Okay, dear intrepid Nihonnuats, it's time once again to brave the dismal stygian abyss of cultural assimilation and sneak a peak behind the septic stall door into the ghoulish hell of.....

## Toilet Shock!

Actually, I owe the title of this little ditty to my supervisor who one day a few months after I arrived innocently inquired, "Dereku, du yu habu anii caruturu shokku?" to which I replied, "Wull, no, not really, except where the fuck are your goddamn toilets? Like, where they leveled in the Quake of '23 or did Godzilla step on'm all or what? Or is it a cultural taboo to pinch a loaf in comfort? I mean, your houses are fucking walk-in refrigerators and you eat with those fucking sticks and the only place that's ever got any decent parking is a fucking pachinko parlor and then you can't even put seats on your toilets, so like, why is it you people have to make EVERYTHING IN LIFE SO FUCKING DIFFICULT!?! And holding a .45 magnum to his eye squeezed off five or six rounds but he lithely dodged them with feline ninja stealth, slapped my weapon from my hand and, jamming a finger against the Pressure Point of Cobra Paralysis in by left shoulder, said, "HA, HA, HA! Your foolish young pride betrays you! You have shamed you and your clan for generations to come, as I am still the one true master! You have TOILET SHOCK!"



Japanese Squatter Toilet

So, yeah, it was true, my first sight of a Japanese toilet was a kick in the throat, and I was bitter. I had to move a load – not a big one, mind you – and I was all psyched up for a leisurely dump on your standard occidental porcelain altar and I opened the stall door and WHAT THE HELL IS THIS!?! Where'd the shitter go? So from then on, I avoided the Japanese potty like a Haitian bisexual intravenous-drug using hemophiliac.

And then the inevitable occurred.

I was at Happy Town in Himi and packed from my buttock to the back of my neck with two slices of Sick Dick's Cheeze and Fat Pizza, tapeworm udon<sup>1</sup>, cat jizz ice cream, that nasty pickled daikon<sup>2</sup> stuff, and beer. This is a most uncomfortable condition to be in, second only to the infamous Flaming Rajistan Curry Shits (See George Stone for details). Anyway, I had a monster-stinky murry to hurry in a rather royal way. The first furry brown grizzly started to poke his head out of my cave, so I did a Carl Lewis to the J-John and about ripped the stall door off it's hinges and.... NO! NO! NO! Japanese. Okay. Cope and deal. I clawed at my buckle, button

<sup>1</sup> Udon = Thick noodles that, in large quantities will make you want to shit.

<sup>2</sup> Daikon = Large pickled radishes.

and zipper whilst simultaneously performing that important and endangered cultural heritage, the Native American Dooty Dance. I yanked my britches and my skivvies to my knees in one deft swing and squatted in a grand finale of falling eagle feathers – HIYEEA HEH! – and realized that this surly turd was on a trajectory strait for my favorite Batman Underoos. This immediately reminded me of a cheesy literary gimmick for introducing one of my favorite childhood jokes.

“Robin! The Joker’s run into the restroom!”

“Holy shit, Batman!”

Contrary to popular myth, reverse defecation does not have to be tediously cultivated through years of Zen bowel control discipline. I sucked that pooch back in like soba<sup>3</sup>. I figured this bought me thirty more seconds, so I attempted to remove my pants and undies, being the genius that I am, *over my shoes*. Now I don’t know about your shitty little insignificant countries, but in America every fourth grader learns, along with blindfolded M-16 assault rifle breakdown and reassembly, Newton’s Fifth law of Physics which states: It is physically impossible to remove your pants over your shoes, you dolt. I was obviously absent that day, but gained true appreciation for the value of elementary school education as I tottered backwards and stuck my right hand IN the toilet to brace myself as a big juicy brown burrito hung halfway out my ass. Fortunately, I managed to right myself with out getting brown racing stripes down my inner thighs, again thanks to anal suction. In fact, after JET<sup>4</sup> I’m thinking of going to Paht Pong Road in Bangkok and sucking up sea urchins with my asshole at 500 baht<sup>5</sup> a head. As for the hand, at the time I’d have amputated it in exchange for prosthetic chopsticks rather than ever eat with it again, but got over that quickly by my next meal. Well, I had maybe ten more seconds max so I again straddled the sunken sink, my gonads swaying in a draft like hairy wind chimes. 4... 3... 2...1...

SHSHSHSHSCHSCHLLLLLLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOP!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHhhhhhhh.....

But wait... what was that gentle tugging at the back of my neck, like the caress of a woman, an angel’s kiss? My beautiful pristine shirt tail hung about my bum like a wedding veil. Only now it was conspicuously fudgey. Yes, my dump managed to grace the fringe of my shirt, tugging it enough to give me little chilies running up and down my dorsal ganglion. Oops. To compound matters, my hip artsy silk tie kept sliding off my shoulder and kissing my trouser trout on the lips and you know number twos are always accompanied by number ones. Why can’t I get women to behave that way? So, fuck it, off with the shirt and tie.

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<sup>3</sup> Soba = Japanese noodles you make a slurping noise when you eat.

<sup>4</sup> JET = Japan Exchange Teaching program. Places collage grads in Japan to teach English.

<sup>5</sup> 500 Baht = \$13.50 US Dollars.

Now, nothing is quite so humiliating as standing spread-eagle, butt-naked safe your socks, over a massive steaming mound of your own gooey shit knowing that in a minute you've got to tuck a crap-streaked shirt tail back into your pants – which are presently lying on cigarette butts floating in a piss puddle – with a hand that is drenched in typhoid-pestilent toilet water in the middle of a shopping mall in Himi, Japan. Actually, there is, but I'll get to that in a minute.

## **日本のトイレ使い方 NIHON NO TOIRE TSUKAIKATA<sup>6</sup>**

(Yes, something somewhat useful DOES appear in this article, snapper-head.)

### **1. DO NOT PULL YOUR PANTS DOWN TO YOUR KNEES.**

If you pull them down any further you will risk a stinky treat where your bum and briefs meet. Pinch your pants with the back of your knees to keep them stationary. SKIRTS: flip'em over your head or something, I don't frigging know.

NOTE: Safeguard your change. Once I had escaped hyaku-en<sup>7</sup> coins lodge in my turds like raisins in a rum cake.

### **2. SQUAT ON THE BALLS OF YOUR FEET.**

This took me a long time to figure out, but you're much better balanced this way. Squat flat-footed and your bubble-gum lard-ass will drag you down.

### **3. SQUAT WITH YOUR FEET REASONABLY CLOSE TO THE EDGES OF THE TOILET.**

This is another important balancing mechanism. If you squat in your normal comfy spread out way, you diffuse your center of gravity and risk tipping forward or worse backward. Keep your knees pointing forward and not spread out like some tawdry Penthouse pin-up. Where's your self respect, fer Chrissakes? Imagine that your entire body is a funnel, your center of gravity being the hole at the bottom – that's your asshole, squid. You want your body as compact and centered over your bunghole as possible, for a clean fudge-tunnel thoroughfare. Use the metal spout doo-hickey thingy in front of you for balance in case of emergency.

### **4. WIPING: Wipe front-to-back and your goin' down with that last aggressive stroke. Back-to-front is much more manageable, but A) you feel kinda stupid reaching between your legs like that and B) for women, this is totally hygienically unsound (guys don't care if they've got choco-smears under their balls). The logical conclusion is to wipe sideways, of course. Remember to wipe both right-to-left and left-to-right for an even smile.**

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<sup>6</sup> How to use a Japanese toilet

<sup>7</sup> 100 yen coin

Heed this humble advice, son, and soon you'll be pooping like the pros. In fact, you might swing a 180 and acquire a preference for Japanese plumbing design. Okay, granted, you're not going to be finishing Tomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*<sup>8</sup> anytime soon on one, with your face all red and your veins bulging and your eyes are popping out and your thighs screaming and all, but let's face it, especially in the public sector, they do have some advantages:

- **BIG FLUSH**

No piddly limp-dick weak-ass gentle spiraling in Japan. These commodes flood with the torrential wrath of Jehovah in the Biblical deluge. But lame flushes are usually an option with the ubiquitous dual-flush mode shit-shafts.

NOTE: I have on more than one occasion squeezed a biscuit so massive a Mothra-induced tsunami couldn't budge it. Should your craps reach such unfortunate epic proportions as well, you have little choice but to grab some TP and nudge your fudge. This tends to document your king-sized crap in fudgey snail-trails for the next poor bastard that comes by.

- **NO SPLASH BACK**

Dontcha hate it when you just pissed out Lake Superior and then that heavy-weight turd comes barreling out like cannon shot and empties half the bowl back up into your own asshole? No golden enemas or surprise bidets in Japan.

- **NO DRIED PIDDLE OR PUBIES STUCK TO THE BACKS OF YOUR THIGHS**

Those of you who have hovered precariously over toilets in Exxons and summer camps in order to avoid this were half way to Japanese style defecation anyway.

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<sup>8</sup> *Gravity's Rainbow* is a novel written by [Thomas Pynchon](#) and first published in 1973. Set in Europe near the end of [World War II](#) during the end of [1944](#) and much of [1945](#), *Gravity's Rainbow* features the creation of the first military [ballistic missiles](#) as a main theme while subverting many of the traditional elements of [plot](#) and character development.

Instances of being embarrassed while completely alone are usually so rare they're not even worth mentioning. Hell, you save yourself a lot of grief by refraining from divulging facts like you crapped in your own shirt at Happy Town. But, damn it all, the Japanese have figured out a way to integrate private humiliation into daily living. It's the Japanese Stage Crap, and I'm sure most of you have taken one by now. I'm referring to those toilets that are elevated about a foot and a half off the ground, usually facing a mirror – perhaps one way, behind which sits Sukebe<sup>9</sup> Shinsuke fervently doing the Knuckle Shuffle on his piss pump – or a door with the lock broken. Yes, you bend over and there's your maw of a bung-hole, gaping open for all the world to see, puckering in anticipation for Officer Friendly to waltz in and give you a cavity search. All you need is a spotlight and you're the star of the Tokyo Town Water Trade Scatological Cabaret. Next time you find yourself in this position, try and imagine all your friends, extended family, co-workers, students, a panel of judges, and a girl-scout troop standing behind you. I know of only one actual case of someone walking in on someone during a Stage Crap, but the "walkee" refused to provide a detailed account and wished to remain anonymous. It was Rachel O'Brian at Shironomichi, "and I wasn't taking a crap, I was just going a bit of a wee, you stupid twat!"

Well, that's it. If you need anymore info, don't call me, I'm busy. Don't forget to wash your hands. Where you're going to dry them is your tough cookie.<sup>10</sup>

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<sup>9</sup> Sukebe = Pervert

<sup>10</sup> No hand towels available in Japanese public restrooms.