

## East And West: A Plan for World Peace

*East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.* – Rudyard Kipling

*Shit is holy!* – Allen Ginsberg

Thanks to Uncle Freud we know  
How seemingly trivial things like jokes  
Or a slip of the tongue  
Can open a trapdoor  
To the turgid depths of the Unconscious,  
Its unsuspected eddies  
And cross  
And countercurrents.

Other little things too,  
I dare say,  
Are loaded with  
(hidden) meaning...  
Umm...take for instance  
Styles of cleanliness  
Which, it's said,  
Is next to Godliness –  
Enough to tell you  
There's more to it  
Than meets the eye.

Consider the ways we clean genitals or bottoms,  
See how culture locks us into intractable difference.  
You could sum it up in a smart soundbite:  
EAST IS WASH,  
WEST IS WIPE!

True,  
And yet,  
Like all binary oppositions,  
Readily deconstructed.  
The Chinese are wipers,

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Their ancient forebears in fact  
Invented toilet paper!  
The French on the other hand  
Invented the bidet –  
One reason why  
Anglo-Saxons consider them rather peculiar!  
Ancient Romans used a stick  
Attached to sponge and soaked in brine –  
Something like a modern toilet cleaner.  
Before toilet paper in the West  
Rags, straw, leaves, what have you,  
Or, as Dryden's 'MacFlecknoe' reminds us,  
Remaindered books; and across  
The Atlantic, the Sears Catalogue  
Came in handy for a wipe.  
Eskimos used snow or tundra grass,  
Arabs sand and pebbles.  
And the Maori, Hottentot, Amerindians and all  
Our other cousins  
Packed tight into this topsy-turvy planet?  
Scope for serious research here  
And interventions for the cause of world peace!  
Let us break down silly prejudice!

A friend got into an argument with a Westerner.  
'How,' said one, 'can you bear to touch  
Your unclean bum with your hand?'  
'And how can you,' the other came back,  
'Leave a layer of shit on yours?'  
Gentlemen! Gentlemen! one would feel like interjecting,  
It's terrible that we don't revere  
Each other's gods – let us at least  
Respect each other's bottoms!  
In the ways we clean up  
There's variety to rejoice over – not cavil –

And even lessons in philosophy :  
60% of Westerners

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Wipe back to front  
And take a good look at the soiled paper  
Before dropping it in the bowl –  
Isn't it piquant homage  
To the Socratic injunction  
*Know Thyself?*

Let us therefore give the matter due attention,  
Let us organize televised toilet festivals  
Where UN ambassadors from every nation  
Will discuss and demonstrate varied means  
Of washing and wiping.  
Let 5-star hotels  
And holiday resorts  
Offer a sampling of exotic toilets:  
Igloo toilets dispensing snow and tundra grass,  
Desert tent toilets with sand and pebbles,  
Elizabethan toilets equipped with rags,  
Augustan ones with first editions of Thomas Shadwell,  
American ones with 19<sup>th</sup> century Sears catalogues,  
Roman toilets where guests in togas  
Apply a saline sponge-tipped stick,  
Southasian toilets where guests in lungi or dhoti  
Pour water out of lota or bodna  
As they wash.

Already,  
We can proudly report,  
The nations have been drawing closer  
To each other's toilet habits –  
Every corner shop here is well-stocked  
With toilet rolls,  
And judging by testimony on the net  
Westerners seem happy  
Directing a jet of water bottomwards  
From an innovative nozzle  
Before they wipe –  
All without encouragement

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From government or international agencies.

A little concerted effort  
To further the process  
And we'll have a better world by far.  
And so,  
Let world leaders gathering  
To talk peace  
Generate mutual goodwill  
By cleaning each other's bottoms!  
Should they still  
Grumble and growl  
Mahatma Gandhi from high heaven  
Will pipe in:  
'Stop all this hungamma!  
Have an enema!'

***Kaiser Haq***