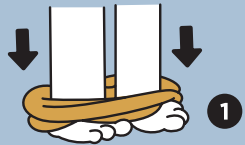


Master the Asian Squat

There will come a time for each and every traveler in Asia, when the toilet is a hole in the ground surrounded by two footholds, a water faucet and cup – for scouring purposes. You are not carrying any toilet paper and the flock of sparrows is about to soar the inner skies of your pants any second now. Do not panic. It's time to do as the Romans do – or in this case, the Asians. Welcome to the invigorating world of washing your backside with your own hand!

Many Asians consider westerners dirty, not least for the fact that when it comes to their dungy rectums, gringos wipe instead of wash. Think for a moment now: if you should fall face down into a pile of dogshit, would you clean yourself with a paper towel or would you perhaps use water? Indeed. So it's only logical to do the same thing to your arse. And it's more environment friendly too – what would happen if the whole world wiped their asses with paper? Forests instead of oil would fuel the war on terror!

So stop being selfish, nature straining and generally unpleasant candy ass and swap that paper foolishness to a fresher alternative. Madventures' gimmick corner proudly presents: ass-washing the Asian way!



Let your parachute pants drop.



Once you are done with the shitting, open the faucet and fill up the scouring cup.



Form a bowl with your left palm. Take the scouring cup into your right hand and fill the palm-bowl with water.



Assume the deep squat position to maximize the straightness of your large intestine. Steadily lay your cable on the china – or in the worst-case scenario, fire the brown shotgun without aim or remorse.



Take the palm-bowl near your nether aperture and scour away. Repeat until the very last crumb of Scheiße is loosened.

Get up from the deep squat and pull up your pants. Inspect the quantity and quality of the Szechuan. Approximate inspection by eye is sufficient.

Flush the can by pouring a bucket of water on the ermine.

Wash your hands meticulously with lime or soap. Especially scour the left hand poisoned by the schnitzel. Exit the cubicle with a smile or a frown.



Even if you come from different worlds, there are more than enough common points of interest, from hobbies to being a spectator of sports, not to mention family, music or even religion. You may both be enthusiastic fishers, Liverpool fans, into parenting, animal lovers or guitar players, even though in the great lottery of birthplaces you won America and he got the Zambia's worst shantytown.

Often those who you make friends with know a bit of English and have made some achievements in their society, even they are poor. You can stay in touch, as e-mails and Internet phones have become more available and less costly.

Some kind of pleasant friendship we have felt we experienced as we sat by the bonfire with Papuan warriors, even when the language barrier and the cultural divide couldn't have been higher and wider. As the night ended they wanted to present us with their greatest smoking pipe and no gifts in return were accepted. There's a deeper connection between human beings, instinct that transmits through our modern conditioning.