



MASNOON KHAIR

Let's say that you're outside, far away from the comfort of your own home. All of a sudden your bladder stops working. In that sort of situation, nearby flora and fauna might not help and your only ticket to relief without spoiling your pants is the nearby public toilet. This is where an entire array of existential crisis kicks in – who am I? What am I to do in life? How do I survive? To put it plainly- *urine big trouble*. There is a famous saying about these toilets - those waiting outside are desperate to get in, and those inside are desperate to get out. You might get the job done, but it comes with a paycheck of becoming scarred for life. However, there are some small tips and tricks you can use in order to make your public toilet experience slightly less chaotic.

First of all, you have to know your environment. A public toilet will attempt to destroy all five of your senses at the same time- be absolutely prepared for what you see, smell or even touch. Since you might not have a hazmat suit to don,

honing your mental filters is crucial here. Methods such as not breathing for a couple of minutes, squinting your eyes so that you can't see everything and ignoring what you step on are essential to practice.

After you have struggled to get the deed done, the copious amounts of tears running down your face at the time are not enough to wash away your sins. Previous to settling matters with your bladder, make sure you BYOB – bring your own bodna. Coming in contact with the shady-looking bodna is worse than releasing the Kraken onto your own hands, making a bottle of mineral water the best possible 15 taka you have spent in your entire life. The trick here is to quickly empty the water bottle onto your nether regions as well as your hands, and discarding it later... because I sure hope you aren't drinking from that.

For the sake of being cruel, let's say you did *not* manage to secure the squat toilet – or the urinals if you're a guy, and your bowels are taking the day off. Your only option is to make your way to the sitting toilet, if one even exists there to

begin with. Remember that a public toilet seat is infested with biochemical weapons horrifying enough to turn you into a zombie. There are two ways you can conquer a toilet seat, depending on your mood, creativity and physical fitness. The first method is what professionals call a 'freeze squat.' Basically, you're in the middle of a squat, with your posterior few inches away from the toilet seat – praying fervently that you won't break your spine or your hip. If you failed in your dream of becoming an acrobat, this is your time to shine. The second method requires you to clean the toilet seat with a tissue. If you still feel that it's not enough – you can decorate your own emergency toilet seat cover with the entirety of the tissue packet. Investing some time in this sort of decoration is definitely miles better than being a part of the zombie apocalypse.

The final step is relatively simple and requires you to cry yourself to sleep in the shower after you come back home, and have a dream that we all share – cleaner public toilets.

ALBUM REVIEW



RAYAAN IBTESHAM CHOWDHURY

With Jack White and The Black Keys dominating the recent blues rock revival, The Rival Sons kept to the shadows for the most of their five years as a band. But although they didn't get much mainstream attention, they had several sold-out tours and supported rock royalty ranging from AC/DC to Judas Priest to KISS. And with their fourth studio album, the band from California seems to have reached maturity. While their earlier albums were criticised for sounding a bit too much like their influences, *The Great Western Valkyrie* the best of the 60's and early 70's into a unique blend that can only be described as The Rival Sons.

The album jumps with raw energy from the get go and the band make it a point to keep the arrangements very simple, no double tracking, no synths, no special effects. In fact the band is so obsessed with nailing the classic blues rock sound that they recorded many of the

tracks in a live environment and that shows. The first couple of songs "Electric Man" and "Good Luck" sound like a blend of The Kinks and The Doors but nevertheless remain modern. Vocalist Jay Buchanan has a very strong singing style although you can be forgiven for thinking he's too much of a Robert Plant fan at times.

While Buchanan's obsessions are focused more or less on Plant, guitarist Scott Holliday can't be accused of sounding like any one person in general. In fact his guttural guitar sounds display an array of influences with the chunky riffs of "Play the Fool" and "Rich and the Poor" combining almost all the good things that happened in terms of guitar playing in the 60's in a more aggressive way. But while everyone seems to have their moments on the album, they really come together as a powerful, potentially legendary unit on "Open My Eyes" and "Destination On Course" both sincere and at times wild rock ballads about despair and finding one's

place in life. The sonic landscape is very colourful and they push away from the early blues rock sounds found in the first few tracks and move into more psychedelic territory. Rotating Leslie cabinets first heard on Humble Pie and Mountain records come roaring back to life and Holliday digs into his string work to provide apt support to Buchanan's snarling vocals. This was the first album for bassist Dave Beste, having replaced Robin Everhart (who had played on the first three albums) and he forms a tight rhythm section with drummer Michael Miley, who tie the band down into a very cohesive unit.

A unique moment on the record is the 9th track, "Where I've Been", which shrugs of any semblance of the sound heard so far and becomes a softer rock ballad. It's probably the best example of song writing on the album too.

The Rival Sons are definitely worth checking out if you're part of the crowd that thinks "Rock is dead".