

When Ya Gotta Go, Ya Gotta Go

Ordinarily, the famous squire, of a most practical nature, Sancho Panza, could make his toilet anywhere, without becoming self-conscious regarding a seemingly most natural, common to everyone, state of affairs. But Sancho had to go in the worst way, and found himself in the fair city of Barkelonia where both sexes, and those of questionable orientation, lived, and roamed the boulevards. Although bucolic in erudition and training, his mother warned him that civilization had appeared in the big cities, like Barkelonia, Tolleedo, and Mäthkrëth; that along with this mysterious development, waterclosets, sanitation, and circumspection, had arrived, part and parcel.

Like Renaldo Raygun did at press conferences; he would say: 'when ya gotta go, ya gotta go'. Rennie was a septuagenarian, with a loose grip on things, so when he had to gottdamn go, he had to gottdamn go. But given RR's mental state, it was fortunate he never had to deal with trannies; so, when he hadda hottdamn, he knew where to go.

Before he could enter any room with stalls, Sancho was warned to make sure of the room's gender. This was difficult to do, because of the transgender phenomenon.

The federal Government made it a federal offense, punishable by pubic exposure, if one went into the wrong room. (Damned if you do, and Damned if you don't.)



Sancho entered a room with an ambiguous sign which read: 'Stalls available on an emergency basis, if you have any doubts about your gender, or the room's gender'. Not enough time to fathom its meaning, or deeper significance, he didn't waste any time; he headed for a stall, opened and closed the door, hurriedly disheveling, collapsing upon the throne; with great relief.

On the back side of the door was inscribed, with some kind of sharp object, into the metal door's paint, a scrawled notice, which read: ~~R M N~~; **Richard Milhous Nixon Memorial Terlit**. At the top of the door, written with a Sharpie, in a foreign language, somewhat faded, Trabajo sorber, De todos, modos, Dondequeria, 969 123 4696. And at the bottom of the door, another inked

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drawing, in the manner of Francisco Goya y Lucientes, Pintor, suggesting two different animals, of the same gender, doing it to each other.

However common an occurrence in The United States Of America, the reference to ~~RMN~~ seemed strangely out of place in Ipana. Must be some foreigner on a bender.

Only moderately distracted by these hieroglyphics, Sancho's thoughts quickly focused on the ambivalent gender thing. In a day of same-sex marriages, legalizing pot, and prescribing heroin for the addicts, the government's involvement in, and intervention into the toilet, seemed analchronistic. Sancho pondered Teresa, and his relationship with her, wondering if he was missing anything. Although she wound up on top often enough, he did not feel she was out to dominate him, like some rutting animal; or to convert him, like some messianic cleric.

He wondered how the Don would tromp that one. Or how Tromp would don that one. The Don opined, Tromp is a one-off, not to be duplicated; or memorialized. Tromp would don anything anytime, if he thought it would get him a vote; even though they are a very tiny tiny minority.

