

# Ladies and Gentlemen, Please Be Seated

By Reg Green

The editor of the *Iconoclast* said perceptively that the [story I wrote about the toilet seat](#) hand-crafted for Queen Elizabeth II on her visit to Manchester Cathedral would be well received and, sure enough, two stalwarts of these pages, Lev Tsitrin and Carl Nelson, picked up on how the top craftsman in my step-father's business was taken off his work of renovating Tudor wood carvings to put his skills into this more urgent task.

Their comments set me wondering how other traditional crafts might be able to adapt to the restroom revolution. Take wet nurses, for example, those lowly-paid women who suckled another woman's child, work that is still in demand in the developing world, but now (I think) moving to extinction in industrialized nations.

Being used to the most intimate habits of the family they seem perfect for a much-to-be-desired service: sitting on a toilet seat to take off the chill in preparation for someone higher-



up in the household. They could be paid by the minute or the comfort level reached. Think of never again having to flinch on a winter's day.

Hip Hop slang has a word 'boujee' that fits perfectly: 'luxurious in lifestyle but humble in character.' I can see

the ads now: 'Boujee Buttocks for the Bourgeoisie.'