Bathroom is a magical place. It turns me into a musical maestro. I successfully emulate any singer when I sing their notes. Everyone enjoys my singing (No one knocks on my door there). If I sing the very same song in the corridor, they chase me down to my hideout like some wild animal. My friends’ hands don’t hesitate In reaching for my throat if I start off somewhere. Now I know why those guys at the studio have their recording microphones with the shape and perforations like that of a bathroom shower. Also, the compartment is close and tiled (cushioned for reverberation though) to give that feel of being in the bathroom, plus the privacy.

As I wash off the dirt from my skin, opening up the receptors to fertile ideas, as I bathe, I absorb new curiosities. I like to tinker with my mind; I pose questions, and then I seek answers. One question that recently held me in the bathroom for quite some time just sitting and pondering is shared with you all.

Even when singing in the open, how many of us continue to sing when someone else approaches? Hardly a few. I know just one such person, and though his guts are appreciable, I feel like whacking him till he is fighting for his breath (Not just me, most of the neighbours have the same idea when he sings). He lives in a room next to mine. He sings at the top of his voice. This irritates most of us. Though he might be singing well, unexpected music is like, right thing at the wrong time. Consider this: Exam tomorrow, the heat is on. Topic: Ways to improve the noise figure in a communication system. Amidst all this brewing tension, while we are wading through various types of noises and their causes, a raspy voice starts off with an old song on love. As if there was already less noise in the syllabus, his addition to it is like *white noise*. Disgusted and disgruntled, we all have only two options left, either go and bring him down from cloud number nine to ground zero where bumps explode resulting in swollen asses, or pump up the volume of music in our rooms for the meanwhile. I prefer the latter.

My teacher once asked in the classroom as to who all could sing. Only a few hands went up. He made a very right remark. “I asked who all can sing, I did not ask who all can sing well. That’s up to me.” True, everyone can sing. How good he/she sings is relative.

Why should someone else’s expert sarcasm refrain me from singing my heart out, or crying myself a river when emotions are let loose? And why only the bathroom? Why can’t I can sing anywhere my heart feels like?

Well, the toilet is another place where great minds have discovered answers. It is the place where all stresses are let loose and all doors to subconscious treasuries are thrown open. Most philosophical questions, and even the most scientific questions find answers there (Another place to find such answers is dreams, but that’s a different dimension altogether). Unfortunately, most answers are flushed (into subconscious) as we emerge to the outside.

So, to everyone else who agrees to my proposition of finding answers this way, make it a note to carry a notebook and a pen your next time. And as for singing is concerned there is an old song saying:

You got to sing like you don't need the money  
Love like you'll never get hurt  
You got to dance like nobody's watchin'  
It's gotta come from the heart if you want it to work.