

# ...And now for something completely different: The Bathroom Edition: Part II

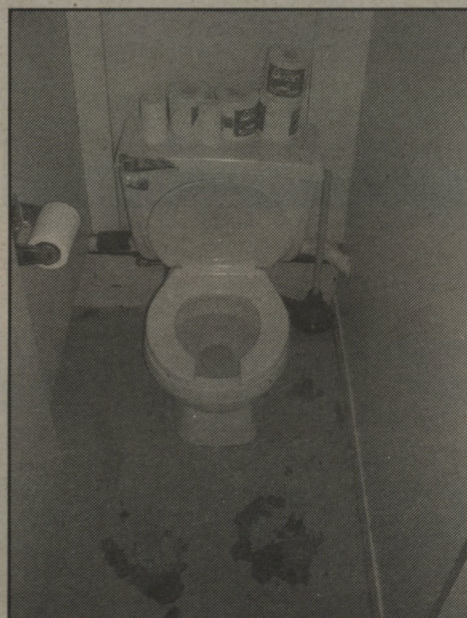
By Ryan Gallant  
and Adam Carragher

Embarking on the inspection of more bathrooms, we didn't really know what to expect from Steele Recital Hall. Admittedly, Adam and I have not made a habit of going into this building. In fact, prior to conducting our survey, we had entered Steele a grand total of, well, once, and that was back in High School. Steele is like the black-hole of UPEI or something. We saw students in there that we have never met, or at least have not seen in years. If we don't receive hate-mail following this scathing report of Steele's bathrooms, I bet that it is only because Music students have never heard of The Cadre. *Editor's Note: We keep putting issues in there but no one seems to pick it up.*

Anyhow, we did venture into Steele, receiving many hostile looks that are obviously reserved especially for us 'outsiders,' and had a great deal of difficulty in even finding bathrooms. We were, however, able to locate a men's washroom in a narrow hallway on the third floor, but only after passing, and I am not making this up, a casket in the corridor. Now I assume women are expected to "hold it in" as no facilities for them were anywhere to be seen, and given the state of this bathroom, perhaps guys will opt to hold it in as well. This bathroom, is pretty damn scary. First of all you're not allowed to touch the light switch. A sign states this clearly, and with an abundance of caskets on hand, I wouldn't mess with these people. The freaky instrumental music wafting through the walls and the holes where someone attacked the stall with a knife does not help. I have no idea why someone would take it upon themselves to stab a bathroom stall. My guess is that either someone is not entirely pleased with their decision to enter into a liberal arts program, or perhaps some crazed mem-

ber of the custodial staff was pissed off that someone had touched his light switch. Other than that, this bathroom wasn't all that bad, if you ignore the tiles falling apart on the floor, the window that does not open, and the toilets that flush completely at random. We got the hell out of there as fast as we could.

Stepping into the bathrooms of Kelley was like entering the bathroom of Willy Wonka himself, save for the absence of oopa-loompas. It was designed entirely in blue and is apparently stuck in a period sometime around 1965. Random holes in the wall complement the uni-colour motif of this ancient bathroom, as does the rust that ravages the stalls. I estimate that someone may have cleaned the floor sometime around 1972, but the floors have pretty much gone to waste since then. We thought that the chalkboard beside the urinals was kind of unsettling. Were classes actually taught in these facilities? Oh to be young in the 60s with all their crazy bathroom concepts, this one obviously conceived by lack of intelli-



gence and excessive drug use.

Many students asked us to inspect Duffy's bathrooms, and for good reason. They smell. Bad. We didn't go

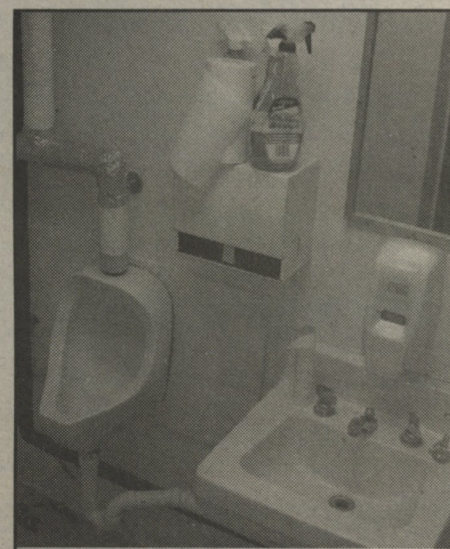
into any girls bathrooms, but we're told they are disgusting. The 3rd floor men's washroom is missing lights, tiles, and key amenities, like soap. The designer of this bathroom was apparently colour-blind, and whoever built the counter lacks the most basic of carpentry skills. Adam said that this was easily the worst sink he had ever seen in his life. What this bathroom lacks in intelligent colour scheme, it makes up for with excessive amounts of dirt and rust accumulated in the sink. The oddest feature is the mirror, which is not located in its traditional position above the sink, but is rather unstrategically placed 10 feet down the wall towards the urinals. Those science student may be smart, but they sure as hell can't design a bathroom.

We've received many complaints about many bathrooms on our travels, "Don't you hate when people are drunk and they can't aim and they puke in the bathroom at 'The Wave'?" Uh yeah. Gross. "Have you ever noticed how bad Cass bathrooms smell? What's the deal with those Engineering students anyway?" Yes, we were there, and no, we don't know what the deal is with those engineering students.

The point is, it seems everyone has something to say on this issue. So if you have some complaint you'd like to add about bathrooms, or if you would rather that I just shut up about them, check the email address at the end of the column and make sure you let us know how you feel.

Since the first bathroom column was published, we have received mail from students who claim that they know what the worst bathroom is. I assure you, however, that you have no idea what you are talking about. Ladies and Gentlemen, I bring you Dalton Hall basement. This bathroom is the worst bathroom we have ever seen, and that's saying a lot seeing

as we both grew up in the sticks. I am confident that the technology and fixtures in this bathroom went up with the building when it was built back in 1914 and when it was built, it was done so with the smallest amount of effort possible. The bathroom, first of all, is hard to find. Its concrete floor was painted gray at some point, but has been chipping away for years. The single stall is made of plywood, yes, plywood, and contains a single broken toilet, complete with its own plunger and a handwritten sign telling users not to flush too much stuff down the toilet. The low ceiling has exposed pipes and wires hanging from it, and the single urinal comes complete with a drop bucket underneath it to collect any leaks. The exposed water pipe has been insulated with electrical tape, styrofoam and tinfoil. Multiple bottles are strewn around, including one spray bottle that is marked "Speedball." This is just one sight you'll have to see for



yourself. Although we had seen a lot of bad stuff in a lot of bathrooms, it was the bathroom in Dalton's basement that we almost pissed ourselves laughing. In fact, I think both of us would have rather pissed ourselves laughing than be forced to utilize the facilities in this sad excuse for a washroom. Ugh. Have a good one!  
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