

UNWRITTEN RULES OF MALE BATHROOM ETIQUETTE

By: Adam MacIsaac

Ok, so I thought that this was a topic that most males knew about but due to my recent experience at The Wave during the Humor Us comedy night I have decided that this information should be made available to the public. Everyone knows that you must adhere to certain behavior while in a public place, and for those that do not know, a bathroom does fit into the domain of public place. In a public restroom, men adhere to an unwritten code of ethics handed down to us from generation to generation. We refrain from making eye contact, avoid smiling, laughing, socially conversing or loitering. Although this is never actually taught, it is just understood that you should not act in this manner while inhabiting the washroom. At no time do we ever watch another man conduct his "business," and never glance at a fellow patron below the waist (lest we go blind or turn into a pillar of salt). But sometimes people break these rules. The following is a small list of things that should be strictly followed by the male human population.

While standing at a urinal (feigning patience), we pretend to read graffiti on the wall in front of us (even if none exists). We yawn, clear our throats, examine the ceiling tiles or check our watches to pass time honorably. To appear that we are enjoying ourselves is unacceptable. Occasionally, we glance straight down (very briefly) to make sure that everything is still there and working properly. If there are three urinals in total and only the middle position is unoccupied, we will wait

until one of the outside positions becomes available, or use a stall before relieving ourselves (unless in a dire emergency). To take the middle urinal and crowd in on the "residents" is the same as handing each man a card that reads, "I find you attractive," or "I have no respect for your privacy or common decency." Take your pick." Under no circumstances even with two Thunder Jugs under your belt is it appropriate to comment on the appearance of another male - although it may be suitable in the women's washroom. I stand firmly as this is one of the many things that separate the two sexes: females can enter the washrooms and leave knowing new people; males on the other hand are more likely to leave with a broken nose and blackened eye when betraying the unspoken oath of mens room etiquette. Remember our mission is to get in, get the job done, and get out.

NOTICE

The Student Council is proposing changes to the by-laws regarding the composition of the Hiring Board. If you have any questions or concerns please contact Clare Henderson at 566-0648 or chenderson@upej.ca or drop by the Student Union offices in the WA Murphy Student Centre

An Islander Walks Into A Bar...

By: Sandra Edmiston
Reporter

A few years back, I decided to become a comedian. It was a simple plan, really. A few quick stints at nursing homes, one guest appearance on Saturday Night Live, and I'd be in the big time. It was a foolproof plan, despite one, well, minor problem: I can't tell a joke. I know there's a chicken. I know he makes it to the other side. But I can't quite remember why he crosses.

But trust me, in reviewing the "Humour Us" comedy show that was held at The Wave last Thursday, I'll give an honest review. It's not like I'm bitter or resent those who actually can deliver a punch line. They might not know why the chicken crossed the road either. They're probably all more dog and cat people anyway...

"Humour Us" was the brainchild of local comedian and producer Laurie

Murphy and UPEI students Matt Stewart and Lennie MacPherson (also known as "those trivia guys"). Four amateurs and one professional comic from New Brunswick joined Murphy, Stewart, and MacPherson on stage to complete the ensemble of performers.

But on to the night of the show...

So, a rabbi, a priest, and an Islander walked into the bar. And after receiving the proper medical attention (see what I mean? I'm totally not original!), they paid their five dollar cover, settled into their seats, winked at the bartender (he didn't wink back and had this strange recollection of his days as an alter boy) and watched the performances.

The rabbi, priest, and Islander were not alone. The crowd was large, made up of a random mix of ages, so the comedians had their hands full playing to the whole audience.

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