

Best toilets around the city

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Have you ever been downtown, shopping for your significant other's birthday, standing in La Senza, when those stomach rumbles turn into exploding pressure in your colon?

The previous night's draft beer has long since expired and starts to turn and solidify in your intestines. You need to poop immediately.

But what do you do? You're downtown and you'd sooner be able to navigate your way to the nearest Greek restaurant than find a clean piece of porcelain to pop a squat.

After three years of solid, self-destructing debauchery and drunken escapades galore, I have found myself having to drop dukes all over Halifax. In my experience as a seasoned public dumper, I have learned the best and worst places in which to defecate.

After very inebriated, half-conscious run-ins with the toilet at The Split Crow... on a Thursday, and very sober, cold sit-downs on a moist toilet in cell six of the Halifax Police Department's 'drunk tank,' I have a fair amount of experience with shitty toilets. No pun intended.

So to you, soon-to-be-stranded crap disaster victims, I give you this, my guide to pinching a loaf, publicly, in Halifax.

On Campus:

Worst: Mike Tipping's personal presidential washroom

The paper-towel dispenser, which is loaded with Xeroxed copies of the DSU constitution, is never stocked. There are also pictures of Mike drawn on the mirror in red lipstick and bad haikus written on the stall walls.

Best: The washroom on the fourth floor of the Computer Science Building

Good wireless, recycled sustainable toilet paper and automated climate control. Plus, any place you need a card to get into is sure to be one hell of a spot to drop a chocolate log. 'Nough said.

Downtown:

Worst: The can in Peter Kelly's office in City Hall

Because it is literally a can, filled with feces and old bike-lane proposals used for wiping. The bathroom is decorated with a bunch of stuffed alley cats and there is chicken shit everywhere.

Best: Anywhere in NSCAD

Not only do you get to relieve yourself in a heritage building, you get to use real art by aspiring welfare recipients to wipe your ass. All the real washrooms at NSCAD will be filled with people cutting themselves, snorting coke or taking pictures in the mirror, so instead, just find a corner or a studio to use.

The North End:

Worst: The public washroom at the Commons

Besides the acts of prostitution, drug use and murder that go on inside, it's also where King's and NSCAD students secretly meet to conspire how to undermine the mainstream.

They discuss how be whinier, uglier, more 'emo,' more pretentious, more suicidal, more narrow-minded and 'indier.' Trust me - you get caught dropping a grumpy nugget in the middle of that and the broken syringes under your feet and blood on the walls won't seem so bad.

Best: The washroom at HCAP headquarters

The fixtures are pure gold and diamond-encrusted. It has one of those really fancy electronic toilets from Japan that has a padded, heated seat and an electronic hose that acts like a bidet. The toilet paper is actually the Charter of Rights and Freedoms printed on silk made from the endangered Chinese silkworm.

The mirrors are always spotless, due to the team of squeegee kids that work, shackled, inside. No one has ever seen inside Dave Ron's private washroom, but rumour has it that there is a jungle waterfall and a real live mermaid that massages you while you do your business.

Dartmouth:

Worst: All of them

Anything you do in Dartmouth is life-threatening and should be done with extreme caution. This includes publicly defecating.

Best: The bathroom at Hooters

Again, any activity in Dartmouth is advised against. But if you are stuck over there and need to drop the kids off at the pool, and if you can get to Hooters, go for it. Afterwards you can enjoy some delicious wings.

Bars:

Worst: The washrooms inside The Marquee

They are frequently blood-stained, puke-stained and/or stained with passed out, underage hip-hop heads from Dartmouth

Best: The Blue Moon

It's open 24 hours a day, seven days a week, and it stays pretty clean because no one goes there. If you can deal with the shitty, half-assed experimental music being played, you won't mind this bathroom.

Nightclubs:

Worst: Reflections

Students drunk on cough medicine, pretending to be misunderstood. Most of them won't make it to the bathroom before throwing up, but some do, creating a mix of puke-covered, pseudo-philosophers. If you find yourself in this scene, stuck on the toilet, grab a crucifix and some holy water and start mumbling things about nihilism, and you should be O.K.

Best (of the worst): The newly renovated men's washroom at the Alehouse

Stainless-steel urinals, fresh urinal cakes, and occasionally, leftover copies of *The New Yorker*. All the toilet paper is made from recycled issues of *The Watch*, and on Mondays, Jesse Mintz will bring your wings to you while you're on the toilet. If you tip him, he may even wipe your... mouth for you.