

# Fang Fortnightly

## PLACES TO POOP

What started as a recurring joke has rapidly become an increasingly comprehensive investigation: I like to review the various bathrooms on Occidental's campus. Those close to me are well aware of the proceedings, but as for all others, it is high time to get educated. I present to you all: the best and worst of Occidental's restrooms. To my small bladdered and IBS laden peers, you are welcome.

### 1. The Bell Young Lobby Restroom: 6/10

Right off the front entrance of Bell Young dorm, there is a single-stall unisex bathroom. Though it is not particularly nice nor aromatically pleasing, the BY Lobby Restroom is an institution. As any Bell Young survivor may tell you, it plays a crucial role in one's indoctrination into college life. Affectionately known as "the poop room," this bathroom is the only public single-stall restroom in the entire dorm building. As such, one whose bowels are not yet adjusted to dorm life may enjoy the freedom to shit in peace. However, with great convenience comes great shame: there is no non-suspect reason to enter that room. One goes there for either pooping or crying— or perhaps both. User beware: if you merely need to take a dump, don't get in the way of bright-eyed eighteen-year-olds whom, freshly away from home, stuffed into a forced triple, and devoid of privacy for the first time in their lives, need that locked-door sanctuary to have a good cry. The more I reflect upon it, the more I note that the Bell Young lobby restroom is an artifact in itself: undoubtedly those walls have borne witness to everything from MP taquito night attacks to tearful over-the-phone break-ups with high school sweethearts. The BY Lobby Restroom deserves a six out of ten because though the room itself is nothing to speak of, its importance cannot be understated.

### 2. The Academic Commons First Floor Restroom: 4/10

This bathroom plays a similar role to the Bell Young poop room. The room itself is quite nice: clean, large, easy on the eyes (and nose!). However, its low score is entirely due to the ample and unpredictable foot traffic. The Academic Commons is at its busiest on Sunday afternoons, a time which is somber, sober, and more often than not filled with regret. Try not to run into last night's hook-up as you make your way over there to puke up the sugar-laden MP muffin which refuses to sit well on last night's Pink Whitney. The bathroom's huge, spotless mirror seems like a plus, until you remember that it provides all too much opportunity for body checking, picking at your face, and excessive dissociation on those dreary sleep deprived afternoons. Though I, like all others, prefer to shit in privacy, strangely enough I do not always prefer single stalled bathrooms. In a multi-stall restroom, at least you can observe the lock in place, and if you're particularly worried about someone busting in, you can reach out a hand or foot and reinforce the stall door. However, in a full-door restroom with invisible locks, one's safety is in the hands of none other than god. If you're like me, you will not be able to stop thinking about the imminent possibility of one of life's great horrors: hearing the doorknob jiggle while you're on the can. As you scramble to find an appropriate way to express "for the love of all that is good and holy do NOT come in," you may be subject to fifteen year old flashbacks of being walked in on while sitting on a foot-tall, kindergarten-classroom-adjacent toilet. If these are the cards your six-year-old self was dealt, thou shalt never poop in peace once more. A single stall restroom at best makes for an anxious BM and at worst leads to constipation. All in all, you'd be hard pressed to find someone with particularly good, or even neutral experiences regarding the Academic Commons Lobby Restroom. I rate it four out of ten.



By: Josie Jacobs

## NEVER JUDGE AN MP DECISION...



you don't know what a creature they are trying to keep at bay.

By: Rachel Lilienthal

# POOP PALACE

## 3. The Swann Hall Lobby

Restroom: 8/10

I have not much to say about this bathroom other than that it checks a lot of my boxes: it's in a mostly private area, it's clean and nice. This was a late discovery— I did not know its existence until three years into college, when I had a class in that building and learned that not only did Swann have classrooms, but also had an above average restroom. You may get lost trying to find it, but if you do happen upon the Swann Hall Lobby Restroom, you'd be pleased to see it worthy of an eight out of ten.

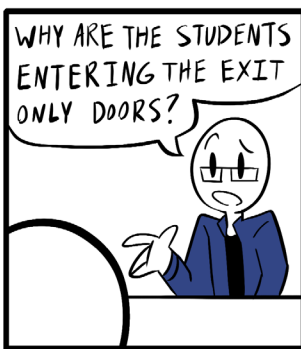
## 4. The Chem Lab Restroom: 2/10

I haven't had a class in the chem building since first year gen-ed's, but from what little I remember, the chem building restrooms are a bit horrifying. If you're not murdered by a ghost, you may pass out from chemical inhalation. It's safe to say that, coming in at a two out of ten, you'd be better off pissing into a spare beaker.

## 5. The Library Third Floor

Restrooms: 7/10

On the third floor of the library, there's two private bathrooms that both have a full door that locks, and then a single stall within that room that also locks. Providing the best of both worlds in terms of privacy and visible security, these bathrooms rank high in my books. Unfortunately, it seems that I'm not the only one who's caught on to the trick— boy do those bathrooms smell like shit. And on your way to these two private rooms, you might have to walk by a class in session, in which case it feels bleedingly obvious where exactly you are headed, and what exact duty (hah) you are about to perform. Additionally, there is absolutely no ventilation in those rooms; in fact, upon entering one of those restrooms, one recalls distant memories of being locked in a dungeon in a past life. I wouldn't be surprised to hear that a student got trapped in one of these rooms over winter break, only for their corpse to be found on opening day of spring semester. If you're the wall and contemplate the disgusting, oppressive reality of the human condition— of our fleshy, flaccid frames that ceaselessly gobble resources and grind them into foul excrement— of our bodies that waste, waste, waste. Ultimately ranking a seven out of ten, these bathrooms are wonderfully private yet woefully pungent. CONT. ON PAGE 3



# DOOR VENDETTAS

Life is too short to hold hate in your heart, with all the negativity out in the world, it would be better to focus our efforts on spreading positivity and helping others in any way we can.

### However

Since I first arrived on campus I have made a new public enemy who has lovingly introduced me to a new sensation I can only describe as spite. I am officially calling out today: the second-floor Fowler Entrance, just south of the stairs leading up to the AGC Administration Center. The one and only target of my newfound hatred. As anyone with a sibling can tell you, love and hate often go hand and hand, but I can assure you: no matter how much time and energy I commit to the door, I feel more love towards the idea of sticking a 9-and-a-half-inch ratcheting socket wrench up my nose lengthwise than I do for that accursed thing. On the surface all you may see is a rather narrow but otherwise totally serviceable entryway, but when viewed in a realistic social context its true nature is uncovered. Dozens of students coming from upper campus are practically required to enter Fowler through these tools of torment if they want to avoid an 80-step detour. Despite being at least 13 feet tall, both doors together are only about 5 feet wide causing an awkward tension between entering and exiting victims who must rub shoulders to squeeze through and keep traffic moving. Not only is the maneuverability of the doors awkward, but legitimately dangerous too! To apply the proper leverage to open a door from either side, you must position half your body directly in front of the other door and each side has its own special way to punish you for it. When exiting Fowler Hall you are faced with a moral dilemma: you can carefully and slowly push that door open to ensure nobody on the other side gets hurt, but you'll look like an idiot

to the mob of students behind you that would all take the second option and slam open that door with reckless abandon just to escape this god-forsaken exit faster. When entering Fowler Hall, you participate in a blood sport of chance to see if you can manage to reach the handle and pull open the weighted door without losing your teeth or sense of smell. The only advice I could possibly give you to boost your chances of entering Fowler alive would be to peek in the little indent between the two doors to try and make out when someone is on the other side, but that's where the final fatal flaw frighteningly unfolds.

THE DOOR IS PERPENDICULAR TO THE SOURCE OF FOOT TRAFFIC which means peeking through the crack would not only provide zero information, you're just even more likely to get hit by someone mindlessly swinging opening the door, smashing you right in the face, knocking the socket wrench right out of your nose, and leaving you with a nasty purple bruise and scars for sure. A temporary solution could be to place an "open slowly" sign inside and a "keep clear" sign outside, though I think a more fitting label would be a "DO NOT ENTER" sign and a healthy amount of hazard indicators and yellow tape.

I hope now you understand why I hold such burning hatred against a door and why you should too. I have never held ill will towards anyone or been a spiteful, hateful person in my past, but I am now a changed man simply for being a victim of circumstance. A victim of the circumstance that I was unfortunate enough to have to bear witness to and point out what just might be one of, if not the, absolute worst door on all of Occidental College campus.

Sincerely and with spite,  
Ray Osiris Stein-Alvarado

**Writing Center Doors**  
The door, no handles  
Arms outstretched I move to push  
Wrong, you must pull, fool.



# POOP PALACE

## 6. The Haines Annex Restroom: 1/10

The Haines Annex Restroom was my enemy for the year that I was forced to live in the poorly constructed afterthought of Haines dorm. Why are the toilets only a foot off the ground? Are they trying to give me kindergarten flashbacks? Don't get me started on the stall with the toilet that is, I kid you not, falling off of the wall. The upper tank hangs about four inches forward off the back wall, threatening to topple over at any given moment. One is forced to consider: will I be the straw that breaks the camel's back? Am I willing to risk a mid-shit catastrophe, wherein I may or may not be blasted by water from a broken pipe? There is, however, one counterpoint that accounts for this one out of ten ranking instead of a flat zero. That is: Obama used to live in the Haines annex. One must conclude more than likely he's sat on at least one of these toilets. So feel free to revel in your uniquely ass-forward connection to the 44th president of the United States as you brave the Haines Annex Restroom.

## 7. The Johnson Student Center Restroom: 10/10

I have saved the best for last; the Johnson Student Center Restroom gets a perfect ten out of ten. It is pleasant, pretty, and seldom enough visited such that it feels private. I am highly tempted to exclude this restroom from my ranking and keep it as my very own hidden gem, but, alas, I will do the right thing and share this gift with the world. Happy shitting, my friends.

By: Caitlin Terpstra



# SIDE HUSTLES

To afford our 60k- a-year college education, the girls of Pauley room 236 and Braun 308 are now renting out our dorm amenities. Oxy students, are you looking for an exotic hookup location? Are you into exhibitionism? If so the Braun room 308 balcony is available for hire. Enjoy a romantic dinner on the balcony decorated with comfortable beanbags, an almost functional table and several dying houseplants. If the date goes well, could also enjoy kinky beanbag sex in front of everyone who happens to look up. We take Zelle, Cashapp, Venmo, but we only communicate in cryptic notes slipped under the door. (\$10 clean up fee, contraception and shame blankets not provided).

Do you enjoy marinating in your own filth for hours on end? Are you sick of waiting for others to leave communal bathrooms so that you can poop in peace? I am excited to announce that the girls of Pauley room 236 are now rent-

ing out our bathroom to students at the discount rate of \$100 an hour. After each bathing session, enjoy an exclusive viewing of our hair mural, "girlhood". Additional amenities include, peeping tom sightings (our bathroom is ground floor and the windows are translucent), the luxurious feeling of slimy conditioner on your feet, and a premier drain unclogging experience to end the night. If interested, stand directly outside our bathroom window and press your face to the glass. 100 cents of every dollar we make renting out our bathroom will go towards expensive shampoo and conditioner so that we can continue to have amazing hair to clog our drain with. Please bring your own toilet paper, soap and water as they will not be provided.

We hope you enjoy our services  
<3 Occupants of Braun room 308 and Pauley room 236

By: Tessa Burnett, Zaru Shcheglov

# DOOR VENDETTAS

If I was a boxer, I know exactly who I would want to pound into the unholy mat. It's the door at the main entrance into the library. It acts as a vengeful hooligan, always conjuring up new ways to keep me from settling down for a nonstrenuous study session. My dearest keeper of knowledge, If I only need a keycard to enter during the wee hours of the night, why am I yanking on each of your doors under watchful eye of your twisted voyeurs (i.e. librarians.) I am the court jester, jingle jangling that door until it decides to relent. What is arguably most spirit-breaking is when I need a pick me up from the vending machine. I always realize just too late that my card is still inside. I write this passage from my new home in the library courtyard. I am one with the squirrels and they have accepted me as one of their own.

I'd like to formally place a work order banish this threshold to the deepest layer of hell that I could possibly access.

XOXO Cris Salgado, Oakley Cook and Siena Cawrse 3



# HICKSVILLE



Are you overwhelmed by city life in LA? Do you feel the need to get back in touch with 'real' people and 'real' stories? Don't despair- we have just the thing for you! Introducing: Stories from Hicksville!

The semester has officially started and life at oxy is back in full swing. Now, as a little country bumpkin I was excited to come to LA and see what all the commotion was about. I have to say, my first official oxy party was quite underwhelming. It doesn't take much to impress me- like I said - I come from Hicksville, but all the standing around and awkwardly bouncing to music that is far too quiet did not pique my interest. Being a Hicksville native, I have certainly experienced some interesting parties. Let me set the scene for you city slickers. You're in a field somewhere in the hills of upstate New York. It's about 55 degrees but it gets colder as the night goes on. Every guy is wearing a flannel, jeans, a baseball cap,

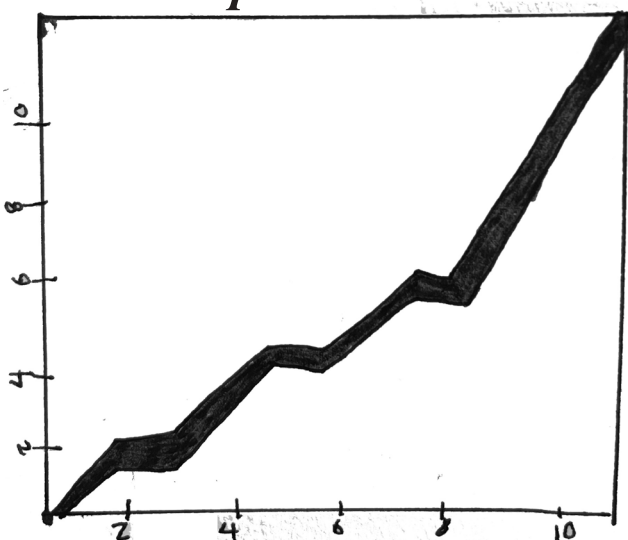
work boots and have all driven their pickup trucks into the field, making a semi circle around a fire. Twisted tea cans and old vapes are everywhere. For some reason everyone has southern accents, even though you are some 300 miles north of the Mason-Dixon line and a hop, skip, and dare I say, a jump away from hanging out with your polar bear buddies at the pole. A mix of country music and Travis Scott are blasting from someone's dusty speaker into the dark night. Lil Nas X's Old Town Road was the love child of barn party aux. As you look up, you can see every star in the black sky and the breeze carries the scent of the pines. Light pollution could only dream of reaching these parts. Your friend tells you she has to pee. You and three other girls find whoever's field you're in and tell him that y'all gotta go. The guy, who, as expected, is completely shitfaced, revs up his four wheeler and everyone piles onto the back. He drives you up the hill and to his house, only

getting stuck in the mud twice (impressive!). After everyone has relieved themselves, you get ready to hop back on. But- someone new has just arrived! The new boy offers to drive everyone back down in the bed of his pickup- an offer you can't resist. You move the tire, empty tweek packages, and 2 by 4s to the side and all sit down. The guy driving decides in his drunk glory that y'all should take a little spin on the side of the hill. The truck whips all of you around, almost tipping over and decapitating everyone multiple times. You're scared sober and so welcome the drinks being handed to you after you get out. Eventually, a fight breaks out and someone pours tweek into the gas tank of another guy's truck. This is your cue to leave. You find your friends, hop in a car, and ride off into the moonlit, beautiful night. You might even pass a gang of hooligans stealing a stop sign if you're lucky. You get home and go straight to bed, ready to do it all again next weekend.

By: Fiona Dosanjh

## Campus Trends

Peeping Tom Sightings



JSC Binocular and Telescope Rentals

By: Tessa Burnett



By: Tessa Burnett

Dating at Oxy

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