Examples of Poor Design

First of all, I must apologize for the poor picture quality, my cell phone was the only camera I had convenient access to. Here are some truly baffling design choices I’ve seen throughout our shiny new computer science building.

Here is a common complaint. Heck, I’m a senior and if there is any rhyme or reason to the way room numbers are organized in this place I have yet to find it.
This is, in fact, where they put the fire extinguisher. Unlike every other building in America, there is no glass window to allow you to see the extinguisher and know exactly where to find it. Seem trivial? Think about finding this thing when you’re quite occupied panicking because of the fire. This was clearly chosen for aesthetics.

I’m sure I’m not the only person that hates these faucets. I put my hands under them, and no water comes out. Okay, move a little further inwards. No good. Back out? Still no good. 3.6 centimeters to the left? Okay, that got it…

Wow, what were they thinking? This window is below eye level, provides no view, doesn’t allow much natural light at all, and is in a bathroom of all places. I can only assume this looks nice from the outside or something.
This mystery door on the second floor is always seems to be locked and leads on to this odd roof/patio place that we apparently aren’t allowed to use. The more interesting part is that there appears to be over a foot drop from the door to the patio place. Shouldn’t there be a step or something?

Good grief. Windows Vista, enough said.
Ah, the beautiful Wacom Cintique pen displays in the basement lab. These would be wonderful, really, except for one little problem. The pen is nowhere to be seen. You need to find a lab assistant and go through a laborious process in order to check the pen out, only to find that the drivers for it aren’t even installed on the Linux machines. Apparently I’m one of only about five people who have ever attempted to use these for their intended purpose. This is a design fault of the lab, really, not the equipment.

This soda machine defies all logic. For the space of about three months last year, you would receive a seemingly random soda no matter which button you pressed. Was there a mistake in the way things were labeled internally so that the Coke guy didn’t know which rack to put the correct sodas in? Or was he just being ornery that day because some SigGraph guy hacked it to take only 50 cents instead of the usual $1.25? All I know is that for a while I unintentionally drank a lot of Mr. Pibb and Sierra Mist.
Well, maybe I’m just an idiot, but last year in a 498 course I needed to use this system to display a laptop’s screen for the class. Three supposedly competent CS guys still took about ten minutes to figure out the correct input and settings for it.

What is this thing? Temperature control? Speaker system? Building alarm? It displays cryptic two-character descriptions and has six buttons with questionable labels. My button-pushing instincts demand that I press them all until I figure out what they do, but I know I shouldn’t mess with it.