



FOOD



EXCRETION



POOP



COMPOST



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GLIMPSES

OF

POOTOPIA

VOL. 1

JANUARY 17, 2021

Welcome to Volume One of "Glimpses of Poo-Topics," the zine which dares to imagine a new future for HUMAN FAECAL MANAGEMENT! This is a new publication to gather stories about experiments - in the suburbs, in the bush, in cities - in treating HUMAN MANURE as a valuable resource, rather than as a horrid substance to be flushed away to "who-knows-where, just get it away from me!"

The fundamental philosophy of this zine is that COMPOSTING POO + WEE →

EDITORIAL



beautiful bush block near Wee Jasper, NSW, bought a caravan, and began "sheltering in place" while she waited for the worst of the pandemic to pass. With no SEWERAGE INFRASTRUCTURE, Walty's toileting involved daily walks with a small shovel, the risk of ants biting her bum, and the ever-present awareness that something was not - quite - right...

Look out for VOLUME TWO which will investigate the experiences of MRS KANG, an artist passionate about poo in Port Kembla.

Enjoy! ~ DON POO-LEONE (editor/publisher)



... is resisted by those who feel threatened, or fearful, or just grossed-out by the idea of **EMBRACING EXCREMENT**. Thus, alongside stories of experiment and discovery, **GLIMPSES OF POO-TOPIA** will also **PLUNGE** into tales of conflict which inevitably arise when brave adventurers begin to discover the value of **BROWN GOLD**.

In this first volume, we feature the work of Anne Watton, AKA "Walty", who, at the start of the Australian COVID-19 lockdown (March 2020), "went bush." Walty moved to a

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is not only a practical thing to do - which makes sense in terms of chemistry, physics, engineering, and ecology - but it also offers an opportunity for a **MIND-EXPANDING** transformation - first, of the individual or household wot duz it, and then, in ever increasing circles, like might form in a pond in which is dropped a turd, in local neighbourhoods, towns, cities and the whole of civilization! Hence, the **POO-TOPIAN** push of this zone. As with any push, there is likely to be an equal **PUSH-BACK**, as the movement

**ENTRANCE** 3 for change... (see page 14)

OCTOBER 14, 2021

WALLY  
WAITES:

Glimpses of Poo-TOPIA arrived in the post a month ago, accompanied by Lucas's friendly instructions: "If you don't want to fill all the pages, no wuz, I can put in a joke or a poem or some thing... don't over-think it, low tech, fast turn-around is good." Ohhh if only it could be so simple for me. It's not that I'm constipated. If anything, once I get started, there's a tendency to verbal diarrhoea. On the other hand I can be a bit anal retentive. And the thing is, the small format of these zine pages has become a major psychological hurdle for me. I just couldn't trust myself to disgorge my scatological musings directly and neatly onto the zine pages. Because... well, I'm finding there's just too much to say about humanure. It's kind of uncontainable, verging on inchoate. Let's face it - it's abject: from Latin abicere 'reject' from ab 'away' + jacere 'to throw'. Tempting to say something here about throw-away lines... But no, instead I find this experience of my human 'waste' redirected or re-



-WALTY'S

When I first came out here in March 2020 I just followed Michael's lead & took a mattock with me on my morning walk in the surrounding bush. That continued for most of 2020. It didn't feel right, that's for sure. Thanks to Lucas, I've become a humanure composter. My first batch of brown gold should be ready for use by January 2023. I like knowing I'm now taking responsibility for my poo. I like being an agent in its conversion to a nutrient-rich medium for things to grow in. It feels wholesome and satisfying... when I'm not worrying about whether it's textbook enough. It's a glorious experiment, and a profound one. "Shall I not have intelligence with the earth? Am I not partly leaves and vegetable mould myself?"

Henry David Thoreau

STORY -



END

If only I could persuade Michael to send his poo my way. - But he's 82 and dare I say it (because he might read this!)... a bit set in his ways.

To wit: 3 months ago, he was in Canberra Hospital for emergency triple-bypass heart surgery. I happened to be visiting him when a social worker came by to quiz him about his at-home arrangements. In answer to her question about his home toilet, he simply said: "mattock". I could see from the baffled look on her face that she was trying to make sense of that one word - a brand of toilet perhaps? She looked to me for help. I explained that the mattock is to dig a hole each time he poo's in the surrounding bush, that there is no 'toilet'. She turned back to him, shaking her head slowly, saying: "No Michael, that just won't do!" He replied: "Just a shallow hole...?"

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- WALT'S

deployed at my own (gloved) hands, is transforming my daily life out here in the bush. I'm a total convert, I swear. And I realise it won't be everyone's cup of tea to compost their poo, nor to live as I now do, an hour's drive from the nearest shop, off-grid, off-town water, off-radar, a Covid-refugee in a caravan nestled in amongst hundreds of acres of eucalyptus forest. Allow me to enlarge on this forest a little. The trees here are mostly stringy-barks, peppermint and brittle gums. The latter are also known as 'shit gums' coz they're not much chop to build with. Shit gums! Clearly, they and I are exactly where we're meant to be right now, absorbed by this humanure project. The peppermint gums are well-placed too, because their crushed leaves smell so good. And now we're really catching the scent of this humanure thing.

STORY -

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Because dear reader, as counter-intuitive as it may seem, the olfactories of humanure are proving to be quite pleasing, to me at least. This is perhaps attributable to the cover materials I'm using (or experimenting with). I use sugar cane mulch and pea-straw mulch in the dunny and lucerne hay on the compost heap. But wait! 'heap' doesn't do it justice and when Lucas saw my pictures of it, he called it 'a shrine'. That fits because I call my poo 'offerings'.

The sniff factor is only going to get better with ... oh-oh: pun alert...

**+thyme!** Because I have plans.

For plantings, of aromatic and culinary herbs. All through the humanure project area. Mint is already planted in the old rotting fallen tree next to the dunny tent. Lemon balm cuttings will soon be companions for the mint. Then comes



- WALT'S

within the shrine's engine room, in the belly of the beast, so to speak. Is it too wet in there? Too compressed? I'm like a fretful nursing mother, or as if struck by Cupid's arrow. Obsessed. Infatuated. With my poo!

I scour the Humanure Handbook again. I discover that the carbon/nitrogen ratio of 30/1 is critical. I wonder if my cover materials are too nitrogenous for the micro-organisms. I reflect that it's been a long, cold winter out here, with many frosts, and it's still quite cold and wet half way through Spring. My shrine might not be getting hot enough (and I still don't have a compost thermometer).

I'm just one person, so maybe the shrine isn't getting enough fuel to build up a head of steam. I add all my kitchen scraps but probably another person's poo would be better.

STORY -



If I had to liken the pong to something, I'd say: sauerkraut. So that suggests fermentation which worries me a little. So I comb Joseph Jenkins **Humanure Handbook**. I'm a bit alarmed to read that it could be a sign of **anaerobic decomposition** which he says can smell like... rotten eggs, sour milk, vinegar, vomit and putrefaction. None of which quite captures the odour I'm getting during the dunny-to-shrine transfers. He stresses the importance of maintaining an aerobic system. I like to think mine is aerobic, but I must face the fact that there has been rain of biblical proportions out here these past 9 months or so. My host Michael says it's more rain than he's seen in the 40 years he's owned this bushland. So that sour smell, however fleeting, is niggling at me. I begin to worry about what might be happening deep

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- WALT'S

lavendar, pineapple sage, rosemary, oregano and... flowers. There will be flowers all through. Some native, like my fave hardenbergia - **the happy wanderer**. I like to identify with. Oh, and citrus trees too, tho' perhaps the area doesn't get enough sun.

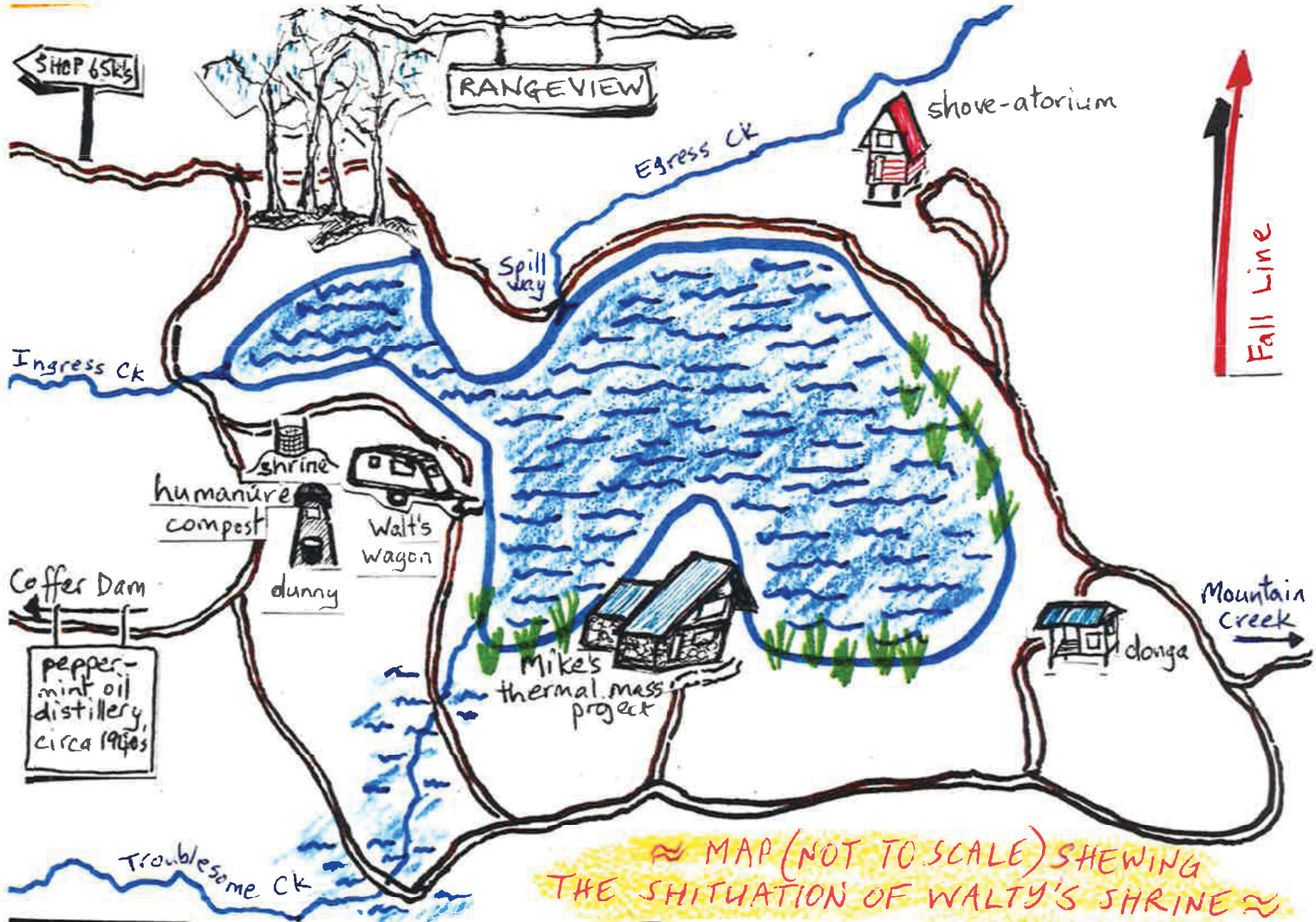
Two things I can't wait for but must wait for: **'brown gold'** issuing from my shrine and added to the soil for my plantings; and the pleasure of brushing past ~~and~~ picking from so many fragrant bushes on the way to and from the dunny.

There's only one small caveat to this account of the pleasing olfactories of my humanure project. I experience a mercifully short, sharp blast up my (masked) nostrils once/fortnight when I perform the 40 litre transfer (that's 2 x 20 litre buckets) of dunny contents deep into the centre of the humanure shrine. It's an interesting

STORY -

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pong...



≈ MAP (NOT TO SCALE) SHEWING THE SHITUATION OF WALTY'S SHRINE ≈