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## EDITORIAL - BY DON POO-LEONE

One of the most powerful statements in support of HUMAN MANURE COMPOSTING that I'll never forget comes from Joseph Jenkins, the author of The Humanure Handbook.

The whole book is an exhortation for social change, one TURD at a time. Jenkins writes that the INSANITY of our standard system of FAECAL MANAGEMENT lies in the mixing of two valuable resources - fresh drinking water and human poo + wee. On their own, each of these resources is a key component in the regeneration of life and ecology. But when mixed together, they become a TOXIC SLUDGE, a threat to both human and environmental

health. What folly, Jenkins writes, to combine these elements which should be kept strictly separated! The amount of technology, chemical processing and power required to recuperate this sludge (through sewerage systems) is testament to our belief that MORE COMPLEX = BETTER. But right before our eyes and below our butts, there is a solution which is simple, elegant, and rewarding - keep the drinking water in our cisterns away from our shit + piss, and compost the latter on site, producing beautiful rich soil in the process.

Speaking of soil, Jenkins in the HUMANURE HANDBOOK makes another powerful statement. With the accelerating erosion...

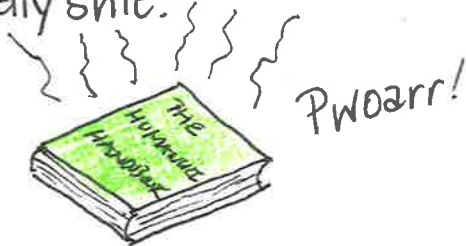
CONT'D  
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# MRS Kang & the Brown Geyser

It all began with a brown geyser, Xmas eve 2019. I was out walking. Jasmine was at home doing watery things - laundry, dishes, cleaning. My phone rang. Jasmine calmly told me that poo was rising out of the ground at home.

Actually, it all began two decades earlier, when friends of mine built a mud-brick house with a composting toilet. You climbed a flight of stairs to sit on the throne, where you could leaf through back copies of Climbing magazine, while contributing to their magical, odourless humanure system.

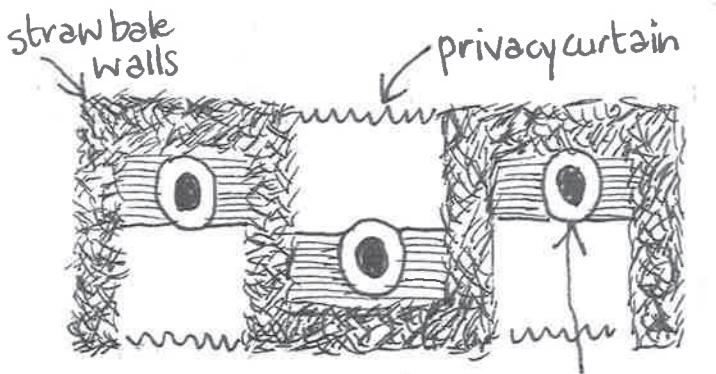
In 2014, Don Poo-leone and I began teaching an art subject together at uni. We introduced students to experimentation through composting. Don brought in the Humanure Handbook. While they were happy to compost veggie scraps, the idea of composting one's own poo was a bridge too far for pretty much all of the students, who avoided the book as though it were a block of smelly shit.



From that point, Don and I talked about humanure as art. We realised



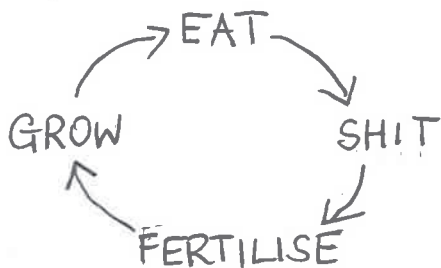
Our dream in 2017, as part of our "Sugar vs the Reef?" project in Queensland. We held an agri/cultural event with our friend Simon Mattsson on his farm. The event was all about building healthy soil through good farming practices. We built composting toilets, using straw bales to construct the walls:



Aerial view  
of toilets

toilet  
seat on  
platform

They were our pièce de résistance, offering audience members direct input into the cycle of consumption and production.



The punters loved those toilets! So, the scene was set for Xmas eve 2019, the Day of the Brown Geysir. I arrived home and followed the stench to the gully trap. It had vomited up poo sludge, which then flowed like malodorous lava down the garden path. Our plumber

kindly agreed to suspend his Xmas holidays to come and deal with A Significant Problem.

Believe me, plumbers have seen it all. Unfazed, he fed the electric eel along the blocked sewer system to clear the pipes of tree roots. A temporary fix.

A few days later, the plumber's son arrived with a snake-like camera. He fed it down the sewer line so that we could look at the internal state of the pipes. We watched the monitor with fascination, as the camera travelled along the newly-cleared

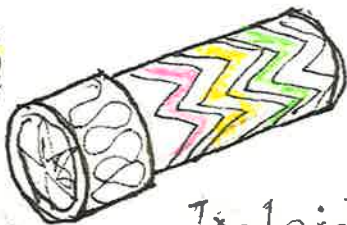




Mrs Kang's kids'  
Kompendium of things  
that begin with K



kite



Kaleidoscope

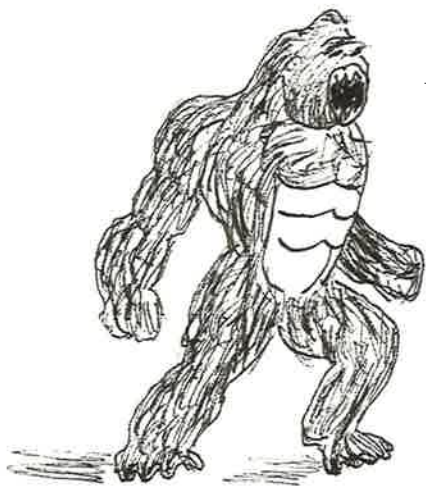
Kevlar



Stephanie  
Kwolek



inventor  
of  
Kevlar



King Kong

K-Pop  
Gangnam  
style



END OF INTERMISSION

but old ceramic pipes, revealing a litany of cracks and breaks.

Imagine my horror when the camera encountered a lone turd, lying peacefully in the pipe. The same turd, in fact, that I had eliminated after breakfast that morning. As I said, plumbers have seen it all.

🙄🙄  
omigod!



Daunted by the \$15,000 cost of replacing the sewer line, not to mention removing all the trees growing over it, I resolved

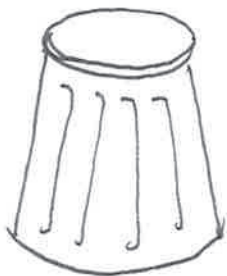


to make a simple humanure system to avoid further sewerage issues. The whole setup cost around \$150, largely spent at Bunnings:



bucket

2x  
Compost  
bins



I made a cubicle with home-made bamboo screens in the far corner of the back yard and called it "Poo Corner". We treated this system the same as any food composting system - get the carbon/nitrogen ratio right and it will all break down into lovely soil:

POO & WEE & FOOD SCRAPS  
= NITROGEN

+

TOILET PAPER & DRY LEAVES  
& WOOD SHAVINGS & OTHER PAPER  
= CARBON

I was careful to keep the humanure and regular compost bins separate. I used the rich, odourless humanure only on non-food producing shrubs and trees.

It all went well for a year or so, until Nigel the Nasty Neighbour called over the fence one day.

"I don't want my daughter or me to have to watch you on the throne. Get rid of it. I've reported you to Council."

He actually didn't have to watch if he hadn't been looking through the fence.

I reluctantly dismantled Poo Corner and we duly

received a polite letter from Council, which talked about the health risks posed by 'outhouses'.

It made me wonder about the health and environmental risks posed by the enormous volumes of poo and wee, treated or otherwise, that are pumped into the sea. It doesn't make sense, when human sewage can be used as a land-based resource, rather than as a marine pollutant.

I dream of a time when humanure, when properly managed, will come to be valued rather than vilified.

THE END (and THE BEGINNING)

Mrs Kang

of the world's arable  
 landscapes as a result of  
 industrial agriculture,  
 imagine a future where soil  
 becomes more valuable  
 by the ounce than gold.  
 Rather than paying (via your  
 council rates) to have your  
 shit flushed away and  
 treated by sewerage systems,  
 a new economy will be born.  
 HUMANURE CONTRACTORS will  
 compete with each other for  
 the right to access the  
 product of your toilets - they  
 will PAY you for your SHIT  
 which they will compost on a  
 grand scale, in gigantic  
 soil factories, in a profitable  
 industry. Until this dystopian  
 moment comes, you can



CASH IN ON YOUR OWN Poo,  
by composting it at home,  
or even in your workplace.  
Gathering stories from the  
brave folks who do this is  
what this zine is all about.  
In VOLUME 2, we invite  
MRS KANG to share her  
prototypes, trialled on a  
farm and in her backyard,  
in suburban PORT KEMBLA.  
What wonderful experiences,  
and what social resistance  
has she encountered?  
Turn to page 4 to see the  
world through MRS KANG'S  
BROWN-TINTED SPECTACLES.  
Stay tuned for VOL. 3 of  
GLIMPSES OF POO-TOPIA  
coming soon to your local vendor.  
XX DON POO-LEONE, (editor). / 15

COMING UP

- IN -

VOL. 3



POOTOPIC  
STORIES  
FROM

LAND

STUDIO\*

IN THE  
CAPERTEE  
VALLEY



\*CONTRIBUTE YOURS!

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