

COMING UP -IN- VOL. 3



POOTOPIC
STORIES
FROM

LAND

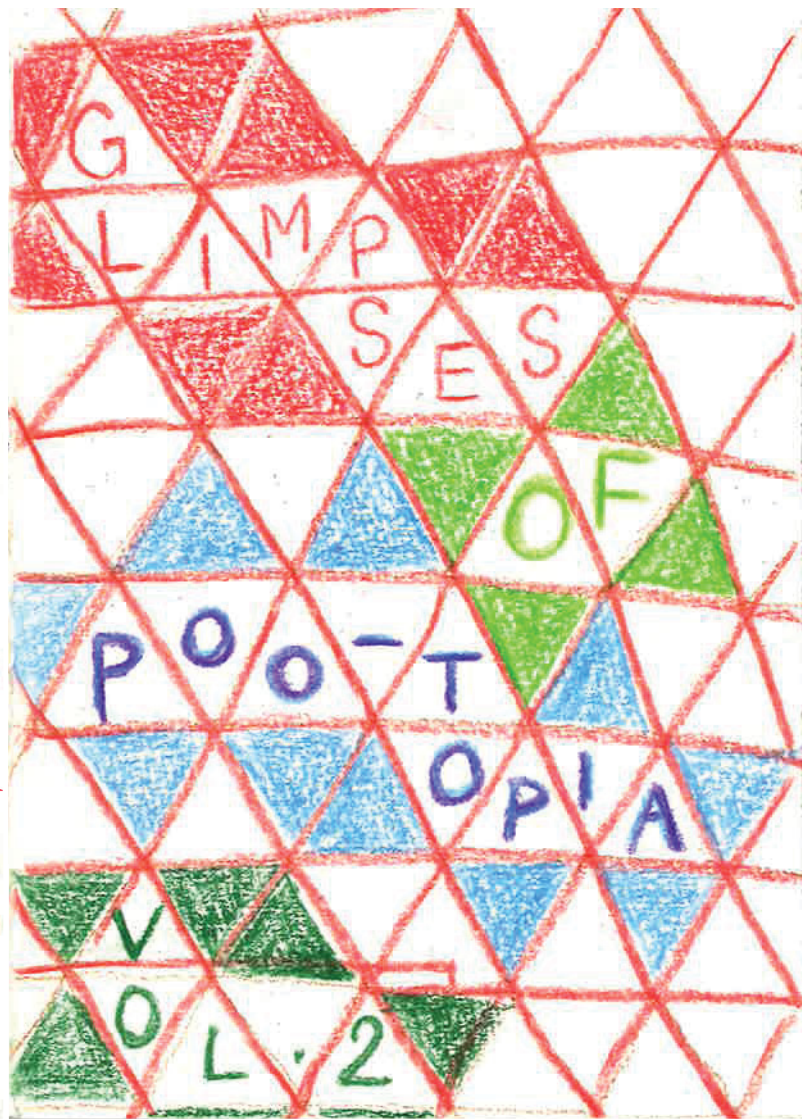
STUDIO*

IN THE
CAPERTEE
VALLEY



*CONTRIBUTE YOURS!

www.pootopia.art



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

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

CONTD. FROM P. 13
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
14 moment comes, you can

EDITORIAL

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...
CONTD.
(see p. 14) 3

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.

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

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.

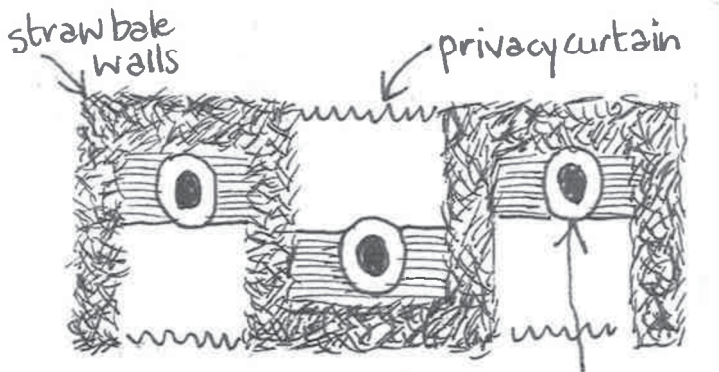
I reluctantly dismantled Poo Corner and we duly

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 Queens-land. 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

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

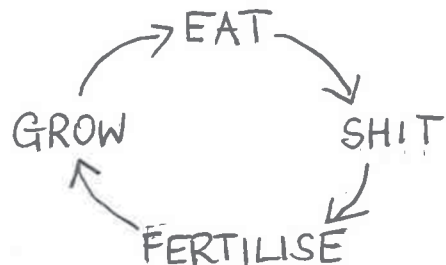
+

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

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



They were our pièce de resistance, 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 Geyser. 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

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



King Kong



K-Pop
Gangnam
style

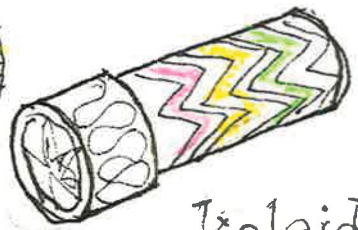


END OF INTERMISSION

Ms Kang's kids' kompendium of things that begin with K



kite



kaleidoscope



Kevlar



Stephanie Kwolek

inventor of Kevlar