

PEOPLE

F Y I • HAVE YOUR SAY • PUZZLES • STARSHIP

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People of the Loo stand/sit with pride

THEY are the People Of The Loo, and they are a clean, upright, Canadian people.

They stand beside, or not far off from, their loos, and they stand proud and happy and smiling and looking you right in the face, tan and content and quietly, cleanly, pleased to be showing you their toilets; calm and strong and satisfied in their washroom ways. They are shown standing up to be counted but you sense, from their peaceful friendly forthrightness, they would not shrink from sitting to be counted. At the composting toilet of their choice.

Some have chosen the Sun-Mar Excel High Capacity Electric Toilet. Some have chosen the Compact Elegant Electric Toilet. Here is one extremely well-scrubbed toilet *afficionado*, hair freshly cut, white sneakers shining, standing expectantly at the composting unit beneath his Sun-Mar Centrex, in his hand a half-filled clear plastic bag of brown stuff.

Another decent chap in new topsiders, clean rugby shirt, looks with a pleased small smile at his Excel N.E. model, holding the lid firmly down whilst operating the flushing lever.

Out in cottage country — summer waning, sunset shrinking, little outside beasts and bugs eager to slip indoors and into your abandoned bedding — getting acquainted with the homey ins and outs of toilet composting; meeting the friendly toilet-trained folks in the composting loo catalogue puts the last mellow burnish on a sweetly fading season.

A glass of wine, a fistful of potato chips, your feet up on the deck, and the composting-poofer catalogue: a harmonious, at-one-with-the-earth way to end a late summer day.

Here's the chap from the front cover, the one you last saw with his bag of brown stuff, now wearing white topsiders, standing beside a Compact model, carefully washing his hands. On the page opposite, a respectable man in a black business suit has one foot on the step of his Excel model ("virtually indestructible, being made of *marine grade*

stainless steel and beautifully polished fibreglass"), reaching up to pour some sort of liquid on a hanging plant.

These waste-conscious folks are empathetic, are appropriately caring, but, being unidentified, could be models. They could be doing this for money. These are not necessarily their own poofers. They cannot be assumed to be the People Of The Loo.

But here. The last two pages, with *CUSTOMER INSTALLATIONS* in golden type. These are absolutely The People Of The Loo. They come right up and tell you their names. The loos are their loos. The loo habits they record are their loo habits. They tell you so, straight.

Mr. & Mrs. G.K.C., of Caldwell Island "use theirs *continuously* from *early spring to late fall*." Mr. G.K.C. hefts one of his huge loo-fertilized tomatoes. Mr. O. of Pointe-au-Baril is shown "in front of his compost pile, which to his surprise was filled with *tomato plants*." Mr. and Mrs. B.R. of Lake Baptiste "are very pleased with their toilet which has absolutely *no smell*. Mrs. R. throws all her kitchen greens into the toilet, as well as peat moss."

You want them for friends. You may not have dinner with them that often. But, oh, you'd be proud to have them in your bathroom.