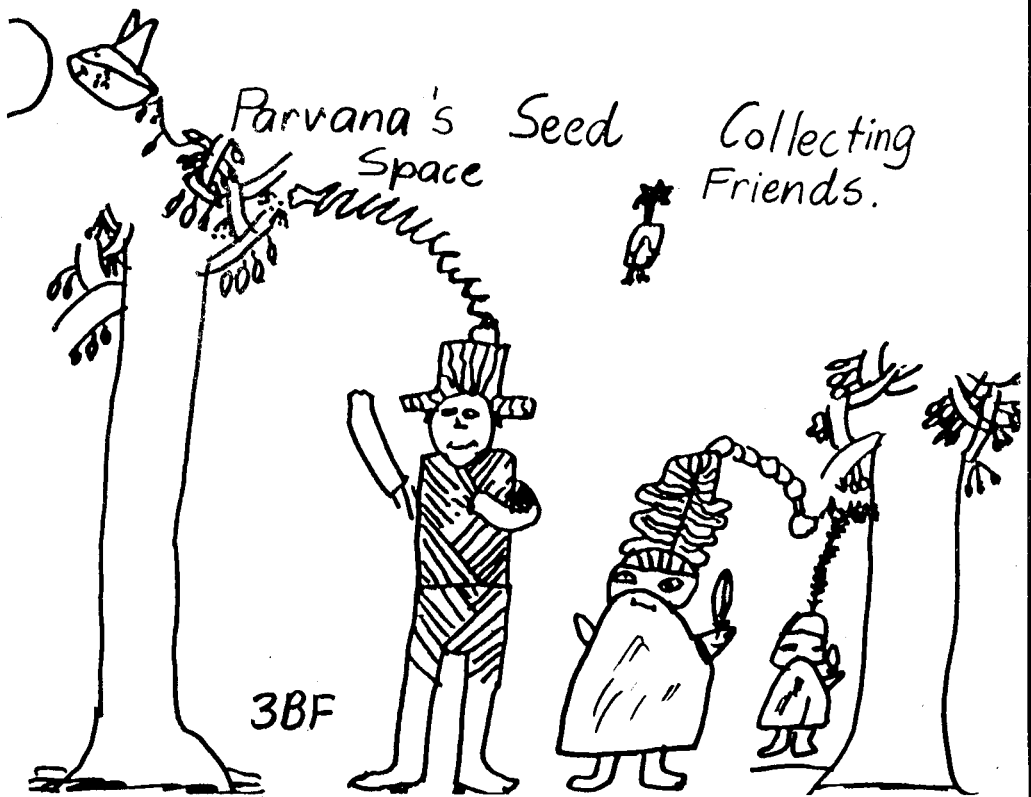


Maleny Co-operatives

A REVIEW

Volume 3, Issue 2

Easter 1992



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1/4 page .. \$35 or \$25 & B11

EDITORIAL

Review to readers... Are you receiving us? Is there anybody out there? We want to know the fate of this little magazine. Newspapers have their sales, TV shows have the ratings but we editors are in a feedback vacuum. Since this is the MAD issue, we are foolishly seeking the answers to some deep and meaningful questions. Be honest (and gentle) with us. We need to know whether it's worth going on with this lunatic behaviour.

Q.1. Do you find the Review interesting, informative, useful, rivetting, abysmal or what?

Q.2. Why don't YOU ever write an article or letter to the editors? Next time you see a committee member, rather than privately thinking she deserves to be "committed", give us some truthful answers to these questions. Or drop us a letter at our new address, below.

Review to readers... *DO YOU READ ME?* Over and out.

P.S. Thanks to contributors who made a big effort to comply with the due dates for this issue. The next issue has the theme of "Growth in Our Organisations" and copy is due on the 13th of July.

The Maleny Co-operatives Review is published by a committee comprised of representatives of the involved groups.

Committee members are:

Meg Barrett, Jan Tilden, Peter Pamment, Jane Skrandies, Elsie Brimblecomb.

Thanks to:

Parvana Jahanpanah from Primary School Class 3BF for the front cover.

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Maddened Members' Corner

Saving the Planet

• Mary Garden

Person 1: Help! I can't cope with this place. It's crazy. Perhaps I should leave?

Person 2: *You take your mind with you wherever you go.*

Person 1: Look, I know all that stuff.

Person 2: *Well, why don't you look in the bags you're lugging around. See who's inside. Take time out for yourself.*

Person 1: You're trying to say I've got a problem. How dare you. It's not my problem. I just try and be friends with everyone.

Person 2: *Conflict can be a good sign. You can work through it. Who told you to be friends with everyone. Now you're grown up you can choose your friends.*

Person 1: What! Work through it! Are you trying to tell me I need a shrink? Need therapy?

Person 2: *No. Even shrinks carry bags.*

Person 1: Look, if only others could see things my way. **I'M RIGHT.** We've got no other choice. **WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THE PLANET,** plant trees, save the platypus, save the creeks, build a permaculture village, live in harmony ...

Person 2: *Sure you do. First check your bags.*

Person 1: Don't you tell me what to do. You give me the creeps with all that psychobabble. That New-Age bullshit.

Person 2: *Why don't you try writing or painting. Something creative. Release this frustration of yours.*

Person 1: Who said I'm frustrated. That stuff's unnecessary. Waste of time. Who wants to be arty farty.

Person 2: *Well see you later. Enjoy yourself.*



Person 3: Help. I can't cope with this place. It's crazy. Perhaps I should leave.

Person 4: *Well, why don't you?*

Person 3: I'd feel like there's something wrong with me, that I was not strong enough to stay.

Person 4: *It might be the other way around. But you have to know what you want and need.*

Person 3: I feel disillusioned. I thought I was working for a great cause: *saving the planet.*

Person 4: *What do you want? Need? The greatest cause is to be true to yourself.*

Person 3: I actually need to earn some money. And spend more time with my kids.

Person 4: *Well, why don't you?*

Person 3: That makes me a materialist?

Person 4: *Sounds quite realistic to me ...*

Person 3: Hmmm.



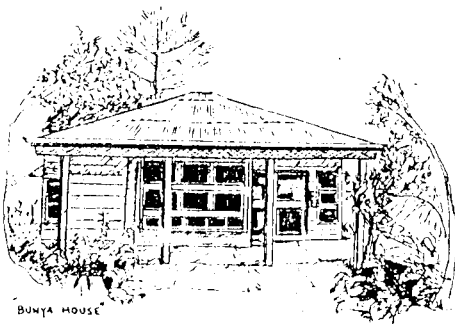
Person 5: Help. I can't cope with this place. It's crazy. Perhaps ...

Person 6: *Great. I love it! Join the club. Join another co-operative. How about joining Jo? Become a mad Barungite. Collect seeds.*

HELP!

to be continued ...





A Madcap look at the MCU (MADCCU)

• Pauline Shewchenko

To follow the theme of this review I looked up the meaning of "mad" for inspiration in relation to the Credit Union.

"Mad" 1. Mentally disturbed, deranged, insane or demented.

One quick look at directors and management leaving a board meeting finishing at some ungodly time after midnight may cause some to think that this definition has some bearing. Especially when the topic of conversation is centred on the recently made possible, wayward shopping trolleys which we are sure are going to breed in the dark corners of the supermarket's back car park and slowly venture out to the new breeding grounds in the main street of Maleny. Amazing what mad derangements mental exhaustion can cause!



"Mad" 2. Enraged or irritated, angry.

A rare creature, seldom found at the MCU. Generally seen after ethical discussions and/or decisions, leaving one to believe that ethics can create such diverse answers and emotions in individuals or that the DSS have stuffed up someone's payment yet again!

"Mad" 3. (of animals) abnormally furious or affected by rabies.

Sorry no known cases of rabies have been reported as yet at the MCU.

"Mad" 4. Wildly excited, frantic.

Management during end of year reconciliations and accounting.

"Mad" 5. Extremely foolish or unwise, imprudent or irrational.

Not tolerated at the MCU except at our Xmas parties playing Julie's party games and not to be mentioned when recruiting new directors.

"Mad" 6. Overcome by desire, eagerness or enthusiasm etc.

The looks on the faces of the directors when trying to find replacements on committees; when new "big brother" legislation arrives; being asked to write articles for the review; (and on a positive note) when it's coffee time during the board meetings.

"Mad" 7. Wildly gay or merry; enjoyably hilarious.

All MCU social functions.

So after this "mad" look at the MCU I have reached the conclusion that we should acknowledge the "and" in Maleny and District Community Credit Union and become the MADCCU.

MAD Afternote (By MADCCU Tellers)

"Mad" is when the above writer rushes into the MADCCU and drops 10 withdrawal forms and 15 deposit & transfer forms in front of ONE teller. Two hours later after the above transactions the teller drags herself out into the back for a revival drink.

Where Am I - What's happening to Maleny?

• Peter Pamment

Sweak! Sweak! Sweak! The sound of terror that can cause a grown person to shake in their gum boots. It's the sound that you can now hear when sitting in the Credit Union tea room or any room in the building on the supermarket side. What is it? Why is it so threatening?

It all happened a few weeks back. I left

the LETS office and was walking down the new concrete path between the Credit Union and the Supermarket. I had nearly reached the back car park when I glanced up and saw it. Yes there it was, the afternoon sun shining off its chrome bits, its little wheels jammed against the new parking bay kerbs. I had never seen one loose in Maleny, only firmly locked up inside with no way out, its little wheels no match for any steps.

I quickly retraced my steps back to the LETS office. Stumbling though the doorway I gasped "I saw one! It's in the Supermarket car park!" "They've escaped!" I exclaimed. "Saw what?" was the response from the assembled persons. "A Shopping Trolley!" I replied. "It's in the car park - just like any old suburban shopping centre". "Don't you see! We've been invaded and suburbanised - Maleny as we knew it has been destroyed!" They all looked at me as if I was Mad. I quickly retreated to my car by the other side of the building and left town.

I had heard it on the radio. Reports on a Sunday morning, on Australia All Over with Mack'er. Reports of Shopping Trolleys being found on the Nullarbor, dragged up in fishing nets at sea etc. They were everywhere and if let to escape would breed up and slowly destroy mankind. They had started in the so called developed nations and were out to spread worldwide and take control of all our lives. We would be forced to push them around for eternity.

It was clear to me that part of the heart of Maleny had already been destroyed. All the modification and changes at the Supermarket were not to make the shop a better place to shop, but had been inspired by the influence of the subversive trolleys to create an exit from the shop. A doorway with no steps, an escape from the supermarket into the wider world of

Maleny and on to greater trolley things. Now as I work in the Credit Union the squeak-squeak of the shopping trolleys going down to the car park remind me of their subversive plot. The evidence is overwhelming: just watch - you see many a trolley being pushed full down to the car park, but never empty back up the slope. Some sit in the car park just waiting their chance to duck off when no one is looking.

Watch out Maleny! The suburban revolution is here - alive and well!



The Catastrophic Apostrophic Conspiracy.

• Meg Barrett

They're out there! Lurking in letterheads, nestled in newspapers, emblazoned on billboards, the bane of an ex English teacher's life - inappropriate and inapplicable apostrophes. I'm a reasonable person, not given to excesses or fetishism but when I espy a renegade apostrophe, my palms sweat and my lips begin to tremble.

Where did I go wrong, I ask myself, as I survey a literary landscape positively littered with the offending elevated commas. The rules governing the use of the apostrophe are simple. There is absolutely no room for creativity, yet it is the most misplaced of all punctuation marks. Members of the general public (amateur sign writers in particular) seem to operate on the assumption of the more the merrier.

(Or ju'st in'sert an apo'strophe before every 'single 's'.) Well, I'm less than merry when I see apostrophes attached to

common plurals. So, the grocer claims to sell apple's, bean's and melon's. Apple's, bean's and melon's what, I mentally enquire. Or maybe it's some kind of sentence completion game - apple's awful, bean's better.

The placement of the apostrophe does nothing for my state of mind when I'm led to believe in the existence of whole new groups. No longer are there women, men and children (with the appropriate women's, men's and children's possessive forms). We now have a society made up of womens, mens and childrens, or so the apostrophes tell me when I see womens', mens' and childrens' as the frequently used possessives.

Then there's the infamous it's/its debacle which has me teetering on the brink of insanity. Everyone knows that "it's" means "it is", while "its" denotes the possessive of "it". It's a pity the upstart apostrophe hasn't yet learned it is place.

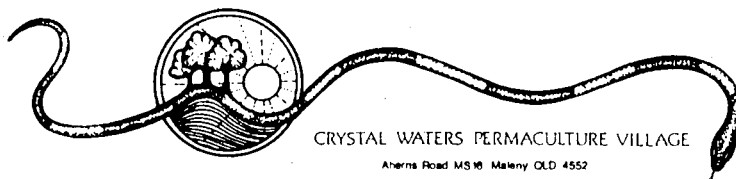
Seriously, punctuation does have its uses. I wonder if you readers are aware of the recent demise of the Maleny Credit Union. I, cunning sleuth that I am, was alerted to this fact by the judicious movement of an apostrophe. I thought the Credit Union had over a thousand members. Not so. When my notice about a members' meeting was corrected to a "member's meeting" in a well-informed local rag, I realized that, sadly, there is only *ONE*.



Directors: Peter Pamment, Meg Barrett, Bill McDonald, Pauline Shewchenko, Ray Passmore, Graham Nott.

Co-Managers: Bob Smalley, Julie Parks, Judy Williams.

Secretaries: Jan Maskall, Vernetta Love.



VISIONS OF MOChBA

• Chris Gwin

Six and a half days on this train from China and now its 3:15 in the afternoon, 19th October 1990.

We're nearly there Moskow - trees, parks, suburban trains. Splashes of *autumn*, yellow and red, and cranes - and *BIG* massive *Block Buildings*,

ten stories high and more.

A few cars, sheds, offices ...

Could be in London.

Washing on balconies - yellow buses, red buses,

? mini SKIRTS? *Hmmmm!!!!*

SMOG.

More older buildings of brick, the new ones concrete, a *MOSKOW Suburban* train passes. I wave. They look away.

Tall chimneys and towers.

A cathedral shape *leers* out the mist - huge and *ghostly*, *pointing* to the heavens.

Suddenly! *Spikes* and a Red Star above a curved red roof.

That's more like it - more like it.

15-30 **MOSKOW** - I see the sign. We've arrived.

21st October 1990. 9:15 Moskow.

The people are so polite. I always get offered a seat on the trains when they see my walking stick. And on buses and trams. And once, by an officer in the Soviet Navy - he gave me his seat. For six and three-quarter years in the British Royal Navy I was taught he was my enemy and now he offers me his seat - *My Friend*.

The Nuke deterrent - Damn the Nukes!!!

Polaris suddenly seems such a murderous weapon. It's a funny thing to walk around **MOSCOW** knowing British missiles are aimed at you and I'M sure - **Glastnost** or not - they **are**. I know the *absurdity* anyway. My conversions came within eight months of leaving the R.N. - apple picking in N.Z. - with Pacifists **But** - here in Moskow - its *even more absurd!* **Again!**

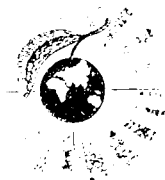
Sure there's problems and queries, but its a beautiful city with beautiful people. In a way it's the same as London. *If* only there was more travel and more money for everyone to communicate and break down the barriers and if you can't travel, visualize your distant humans as our family - cause we all are the same.

Moskow.

Onion shaped church towers
shoe box buildings
militia and great coats
queues
problems
cars, buses, trams
Metros designed like opera houses
for only 5 hoPEchS
Moscow is yours
The Metro
Moscow problems
The red star and flag
Problems but beauty
And History
The future uncertain
bad times Locals say
But
For me
The passing traveller
Moscow
Beauty Riches Passion
Moskow.

When the Kremlin was mind blowing -
got in without a ticket.
Parks and Art Treasures and the
government too.
So cold yesterday - icy winds.
Having a coffee and cognac can't fix up.
Changed money in red square on the
black market and we had a bourgeois
night out - Caviar, Vodka and Cabaret.

Today it's snowing outside
must meet Karen at IPM for a
Coffee and Cognac

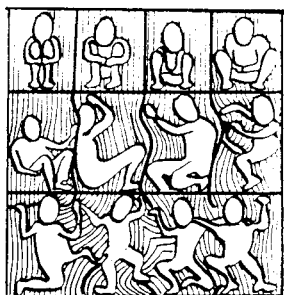


Below 0° C Yesterday.

Cosy warm flat,
outside
through the window
dead leaves, a
gnarled grey
tree
Grey skies
snow
Dancing up and down
through the air
Moskow
warm
and
cold.



Co-op Secretary: Barry O'Connell
Co-op Treasurer: Kathy Trudgian
Chairperson: Robert Tap
Committee Members: Chris Gwin, Ann Duffy,
Patria Cardle, Chris Rew.



Multi Answer Diatribe about the Review

(or M.A.D. about the Review)

• Meg Barrett

To answer the following questionnaire,
tick all correct responses.

When a new Co-op Review comes out, I :

- ▶ rush to get my copy
- ▶ pick up my copy sooner or later
- ▶ ignore my copy and hope it will go away
- ▶ leave town in embarrassment (the editors)
- ▶ check to see that they've spelt my name right
- ▶ correct the grammar and punctuation

The Co-op Review represents:

- ▶ the sixth principle of co-operation (co-operation among co-ops)
- ▶ good value for money (it's free)
- ▶ a cross section of co-op opinion (very cross)
- ▶ the ravings of a lunatic fringe
- ▶ a way to get my name in print

I usually find the Co-op Review:

- ▶ informative and interesting
- ▶ better than a mogadon
- ▶ a waste of scarce resources
- ▶ in the dust under the bed

I contribute articles to the Co-op Review because:

- ▶ I wish to maintain and indeed elevate the cultural and literary standards of this prestigious publication
- ▶ I really believe in fostering the co-operative ethic
- ▶ I'm my co-op's rep. and no-one else will write them

(That about covers our 4 contributors.)

I think an appropriate theme for a future Review is:

- ▶ Creative Verbalisation (or running off at the mouth)
- ▶ Ex-communication (or what we talked about before which is probably the same as what we're talking about now)
- ▶ Stultification and Contraction in Our Organisations
- ▶ In Search of Endarkenment
- ▶ Co-operative Conflict and Disharmony
- ▶ Intolerance and Harassment (or I'm okay but you're not)
- ▶ Recognizing Our Organisational Inadequacies (or where to lay the blame)

Your **SANITY RATING:** Based on the total number of ticked responses and an analysis of your involvement in co-operatives.

0-5 You are absolutely sane and utterly predictable. You belong to one co-op and assiduously avoid all meetings. You have no friends. (You're too boring.)

6-10 Your friends call you zany. You have a tendency to flirt with mental instability. You belong to several co-ops. Take care you don't lose control.

11-15 Even strangers sense your dementia. You tend to take on too much responsibility. You're probably a secretary or a co-op review rep. Perhaps you would benefit from a little lie down.

16-20 You are a total embarrassment to our friends. Not for you the bounds of ordinary daily reality. You are constantly in a state of anxiety as you flit from one co-op meeting to the next. A long rest may help.

21-25 Your only friends are imaginary ones. You are a director of several co-ops. You are a complete loony. Your behaviour is totally bizarre and you're likely to gibber about any damn thing. Best get your psychiatrist to induce a coma. (You are locked up, aren't you?)

I'm mad ... Reflections of a Weary Feminist.

• Meg Barrett

At a recent meeting of a women's professional organisation of which I am a member, I found myself ruffled over one of my personal betes noires - the negative image of "feminism". At the aforementioned meeting, we were productively engaged in defining our organisation, using a brainstorming exercise. The adjectives flowed freely - supportive, professional, communicative. Feminist, I suggested. I didn't see too many problems with using such a word to describe a women's group which purports to have as its aim, the enhancement of the social and economic well-being of women. No-one objected, of course. It was, after all, a brainstorm. Yet almost immediately, in what seemed like a rebuke, or at least a watering-down, came the word "feminine". A few women nodded in assent. And I kept my little inner knot of annoyance to myself. Until now.



I am annoyed, indeed *MAD*, that the status quo, the powers that be and wish to remain so, have done such a successful "job" on feminism that even independent, intelligent women are reluctant to own it. My Fontana Dictionary of Modern Thought defines feminism as:

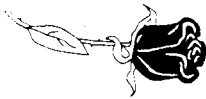
advocacy of the rights of women,.....encompassing political and legal rights, equal opportunities, sexual autonomy and the right of self-determination. (1990:312)

Most women would readily embrace such rights as their due. We all staunchly support equal opportunity and individual rights, and we proclaim our autonomy, sexual or otherwise. Why is it then, that we balk at the title "feminist". It is because the mainstream and its image-makers, the media, have so successfully portrayed the feminist as a sour, ugly extremist, a failure as a "real woman", who engages in such outlandish yet trivial practices as burning her bra. Well, from my individual perspective, I refute that stereotype - feminists I know are warm, intelligent, capable, supportive, professional, expansive, wonderful women. And I've never seen a single bra incinerated.

But I have seen the cause of feminism held back by women who deny it - women who claim to believe in women's rights but who say they want to remain "feminine". That, to me, is the equivalent of a black person supporting racial equality but at the same time wishing to remain servile and forelock-tugging in demeanour. Maybe I'm equally the victim of media stereotyping but to me, "feminine" has connotations of demure, sweet, silent, attentive, high-heeled, ankles crossed and knees together, well-mannered and above all *nic*.

To my mind, there's nothing to be nice about. A recent "Courier Mail" (15th February, 1992) informed me that, at the present rate of pay increase (0.2% in the past four years), it will take women another 800 years to gain equality in earnings. And equal pay is the absolute bottom line - forget about some of the more subtle aims that feminists have been striving to achieve.

Yes, I'm mad. I'm mad when we deny the political and social reality of our society. There's nothing "feminine" about being poor, uneducated, lacking in rights, battered and worse. I'm mad when I see the brouhaha that ensues when an individual man is perceived to be the victim of some form of negative discrimination and society (women included) positively leaps to right the injustice. Meanwhile the major injustices against women continue unabated, part of the normal social fabric, indeed unaddressed and unnoticed. Finally I'm sad, infinitely and wearily sad, that women fail to perceive their common bond in feminism and, duped by the media creation of the hostile, rabid feminist, cling to sell-out, isolating images of femininity.



Directors: Lyn Blunt, Annah Evington, Prabha Jewson-Brown, Nora Julien, Ann Jupp, Margi O'Connell.

Treasurer: Nora Julien

Secretaries: Ann Jupp

► A poet who reads his verse in public may have other nasty habits. ◄

Mad Inventors' Design.

- Seed collecting Machines.

• Jo Ferrier.

The children in year 3BF at Maleny Primary School have used their imaginations to invent machines for collecting seeds from the top of rainforest trees.

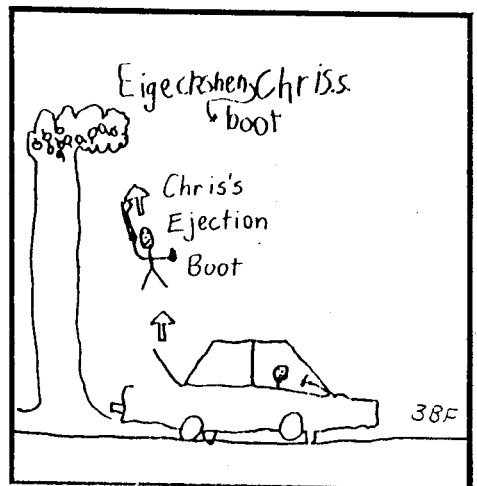
"The quality of these machines is awe-inspiring," said the classroom teacher.

It is a long-term project of Barung Landcare to save time and labour by implementing all these designs for seed collecting machines.

"We aim to make these designs a reality," said the Barung Landcare President.

"Machines like these will make Barung Landcare a dynamic organisation well into the 21st. Century."

Readers can judge for themselves. The designs are featured on the cover and throughout the pages of this newsletter.





THE ENTERPRISE CENTRE MALENY ASSOCIATION INC.

... and Some Objective Comments

- Bob Sample.

Life goes on but what a life it is. The old Butter Factory in Maleny has a new lease of life. Despite its fifty odd year old structure having become weary and anything but weatherproof, the naive but brave enterprise centre committee have breathed a new life into the building.

There's no question about the fact that community based groups are prepared to rush in where angels fear to tread. Any sane business person would have had the demolition crew in to remove the old girl and create a nice hole in the ground.

But not the ECM committee. Fix the windows, resurface the floor, dress up the front and work wonders inside - all in the hope of creating workspace for people to establish their small businesses.

What a learning experience it has been. Firstly an unhappy landlord to deal with - who us support FABS??? Then the Council red tape and building inspectors. Did we really need their permission to repair the concrete floor?

And who said builders were short of work? If so, why wouldn't any of them quote to do the job for the money that was available? It is hard to understand why they want to be paid for what they do.

Then of course, there were the hundreds of decisions to be made day by day as the

construction progressed. Who me?? I'm just a committee member! I don't know about that!! What do you think would be the best thing to do? That sounds good to me.

And panic oh panic, an Official Opening scheduled for two weeks time, but there's so much to do and where is the money coming from? How will we pay the bills? At times like this community groups come together and make things happen in time. Later they sort out the mess and work out how to pay the bills.

It's a good thing Maleny has a reputation for being a strong community. Help from individuals, commercial firms and the State Government made it all happen.

So now the ECM is up and running, and overcoming its teething problems. Feedback both good and bad helps to guide it. New businesses are in the centre and employment is being created. Other businesses are waiting for space.

Stage II of the renovations is about to begin. The cycle begins all over again. Well, by the end of 1992 the die will be cast. The ECM will be financially viable and an accepted part of the Maleny commercial world. Ho hum!!!

President: Paul Hood

Vice President: Annah Evington

Secretary: Harry Whitehouse

Treasurer: Geoff Kapernick

Committee Members: Toni Hyde, Ken Taylor,
Giancarlo Molinaro

The Maleny Enterprise Centre - a six Month Retrospect.

- Harry Whitehouse.

Mellowing, slightly, after the traumas of getting the old Butter Factory operational, as the Enterprise Centre Maleny, it is interesting to make an interim assessment.

All associated with the development are unanimous on one point:

If we had had previous knowledge of the extent of structural problems requiring attention in the old building, we would have had second, third, fourth - 100 - thoughts about the whole project!

The completion of Stage I of the renovations transformed the old shell. The ECM is now an increasingly sought out destination for a growing number of people.

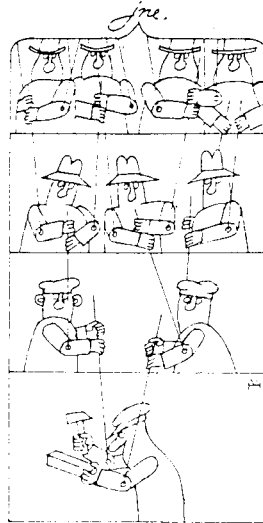
We're particularly happy with the colour scheme, which has created a pleasant ambience for tenants and management alike. Space is being taken up at an acceptable rate, with interest already being expressed in Stage II areas. We will be a viable enterprise upon the taking up of certain Stage II areas.

One activity which will benefit from Stage II is the Secretarial Service. Sherry and Judi have performed wonders in primitive conditions. Their stoicism is soon to be rewarded by the construction of their office!!

You are invited to call at the ECM and we will be happy to show you around.



- Always listen to experts. They'll tell you what can't be done, and why. Then do it. ◀



Enterprise Centre Tenants

*Wastebusters' New Office at
Enterprise Centre 23 Coral St, Maleny.
Ph: 074-943 922
on Wednesdays and Fridays.*

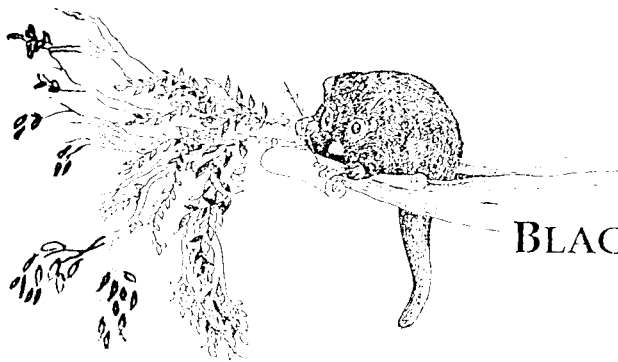
Barung Landcare Ph:943 922

every Tuesday and some Thursdays.

The Threatened Species Network (Qld.)
Ph: 074-943922 P.O. Box 465, Maleny.

The following sentence is false.
The preceding sentence is true.

Gödel, Escher & Bach.
D.R.Hofstadter, 1979



BLACK POSSUM

A Black Possum Verse
It's mad and it's bad
It couldn't be worse ...

"Publish or Perish" the Black Possums said
As they gathered together, tail to head
Clause and Dot, Colon and Dash
Scribbling and versing for the Black
Possum Splash.

"I must admit," said one of the throng,
"I have in my heart, a sweet little song,"
"Is it long, is it short?"
Was the possums' retort.

"It's as short as it's long
It's as right as it's wrong
It's as in as it's out
It's here and about."

"We'll publish, we'll publish,"
Up went the shout.

A small plump possum
With a bright pink nose
Said, "Nobody knows
That I write a wee bit,
But no one would print it
in a Black Possum fit!"

"Try us, please try us,"
The others all called,
"Funky or punky, or just plain ribald,
We'll check it, we'll vet it
We'll do our best edit."

A big possum shouted from the green
settee,

"If you want a good artist, just call on me.
"I study, I sketch, I shade and I hatch,
For all your writing, a drawing to match."

"I edit, I proof," another one cried.
"I wish I could," her best friend sighed.
"We'll find you a job, don't worry or fret.
Is there someone here who can do the
type-set?"

"I'm great at P.R.," a tall possum spoke,
I'll ring up the papers and good T.V.
folk."

I sell very well, if I say so myself,"
Said another Black Possum hanging down
from a shelf.

"We'll call on all possums
Who live on the coast
All possums, all blossoms
The mountains can boast.

Our diary is due to begin once again
So wait for the guidelines my friends and
then
Start scribbling and writing
And drawing and such

For a good Possum Diary
Will keep us in touch
With our world
And our people
With all whom we meet.

A '93 Diary, is a Black Possum Treat."
A very anonymous Black Possum
Too full of shame
To write its name.

If you look askance
At this doggerel rhyme
Perhaps you'll enhance
Our Diary next time.

Seriously though, the '93 Diary is about to
commence
So put your heads down and send your
tales hence.

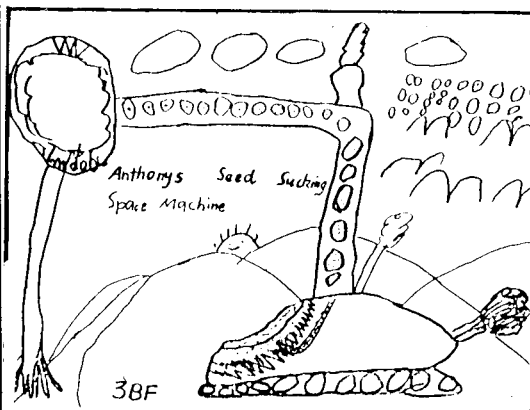


➤ Writing is not necessarily something to be
ashamed of - but do it in private and wash
your hands afterwards. ◀

➤ If tempted by something that feels
"altruistic", examine your motives and root
out that self-deception. Then, if you still
want to do it, wallow in it. ◀

Robert A. Heinlein
Time enough for Love.

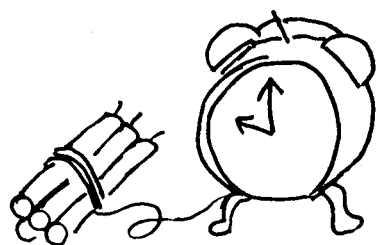
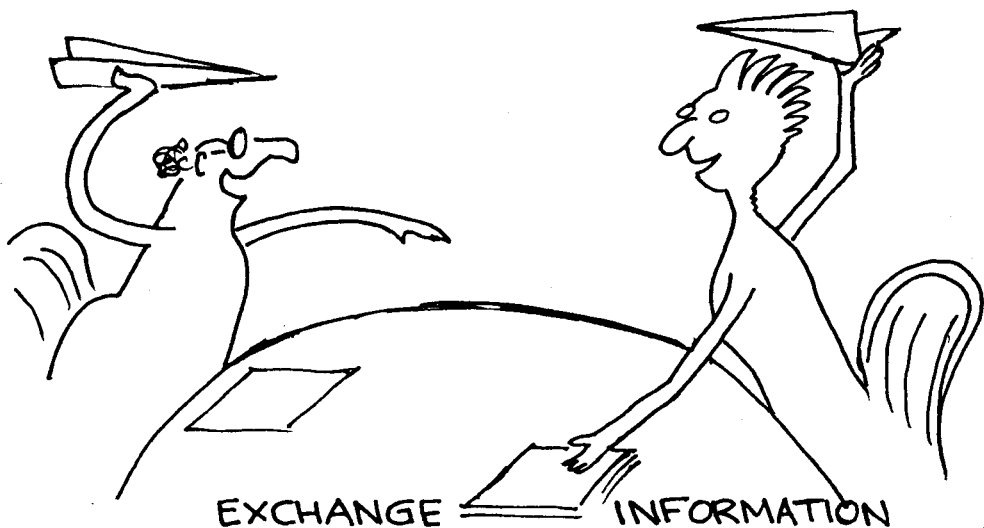
Directors: Rosmary Allan, Beryl Muspratt,
Elsie Brimblecombe, Alf Ashton, Danny Ross
Secretary: Jean Elder
Treasurer: Marion Greenfield



Petronius in 66AD -

"We worked hard, but it seemed
that every time we were beginning
to form up into teams we would be
reorganised. I was to learn later in
life that we tend to meet any
situation by reorganising, and a
wonderful method it can be for
creating the illusion of progress
while producing confusion,
inefficiency and demoralisation".

FUN THINGS TO DO AT MEETINGS.



①



COME LATE

-OR HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS WITHOUT INFLUENCING PEOPLE

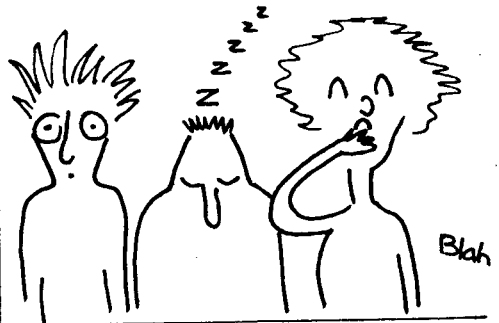


REPEAT - REPEAT - REPEAT YOURSELF



SHARE VIEWS

*Any resemblance to any co-operative meeting is light-heartedly intentional



Blah



Blah

Blah

EXPRESS AN OPINION

by Meg Barrett.



'Working for our future'

A WALK THROUGH THE RAINFOREST with David Attenbarung

*transcribed from the tape by Jo Ferrier
(Please read in a hushed and reverent way)*

On our right we have a rare species of seed collecting mammal, a Barungite. These creatures are rather shy so we must approach with caution. Barungites tend to scurry off into the undergrowth at the sound of intruders.

They can often be seen foraging amongst the leaf litter in search of fallen seeds which they gather into bags for later use. It can be assumed that they are vegetarian as they have never yet been observed collecting insects or other animals. We hope to confirm this by an analysis of Barungite droppings. They are clean and fastidious creatures. To date, we have been unable to locate any dung samples.

As you can see, they exhibit signs of intelligence in their use of tools. This one, a female of the species, is using a cutting implement on the end of a long stick to obtain the higher seeds which are then caught in a mat.

Barungites tend to be solitary animals, moving quietly through the bush in ones or twos. Gentle creatures, they move slowly peering downwards at the forest floor, or upwards to the canopy in their endless search for seeds. They seem to relish some fruit more than others. On those occasions when their preferred seeds are found, the Barungites can be seen jumping for joy.

They dwell in the natural hollows of the giant fig trees where they shelter from the rain and conduct their mating rituals.

Isolated in the remnant subtropical rainforests of South East Queensland, they have maintained an archaic language. If you move closer you may hear this fine specimen muttering in her ancient tongue. Sshh! Listen carefully. "Is it a *Dendrocnide ex celsa* or a *Dendrocnide moroides* or a *Dendrocnide photinophylla*? A *Podocarpus elatus* or a *Polyscias elegans*?"

She seems confused. Oh Dear! We've gone too close. Barungites can be dangerous when cornered. Help! She's attacking me with her stick.

We've retreated to the safety of the hill. As you witnessed, the normally docile Barungites can be aggressive if they think their seed-source is threatened.

A special request: Could any member of the public who locates any Barungite droppings please pop them in a post pack and send to:

*Sir David Attenbarung
The Maleny Co-operatives Review
PO Box
Maleny*



BARUNG MADNESS

• Jo Ferrier

This morning I rescued the washing from the washing machine. If I'd left it there any longer it may have begun to grow. I hung it on the line without using pegs. Tonight I innovate with pegs to secure seed-data sheets to yoghurt containers full of rainforest seeds. I fumble through my domestic chaos but the seeds are a paragon of organisation. There's something wrong with my life and it's called Barung Landcare. Luckily, I prefer it this way.

Seed collecting began as a hobby. Now it's taken over my life. The fridge no longer functions primarily to store items of food such as crisp fruit and vegies, and mouth-watering chocolates. The shelves have been invaded by containers of rainforest seeds.

I gaze at the space that used to be the home of camembert cheese. There sits a container of *Brachychiton Bidwilli* seeds. No longer can we indulge our appetite with the sensuous taste and texture of such delights. We can't afford it; I've taken up permanent part-time work and reduced my income by half to allow more time for Barung Landcare and seed collecting.

Socially we're on the skids. These days we offer guests cheddar instead of camembert, and make jokes about my car: "What's hot, red and throbbing?" The Valiant of 1975 vintage – it's never made the grade as a symbol of middle-class affluence. No stripes, mag wheels or even a surfboard for us. Our car has an extendable pole and seed collecting loppers permanently attached to the roof racks with bailing twine.

If you see me crawling on my hands and knees amongst the bushes on the roads around Maleny, don't worry. The Barung Madness is a harmless affliction fuelled by visions of a reforested landscape.

President: Jo Ferrier

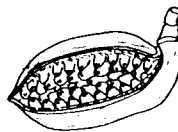
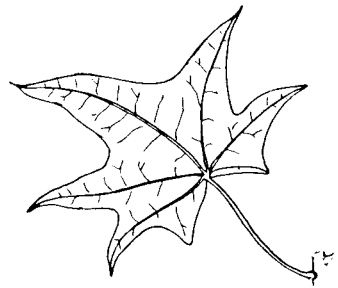
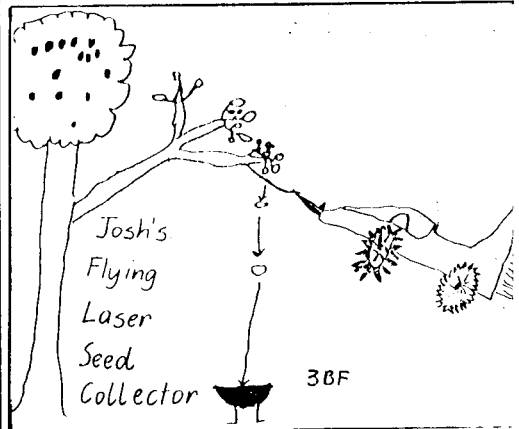
Vice President: Mal Thompson

Management Committee: Jane Skrandies, Gillian Ainscough, Bill Hall, Denise Irons, Dean Cameron, Lexy Forbes.

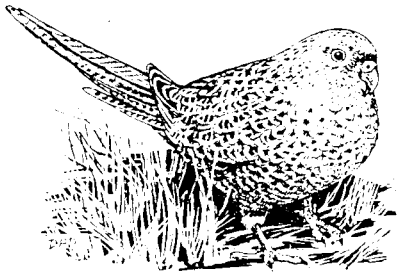
Secretary & Treasurer: Lexy Forbes

Advisors: Ashley Sewell (Forestry Dept.), Sam Brown (SEQ Landcare Coordinator).

Co-ordinator: Lexy Forbes.



LARGE-LEAVED BUTTLE TREE
Brachychiton australis



Ground Parrot
Pezoporus wallicus

Mad About PEZOPORUS WALLICUS? Why Not?

• Jan Tilden

Today I'm definitely very MAD at myself because I forgot to include the Co-op Review on the agenda of our last community meeting. This means that I have to come up with something before tomorrow, the official and this-time-to-be-taken-seriously copy deadline. I've decided to high-jack the Frogs' Hollow space to tell readers about the **Threatened Species Network**. I hope my fellow Frogs will not be too MAD at me for taking this liberty.

The Threatened Species Network is a national body with co-ordinators in each state. It is hosted by peak conservation groups, operating in Queensland under the umbrella of the Queensland Conservation Council. The general aim of the Network is to raise community awareness of the plight of threatened species and to encourage people to take action over this issue. People with a common interest in threatened species are located and

contacted through the network and information is circulated. This may include such details as which species are currently under threat, any developments which involve endangered, vulnerable or rare species, whom to lobby about these matters and what community groups and other organisations are doing about endangered species.

So what is a "threatened species" and why should we be concerned about them? The answer to the first question is by no means straight forward, as I have discovered since taking up my new position as the Queensland Co-ordinator of the Network. The term "threatened species" includes any animal or plant which comes into one of the following categories:

Endangered - Currently declining in numbers, will become extinct if steps are not taken.

(An example of a local species listed as endangered is the ground parrot, *Pezoporus wallicus*)

Vulnerable - Believed likely to move into the "endangered" category in the near future if current factors continue to operate. (Local example, *Xeromys myoides*, the false water rat)

Rare - Species with small world populations that are not at present "endangered" or "vulnerable" but are at risk. (Locally, *Ninox strenua*, the powerful owl)

There are several official lists and many unofficial ones, and none of them totally agree about which species fall into the various categories. All those who make lists do agree, however, that loss of species in particular and biological diversity in general is a serious global

problem. Australia has one of the worst records. Since white settlement in Australia 27 species of mammals and birds and over a hundred species of plants are known to have gone extinct. Most of these have been lost in the last fifty years. In other words this was not just a problem of the environment's initial adjustment to the introduction of European civilization - things are getting worse. Australian extinctions, incidentally, account for about half of all mammal extinctions worldwide.

This brings me to the next question - so what? Extinction is a natural process isn't it? Why the fuss?

Human activity has increased the rate of extinction so that it exceeds by an enormous factor anything that happened before we appeared on the planet. We, in all our wisdom, don't know how far this process of human-induced extinction can go before humankind itself becomes an endangered species. One thing is for sure - we won't be the last species alive on earth.

There are four arguments for preserving species or, more broadly, bio-diversity. They are:

1. **Ethical** The argument that all species, not just Homo sapiens (sic) have a right to live.
2. **Aesthetic** The argument that we are diminishing human experience by wiping out species of living things.
3. **Pragmatic** This one is for the hard-nosed, those who say that the economy must come before conservation. The myriad of plants and animals on our planet represents a vast, untapped, renewable resource, a potential source of wealth that

should not be diminished or threatened for short-sighted, short-term gain. Many of our medicines, all of our food and countless other products come from living things. Who's to know what might be out there waiting to be discovered - if we don't kill it off first.

4. **Ecological** To me this is the most compelling argument. Species are interdependent and we are one of them. We don't know how many we can afford to lose before our own survival is threatened. And certainly our quality of life will be greatly diminished before we reach that stage.

While we are dealing with things in fours, there are four major categories of "threatening processes" which contribute to the extinction of species. They are:

1. Direct predation by people. This was the cause of the extinction of the Thylacine or Tasmanian Tiger.
2. Competition or predation by introduced species. Some major introduced threatening processes in Australia are the cat, the rabbit, the fox and the cane toad. Whatever one may feel about the right of each individual creature to live unmolested, anything that curtails the activities of these particular beasts constitutes a favour to our native fauna.
3. Pollution. Several indicators suggest that the disappearance of frog species in the southern hemisphere is related to the hole in the ozone layer, which in turn is caused by chemical pollution of the atmosphere.

Loss of habitat. Right now this is the most devastating of all processes threatening species with extinction. Locally, the powerful owl, the eastern bristlebird, the wompoo pigeon, the double-eyed fig parrot and the marbled frogmouth along with about forty other known species of animals are currently threatened by loss of habitat.

The key to preserving species is preserving habitat. It is a desperate and very expensive measure to retrieve a species once it has made it onto the "endangered" list and there is no guarantee of success. Of course these kinds of last ditch efforts take no account of species which go extinct without even having been discovered and described.

In turn, the most important factors influencing what happens to habitat are first, people's attitudes to land use and second, Local, State and Federal Government laws reflecting these attitudes. Change is required in both areas if the loss of species and bio-diversity is to be halted.

So. There you have my introductory lecture on Threatened Species. If you are interested in hearing more join the Network, which is now based in the Enterprise Centre Maleny (943 922). There is no joining fee. If you want to do something straight away which has a chance of good impact for little effort, write to or fax the Federal Minister for Arts, Sports the Environment and Tourism (Ros Kelly) supporting the forthcoming "Endangered Species Legislation". With the current political climate in Canberra running strongly against environmental issues (the jobs! the economy!), Kelly could do with some indication of public support for this bill. Even more useful, perhaps, would be letters to the resources

Ministers (addresses below) supporting the bill. Something general, acknowledging that loss of species is a serious problem and supporting the initiative of the Department of Arts, Sports, Tourism and the Environment in introducing endangered species legislation would suffice. If you want to go into the issue in more detail but feel you don't have the information, contact me at the ECM. Politicians take notice of letters from members of the public. They can't afford not to. The chances are that for every person motivated enough to put pen to paper, there are hundreds of potential voters out here who hold a similar opinion. So -

**GET HOPPING MAD ABOUT
THREATENED SPECIES NOW!!**

THREATENED SPECIES NETWORK

C/- Maleny Enterprise Centre
23 Coral Street.
P.O. Box 465, Maleny. Q. 4552
Ph: 074-943922

Dear God

Even though we know
you don't e ist
Do something
for Christ's sake
Amen

Mark Little



WASTEBUSTERS UPDATE (or the low-down on them)

• Dighi (CW).

Wastebusters is really a cover-up. In fact it is a disguise for a slimming club for obese middle-aged ladies who are trying to eliminate their waists. Their waists are something that they are ashamed of so they spell it incorrectly in the hope of deceiving the public but I'm going to blow their secret. It should really be Waist Busters. You know the idea - another Weight Watchers Club.

Their motto - Refuse Reuse Recycle - is just another double meaning deception.

If these ladies *refuse* all the food they are not supposed to eat: chocolate, cream cakes, hamburgers, biscuits (you all know what they are), they are bound to lose their waists.

If they prevent their waists from increasing they will be able to *reuse* their present wardrobes and not have the need to buy new clothes.

If they *re-cycle* (pedal-type of course) the routes they have done many times, so much exercise will certainly eliminate their waists.

Hence the real meaning behind the 3 R's.

So keep on practising. Refuse, Reuse and Recycle whether you are a Waist or Waste Buster or both.

How Wastebusters got its name.

• Peter Pamment

As Wastebusters continues to grow and become an accepted organisation in our community many more similar organisations are starting up all around Australia. Many groups have adopted the name Wastebusters; we already have a few such groups on the Sunshine Coast and also a regional Wastebusters network. It has been suggested that the name be adopted nationally as the basis of a network of community - based waste recycling organisations. This is significant for us here in Maleny as the name Wastebusters was launched here. I remember it going something like this:-

It was 1989, a Thursday in April, the 11th. A meeting had been called by Jill Jordan whose current "hobby-horse" at the time was a recycling depot. 7.30pm was approaching and the CWA room was filling up - I arrived and on entering saw many of the usual committed persons of Maleny who love meetings! I went and sat next to Keith Patullo as he's always a great person to chat with. We discussed stress load factors in spans of 4X2 and 6X2 and other really interesting stuff.

Soon Jill called the meeting to order and the 25 of us sat intensely listening to her proposal for a recycling depot at the old Reesville Road transfer station. How she had met with the Council's planning sub-committee that morning and how she had more than 200 expressions of interest from local residents who wanted to recycle their rubbish. This was great stuff - the room hummed with excitement!

After the meeting had resolved to form a group to attempt to proceed on the depot we needed a name. Jill asked for suggestions

from the meeting - a few names came out - one that I can even remember. Keith turned to me and said "What about Wastebusters?" This was about the time of the XXXXbusters fads and being one ideologically opposed to any such marketing fads, I said "Oh Yuki!" Fortunately Keith is not one to be influenced by stubborn ideology and shouted out "WASTEBUSTERS".

By the time he said it - I had realised my folly - it was brilliant - by the time it had echoed off the ceiling the room was electric and kind of hushed - it then exploded into people laughing, repeating "Wastebusters" and lots of "Wows" and "That's Great", "The kids will love it". There was instant total agreement - the name Maleny Wastebusters was born.

Directors: Robert Lyndon, Denise Soya, Marjolie Schouten, Peter Erdmann, Rob Swain, Nigel Parrett, Russell Carter.

Secretary: Rhonda Barnes.



At one's first and simplest attempts to philosophise, one becomes entangled in questions of whether when one knows something one knows that one knows it, and what, when one is thinking of oneself, is being thought about, and what is doing the thinking.

J.R. Lucas, 1961.



Coming Soon! "Jobs for the Girls"

5 Week Course for Women
re-entering the work force.

Starts Tuesday 28th April 12-3pm

- ☐ Identify your Skills
- ☐ Proactive Interview Techniques
- ☐ Experience a Real Interview Situation
- ☐ Get Video Feedback

Cost \$20

Child Care Provided

For more information, Phone:
Lillian Okorn 942668, Meg Barrett
942680 (Funded by NGAE,
Sponsored by Mountain Fare)



- You can have peace. Or you can have freedom. Don't ever count on having both at once. ◀
- It has long been known that one horse can run faster than another - but *which one?* Differences are crucial. ◀

Robert A. Heinlein
Time enough for Love.

*Leadership is
90% perspiration and
10% inspiration*



Ideas Wanted

• Jan Tilden

...your chance to be creative with a community resource.

Since the Maple Street Co-op entered into the lease giving us management control over our building and surrounds, we have had the option of using and/or developing the vacant block of land behind the shop. So far all we have done is mow it to keep the weeds down. The time has come to look for a creative, income generating project for this land. We're mad if we don't.

We want ideas from our members. So:

- ▶ next time you are in town, wander around the back of the building and have a look at this piece of ground. It runs all the way down to Bicentennial Lane. The top part of the block has a moderate slope, levelling out towards the bottom. There is an easement running up one side.
- ▶ put on your creative thinking hat and come up with an idea about how this block could be used. Ideally, we would like a short-term project, say three to five years, which would not prevent the

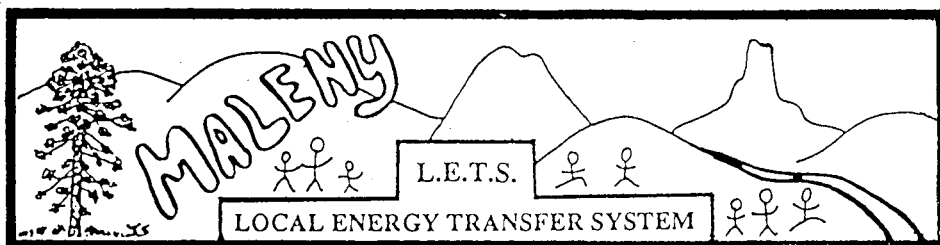
construction of a building by the Co-op at a later date. Any longer term project would have to coexist with any building the Co-op may later decide to build. As well, we would like the project to generate some income for the Co-op.

- ▶ submit an idea, a plan or a proposal to the Co-op directors. What would you do with a piece of land in the centre of town? What community resource would you like to see there? Is there any project looking for a home that you know of?

If you are interested in following this up, ring Jan Tilden on 943922 Monday or Tuesday for further information.



Directors: Meg Barrett, Phil Hatch, Jenny Law, Chris Pollard, Vivienne Prescott, Derek Sheppard, Jan Tilden.
Secretary: Nora Julien.



Write something funny about LETS!!

• A. Nomdeplume

There's nothing funny about LETS .. its all very serious!

The redefinition of society's concepts of trade, currency and the American way.

Economics, however, is fun! How many apples is a transistor radio worth, and what is the medium of exchange. If we swap apples for a transistor radio is the currency apples, transistor radios, trust, desire, greed or hunger? And who pays the tax, and in what. Very complicated!

But If we swap apples for pieces of paper, and then swap pieces of paper for a transistor radio, then it's all very clear. The pieces of paper are income, and taxable (in pieces of paper of course), the apples were capital, and are now history, the pieces of paper are all gone, and the transistor radio has a warranty (which is another piece of paper with strings attached). So how many apples is a warranty worth?

Capital is what you've got! Possession is nine tenths of the (british) law, unless the capital is very large, then possession is eleven tenths of the (whose) law. Income comes in and Excome goes out, rather like a dam, where the creeks and rivers flowing in are the income, the water in the dam is capital, and the pumphouse sucking water out becomes the excome. The overflow is what goes back into the world around, and the tax is evaporated off the

top. So who owns the wall? and who decides how high it's going to be? And where? Actually of course creeks and rivers are capital, and dams are a disease, related to high rise development; they block the natural flow and set up organised efficient pathways which have no justification other than to support the disease. And the bigger the disease the more support it needs. Like building bigger roads, it never decreases traffic congestion .. bigger roads create traffic!

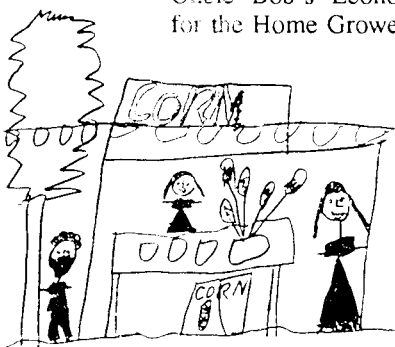
Obviously the dam's Excome is its justification. *NOT* its capital, but its produce. People are the same, they're valued (justified?) by what they produce, not for what they are. And what they produce is measured in pieces of paper. But the amount of capital strongly controls the amount of production, so if you've got lots, you don't want to lose it. So how can you spend it without using it! If you have enough it's easy, you lend it and borrow it back, insure it and, if you lose it, you get it back with sympathy. In sewer ants (= insurance, thanx Terry Pratchett), is the answer, or is it a question? It's not that we mind investing our capital, it's just that we don't want to lose it. We want to give it away to a good cause and then get it back with interest, the good cause *MUST* be in sewered. How can we invest capital without risk? Only by mortgaging our control (free will?) to the people so big that our capital is a mere pittance!

But I hear you say, insurance is not the same as warranty at all! Warranty is our right; if we swap our apples for a transistor radio, then the radio must work, the apples did! The radio of course lasts longer than the apples (unless it's kept in a fridge), but should the warranty last longer than the apples? And if the transistor radio was made in Hong Kong does it have any right to work at all?

Economic thought of the week: Home grown transistor radios should last as long as apples in the fridge.

Next time we'll talk about interest. It's a fundamental building block of our capitalist society and very boring.

Uncle Bob's Economics
for the Home Grower!



The New Noticeboard of your Energy Transition Supermarket. (L.E.T.S.)

*Adapted by JS from an unidentified
Maleny PublicBar Relation Source.*

Self Improvement

- S1101 LETSified Communes and Imaculate Greying
- S1101 Overcoming Peace of Mind
- S1102 You and Your Birthmark
- S1103 Guilt without Sex

- S1104 The Primal Shrug
- S1105 Dealing with Post Realisation Depression
- S1106 Whine your way to Alienation
- S1107 How to Overcome Self-Doubt through Pretence and Ostentation
- S1108 Violence - do it right!
- S1109 Rewards of Disturbed Farming
- S1110 Creative Suffering
- S1111 Fumigate Your Spirituality

Business and Career

- BC-1 Taxation and Bunya Relief
- BC-2 Money Can Make you Rich
- BC-3 Career Opportunities in El Salvador
- BC-4 How to Profit from your Own Body
- BC-5 The Underachievers' Guide to Very Small Business Opportunities
- BC-6 Tax Shelters for the Indigent
- BC-7 Looters' Guide to America's Cities
- BC-8 How to Land a Job in Cambodia
- BC-9 Enterprise and other Leaking Structures
- BC-10 1001 Methods of Blackmail
- BC-11 I Made \$100 in Real Estate
- BC-12 Subversion for the Uninitiated
- BC-13 Arson and You
- BC-14 Rare Species Exchange and the Black Market
- BC-15 Small Business Magic
- BC-16 Credit as a Local Occupation
- BC-18 High Return Groundsel Farming

Health and Fitness

- 11202 Belly dancing improves your Wastebuster
- 11203 Exercises and Acne
- 11204 The Joys of Hypochondria
- 11205 High Fibre Sex
- 11206 Suicide and Your Health
- 11207 Biofeedback and how to Stop
- 11208 Skate your Way to Regularity
- 11218 Understanding Nudity

Maleny Co-operatives Review Easter 1992

- 11219 Tapdance your way to Social Ridicule
- 11220 Elective Surgery in the Home
- 11221 Creative Tooth Decay
- 11222 The Wonders of Sleepwalking
- 11245 The Pitfalls of Baldness
- 11246 Optional Body Functions
- 11248 Is Your Personality suited to Your Disease?

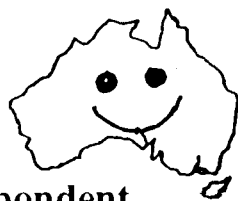
Crafts

- 0101 Creating an Insane Forest
- 0102 Needlecraft for Junkies
- 0103 Cuticle Crafts
- 0105 Bonsai your Pet
- 0106 Re-arranging your Hate
- 0109 Masochism for the Over Forties
- 0110 Post Coital Rug Making
- 0111 Exorcise Your Budgie
- 0112 Papermaking with Tampons
- 0113 Innovative Self-Destruction
- 0114 Quilting your Tattoos
- 0115 Mold as a Decor
- 0116 Self Actualisation through Macrame
- 0117 Spraypaint Your Life
- 0118 The Rewards of Chainsaw Rose Pruning

Home Economics

- EC 401 Bunya Pie and Foreign Aid
- EC 402 Cultivating Viruses in Your Refrigerator
- EC 403 Burglar-proof Your Home with Concrete
- EC 404 How you can Convert Your Family Room into a Garage
- EC 405 Puzzled Possums - a delight
- EC 409 1001 Other Uses for Your Vacuum Cleaner
- EC 410 The Repair and Maintenance of Your Virginity
- EC 411 What to do with Your Conversation Pit
- EC 412 Teach your Goldfish Buddhism

- EC 413 Christianity and The Art of TV Maintenance
- EC 429 How to mold Your Wheelchair into a Dune Buggy
- EC 430 Knock up a Pretty Hunk on Your Summer Pergola
- EC 432 Sinus Drainage at Home
- EC 433 How to have a Terrific Lay on Your Kitchen Floor
- EC 434 Toads - A Million and one Recipes
- EC 443 Basic Kitchen Taxidermy
- EC 445 Paleozoic Remnants in Your Deep Freezer



**From your
roving correspondent ...**
(or, not *another* LETS junket!!)

• Jill Jordan.

Having been fortunate to be invited to present a paper at the Findhorn Conference on "Abundance and Prosperity" your fearless correspondent turned her back on constituents for three weeks and winged her way to the Northern Hemisphere.

Before leaving from the airport I addressed a gathering at the Pine River Day respite centre on Lets as a Community Tool. This was attended by a wide range of community groups and individuals from that Shire, and sponsored by the Pine Rivers Council.

Several councillors were in attendance and a couple of them seemed keen to take Lets further. Unfortunately the Shire Chairman, Rob Akers, only arrived at the end as he'd been opening a jewellery shop in down town Petrie! They planned to have a follow up before Christmas.

From there to Hong Kong, where LETS had been tried roughly two years ago, but had failed due to the fact that it had not penetrated to the area of need on that Island, namely, areas that had no access to capital.

The people who started it were "Philosophical Devotees" but were so busy earning federal dollars (plentiful in Hong Kong with a less than 2% unemployment rate and with many people having two or three jobs!) they had no time to trade on their LETSsystem.

Straight off the plane in England into a UK LETSlink meeting where I was the Guest Speaker. A lovely bunch of people from all over England and Wales (the Irish contingent failed to appear!) with their most established system being approximately 18 month old. Their Intersystem support network is very impressive, this being made easier by the relatively short distances that people have to travel to connect with each other.

From there to Findhorn where I was hosted by Kate, a wonderful Canadian woman, who had worked with Michael Linton in establishing the Letsystem in Toronto. The conference where I delivered my paper was attended by about 170 people from all over the world with most coming from Britain, Western Europe including Scandinavia and North America, but with a scattering from far-flung outposts such as the USSR and Africa. Most excitement for LETS was generated by a Mexican person who felt it was a much needed strategy in his part of the world, and by a Swiss couple working in the Sudan, where they felt LETS could become a vital aspect of their project. Kate had also launched a LETSsystem at Findhorn in July, so my visit was perfectly in tune to give that system a boost as well as initiating discussions with the administration of the Findhorn Foundation

about their potential participation. A bit like talking to Maple Street Coop about LETS!

A couple of days after arriving back in Australia, I gave a LETS presentation at the Queensland Community Development conference in Gympie. This was a workshop format and about 30 people participated. People from far North Queensland were keen to get help from existing systems there and a couple of women from Mackay were pleased to learn a Letsystem is already operating in their home-town. This feature is becoming noticeable as more LETSsystems get off the ground - that networking is a whole lot easier now in Australia than it was two years ago.

The concept of a Nation LETSlink excites me enormously and I believe, with such issues as the Draft Taxation Policy and Interlets becoming central, the time may be approaching to organise our first national Lets conference. With systems operating from Perth, through South Australia and Tasmania, and all the up the East Coast, maybe a central venue could be Uluru.

Additions from JS:

PS: After some exchange with other Australian Systems, an EastCoast Meeting might be the first step to a National Lets Meeting. We will keep you posted!

PSS: There has been a definite local interest from South Africa (especially Durban and Johannesburg) to adopt a LETS scheme in connection with the black community.



Trustees: Jane Skrandies, Andru Martin, Ann Jupp, Peter Pamment.

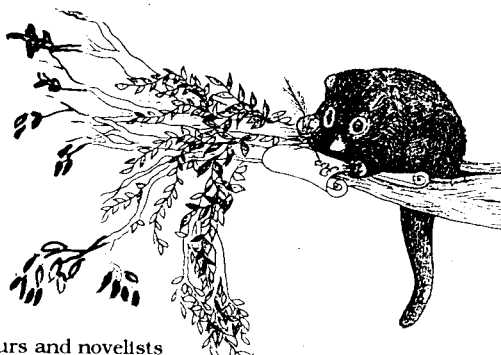
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No Dam in the Mary Valley.

In recent times the Water Commission has embarked on an appraisal of the Upper Mary Valley for the construction of a dam to supply water to the Sunshine Coast. This dam project would flood the fertile and productive Mary Valley from Conondale to Kenilworth. This will possibly include Little Yabba, Charlie Moreland and the Booloumba recreation and tourist areas.

A Committee of local residents has been formed to urge Governments to investigate water conservation methods and alternative methods of supply, thus avoiding the need to dam the Upper Mary Valley.

There is also a petition being taken up. It is available for signing at many places around the district or please contact the committee for any offers of help.

Save the Beautiful Fertile Upper Mary Valley, Please Sign our Petition!

Save The Upper Mary Valley Committee
MS 16, Conondale. Qld. 4552.
Ph: 074-460940

- ▶ Do not handicap your children by making their lives easy. ◀
- ▶ Never underestimate the power of human stupidity. ◀
- ▶ It's amazing how much "mature wisdom" resembles being too tired. ◀



Robert A. Heinlein
Time enough for Love.



No Dam Way!

by Ian Mackay

*There's a plan to dam the Mary
and some seem keen to start,
The locals are rather wary
The idea seems none too smart.*

*Out Kenilworth way, those country folk
know the value of their water.
They know of floods and droughts and
things
and they don't think you oughta.*

*When rain falls there, they trap it
in dam and tank and pond,
It's hard with falls erratic
But they manage to get on.*

*It's different down on the coastal strip-
When rain falls, they're inclined to mutter
"What a lousy day! Gives me the pip!"
And it runs off down the gutter.*

*And into the gullies and into the creeks
and into the ocean beyond.
It's called Stormwater Runoff-
There's scarce so much as a pond.*

*Now the farmer who has farmed his river
flat lot
for years, now faces submersion.
It's good farming land that he's got
No wonder he has an aversion.*

*Yes out on the Mary
The locals are wary
To big dams they say "No thanks"
You catch your own water
You know that you oughta
You blighters who don't want tanks.*

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