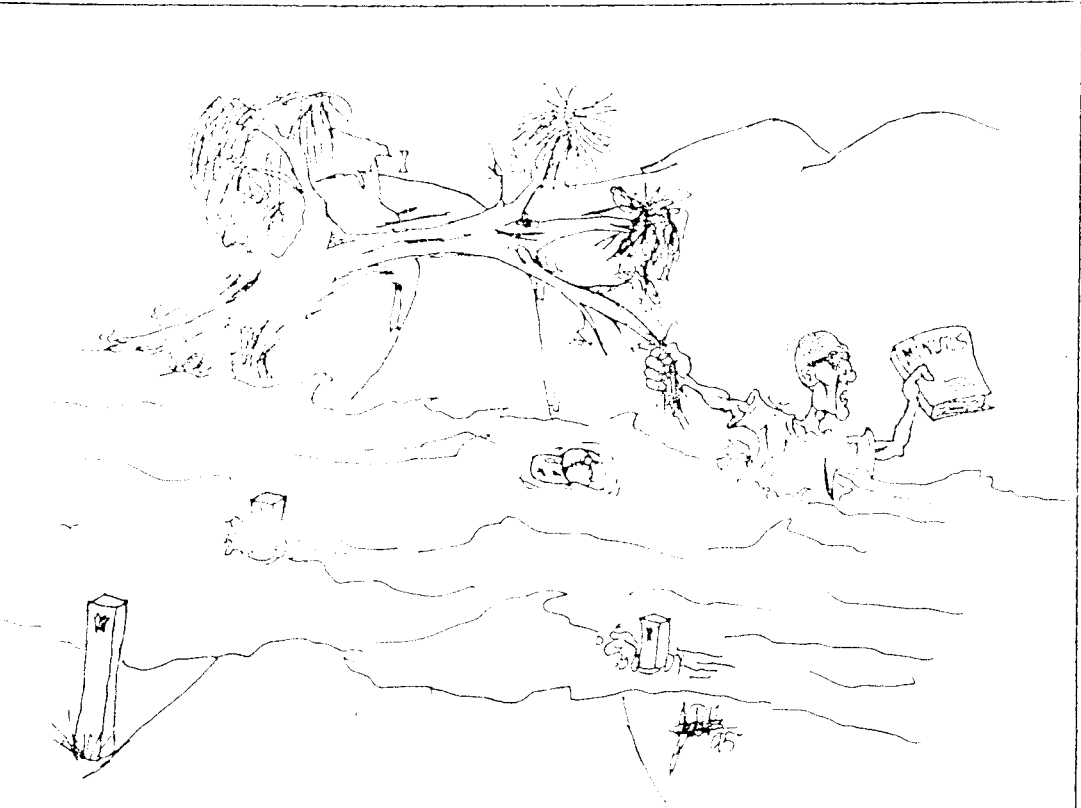


Maleny Co-operatives

A REVIEW

Volume 6, Issue 2

Autumn 1995



"Above and Beyond the Call of Duty"

Maleny Co-operator takes their Responsibilities
Seriously - Silly !!

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EDITORIAL

At last, the usually silly or funny issue is here. Bit late for April Fools Day, but as everyone was eager for a silly issue, it happened. These are always judged the best and the easiest for us to get copy for.

This issue is the Autumn 1995 one, with the "Silly as a Wheel" theme. We have many great articles, some sillier than others, but all interesting reading. We again have a eighteen page issue and need more copy and artwork to get back to the fatter volumes.

We again have new Co-ops featured in this issue, three new organisations - The Community Learning Centre, Access FM - Community Radio and Waroo Arts. This raises the number of co-ops contributing to this edition to fifteen - this must be a record. So now that we have such a number of active co-ops operating in our community, the future for the community and this review is much brighter.

The next issue should be the Winter Solstice one and we will advise co-ops the theme in good time. We never stick to the timings or themes as advised here, so we are making no predictions now for the theme or publication date!

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

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MALENY AND DISTRICT COMMUNITY
CREDIT UNION LIMITED

Silly As A Wheel: A View From The COG

• Eric Kiernan

My answerphone is playing up so I had to think hard about why I should write an article on 'Celia's a Whale'. Who is Celia? What kind of whale? Then it hit me. An article on 'Silly as a Wheel'. That makes much more sense!!

Well, I suppose what is silly about a wheel is that it goes round and round in a circle, only to end up where it started. Exhausting!

Has it ever occurred to you that co-ops set themselves difficult targets? Here are your instructions, which will self-destruct but not as quickly as you, dear reader. Establish a viable business. Oh, and make sure all decisions are by consensus. Are you O.K. with that? Good. By the way, just as an afterthought, don't make use of conventional heirarchical management structures. In fact, it would be thrice better if you didn't have an identifiable manager at all. And just in case you get tempted to to appeal to traditional carrot and stick methods of encouraging staff compliance- give them more money if they work well, fire them if they don't- you can't.

Are we having fun yet?

And while you're at it, in your spare time (that was a trick instruction- you aren't supposed to have spare time), make sure you transcend cultural communication and emotional norms: be appropriately assertive, listen, develop win-win

strategies, show your feelings, acknowledge the higher values in people, immerse yourself in group goals but not at the expense of your own integrity, be kind to members, kiss babies, stroke dogs (whoops- stroke indigenous species and do nasty things to dogs, but with love!). I assume of course that you have already moved beyond the Protestant work ethic and embraced the value of work as a spiritual path, unattached to results. Aren't you going to recycle that plastic bag?

I see a circus and that man running putting plates on sticks and spinning them and running faster and faster between them to keep all the plates spinning - silly as a co-op!

There's a very awkward, and suitably oriental phrase: the bigger the front, the bigger the back. It means the universe strives for balance. Eg gurus who get caught up in the divine (the front) inevitably fall in a heap over sex and money scandals (the back); countries which uphold democratic values to the nth degree end up having huge 'security' organisations.

If the front is universal love, consensus and co-operation, what do you think the back is? All suggestions to the editors, no correspondence entered into. As answers come to your mind you will feel guilty, (feeling guilty is one of the answers, actually), like reading (ha!) a soft porn magazine in a newsagents and feeling the presence of somebody at your elbow. You may also feel angry (oh no, that's another answer). Well no doubt you'll be reading the Co-ops Review in company with other people reading the Co-ops Review so my advice is to glance surreptitiously at them from behind your copy, and spend a few moments being deliciously shocked and voyeuristic, knowing that those thoughts you just had apply to the other person!

It's OK. Everybody fails the co-op exam. Well I hope they do. Alice if I'm the only one who has a dark side can you

please not publish this?

It looks to me that co-ops need a better class of people - and that's right. But they don't exist. In fact the awful idea dawns that you and I are expected to become those better people!! Notice that my survival instincts, though in tatters, are just hanging on. I didn't say you and I are those people. We are certainly not. I said we need to become 'better' and 'better' - seems to have something to do with acknowledging embarrassing lapses from perfection. The thing is that few people can live up to co-operative ideals. In fact I only know two people who can. Modesty forbids me to name the first one, but the other one is Jill.

We've arrived at the COG. Do you remember the COG? COG stands for CO-ordinating Group. (Elaine thought of that) and it is how the MCU is meeting the challenge of change, without just going round in a circle. What I have to offer is not yet a success story but a process story - of how one co-operative is trying to balance the often conflicting demands of effective, timely decision-making with openness and being human.

The COG comprises Elaine, Jenny, Ruth and Sharon. Eric makes the coffee, tells the jokes and dispenses endless wisdom gleaned from endless episodes of Kung Fu and self-help books.

At one level the COG is about finding better systems and procedures: for example, is there a way of ensuring everybody gets to contribute their knowledge to decisions, actions get co-ordinated and individuals are included in decisions that affect them, with less emphasis on time-consuming, resource-draining committees?

Yet systems are not enough.

There was a farmer who brought a pig farm. Being a caring, humanitarian individual she didn't like the pigs living in such dreadful conditions, so she designed a better pig sty and, at great expense, built

it. It had lovely sleeping quarters, running water, used the best materials. For a short time she was ecstatic but after a week the pig sty was in the same state as the old one. Distraught, she sought advice from a neighbour: 'to improve conditions you have to change the pigs, not the pig sty'.

So on the COG we're balancing the need to look outside to improved systems with the need to look inside and explore who we are as individuals.

My own perspective involves recognising that I bring all of me to a co-op: the front and the back, and to work effectively I have to begin to acknowledge that. It is helpful if I remember that dealing creatively with conflict out there is difficult if I don't recognise the conflict in here, that most of us have an inner critic, that my accepting side is often balanced by an inner judge who is anything but forgiving - and can't our judge be self-righteous- that the selfless part so important to non-profit organisations (and it certainly exists) is balanced by a selfish part which has a different view on life, that the need to be nurturing has to be balanced with an impersonal part that will just get the job done, that if my inner child is in distress my habitual defense patterns will come into operation and I will have little choice on how I behave. It also helps me to remember that I didn't have any role models for this approach to life or any early positive experiences.

So, I'll leave you with that tantalising glimpse. Just remember to keep stroking those plastic bags and recycling those indigenous species.

Directors: Peter Pamment, Mary Smith, Bernice McLennan, Jamie Wallace, Eric Kiernan, Jill Jordan, Tom Bradbury.

Co-Managers: The COG

Secretaries: Jan Maskall, Elaine Green.

Phone: 074 - 942 144

Maleny Urban Settlement Trust - A Green Co-Housing Project.

• Gaby Luft

End of January saw the beginning of yet another ethical venture in Maleny. This time the focus was on co-housing and sustainable development in urban surroundings. Community activists Lillian Lawson Geddes and Gaby Luft decided that the time and opportunity seemed ideal to start a small project that combines the urgent needs for low-cost housing and sustainable lifestyle.

A suitable place was found and purchased in the Maleny township within a short walking distance from the Maleny town centre. Thanks to much appreciated local encouragement and support, this unique project is now operating, and offers an option for ethical investment as well as affordable housing.

The long-term intention is to establish large vegetable and herb gardens, orchards, to recycle all grey water, to put in large rainwater tanks for household and garden use, to establish a wildlife corridor which will link our property with neighbouring places, to install renewable energy technology... and much more!

There are rooms and workspaces available for rent, preference will be given to green- and social justice activists who wish to work from home. Cats and dogs are not welcome.

For further details write to
Gaby Luft,
Box 552, Maleny
or call Lil on 015 169515.



"Silly as a Wheel" - Who? Us at Wastebusters? Never!!

• Beth Bloom

Is it silly to work for 4 1/2 hours at a tip, sorry recycling depot, and be paid \$25?

Surely not silly to actually arrive early and leave late and claim no overtime!

But what about those who volunteer, use up their elbow grease and get paid naught- now they must be silly as a wheel.

And then there's one long-haired bearded type, often seen about town behind the wheel of a white ute bearing the wastebusters logo- he spends part of nearly every day working for wastebusters, receives little more than warm fuzzies inside. Perhaps he's silly as a wheel. (and is it true about where he keeps his spare phone?)

And what about the antics of the folk festival? The Wastebusters working with the recycling there had a choice- be silly or go crazy!

So what about the local muso, mop of curly hair, (remember the FABs conflict?),

seen hamming it up as a dictator? He decided to break the monotony of the conveyor belt sorting at the work site. He might have a deceased relative called Adolf. Anyway his co-workers enjoyed his humour but let's face it, how could anyone survive sorting through all that garbage without resorting to silliness? Garbage- YUK! Remember the 'disposable' nappies Ron? Remember the maggots everyone?

Remember a certain treasurer moonlighting as a cook for the crew? Now she had to be silly- or perhaps those who ate the meals were the silly ones. (Thank goodness for Bonnie and Eric on party night!)

Bonnie- recall the face painting? Now that wasn't silly that was fun. Guess it will become an institution in the Wastebusters tent at the Folk Festival. Remember this for next year: have good clean fun having your face painted at the rollicking wastebusters camp.

Meanwhile, back at Witta- while the folk were festivalling, who were those two ladies under beach umbrellas- were they enjoying the summer holidays among the rubbish- enjoying some silly nonsense sorting through the recyclables from the kerbside bags?

Thanks to one well-known Malenyite, (bearded, tall, fixes cars, keeps them going so they can cart us around) he was able to make sure all the mechanical bits and pieces, cogs and the like, kept on spinning at our worksite at the festival.

Thank goodness, there's nothing sillier than a wheel that refuses to go round. There is, at present, a silly rumour recycling about that the crew at Witta have taken to trying on some of the more glamorous clothes for sale in the shed at Witta.

Say, was one strapping tall handsome chap on the Saturday morning shift really wearing green leotards? It was discussed at the last directors meeting (wonder if it

made it into the minutes?) Now I know he has taken to dressing more formal of late, black velvet bow tie with Wastebusters T-shirt no less.

Another of our directors felt silly as a wheel when wheels met a kangaroo early one morning. Felt like banning early morning starts.

One long-haired mother of six from Witta is Blooming as a new director since the last AGM. For ages she's been trying to stop herself going silly while checking on floats for Depot monies. Its amazing what can happen to float money.

We have another new director since the last AGM- what a find! She's an accountant. This thrilled a certain co-op treasurer. So thats what debit and credit mean on the bank statement! So, accountant disguising as a herb-grower- no more hiding in the meadows.

The big news is that one of the Wastebuster big wheels is really thinking big. A certain house in Tamarind street is receiving a magnificent recycling- as an urban settlement project. Seems destined to be one of the "in" places for greenies to gather and gossip. Gaby, congratulations for getting such a magnificent dream underway. She's silly as a wheel, but may the wheel keep on rolling.

Our treasurer has been filled that role for nearly two years! Now that's silly, or a little masochistic! "Just a few things to do..." she was told, wages once a fortnight, some bills to pay, meetings now and then... the occasional article for the coops review... all while trying to keep the latest little wastebuster off the table and out of the money, while she tries to count. Definitely silly as a wheel, well she is now after two years!

Lastly, if you see that ute round town with a long-haired bearded Wastebuster at the wheel, remember he's not really silly, just dedicated. So give him a wave, blow him a kiss and you'll have made a willing worker for a better world very happy.

Heavy Metal

I went to visit the depot one day
When a pile of metals blocked my way
Yes, right there before my eyes
Was a mound of enormous size
Metal scrap all jumbled high
Reached up into the dismal sky
People comment on the sight obscene
But to doze it just would not be "green"
We're waiting for the metal man
Who said he'd be there when he can
Meanwhile the ever growing pile-
Perhaps it's as wide as a mile!-
Might take over, or at least
Leave no room for man [or woman]
or beast
Perhaps this ugly woeful sight
Might fill a sculptor with delight
And what's that bike part that I see?
Will I get the thing for free?
But we must do something very soon
Before we all go to our doom-
At least that's what some do say
The department have us at bay!
I think we need a working bee
It would involve you and me
We can't leave it to another-
Must help our sister and our brother
To recycle what we can
And not let that old tin can
Bent pipe, "galv" or engine case
End up on the dread tip face

Beth Bloom

WASTEBUSTERS BIG WHEELS

Directors: Chris Russell, Gaby Luft, Russell Carter, Peter Banning, Leo Sayers, Beth Bloom, Mary Meadows

Secretary: Shared Position

Treasurer: Kerry Edmonds

Phone: 074 - 943 523

Ananda Marga River School - We're a very seriously silly school.

- Dada Mayadhiishananda
Dada Samdhipananda
Trudi Cauley Muir
Steve Swain

We have a very seriously silly school. I suppose we should have known it would happen when a platypus wandered over the childrens' feet on a bush walk. We knew for sure when the children sang "The Lion Sleep's Tonight" seven times in a row. Then came the silliest version of "Cinderella" that I had ever seen.

Even sillier was how serious we had been about the school before it started, when it has all become so much fun and fulfilling. We were silly to think that only a few children would want to come to our school, when we're now full up and hoping to be able to take more soon. We were silly to think that Caloundra Council would stand in our way, when they've been very helpful. We were silly to think that our inspection for state funding would be serious when it turned out to be enjoyable and successful.

Our students are seriously silly about: maths, reading, diary writing, singing, American Indians, Aborigines, art, swimming in the creek, bush remedies, diary writing, humarimbas, cooperation, cooperative games, protection of the environment, social justice, computers, drama, fitness, and of course they're seriously silly about each other.

I could also say that they're "silliously serious" if the English language would allow it, but unfortunately, I'll have to explain just exactly what I mean by that

To be silliously serious means:

1. To do things that you really enjoy.
2. To let everybody know how you're feeling.

3. To even learn maths, science, reading and social studies, but in your own way, at your own pace and in a way relevant to you.

4. To make up your own rules together, so that everyone enjoys the same respect, freedom, trust and security as everybody else.

5. To take a well-informed part in the world, in that way that you choose, while understanding the sacredness of all life and the special qualities of all cultures and beliefs.

6. To achieve, to understand, to explore, to innovate, to invent, to share, to make mistakes, to challenge, to think, to believe, to doubt, to know, to be confused and to love.

The staff at the school are also silliously serious, and it seems were attracting even more seriously serious people every day. Peter Oliver's coming over this week for a day on Water Watch. Ashley Sewell is offering workshops on tree-planting. Steve Swain is now our full time Skill share sponsored teacher's aid. Prabha Demessen coordinates the pre-school. Alice Hungerford teaches about Australian bush-remedies. Earami Green teaches singing, people are booking in, offering programmes on: sculpting, permaculture, story-writing, Aboriginal culture, bush tucker, art, dance, community building, and much more.

We must have caught the seriously silly virus that's been going around Maleny for the past few years. With all the cooperatives and friendship floating around, it would have been hard to vaccinate against it. There probably would be side effects if we had.

If you're feeling seriously silly or silliously serious, then come by to our wonderful bush school at Lot #4 Bridge Creek Rd. Thanks to all the people and children of Maleny for being as seriously silly as we are in supporting The Ananda Marga River School.



Fairies At Play - Definitely Silly As Wheels !!

• Ann Jupp

Mountain Fare is a group of community minded and hard working women. But when "Fairies" play we see an altogether different aspect of ourselves and our friends.

We are a relatively small Co-op and meetings are usually well-attended by a small group of active members. Mountain Fare is possibly unique within Maleny in that our meetings are always enjoyable and often fun! A few of our old regulars have moved from the area or have obtained full-time work. We've gained a few new fairies along the way, too, so the numbers remain fairly static. The group has regular trips away from the cares of the world and home. Known as "junkets", these little escapades provide the best team-building, sanity-saving experiences a Co-op could have. Generally it is the active members of Mountain Fare who take part in these jaunts.

The "junkets" have become a tradition.

Who wouldn't like to turn their backs on ordinary life and spend couple of days of enjoying the company of lively, stimulating, like-minded women? Whilst its common for these "junkets" (which are self-funded) to focus on serious themes around team-building, conflict resolution and self-help, they have always included moments of sheer lilarity. The first one was at Lake Cooribah in 1990.

The next year took the group to Kondalilla, to the Scout Camp. The accommodation was pretty basic, but the setting great, and as always wonderful company. This time we took along a slightly crazy Gestalt practitioner, to help us with our team building. We sorted a bit of stuff by day, then the silliness got the better of us. We had the best fancy dress party of all times, a fun dress-up evening. The excuse was team building, but that was just a side benefit. The reality was that it was just a good time we wanted.

Noosa was another venue. Must have been popular as we went there twice. One time about 13 of us packed into a very luxurious apartment (it even had a spa) and slummed with the beautiful people.

The most recent trip was to Sunday Creek, where women participated in another weekend of Gestalt therapy, this time with a practitioner who is not at all crazy. Despite a deep and moving experience, women managed some times of lightness and a couple of major attacks of the giggles, especially during the picture card story game.

Another event that showed the silly, playful side of Mountain Fare was the Mad Melbourne Cup Fashion Parade. An awful send up of the stupidity (and the bondage) of fashion through the ages. We all had a ball, and were VERY silly.

All of this goes to show that silliness saves your sanity, we all need more silliness in our lives, and "Girls just wanna have FUN!"

A Full Circle - Not As Silly As You Think!

• Alice Hungerford

She-Oak is a community for women and children, settled on 33 acres in the catchment of the Stanley River. Purchased just over a year ago, the settlers have experienced every aspect of the extremes of Maleny weather. You name it- floods, cold frosty winter, drought, bushfires, etc etc. All this experience is very useful for creating a viable plan for a community, in a masochistic sort of way. Agreement had been made to just 'sit' on the land until it became more familiar. That part has been well accomplished. The next stage is action. Designs for a community house are being drawn up, and a call for new shareholders, to supplement the existing ones, has gone out.

The philosophy of the community is based on sustainable land management, healing the land and ourselves, feminist principles, and a place of safety for women and children to live.

So there it is, having come a full circle in the process of setting up a community, ready to launch into a new phase for She-Oak. Any woman interested in contacting us can do so on 074-999315 or write to P.O. Box 338 Maleny, 4552.

Directors: Ann Jupp, Karen Syrmis, Kerrie Edmonds, Marilyn Edmonds, Susannah Molinaro

Treasurer: Margaret Tonner

Secretary: Helen Clark

Phone: 074 - 943 674

The Maleny Enterprise Network Association (Formerly The Maleny Telecentre)



The Tree Frog of Happiness (Silly as a wheel?)

• Sammy Ringer

Let's hear it for the hopeless dreamers of the world: the Walter Mittys, the Bucky Bulters, and Arthur C. Clarkes. The thousands of unnamed and forever unknown who see with a vision which is not quite of this world and are shunned (often but precisely) as 'silly as a wheel'.

Kaspar Hauser was so silly, he was labelled feeble minded - yet when the world's greatest riddle was put to him he showed how silly a wheel can be. The wise interrogators faced him:

"You are standing between two villages - one is a village of liars and one a village where only the truth is spoken. You don't know which is which. A man approaches you. What do you ask him?"

Kaspar gave the only sensible answer possible - "I would ask him if he was a tree frog."

Silly as a wheel. Silly as Kaspar. Forrest Gump, Nell, Bobby or the Kam Man. Simple perhaps - prone to circular thoughts and astounding conclusions based on too much simplicity.

I know the answer but I'm not quite sure of the question - silly as a wheel?

The wheel? That elegant icon of

movement and rest - rarely not silly - or perhaps a silly one, the person who attempts to start, stop, move, or distribute it. Sillyness? Surely not as silly as disposable razors or any frozen peas.

A metal thing as well: the wheel - how silly can an object be which has given us the chariot, the buggy, the wheelbarrow and the Barma?

How versatile in its use - from it we have gained not just dominion over distance, but speed, the road toll and dominion.

'Silly as a wheel?' One may as well say 'Stupid as fire' or 'Funning as an opposing thumb'. Objects like pure concepts, have no hair in tailing. The wheel, at bottom, is simply a 'thing' we have created. It has no feelings, no power nor the intelligence to dissemble.

To be analogous, the wheel is the closest we have to perfection. Starting nowhere and ending somewhere near this same point, it sits four square in our consciousness as a symbol of things complete and triumphant.

Round it goes, like the seasons or the drearier hours of the clock.

This article is an attempt to be 'silly as a wheel' and yet it cannot succeed. The

order has lost that purity or simplicity which lies at the heart of true silliness. The wheel, in its silliness, embodies much of what we have lost in our search for tighter, more complex patterns.

The Maleny Enterprise Network Organisation is chock full of wheels and things which go round - from the CTO to the seemingly endless revelation of government enticements.

There are times when we appear to be moving at great speed in ever diminishing circles - and at these times it's good to stop and say, 'Hurr, silly'.

However, there are times when the crazy silliness throws off new ideas and a new energy. At these times it's good to stop and say, 'Silliness is good'.

When things seem to be rolling out of control, they may, in fact, be wheeling in just the right direction.

May you, with fortune, find the asymmetry which lies at the heart of in-far-out and the silly of this world.

However, I wish you luck in your endeavours.

Who's silly as a wheel?

• Derek Sheppard

For many years I have been involved in communities - that is, communities of interest. Communities of interest exist amongst many groupings of people or representative of organisations. Communities of interest I have been involved in extend back to the early in 1980's.

Involvements include being elected to the executives of the Australian Institute of Credit Management, the Institute of Financial Services at state and national level, and by being involved as founding Director of Queensland Crime Stoppers Ltd, and the Fraud Liaison Association Ltd. Joanne and I were also involved in the attempt to establish a community in northern New South Wales called Mebbin Springs, which now appears to be proceeding albeit in a slightly different, but improved form.

And so, coming to Maleny, which is a town made up of communities, both of people, for the benefit of those and other people, and also communities of interest. The sense of community is not new, but the depth and extent of the community in our Maleny in which I participate as fully as I am able, supported by family, is quite wonderful. The commitment of people to ideas and their practical implementation together with the level of support which surrounds it all, is exciting. It helps to keep me on, even when the road becomes a bit bumpy.

I guess what is more interesting is that specific local communities of interest act adversely to that (innovative) part of the community in which I am involved. The dilemma and challenge of the communities is how we can bring about a meeting of the minds - so that there is at least less conflict.

Being silly as a wheel, Jo and I have

President: Tom Bradbury

Vice President: Michael Berry

Secretary: Kay Johnston

Treasurer: Diane Rea

Committee Members: Faith Baigent, John

Reas, Peter Pamment

Phone: 074 943 922



involved ourselves in a number of fledgling organisations including Peace of Green, the Maleny District Community Learning Centre, Sunshine Coast and Hinterland Community Radio, Access FM, Waroo Arts, the Upfront Club, the Maleny Chamber of Commerce and the Maleny Heart Committee - Townscape Project, together with my continuing involvement in Maple Street Co-Op. Looking a little harder, you will see representation in these co-ops of the fundamental community needs of education, information and music, the arts and recreation.

Following is information about the three most recent co-ops which, incidentally, were formed in the month between October 29 and November 29, 1994:

Maleny District Community Learning Centre Co-Operative Society Ltd

This is probably one of the most exciting projects we have been involved in. Our work started towards the end of 1993 and has been gathering pace since.

The Learning Centre will provide a place of learning initially for students 4 to 19 years of age and then for all members of the community at times when the younger students are not there. This will be free of the constraints of any particular dogma and further, students and staff will take responsibility for the management of the Centre on a day to day basis. Parents, staff and invited members of the public have the responsibility as members of the co-operative (called the Assembly) to determine educational policy, the annual budget and staff wages.

One of the unique features of the Learning Centre is that students and staff decide in a School Meeting the day to day rules by which they will operate. Students will be given 70% of the 8 member of a

Justice Committee which will hear any disputes arising about infractions of the Rules. They will also determine what remedy, if any, will apply to any proven infractions.

Another feature is that students direct their own style and path of learning. Staff can be approached, but are essentially "hands off", until they are requested to assist and then a contract (of sorts) will be entered into between students and the staff. The School Meeting will also be available to respond to the needs of students for the supply of physical or human resources.

This is all modelled on the Sudbury Valley School in the United States, which has been operating for some 26 years with excellent results in that the people emerge whole, responsible and know how to find their own direction in life.

Having students attend from 4 years of age continuously in one environment of growth and freedom to learn at their own pace which may be as fast or as slow as they want and being able to mix at will with young people of all ages is the most sensible way to become educated.

Join us on this learning journey. More details later. Contact us on ph 943 532.

Directors: Gyps Gurni, Lois Tarling, Beth Bloom, Rob Swain, Jo-anne Sheppard, Derek Sheppard, Keith Kuchenmeister, Nilaya Lovekin, Kirsten Lindsay, David Barnes, Kerrie Edmonds and Garry Jones.

Secretary: June Trapp

Access FM - Sunshine Coast and Hinterland Co-Operative Community Radio Society Ltd

Originating in Maleny, Community Radio will come to life, from Caloundra to Coolumb and later to Conudale from late May 1995.

It is intended to have a mix of music and information which is presently not available on the Sunshine Coast. It will not be constrained by the requirements and editorial limits of major media groups, simply because it will be operated and owned by the community through the co-operative. It will play the music of artists who do not usually get the opportunity to be heard.

Surveys have been taken across the Coast to determine what people want to hear and the results are pretty much as I had imagined with a strong desire for a variety of types of music and particularly community based information.

From early in the planning process, it became clear that we needed to transmit to the whole of the Coast and not just the hinterland in order to be in the running for a licence. Submissions and public meetings will be held in early 1996 from interested groups wishing to be considered. Other known groups in the area include Radio Reema, a christian radio broadcasting group and a group based at Noosa.

We need to hear from those people or groups in our diverse community who can contribute news, views, information, music, stories, plays, etc to make the radio a success.

The first site will be the station which will be based at the Buderim Festival Centre (not quite the coast), with the intention of putting another studio in the hinterland preferably in Maleny later. Contact ph no 429-311 for further information or to contribute.

Directors: Milton Bristow (and station co-ordinator designate), Ron Unkel, Susan Brice, Fiona Larnach, Ken Corbitt, Yvonne Zumpe, Derek Sheppard, Peter Erdmann, Michael Baxter

Secretary: Sandra Griffith

Waroo Arts Co-Operative Society Ltd

Waroo developed out of the previous group Supporters of Culture in Maleny, which did as much as it could to support the retention of the Maleny Folk Festival in Maleny.

Waroo has a number of aims which is generally aimed at bringing art to the community in its many and varied forms. It also has longer term ambitions to assist artists to market their work and to provide venues for the display and sale of art.

The co-operative has gained the assistance of talented artists in the community in obtaining Regional Arts Development Funding to put on a number of experiential workshops throughout 1995. These include theatre workshops for children with Florence Teillet and teenagers with Jonathan Dunn and later Basle mask making with Faridah Whyte, advanced lantern making with Neil Cameron and voice workshops with Paul Lawler and Richenda Bridge. Each of these will be followed by public performance.

We are considering more workshops, particularly in clowning for children and further theatre workshops for teenagers.

We have recently facilitated funding for workshops for children with disabilities.

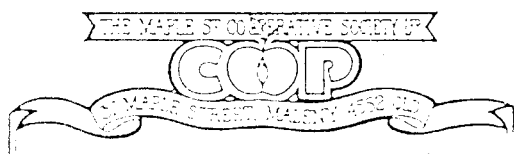
They are all open to anybody in the community.

In September we hope to follow the Mountain Fare Spring Workshops with an event at Baroon Pocket Dam.

Phone Carmel on ph 943-140 for further details or to tell us what you want to participate in.

Directors: Carmel Givens, Paul Lawler, Ruth Phillips, Rid Kennedy, Leigh Hansen, Derek Sheppard, Hugh McKenzie and Alan Norman

Secretary: Richenda Bridge



Silly As A Wheel

• Marlene Lemster

Silly as a wheel, huh. A wheel! O.K. I'll look up my dictionary. "To move or turn like a wheel on, or as if on an axis; revolve to become giddy; to sway or reel like an inebriate walking down the street, etc." Ah... so it seems I have to write something funny about a revolution that becomes giddy as it moves around in a circle and has a propensity to swagger like a drunk, hmmm, very odd!

I say, do you mind if I come up with something else? If I don't, I'm likely to end up somewhere quite strange, either that, or someone will take it personally and bump me on the head. I know I've got a wired sense of humour sometimes and that's alright if I'm only communicating with myself, which I do quite often as many of you may have discovered by now. But... Ahhh so I thought I'd try to amuse you with a few harmless little stories that have a kind of co-operative edge to them thus saving my head from any future bumping because you never know I may need to have my head in working order for the next article. Well you know, it always pays, doesn't it, to be optimistic about being asked again.

So story No. 1 is about egos back in the days when organs were pumped by hand. The organist, who was quite famous, or so I'm told, said as he was leaving the platform after a recital "I really did excellent work this evening. I don't know when I played better." The boy, who had pumped the wind into the organ, staggered forward and frowned up at the organist,

who totally ignored him. The next evening, the artist placed his hands on the keys, but there was no sound. He tried again. No response. Scowling fiercely at the lad, the artist indicated that wind was needed. The lad looked up at him and grinned and said, "Say 'we' mister."

Story No. 2 sums up what happens when we're right up against a brick wall with nowhere to go, and if we want it enough, along comes a miracle. A toad fell into a rut in the road and could not seem to get out. Seeing another toad pass by it called for help but the toad shook its head. "If I help you I may fall in too, then we'd both be trapped." So it hopped on. Later to the toad's surprise, it saw the trapped toad hopping down the road. "I thought you couldn't get out of the rut?" it said. Came the reply, "I couldn't, but a big truck came along and I had to."

In story No.3 two trucks are parked back to back and the truck driver struggles to get a huge crate from one truck to the other. A passer-by, seeing his desperate situation, volunteered to help. So the two of them huffel and puffed and struggled for well over half an hour with no result at all. "I'm afraid it's no use," panted the passer-by. "We'll never get it off this truck." "Off?" yelled the driver. "Good God, I don't want it off. I want it on!" Communication sure can make a lot of hard work easier, can't it.

If you are still with me, how about story No.4. A hen and a hog were travelling companions along the highway of life and as they passed a church the hen saw displayed on a board the topic of next Sunday's sermon. "How can we help the poor?" The hen stopped and pondered this question and was eager to come up with an answer since she was very sorry about the poor people. "I know what we can do," she said to hog. "Why don't we give them a ham and egg breakfast?" "That's easy for you to say," replied hog. "For you that's just a contribution, but for me it

would demand total commitment." But then, it's true isn't it, total commitment has never taken anything less than one's life has it?

Finally, story No 6 for no other reason than I like the story. It's in a lumber camp where nobody wanted to cook because the men were so insulting about the food. When the lumberjacks sat down to eat, one would call out "What kind of soup is this? It tastes like kerosene. Is it bean soup?" Another jack would shout, "No, the bean soup tastes like turpentine."

Since no one volunteered to take on the cooking job the foreman decided to appoint someone. Pointing to Joe, he said, "You're the next cook." When Joe began to protest, the foreman said, "Now, wait just a moment and let me finish. You'll be the cook, but the first person who finds fault will have to take over the cooking job." He shouldn't have told everyone about the rule because no one complained for a whole week, then a month, then two months. After three months had gone by, Joe was so sick and tired of cooking that he thought he would force them to complain by emptying the big salt container into the soup. He stirred it, put the soup on the table, then shouted, "Come and get it!"

The first fellow who took a spoonful yelled, "Boy is this soup salty," but remembering what he had just said, spluttered quickly, "but this is just the way I like it!" Self-considered tolerance is something we all gain from, (except the cook - sorry I haven't got any advice I can offer him except to tell him to read story No 2)

Directors: Derek Sheppard, Louise Kay, Marlene Leinster, Peter Van der Duys, Gaby Luft, Steve Budden, Rod McDonald.

Secretary: Lyn Bromet.

Co-managers: Francoise Leduc, Gayle Butson.

Phone: 074 - 942 088

UPFONT CLUB

Wheels Within Wheels - What a Silly Situation! (The bureaucratic nightmares of the Co-op Club)

• Ann Jupp

When our Solicitor contacted the Licensing Commission to check how we should proceed in getting a Club Licence for the newly-formed Co-operative Club and was told that there shouldn't be a problem, we believed this story. Our first silly mistake!

When we submitted our application in July under the name of the Co-op, and were told that it would take three months to process the application, we worked on that assumption. Silly as wheels!

As we submitted our application to become an incorporated association (as WELL as a Co-op) to satisfy the Licensing Commission, because they hadn't dealt with a co-operative before and it didn't fit the rules (even after we had changed our Rules so it would look more like an association. Silly?). We thought, "Nearly there!" Oh, silly us!!

Consumer Affairs didn't like the name "The Maleny Club" it had to be "the Maleny ---- Club" (read "Bowls", "RSL", "Football", "Tiddlywinks" - anything, but SOMETHING). The fact that we operate to provide a range of opportunities for members - social, cultural, educational and recreational - made it difficult to arbitrarily choose one of these and adopt it as a moniker. We settled on "Social and Cultural" - with apologies to those who recreate and educate there!! Silly as a wheel? Seems like it.

You might wonder why the Club has to jump these hoops. Apart from its numerological imperative - yes, it's ALL there - it is true to say that these days, licensed Clubs have the potential to make

spillions, what with their ability to run poker machines and all. And where there is an opportunity to make a fast buck, you often get a seedy type (not your average "lounger and laugher" by any means) waiting to cash in on that opportunity. So the Licensing Commission has an obligation to make sure that the opportunity is not abused. Not so silly, really; tedious, maybe, but quite sensible.

We believe that, having jumped through just about every hoop known to bureaucratic person (sounds quite different from "bureaucratic man", that one!), the Licence is more than a light at the end of a very long tunnel. Let's hope that we don't end up as silly as wheels waiting for it!



Doing A Very Silly Thing

• Azita Gill

I landed the job of writing this article by doing a very silly thing. At our regular monthly meeting, it was suggested that the task of writing for the Coop Revue be on a "revolving" basis. (I think she meant "rotating")

So, silly me, gets up and does a pirouette around the room-- "Hey- you're it for this issue!" they chorused

However, far, far, sillier than that, is the '90's dedication and devotion to MANAGEMENT. Both the government and private organisations seem to have policies, papers, formats, reviews, research etc. on how to run their particular concerns- so well in fact that management has forgotten what it is there for in the first place. This may seem like a silly contradiction.

Let me give you an example. I am a public servant. Initially the department was created to care for the health and well being of the general public. New advances have been made- computer networking, better air conditioned offices to house these precious modern necessities; careers have been reconstructed; training available in practically anything you require which, of course, includes stress management; accreditation of various work places and all the paper work and new policies which go along as well- another one is 'regionalisation'- I'm slightly vague on this one- I thought it meant less management but it really means much more.

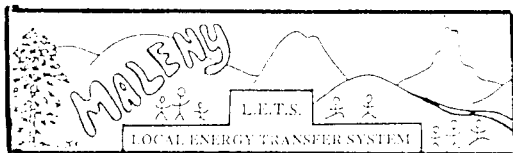
The point I'm making is that all this requires managing- so of course, more money- lots more. Now each department has a budget and if management gets most of it, who gets very little? you guessed it! The general public- you and me! Silly isn't it? By the way, where did "silly as a wheel" originate? I personally don't consider wheels to be at all silly!

Manduka Community Settlement Co-operative

Secretary: Ann Jupp.

Address: P.O. Box 380, Maleny, Q.4552





One Afternoon in Maleny.....

•Rhonda Barnes

Mohan and I, way behind deadline, decided to take "Silly as a Wheel" to the streets. Half of the folk interviewed had never heard the expression. "Is it a band?" we were asked. A film society devotee asked us if it was a film and went on to say that while she didn't know what it meant, she did know how it feels - OUT OF CONTROL. It must be Irish was another comment.

We were told that, without a doubt, "Silly as a Wheel" meant "two bricks short of a load." Other helpful street walkers contributed similar answers: "daft as a brush", "silly as a two bob watch", "silly as an egg", "funny as a piece of string", "nutty as a fruit cake"....after an afternoon of these answers, I quickly became "as mad as a meat axe" (whatever that means).

We were brushed off with "blowed if I know" and "what's so silly about a wheel?, best thing ever invented !!!"

We were given a talk about how Hannibal "did in" the Egyptians with the help of his superior wheels and how the Romans cut up a few people by having knives protruding from the wheels of their chariots. Phew !

The woman in the dress shop gave us the Monty Python view, that while round wheels may indeed be silly, a square wheel is a very useful object - you can leave your vehicle on the side of a hill without fear of it rolling down. The flower shop person said she'd never heard of it "but it sounds great!" The deeper thinkers among us said that it

meant going round and round in circles, going nowhere, head in a spin, gargar, stuck in a groove, being endlessly silly. A local poet thought it probably meant a mind that's trapped in circular thought, repeating yourself and indulging in neurotic behaviour.

This caused me to think that perhaps people were exposing themselves more than they realised with their answers. The man about town famous for always having a joke to tell, eyed us suspiciously and said bluntly, " Stupid, it means stupid !"

A Canadian resident of Maleny was very familiar with the phrase and said that it meant, "having a good fun silly time without drugs."

It seems that silliness **can** create a natural high, judging by the response to this survey. And what has all this got to do with LETS? Blowed if I know!

Trustees: Ann Jupp, Peter Pamment, Vicki Potter, Rhonda Barnes, Tommy Leonard.

Advisors: Jill Jordan, Mohan, Ciarissa Townsend, Robin Clayfield, Ruth Donnelly, Christine Southall.

Phone: 074 - 943 113

Going Round the Wheel - Saving Threatened Species



• Alice Hungerford

The circle goes round and around- hundreds of thousands of years ago, life was evolving- creatures and plants- species of all kinds were coming into being. Now as we draw towards the close of the millennia, we see the process suddenly and rapidly going in reverse.

Every year for the past 150 yrs, we have seen numerous species disappear- that is, become extinct. Dis-evolve. Dis-solve. This is a fact of life. The human species has outstayed its welcome on Planet Earth, and the inevitable process of annihilation by sheer force, has become

the cause of death of trillions of other species all over the world. Here in Australia- the 'lucky' country- there is no exception. This process is happening at an alarming rate.

About a year ago I began working with the National Threatened Species Network (Qld), based here in Maleny. My role was to assist the co-ordinator in her task of researching and protecting threatened species throughout Queensland, and informing and educating the people of Qld about what THEY could do to stop the avalanche of destruction of this state's biodiversity. My motivation was an idealistic belief that I could make a difference. That somehow I could assist in the protection of wildlife- maybe I could save a species from destruction!!

This is where it becomes rather silly.

The truth is, that on the whole, we are losing the struggle- abysmally- just going round and round in circles.

I have learnt much about which species are threatened- especially in our local region. Eg. frogs, Mary River Cod, a couple of little tiny fish, various lizards and skinks, the beautiful quoll, various birds, and a number of shrubs, flowers and trees...

I have learnt about what is threatening them- especially in our local region. Eg. Housing developments in sensitive areas or last remnants of a particular habitat (especially swamps), pollution of waterways by wastes- chemical and otherwise, building of roads, bushfires, other pollution- air etc., the Greenhouse effect, clearing of forests and trees...

In fact every aspect of human society has some negative affect on almost all other species on Earth. Those not yet affected, are only safe until they are found by the humans.

I have learnt that it is totally crazy to think I can save any species from the human race. That whatever meagre and temporary protection I can summon for

any particular species at the moment, is literally only one drop in a huge ocean- the other 999 billion+ species are still doomed. There is no way I can stop even one person on this Earth from driving their car, pouring their toxic waste into the streams and onto the land, consuming even small amounts of plastic, chemicals, etc. I can't ask them to 'give up' their car, their refrigerator, their washing machine, dishwasher, cows, cats, dogs, bulldozers, glyphosate, etc. etc. etc.

I fail miserably when I try to explain that living simply, working hard and dying young are good. Even I am not totally convinced of this! And last of all- it all makes not one skerrick of difference, no matter how much energy I inject into the process.

In reading this article to my daughter, the comment was: "It's a never ending story Mum, it just goes on and on!". She's absolutely correct. Just like a wheel it goes round and round, so many times and so very quickly that it's difficult to remember where we began or where we planned to go. It would be a wonderful experience for the human race if we did, just for a moment, stop the wheel turning and take a look around us- take stock, get our bearings, **remember** what it actually was we're doing here.

Which brings me back to the beginning of the wheel. The only thing I **can** do, and I believe the Threatened Species Network **does** do very effectively, is work on people's attitudes. Whilst it is futile to try and convince people their thinking is wrong, it **is** possible to offer different ways of viewing ourselves and the world. Who knows, if we all stop a moment, it might actually save our beautiful Mother Earth and keep the wheel of life spinning- silly or not.

Jan Tilden
P.O. Box 465, Maleny.
Phone: 074 - 943 587

THREATENED
SPECIES
NETWORK



Silly as a Wheel - Barung Landcare

• Lea Harrison

A wheel has a hub, a rim and set of spokes joining the two together. The hub of Barung Landcare is 17 Bicentennial Lane, a site just below the main street of Maleny. On the site is a simple building surrounded by a constantly expanding plant nursery of local Australian species. At this hub two coordinators and a fluctuating stream of volunteers, members and customers generate and deal with waves of activity as constant and as varied as the waves rolling on the sea shore. Calm and storm alternate here, just as they do at the beach, and each of these phases makes its contribution to sculpting the landscape around it.

The landscape around the activity hub of Barung Landcare is an area of some 630 sq. kms. of hills and valleys containing farms, forests and settlements. This landscape is the rim of our wheel.

The spokes joining our hub and the rim together are the currently 200+ members of Barung and other residents of this area. It is these people who bring into Barung the seeds, requests for information and assistance; donations of money, equipment, expertise and labour; information, ideas and dustings of different emotions which are the fuel of the activity of the hub.

And it is these 'spokes' people who take the products of all this activity back out into the landscape again. For example, in the last year, close to 10,000 native plants have been carried out of the Barung

nursery and planted in the surrounding landscape of our rim. Even allowing for a reasonable percentage of these plants not growing to maturity, they will have a significant effect on the environment in which we will be living in the future. And with our rapidly growing membership- an increase of over 100% in the last year- and the current expansion of the nursery, this effect will conceivably increase each year as well.

I use the example of our nursery as we are proud of its double function. It assists us with our objective of caring for the land in this area, providing plants for climate modification, erosion prevention and rehabilitation, creek bank stabilisation, wildlife habitat, bush tucker, timber production, beautification and whatever other uses you can think of. It also generates income for us- approximately \$10,000 in the last year- helping us forward in our aim to earn our own running costs and therefore not needing to apply for any sources of public funding in the future.

So this is the Barung wheel. When I started writing this article I thought there is nothing silly about this! Then I remembered what this place can be like on a Tuesday, when we have 30 customers, a deadline for an article, 3 volunteers, a mountain of saucepans and eskies left from our Landcare Camps to be sorted into piles to go back to their owners, 40 phone calls, a fruit tree delivery to be unloaded, 20 visitors, 15 keen S.E.E.D.S. kids running around, a bat or two, a coming tree plant to find volunteers for and mice in the seed cupboard!

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