

Bob Brown delivers 3rd Annual Green Oration – First Draft. Key words: Lincoln, Churchill, Gandhi, Catastrophe, Extincted, Lee Rhiannon, Nee, Brown, Hate Media, Murdoch, Bush, Nihilist, Eternity, Cosmos, Opsimath.

Fellow Earthians – and all others who stand (or sit or lie) on the Eve of Extinction.

Never before has the Universe unfolded such a flower as our collective human intelligence – as far as we all know. And never before has such intelligence been collected under one roof at the Hobart Town Hall. And never before have I quoted Abraham Lincoln, Winston Churchill and Mahatma Gandhi in this my 3rd Annual Greens Oration – except for last year and the year before that. And never before have I sung “The Earth Song” – as I will later with a little help from Miss Claire Dawson.

We are here today for two reasons. First, the Big Bang happened 13.7 billion years ago – give or take a billion years here or there – as the Universe exploded into being. Let’s face it. Without the Big Bang we would not be here at all and extinction would not be upon us. Put it this way. You can’t be extincted if you were never around in the first place. Also we’re here because we could not book the Hobart Cricket Ground. It’s a bit much to ask those celebrating the 40th Anniversary of the Greens movement to bicycle all the way to Bellerive. However, I did feel guilty catching the lift to the first floor this evening.

I am so grateful to you several score of Earthians for turning up today – for the rally to save the Universe. But I’m sorry to report that we are home alone. Why is it that no one from elsewhere in the Cosmos has bothered to celebrate our success (so far) in saving the Cosmos? Nor did anyone send their congratulations by means of intergalactic phone system. Why is this so? Why are our fellow Greens Out There (GOT) not communicating with Earth? Why? Don’t tell me there are no extraterrestrials out there – GOT people. That’s the sort of crap you read in the Hate Media.

There are some explanations. Cardinal George Pell has used the Hate Media to opine that the people like us on similar planets all went gay and the necessary breeders became extinct. According to Pell, no breeding led to no offspring and the GOT and others extincted themselves. But I don’t believe this. I reckon that the rest of the Cosmos will not contact us since their calls will be intercepted and they will be misreported in Rupert Murdoch’s Hate Media. Get rid of the Hate Media and the intergalactic phones will ring again and then we can all put on our sandals – Earthians and GOT alike – and hold hands and love one another. This I believe – in a Green kind of way. There’s still time to both save the Planet and get home tonight in time to see ourselves on *Lateline*. This I believe. Catastrophe is likely to come after *Lateline*.

Recently I got back to bed at Liffey in Tasmania after ruminating under the stars for hours. Why did I have to leave Liffey to watch the stars? - you might ask. Well, the smoke from the home-fire burning in my Liffey abode has blocked out the stars for miles around – so I have to cycle into Longford to get a view of the heavens.

Anyrate, when I got home Paul asked: "Did you see a comet?" I replied in the affirmative. After all, it would have been deflating to concede that all I saw was a Jet Star flight bound from Hobart to Launceston. But I added: "I saw a comet and it is called Global Democracy; I saw it in the stars." Paul liked my reply so much he threw another log on the fire.

As Karl Marx might have said if he had been a Green and not a Marxist: "Sandal wearers of the world unite – you have nothing to lose but your hemp-filled chains". This is my point. There are just 23 million Australian Earthians among 7 billion other Earthians. 2500 years ago the Athenians gave the vote to a couple of members of the Athens city state. Then 180 years ago Britain gave the vote to men of means. After his Gettysburg address in 1859 – some years before the Civil War commenced – President Lincoln gave the vote to all men who had survived the Civil War. Are you still with me – or did I get a date wrong here? What follows is obvious. Let's have a World Parliament which everyone elects (including over one billion Chinese). Provided they don't work for Exxon, Coca-Cola, BHP Billiton or News Corporation. As you, my fellow Earthians well understand, you have to draw the line somewhere.

I have never met a person in whom I did not see myself reflected, which is why I always carry a mirror in my hemp bag. Except for Margaret Thatcher, George W. Bush and Rupert Murdoch. As for the rest – some grew old and died and some grew old and lived – and I am now part of their ongoing presence on Earth.

All the rest of us are part of us Earthians' presence on Earth. Except for our very own Miranda Gibson-Gandhi who is currently perched 60 meters high across Central Tasmania and as she experiences misty eyes due to the smoke from my home-sweet-home fire in Liffey. In Miranda's spirit, is the saving of the world. So she is closer to the Cosmos than any of us here tonight. To sustain her, the Greens have constructed the longest drop-toilet in the Universe – a full 60 meters from top to bottom. When the bucket comes down we fill it up with bread and water and copies of the *Green Left Weekly* and Miranda pulls it all the way up. Clever – don't you think?

The fact is that to accommodate ten billion people at American, European and Australasian rates of consumption we will need two more planets to exploit in a few decades. Earth won't be big enough for the Earthians. Unless there are five million sandal-wearers or five billion like Miranda Gibson-Gandhi who are willing to sit on tall tree platforms for the rest of their lives. In other words, Eternity.

I reject the nihilist idea that the planet would be better off without us Greens. But it would be better off without the Murdoch Hate Media. Let us resolve to last for Eternity. I look to the Green Youth to keep my candle alight. I hope they lighten your candle as well as any unlit candles in the Cosmos. In this stream of life, where birth and death are our common lot, the replenishment of humankind lights up our own existence. May it go on and on. Until Eternity.

I believe in one Planet, one Person, one Vote and one Value. It's sure better than no Planet, no Person, no Vote and no Value. Think about it. I've discussed this with

my fellow Greens Senator Lee Rhiannon (nee Brown). Lee told me that she was taught at the Lenin School in Moscow, circa 1976, that the One Vote is the way to go. Lee learnt that Joe Stalin had only one vote but he achieved a lot with it. Certainly no one felt the need to perch on tall tree platforms in the Soviet Union during Stalin's time – although, come to think of it, this might have been due to the fact that no trees survived the Bolshevik Revolution. But Lee has a point – beyond wanting my job.

I am an optimist. I am an opsimath (with a Thesaurus). I am a Green with a burning fireplace down Liffey way. I am a 67 year old bloke with a candle. I am Gandhi. Or perhaps Lincoln. Or maybe Churchill. Churchill famously said that the Universe is the worst form of planet except for all the other planets. Or something like that. He was a clever man, Mr Churchill. But he smoked and drank too much. Hitler would have been defeated two years earlier if the Free World had not been led by a tobacco addicted alcoholic – and if Lee's parents (Bill and Freda Brown) had not given Adolf a leg-up by supporting the Nazi Soviet Pact in 1939.

Dearly beloved Earthians, we have gathered together to celebrate the 40th birthday of the Greens and to save Mother Earth. In another 40 years, I look forward to establishing another Greens party somewhere else in the Cosmos. By then I believe that Paul's smoke signals from our Liffey abode will have been seen by the GOT and they will be encouraged to hit the intergalactic phones and contact us.

Today One World Government. Tomorrow One Planet Government. In between, One Large Phone Bill.

Let us resolve
that there should be established
a representative assembly of sandal-wearers
a global parliament of Gandhi look-alikes
for the people of Earth (people like us)
and Mars and Jupiter and Pluto (people like them)
that will save the Earth
and the Planet
and the Cosmos
and the Universe
and sacred sites like Hobart Town Hall
and all clichés and rare words
and all opsimaths
and all living creatures
except for Margaret and George W. and Rupert.

We will steady ourselves – this unfolding flower of intelligence in the Universe. This I. This Us. This We. This Greens' movement. We will steady ourselves for this long, shared, wondrous journey during which all shall be free – apart from a necessary number of breeders, who will be required to do what has to be done to create brand new Greens' voters every nine months.

Let us march for a global democracy and parliament to be created in, say, Geneva. Or perhaps Liffey. But first, let's descend down the stairs on to Macquarie Street, Hobart.

We must. We can. We will.