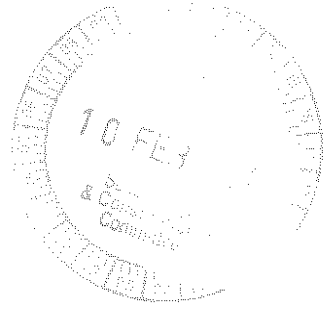


The Senate Committee for the Republic
Parliament House
CANBERRA



Herewith my submission on the Republican debate.

Basically two things are important. One is to delete connection with the House of Windsor. It should be done in the nicest possible way. Perhaps a ceremony whereby the Queen gives us our sovereignty would be in order. Secondly, a selection panel for choosing the Governor-General should be set up.

I would appreciate the opportunity to put my case in person to the committee. I have a succinct and powerful musical presentation which takes about 12 minutes. It is quite entertaining.

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "David Hill".

David Hill

5 Feb 2004.

P.S. The musical presentation only includes 12 of the following verses.

David Hill.
5 Feb 2004.

In the northern hemisphere, human imagination has invented such mythical creatures as the centaur, the mermaid and the beautiful balletic swan maidens. These creatures, half human and half animal, are more beautiful than humans and even surpass the beauty of real swans gliding on moonlit waters. In Australia, May Gibbs, a type of antipodean Beatrix Potter, has created such characters as the Gum Nut babies, Dr Hocus Pokus and the Banksia men. Today, I would like to tell you about another group which have evolved in Australia. They are all friends of the Banksia men. The Banksia men used to be wicked and indulged in such activities as piracy, blackbirding, bushranging, cattle rustling and horse thieving. The Banksia men have been reformed by education and example of other Flower Spirits and today they take their rightful place in decent society, with just a hint of their rascally past. The flower spirits dwell in the noosphere. The noosphere is the layer of exalted thought, imagination, art and history which surrounds the earth.

1 THE REPUBLICANS

In New South Wales, we have the blood red Waratah. They are a rebellious but beautiful lot. The PK Waratah, with a scent like PK chewing gum and a personality redolent of a former PM has called for the abolition of our outdated ties with the British monarchy.

Rebel reds are out in force,
Speeding on their drastic course.
They're in a fervour patriotic
For the Floral Referendum Frolic.

We must have our own President!
We must have our own flag!
If you don't agree with me
You're just an old scum bag.

The flowers are avid in attention,
For the First Floristic Folk Convention.
To keep themselves in state first class,
They do a daily ballet class.

Pink Heath and the Waratah
Decry the monarch from afar.
Both for a radical republic
Voicing their views with rich rhetoric:

Out here we have a sunburnt land, of wind and rain and fire,
And we are strong and we are free, and we call our land Australia.
And we won't be dictated to by a dame in a tiara.
Tiara, tiara, by a dame in a tiara. Tiara! Tiara! By a dame in a tiara!

And we shall have a President out there at Yarralumla.
He or she will be an Aussie, and we'll be so much prouder,
Yarralumla, Yarralumla, out there at Yarralumla.
Australia! Australia! Our own land so free.

In devastating fashion.
With lots of red hot passion
Many hearts are torn asunder.
In their rash republican Rhunba.

As they dance their jazzy jive,
They talk of how they'll strive
And willfully connive
With one smart political ace
To put a President in place.

With terrific teasing tango
They tantalise and taunt.
They teeter on their tiptoe
Their sexiness they flaunt.

They jungle jive from nine to five
To emphasise they are alive and they survive
The hurtful kicks, the painful pricks
And dirty tricks of politics.

Kangaroo Paw and Sturt's Desert Pea
Managed quickly to agree.
First they danced and then they kissed
And pushed for a republic, minimalist:

Their first dance was a ballabile
With dainty work for toe and heel.
Then comes a classic *pas de douze*
Showcasing their enlightened views.

The republic lassies love the arts.
They really are such gorgeous tarts.
Though minimal, their model's great.
But what the cost? Will it be too great? Will it inflate?

II. THE MONARCHISTS

Blue Gum and the Desert Rose
Prefer a stately regal pose.
'If the wheel ain't broke, it don't need mending'
Is their catch cry never ending.

They prefer the *status quo*
It is the safest way to go.
'If the wheel ain't broke, then don't fix it',
Is their motto, quite explicit.

They dance a lovely *pas de deux*
By their best choreographer.
Who learnt his trade, we can reveal
From Monsieur August Bourmonville.

Blue Bell from the ACT,
Ready to bend a willing knee
Ever ready to show respect,
Ever willing to genuflect.

Canberra's lovely Royal Blue Bell
Spirited like Kate Carnell
Agrees with Queensland's Cooktown Orchid,
That Royals and Queens are really so good:

They stimulate the economy.
We'll charge a fee for the OBE
And in a graduated scale,
All other honours will be for sale.

A million dollars for the MBE
Double for a Dame
Triple for a Thane
Ah! Hah, hah! What a lovely game!

Seven million for a Tsar
That'll take us very far.
Quadruple for a Queen
That should add a fiscal sheen.

We'll have lots of money for gala balls
In richly decorated halls.
With domes and windows of stained glass.
The atmosphere will be world class.

Our orchestras will be the best
They'll always play at our behest.
They will produce the right vibration
To stir the cockles of the nation.

Our extensive ballet repertoire
Will start with *Le Conservatoire*
Danced by the loyal Monarchists
Keeping sacred moonlight trysts.

As they dance in the moonlight
They whisper. You can tell.
And plan their campaign
To run the country well.

If ever we are overspent
We have a method heaven sent.
Just pause a moment to consider:
Sell a title to the highest bidder.

III. *THE DILEMMA*

So now we have four paradigms
Four paradigms for sunny climes.
Four paradigms in trying times.
Each equally supported.

The flowers all are smartly dressed
But some of them are much distressed.
Of course the bigger states are grumbling
Having but one vote is humbling.

In debate they are deadlocked
Some have gone off quite half cocked
But voting puts each model equal.
What indeed will be the sequel?

IV. *THE INVOCATION*

Golden Wattle it's your cue,
Tell us what we ought to do.
Golden Wattle! Cast your vote!
Golden Wattle! Give us hope!

V. *THE WATTLE'S REPLY*

The wattle first looked grave then smiled:
Come let us be reconciled.
Let's hark back to Adelaide
Where foundation, Federation stones were laid.

We have a country. We have a nation.
It's time for a celebration!
We'll dance a reel with zest and zeal
And pray today in proud strathspey.

Let's jig to *Dainty Davie*, let's reel to *Rory O'More*
My Luv is like a Red, Red Rose, the song that I adore.
O for the voice of Robbie Burns,
For his crystal verse, my gold heart yearns.

Let's sing the words of Robbie Burns,
Our chorus gladly swelling.
Let's proudly dance the ethnic dance
Its' spirit so compelling.

The *hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels*,
Put life and mettle in our heels,
Our spirits they inspire, inspire!
And set our souls on fire!

Our heritage we treasure,
We learn from days of yore.
Our path is trailed with glory,
Of those who've gone before.

We recall the great Pavlova
With the polonaise from *Chopiniana*.
The Coquetteries of Columbine
And *Glazounov Dances* so divine.

The C sharp minor Chopin waltz
Lifts the spirit and exalts.
Passions run so very hot
When we dance our Gold Gavotte.

VI. THE DEDICATION

Our future's bright, let's get it right,
Let's do the best we can,
To make the world a better place
For our dear fellow man.

At these crossroads of our nation
Let us pray for inspiration.
By our xylem and our phloem
We shall resolutely show'em.

Here, beneath the Piping Shrike
Set against the golden sun
Tonight, I hereby swear allegiance.
To ourselves we must give credence.

By our leaf blades and petioles
We aim at everlasting goals.
With every gene and chromosome
We will make Australia home.

Ever prudent we must be
To see the forest and the tree.
Progress, advance, do as we *oughter*
But don't! Toss out baby with bath water.

With resurgent meristems
We'll pursue our strategems.
By our showy inflorescence,
We will indicate our presence.

With our bright medullary rays
We shall seek out better ways
**To resolve this here Convention
In a mode beyond contention.**

O for the wit of the Scottish Bard,
To cut through all the crap like lard.
To teach the mortals common sense
With such enduring eloquence.

VII. THE RESOLUTION

Our heritage rich and rare, we share.
We only need a small repair.
In History's page let every *sage*:
Advance Australia Fair.

Keep things pretty much the same.
Remove just that which causes shame.
Cut out the Vice and make him Regal,
Our Head of State, our Governor General.

The GG shall be Head of State,
Write it down upon your slate.
While Lizzie lives, let her our sovereign be,
A truly great, Queen Bee is she.

But when she dies, let her place be taken
By the senior Governor of our Nation.
When Lizzie goes to find her place in heaven
Australia will be ruled by Governors, seven."

The Golden Wattle raises hopes
And so awakens happy ghosts
Of all our former Governors
Who gallop in across the stage
To join the celebratory rage.

IX. HICCUP or THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT

The Banksia's, Bernie and Bert
Who can give you all the dirt
On every party faction
And every bold transaction

Shouted out in voices gruff:
"Come on duckie. We've had enough.
You were supposed to vote for one of the four
Not saddle us with one model more."

PK gulped and swallowed his gum,
Walked across and said: 'Hey chum!
I think it's time for you and me
To show a little gallantry.

To study this new paradigm
We'll need to take a bit more time'.
Up went a proud and hearty cheer
When he shouted loud and clear:
"On this we'll vote again next year".

'O indeed! What is the rush?
Queried buxom Betsy Bottle Brush.
'I think it would be lots of fun
To have an annual Con Con'.

Twenty years later, when the vote is taken
O! Jubilation for the nation.
The Wattle model is vindicated
And well and truly celebrated.

X. *AN ADDITIONAL VERSE FOR THE NATIONAL ANTHEM*

*O for the voice of Robbie Burns,
O for the Scottish Bard.
To cut through all the crap like lard.
To cut through crap like lard.*

*Our land abounds in Governors,
In number there are seven.
They'll rule Australia wisely when dear Lizzie's safe in heaven.
They'll rule Australia wisely when dear Lizzie's gone to heaven.*

XI *BENEDICTION*

Lets sing a toast to common sense!
Lets sing a toast to love!
Lets drink a toast to happiness!
And order from above!

*For Auld Lang Syne my dear
For Auld Lang Syne.
We'll take a cup of kindness yet
For the days of Auld Lang Syne.*

Footnotes:

The flag of South Australia, proclaimed on 13 January 1904, features the State badge described as the rising sun with the Piping Shrike or White Backed Magpie *Gymnorhina tibicen* perched on the branch of a gum tree.

Dainty Davie, *Rory O'More* and *My Love is like a Red Red Rose* are the titles of three Robbie Burns (1759- 1796) poems, which have been set to Scottish country dance music.

The lively couplet: *Hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels
Put life and mettle in our heels.*

is a quotation from Burns' poem *Tam O' Shanter*. The *Tam* is traditionally recited or read to celebrate the anniversary of great Bard's birth on the 25th January. It is in felicitous proximity to Australia Day and makes an appropriate prelude to our Australia Day Celebrations.

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10 November 2003.