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## RIO+20- Dr Vincent Gray

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For 20 years we have been subjected to the tyranny of the "Earth Summit" conference in Rio de Janeiro which took place from 3-13 June 1992. Since then we have been subjected to a World dictatorship where we have been forced to conserve, skimp and save, stop building power stations, invest in uneconomic windmills, save whales rather than people and endure a whole rasp of unnecessary, expensive restrictions of our lives. Ordinary weather has been replaced by "climate change where everything is blamed on our main energy sources coal and oil, and we have even restricted hydro dams and nuclear power. All in a mad rush to achieve the impossible goal of "sustainability". We have all been cringing at the further restrictions on our lives implied by the latest bonanza, the 20th Anniversary Conference in Rio de Janeiro which has now ended. We can now breathe a sigh of relief, not that it is all over, but that it is on its way down, to be hopefully replaced, eventually by the common sense which used to keep us going.

I have devoted over 20 years trying to undo the harm of the last "Summit" and I cannot match the comment on the latest one which has now been published by my friend and colleague in global protest, Lord Christopher Monckton, so here is his report.,

### MAD GIG

To the Gaia-worshippers in Rio, all is symbolic of the new religion

*From Christopher Monckton of Brenchley in Rio de Janeiro*

**Symbolism! Dontcha just love it? Even the three-letter abbreviations for the world's airports convey a resonant message for the goofy Gaia-worshippers here in Rio de Janeiro for the conference on "sustainable development" (whatever that may mean). Flights still follow the old colonial patterns, so it is easier to fly to Rio (GIG from Madrid (MAD) than from London. Entertainingly, the bag-tag on my suitcase bore the legend MAD GIG - a deftly synoptic description of the leftfest on Brazil's once-fashionable coast.**

**The intended triumph of the new religion over the old was symbolized by a light-emitting diode system costing hundreds of thousands of dollars that has turned the normal floodlighting of the towering statue of Christ the Redeemer an unpleasant, lurid green, so that He looks like a giant jelly-bean. Fortunately, Divine intervention (or perhaps the Gore effect) has smothered the volcanic pinnacle on which the statue stands in unseasonably dense cloud and pouring rain, rendering this crude but costly sacrilege altogether invisible. Chalk up ten points to the old religion. God is not mocked. ☒**

**Soldiers with sub-machine-guns and - for some reason - elephant guns are guarding this extravagantly expensive and contemptibly childish propaganda gesture to make sure no one symbolically reasserts the triumph of the Resurrection by cutting off the unnatural green glow and replacing it with the traditional, glorious white.**



## Monckton baggage label

The rubbish that litters the streets and even the once-pristine beaches of Copacabana and Ipanema is surely a symbol for the garbage that will soon emerge from the negotiations. One can be confident that it will be garbage, because this year, for the first time, the UN has gone to unprecedented lengths to make sure that no one gets daily-updated versions of the central negotiating text. If somebody hides something, it is because somebody has something to hide.

In a maneuver symbolic of the intended global dictatorship that is the ever-more-openly declared ambition of the world-government wannabes of the UN and of a governing class that has grown impatient of democracy and contemptuous of the mere people, the supposedly "transparent" pointy-heads' conference has been ruthlessly divided into three entirely separate pointy-heads' conferences.

First, symbolic of the grim Communism that will be the ideological mainspring of the exciting, shiny, new dictatorship for which the UN longs, and for which its senior strategists planned at a meeting this time last year at which Secretary-General Ban Ki-Moon called for suggestions to put an end to national sovereignty (and hence to democracy), the exhibition area which in earlier UN conferences was adjacent to the main hall where the plenary negotiating sessions took place was set up several miles away in a tent city revealingly called the "People's Congress".

Secondly, as a symbol of the permanent imprisonment of just about everybody that Ban Ki-Moon's corrupt, totalitarian world government will bring about, the non-government organizations accredited to the UN were corralled in the filthy, soulless, crumbling Rio Centro conference center, where hundreds of armed, sharp-suited UN goons kept them determinedly away from the vast concrete bunker where the actual negotiations were taking place.

Thirdly, to symbolize the total separation of the governing class from the governed that will become the norm as the UN takes power, the governmental delegates, traveling in a thousand-strong fleet of gas-guzzling, carbon-emitting limousines escorted by secret police on Harley-clone motorcycles, have been kept in near-total isolation from the non-government organizations and from the mere people.

"Secondary passes" allowing limited access to the plenary sessions are handed out only to those whom the UN can absolutely rely upon not to raise any questions at all about what is going on. The world's mainstream news media have access, of course: these days they can be trusted to treat all the works of the UN with incurious, unquestioning, head-banging acquiescence.

After I had dined with a direct descendant of the Emperor of Brazil at a fashionable restaurant a couple of nights ago, a cavalcade (or cortege) drew up at the porte-cochere. First came a clattering Harley clone; then two SUVs full of UN goons; then a black VIP limo containing the dictator of Rwanda and his minders, then several more wagonloads of goons, then two more motor-cycles. One of the goons quite unnecessarily shoved me aside with a curse, symbolic of the New World Order where They give the orders and we get pushed around. Fortunately I can hit back. I shall cross the dictator off my Christmas-card list. So there.

So, what are They up to at this conference? The pre-conference draft of the negotiating text contained all the usual meaningless drivel about "sustainable development", women's rights and gender equality, rights of indigenous people to enjoy racial discrimination in their favor (there were several baffled Red Indians (er, sorry, "Native Americans") wearing traditional feathered headdresses stumbling around the drafty concrete chambers of the conference center), the need to cut the world's population down to size, and other traditional demands of the hard Left.

One of a series of badly-drawn but prominently-displayed posters by propagandized children showed the Sun dressed as a doctor diagnosing the Earth's disease: "I'm afraid you've got humans." In the UK it is illegal to indoctrinate children in this way, which is how we were able to defeat Al Gore in the High Court five years ago on the ground that his sci-fi comedy horror movie was political propaganda and not science.

So why the obsessive secrecy? Why are the national negotiators kept away from the non-government organizations that have always had access to them until now? Why are the updated negotiating texts not made available? One reason stands out. The UN knows perfectly well that if the people knew what was being inserted into the generally anodyne negotiating text they would not stand for it.

An example. Last year, at the Durban climate conference, I obtained a copy of the negotiating text, summarized it, and posted up the summary at WattsUpWithThat. A couple of days later WordPress, which hosts half a million blog postings every day, got in touch to say that that posting had attracted more hits than any other that day. Why were people so interested? Because not one of the thousands of journalists in Durban had bothered to report what was actually in the negotiating text.

My report revealed that the climate conference was proposing to grant Mother Earth the right to sue any Western nation in a new International Climate Court, and to cut CO2 concentration by half, extinguishing most plant and animal species on Earth. The disastrous publicity arising from these revelations led the UN to abandon fully half of the Durban negotiating text within 24 hours of my revealing its contents.

The UN was determined not to suffer this humiliation again. So it has ensured that the pre-conference draft contains so little of interest that even Greenpeace has condemned the UN for not going far enough. Instead, all the really damaging material has been kept secret. No doubt it will be inserted into the text during the negotiations. It will then be presented as a *fait accompli* after the usual all-night session, and the world's media will dutifully congratulate the negotiators on a job well done.

A senior UN official to whom I spoke said that the organization had now become so corrupt that a number of sexual and financial scandals had occurred at the headquarters building in New York. The UN, he said, was hushing them up by not reporting them to the police authorities in New York as protocol demanded. He said that the revelation of the contents of the updated Durban negotiating texts had led to a major rethink within the UN, which had decided to set up the elaborate pantomime that I have described, preventing any but a carefully-selected few from getting alongside the negotiators.

'Transparency?' he snorted. 'Not under Ban Ki-Moon. Everything is now hidden ? and the UN has a great deal to hide. But don't quote my name ? these people are vindictive.'

As I said at a press conference here, the UN has outlived its usefulness and should now be brought to an end. Everything it does could be better done, at far less political and financial cost, by individual nations cutting out the predatory UN middlemen.

The UN has had its day. Time to abolish it, in an act symbolic of the freedom and democracy that we, the people, intend to keep for ourselves whether the dictators-in-waiting and their fawning lickspittles in the mainstream news media like it or not.

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