

**4<sup>th</sup> November 2017**

Good afternoon, Mr Rees-Mogg,

You remain very quiet. It was starting to bother me. With so many politicians falling on their pork swords these days – and so many others stalking Westminster's corridors with their emasculators freshly sharpened or freshly blooded, or both (and that's just Andrea Leadsom, the little minx) – I had begun to fear the worst. But then I remembered that, despite your ample time and my ample patience, you couldn't be bothered to reply to me even when things were going rather more swimmingly for you and your Brexit bruvvers. This calmed my febrile speculations. But, as I told myself, one can't have everything, can one?

Unless, it appears, you are YOU, Mr Rees-Mogg! Why there you were yet again on 'Question Time' last week, having a jolly good go at the "Brexit Bashing Corporation" and claiming that it has more Remoaner interviewees than those from your side of the asylum perimeter.

Let us allow your contention, but let us also put it in perspective.

Firstly, I suspect that one reason for the figure is that more Remainers than Leavers can assemble a cogent argument in a live media interview without having to tell their interlocutor to "fuck off you twat". Some things really are as simple as that: you just don't have enough well-educated and polite people in your team. (I partly except you, Mr Mogg: you are of course extremely well and very expensively educated, though I aver that you lack politeness to a degree that should alarm you as much as the millions towards whom you affect it, you shameless tart.)

But anyway, what on earth would you say about the BBC if it allowed incoherent, unsubstantiated, spittle-flecked filth to be broadcast to the young and impressionable? Why, you'd have their licence before they'd get the chance to lob the keys in the pond and jump the roadside hedge! Quite apart from the probably devastating effect on the public of imagining the effects of our nation being delivered up to such morons. Actually, I'd say the BBC is doing your lot a favour!

Secondly – again accepting your proposition that the BBC interviews more Remainers than Leavers (let's take at face value *The Sun's* no doubt rigorously scientific snapshot of The Andrew Marr Show: 129 to 33) – you conveniently forget that any discrepancy is more than rectified by the sheer frequency with which YOU appear! I refer you to a recent study, undertaken by the University of Millwall, which concluded that you have vented your opinions on the BBC more often than Polly Toynbee, Mark Kermode, Danny Murphy and Nigel Lawson *combined!* COMBINED, MR MOGG!

No, Sir! Look, I've had my best people working on this and, when you do all the figures, the number of your BBC appearances re-balances things significantly: to a whopping 2,437 to 129. And – I fear to imagine but shall dare to, for I feel it in my ageing bones like tomorrow's downpour – we haven't even yet got to the invitation to appear on *Strictly Come Dancing* that you are no doubt wheedling out of "dear old Auntie" as I write this!

In short, Mr Rees-Mogg, far from criticising the BBC you should be proposing a vote of thanks that they put up with you to a degree that my dear, late grandmother – a Conservative voter all her long life – would never have entertained, and least of all with regard to a person of your unctuous and malodorous pomposity. Meanwhile, the rest of us simply have to accept it as being in the name of “balance”, I suppose, or whatever term has replaced the long-dead virtue of objectivity at the corporation.

So pray stop whingeing, get used to it and suck it up.

Anyway, here’s an idea: when you’re next in the taxi to Broadcasting House or whomever’s constituency it is in which you have chosen to interfere at the taxpayer’s expense, why not take your hand off your knee or perhaps somewhere warmer and jot me a quick reply to the two simple questions I asked you back in June and which, I’m told, were repeated in both the paper and online editions of *Private Eye* this week, although I’m sure that you are too busy to check:

1. *Do you consider that Edmund Burke was wrong in his address to the electors of Bristol in 1774?*
2. *If so, with what principle would you replace that which he set out in it?*

Yours,

Peter Roberts

**7<sup>th</sup> November 2017**

Dear Mr Rees-Mogg,

- 2nd November 2017: *“Dinner with Jacob Rees-Mogg”* at the Kensington, Chelsea and Fulham Conservatives, London.
- 3rd November: *“An evening with Jacob Rees-Mogg”* at the Haven Hotel, Sandbanks, Dorset.
- 14th November: *Friends of Westminster Cathedral’s 40th Anniversary Dinner*, London. At the pulpit: Jacob Rees-Mogg.
- 17th November: *Royal* [since 2014, the craven pseudos!] *Sutton Coldfield Conservatives’ annual dinner* at the Moor Hall Hotel & Spa, Sutton Coldfield, Birmingham. Featuring comedian and balloon artist ... Jacob Rees-Mogg.
- 23rd November: 7pm in the Lecture Theatre, Charterhouse School, Godalming, Surrey. At the lectern and – who knows? – afterwards behind the bicycle shed: Jacob Rees-Mogg.
- 24th November: *Dartford Conservative Association Annual Dinner*, Kent. DARTFORD IS IT NOW, SIR? WELL HOWDJA LOIK YER JAYDEN REES-MOGGS: FRIED OR BLEEDIN’ BOILED?
- 28th November: *Edgware and Borehamwood Chutney-Bungers Annual Mash*, Potters Bar, Hertfordshire. In the stocks: ...

I wish that just one of them were a date with me and I may even have made the last one up, but the rest are on the record. I’ve no idea whether or not it’s an exhaustive list of your engagements this month although, from what I know of YOU, I doubt it. I’ve even less interest in which bits of your pearl necklace you polish and scatter before these no-doubt adoring audiences. And I’ll even let you off the Sandbanks gig on the generous assumption that Harry Redknapp must have had yet another of those sudden and unavoidable engagements

with HMRC that we all fear in these crepuscular and far from paradisiacal times. (You too, I imagine.) I'll presume that you just happened to be passing en route from Westminster to your North-East Somerset constituency and that, despite his familiarity with the journey, your chauffeur had mistakenly made a wrong turn at Slough. For we've all done that.

Even so, that's a fair old line-up of shindigs for a hard-working MP who – Stacey's words – makes his constituents his priority and claims to be "too busy" to give up even a couple of minutes to answer the two simple questions I asked back in June, wouldn't you say?

"Too busy"? You are a liar, Mr Rees-Mogg! No, I retract that. You are not a liar. You are worse (in God's eyes if not Mankind's, and that's what matters): for, while flaunting your religiosity before all and Dundry, you induce others to lie, evade and dissemble on your behalf.

Doesn't he, Stacey?

It took me just ten minutes on Google to find these dates in your diary. And they are just this month's. A most reprehensible part of me whispered that you could answer both my questions and STILL owe me eight minutes of my equally precious time, and that I should pursue you until THAT pound of flesh quivers quickly in my bloodied hand!

But I won't. That's just it, you see. I simply want a brief, considered, substantive answer to those two simple questions. That's all I've ever wanted. Two minutes will see me right. The eight can go and generate. As, no doubt, could you thereafter – and be shot of me.

Yet for some reason you won't reply. Why not, Mr Rees-Mogg?

Here they are: I know them, you know them and, thanks to *Private Eye*, WE ALL KNOW THEM!\*

1. *Do you consider that Edmund Burke was wrong in his address to the electors of Bristol in 1774?*
2. *If so, with what principle would you replace that which he set out in it?*

Yours,  
Peter Roberts

\* I flatter myself – and even *The Eye*, perhaps – but, not being immune to your own self-puffery, I'm sure you take my point.