

22nd March 2019

Dear Mr Rees-Mogg,

You've suddenly gone all quiet. Perhaps you've been following Nigel Frottage's Leave Means Leave March as it staggers drunkenly towards the nation's capital? If so, you, like them, are one of a few. For from what I saw, about seven people – net of photographers and unemployed stand-up comedians looking for material – set off from Wearside on an aptly grey, nasty and unforgiving morning. Ah, the North Sea: the poor man's Mediterranean; the Caribbean of the tide-wracked and morally destitute! Though having said that, I'll not hear a word said against Lindisfarne, St Aidan's Dunes, St Abb's Head, Robin Hood's Bay, the Farne Islands or the Bullers of Buchan! Or Staithes or the Isle of May. Or, as a birdwatcher, Cley-next-the Sea or Minsmere. Or Gibraltar Point, that magnet for windblown migrants that somehow survives in deepest, darkest, most humanly primeval Lincolnshire! As for Dunnottar Castle, is there, after Dover, a better fortress to deter the European hordes! And I mustn't forget the only kind of Kippers worth bothering about, let alone eating – in Whitby, Craster and so many fragrant points in between ...

... Damn! I take it all back. I love the North Sea like I love my nation itself! It's deadweights like you, Mr Rees-Mogg who have turned me against them both, and it's you not they that I just can't fucking stomach!

But I digress. From what I can tell, Frottage's dreary plod is a laughably British attempt to imitate Mussolini's 1922 March on Rome (though we might, as fellow historians, agree that your darlin' Adolf's stillborn Munich fiasco the following year is a much better analogy). That said, I doubt either historical parallel has registered with your fellow patriots. From what I know of their proficiency in their native tongue they no doubt misread the signposts to Sunderland and are, as I write this, up to their knobby old knees in a Sutherland bog and disturbing the nesting Wood Sandpipers. Perhaps that explains the turnout, which might have doubled had they bothered to listen in Geography all those years ago. And in English too. Still, I'm sure it's nothing that the Dunkirk spirit and a knotted handkerchief on the bonce can't solve, along with a rolled-up copy of The Daily Nosebleed to keep away the midges. I even felt a bit sorry for Nigel, standing there all alone on an empty double-decker in his tweeds and his bowler and his nicotine-stained cravat.

I mean, HONESTLY! It looked like an open-top bus tour by a football team that's just finished bottom of the league for the third year in a row but – since the local foreign-owned car factory just closed – there's nothing else to celebrate. Or Adolf Hitler waking up in Tel Aviv having missed his stop at Nuremberg after a dodgy Greggs "The Bakers" vegan sausage roll at Berlin Hauptbahnhof. In fairness to me, I did write to Frottage and I did tell him: if you're going to stage a march on London, don't start it when the betting shops are open. Or the pubs. OK, I admit that it would have left him a narrow window between about 2am and 6am but even so ... did he listen? NO! So what more than one wife has said to me I now vouchsafe to you and yours, Mr Rees-Mogg: you're all BLOODY useless, aren't you?

But did Frottage listen to me? Do you, Mr Rees-Mogg? Does Steve Baker? Do my own children, for that matter? I shall let you answer that – and you know where I live.

Anyway, my spies in the office of your brown-and-shiny-nosed sniffer-dog Steve Baker tell me that both of the Leave Means Leave marchers – unless, of course, they split their forces – will pass along Buckinghamshire’s lovely Misbourne Valley *en route* for Beaconsfield next Thursday. I imagine it’s to make Dominic Grieve feel awful about betraying democracy by defending and asserting the very rights of our sovereign Parliament that you, Mr Rees-Mogg, asserted as recently as ... why, the EU referendum campaign in 2016, you sad hypocrite! Consequently I registered as a Leave Means Leave March “Cheerleader” under the name of “Sir Reginald Spunt (deceased)” and have, as a result, received all sorts of helpful intelligence [*sic*] from the organisers as well as a free, Andrea Leadsom-flavoured cougar-skin leotard. I’m not quite sure where I’ll be ... somewhere up-wind, probably. Don’t let on, Mr Rees-Mogg ... you wouldn’t welsh on a pen-pal now, would you?

Yours fraternally,
Peter

PS

I was recently approached by an obscure German newspaper called *The Völkischer Beobachter* and asked to provide a brief chronological summary of the Brexit process for its apparently confused readers. I wonder, if of course you have the time, whether I could ask you to give my response a quick once-over:

1. Prime Minister David Cameron calls an unnecessary referendum about the future of the nation in order to improve the chances of his political party in an election.
2. He then promises to implement the result, which he’s not entitled to do as UK referendums are advisory and Parliament, whose duty is to consider the result before deciding whether to ratify it, is sovereign.
3. Other politicians on both sides rush in to claim the same, and just as wrongly.
4. Unlike normal countries, youth clubs and other sensibly constituted organisations, the UK’s biggest constitutional change for a century will hinge not on a two-thirds majority of the votes cast but on a simple majority, with other EU citizens living and paying tax in the UK, many Brits abroad and 16-17 year-olds – who’ll be most affected by Brexit – barred from voting.
5. Remain runs a poor, complacent campaign, actively sabotaged by the Leader of the Opposition, even though he represents a pro-Remain party whose voice he has pledged to act upon.
6. On the back of lies, deception and widespread ignorance, Leave narrowly wins the referendum even though it has no coherent and shared idea of what to do now.
7. Cameron, whose responsibility this all is, walks away although he’d promised he wouldn’t. Those who campaigned for Leave likewise go AWOL. The Labour leader calls for Article 50 to be triggered immediately.
8. Far from carrying out their constitutional duty (see 2) and although a big majority oppose Brexit on the grounds of the national interest, Parliamentarians queue up to describe the result as “an instruction”. It isn’t. It can’t be. Even the braver souls now become “soft” Brexiters.
9. The Leavers having now run away, Theresa May, who'd claimed to be a Remainer, replaces Cameron and

prematurely triggers Article 50 although SHE has no plan either, refuses to acknowledge the narrowness of the vote, makes no attempt to build consensus and has to be dragged to the Supreme Court in order to give Parliament any say at all. She says that "Brexit means Brexit" and "No deal is better than a bad deal," words that will come back to haunt her.

10. Having said she wouldn't call an election, May does, aiming for a higher overall majority than she has already. She runs a dreadful campaign with the remarkable slogan "Strong and Stable Government" and is the first ever leader to go to the country with a policy that it's admitted will make it poorer.

11. She loses the majority that she could have whipped to rubber-stamp whatever Brexit plan she eventually comes up with. Labour also campaigns on a Leave ticket, so there's no real choice and therefore no serious consideration of the obvious problems of Brexit in any form.

12. Pusillanimous MPs continue to portray the referendum result as an "instruction". Thanks to this, the real question, which is "Whether to leave?" has become the false – but dominant – question, "How to leave?"

13. Thanks to her incompetence, in May is now forced into the tender embrace of the Democratic Unionist Party, a nasty bunch of religious fundamentalists who demand that the UK leave the EU even though the "nation" it has always held dearer than the UK wants to remain in it.

14. Useless, lazy and arrogant monoglot Brexit Secretary David Davis is sent to lecture the Europeans. He does, merely pissing them off. while repeatedly caving in. He resigns. His replacement Dominic Raab resigns too. Raab is replaced by a non-entity on the sensible assumption that he's too junior to notice when he walks.

15. Back home, May makes no effort to reach out to other parties, has her Chequers plan trashed within days and, despite the widespread conceit that "The EU always caves in at the last minute" (it doesn't), finally gets a poor deal with no chance of a majority in Parliament.

16. May then tries to force her deal through. It's defeated by the biggest Commons majority since dinosaurs ruled the Earth. Far from caving in, the EU sticks to a position it has held throughout.

17. Threatening to split her party as well as the nation by appeasing its Trumppo-Russian tendency, led by tribune of the people Jayden Rees-Mogg and his wet-nosed sniffer dog Steve Baker, May continues to rule out No Deal (a subliminal admission that hers is crap – see 9 above) and tries to force her deal through Parliament for a second time. It fails again by a huge margin.

18. Oblivious to the standard Leavers' complaint that the EU always asks nations to vote again and again until it gets the answer it wants, May plans to put it to Parliament – unamended, for it can't now be changed – for a third time so that she can,er, get the answer she wants. She is ruled out of order by The Speaker.

19. Having laid her job on the line by promising that the UK would leave the EU on 29th March and with a few days to go, May blames MPs for the mess, pissing THEM off too. Like a trumped-up Bohemian corporal she then appeals over their heads to "the people" and, while death threats plop onto the doormats of remain-inclined MPs, crawls to Brussels to beg an extension so she can still try to put the same deal for a third time to the very MPs she has just so royally insulted, threatening the EU as well as ourselves with No Deal if they

don't capitulate.

20. And that, with the military now stockpiling Spam, is where we are.

PS: there IS a majority in our sovereign Parliament for something. It is to remain in the EU. And it's a view MPs are constitutionally, legally and morally entitled – no, required – to express. All they have to do is reclaim the authority they threw away so long ago out of fear of the very people they represent, and with such tragic consequences.

Go on, have some guts and do what the Prime Minister says: **JUST GET ON WITH IT!**

Those interested in how our country is run may wish to take a copy of Charles Dickens's 'Little Dorrit' on tomorrow's London March and read Chapter 10: 'Containing the Whole Science of Government'. The worst thing about today's Britain is that there is no Dickens to record it.