

3rd November 2018

Dear Mr Rees-Mogg,

I see from your Twitter feed that there's a plan to feature a famous British scientist on the new £50 note. Or the new £37 note as I like to think of it given its value since the nation's thankfully botched suicide attempt in June 2016. (Personally I think it was just a cry for help.) But anyway: Hurrah! And what a spiffing idea of yours to demand the head of Margaret Thatcher! I always knew that there must be some tendril of common humanity linking you to the Yorkshire miners, opponents of the Poll Tax and Sir Geoffrey Howe – and now I know what it is. Famous British scientists, is it? Surely Sir Francis Galton, the absent father of the eugenics movement, would be far better suited to your brave old world to come than Margaret Thatcher, whose contempt for referendums was only equalled by that other pedantic and pro-European quibbler Sir Winston Churchill. And in any case Margaret only ever read Chemistry as an Oxford undergraduate, which hardly puts her up there with Bacon, Newton, Darwin or even my good friend Monica, although unfortunately for her she's Italian. And anyway, she (Margaret, I mean, not Monica) always seemed, like you, rather more enthralled by the alchemy of unfettered markets and just look where that's got us! In short, I rather think that Mrs Thatcher's contribution to Science stopped at or soon after the end of her third year at Somerville College, so that rules her out.

That said, I imagine her gift to Chemistry was rather greater than your contribution to the study and reputation of History at the same University's Trinity College. Perhaps this is why even your most deferential serfs haven't yet suggested putting the Mogg fizzog on the new 37p coin that, along with our blue passports, will lighten all our lives in the gloom you are preparing for us. It was Trinity you went to after Westminster Under School and Eton, wasn't it? I bloody hope so or I was wasting my time and that of quite a few passers-by the other day ... do please correct me if I'm wrong and I will apologise to the College in person for my impudence if not to you for the message upon those pearly gates.



Ah "The People's March", Mr Rees-Mogg! I assume you weren't there although I did see some twitching cobwebs at an upper room of the Palace of Westminster across the throng filling Parliament Square. Whether it

was you or Jeremy Corbyn I was unable to tell. Probably Corbyn: I imagine you were nestling snugly in the welcoming bosom of your constituency, perhaps judging a varicose vein competition in Peasedown St John or something. But back to “The People’s March”! What a pleasant change it was to mingle with hundreds of thousands of intelligent, articulate, friendly, well-informed and, above-all and despite-it-all, humorous people from all over the UK and much of Europe. Apart from a small and rather shabby bunch of Leavers and – how joyously apt! – Donald Trump supporters waving more beer cans than banners, all thought of my usual tussles with your semi-literate, gullible, ignorant and above all angry orcs was banished, if only for a day. Could you dredge up 700,000 souls to bat for you, Mr Rees-Mogg? I don’t think you could. Nigel Frottage tried it in Harrogate on the very same day and from what I hear Harrogate Town FC Reserves get a better turnout in the Vanarama National League ... and that’s when they’re playing away at Havant & Waterlooville on a wet Wednesday night.

Where are your hundreds of thousands? Why don’t THEY march? For the cries of “democracy denied” still burst forth with increasing flatulence from both ends of those who, when you ask them to say anything intelligent about that fine but fragile and frustrating concept, either shrivel up like an Arctic frogman’s John Thomas or start demonstrating their questionable adherence to its norms by shouting things like this, usually – and significantly, I feel – from the safety of a passing vehicle:

“We ad a fuckin vote u cunt get over it u fuckin scum.”

I have omitted any critique of spelling, punctuation and grammar as a mark of both authenticity and respect. That said, I do hope that it’s not past 9pm and Nanny is reading this to you – but there you have it, Mr Rees-Mogg. Like I said, and have recorded again and again, such are so often your supporters’ words and manners. What do you say about that? Nothing! For you know as well as I that you need such people or you – with all your courtesy and fine manners and principles and Olympian moral superiority – are lost, and with it your quietly understated coup. So I’d like to ask you: when Nanny finally lays down that book and ruffles your hair and you curl up under your eiderdown with your time-weathered and tear-salted Golliwog in your arms, do you sleep well upon it?

Remember, these are YOUR people. They are YOUR servants.

As, Sir, am I.

Peter