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Politics

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I've got a whale of a tale to tell you lads: The Boris is going full steam ahead to win the coming "Snap!" general election. And by fair means or foul whether he's going to do it, too. Before anyone else has had time to pull their sea-boots on, let alone have sufficient time to find their sea legs.

As however close to the edge of the known world, good Captain Boris has to sail to increase his slimmest of all margins, he and First Officer, Mr D. Cummings ("No. 1" as he's affectionately called by all who serve under him), will speed the ship of state ever onward and "damn the torpedoes."

And, what's more, The Boris and The Dom and their tried and trusty crew will do it in the sure certainty that the vision of a manageable

Parliamentary majority they see glimmering on the horizon; that naysayers regard as naught but a mirage; is not only real, but reachable.

Don't believe me?

Let me count the ways: If, perchance, you pine for a newly emboldened Opposition and future 'Government of Unity' made up of Labour, Lib-Dems, and members of the Green Party. Nice try, but very unlikely. Because if everyone concerned were ever going to make it happen they'd have already found some way of pulling together their own motley crew of discontents and/or zealots and would have already left harbour.

I mean, just last week, Liberal Democrat leader Jo Swinson rejected Jeremy Corbyn's plan for a temporary government of 'National Unity' to be led by him, of course. While, at one and the same time, three Tory MPs and a former Conservative minister, all agreed to work with the Labour leader. Are you still with me? Because then another former Conservative MP announced she was joining the Liberal Democrats.

Which then had Petty Officer J. Corbyn hurriedly taking to the lifeboats and using his badly dented megaphone to call for Tory 'Brexit' rebels to back his motion of no confidence in Boris Johnson: "Dissident Tories... Get on board!" So, no plain sailing there.

"Busily, rearranging deckchairs on 'The Titanic'" has nothing on it.

All of which goes to show that the all round delay continues, unabashed: "Will you walk a little faster?" said J. Corbyn to J. Swinson, "There's a Pollster close behind us and he's hinting at my extinction."

So what of the possibility of him re-considering? Or stepping aside to let Ms Swinson carry the can of 'Brexit' worms? Or stepping down, so that someone else can try to unite both party and country?

Not much chance of that happening. Not when the Labour leader's own lingo, Seumus Milne, is ever ready to whisper sweet 'Brexit'-nothings into his shell-like ear. No simple black and white issues to be balanced out, anymore, only ever more shades of grey.

As for a No-Deal 'Brexit' and leaving the EU without a formal agreement in place, it's entirely possible MPs could vote to back a 'No-Deal', but highly improbable given there's never been nearly enough votes for that option to pass any time before. Ask Theresa May; sunk without trace, after 3 years.

Then, "shiver my timbers," a secret government report entitled 'Operation Yellowhammer'; sounding, like something out of James Bond; was leaked to 'The Sunday Times' by person or persons unknown. Dr No? 'Goldfinger'? Mr Big? It's hard to say, with The Boris having so many enemies. But the intended damage was immediate, as the report revealed, in no uncertain terms, the chaos of a 'No-Deal Brexit' and the likely shortages of food, fuel, medicine, and various other necessities that would follow hard on.

The 'boy on the burning deck' duly appointed to put out the fires on the Sunday morning TV talk shows; none other than the Government Minister in charge of preparing for a 'No-Deal Brexit', acting-Second Officer, Mr Michael Gove; calmly signalled that the government had been planning for "absolutely the worst-case" in the event of a 'No-Deal Brexit'. And it was important to recognise that 'Yellowhammer' was an old document initially prepared for Theresa May. (Remember her?) "Since when, the government has taken significant additional steps to ensure that, deal or no-deal, we're prepared to leave the EU on October 31st."

What more could a fully on-board 'Brexiteer' PM, as yet 'untried by crisis', be expected to do in the face of such a fast rising political tide? What, pray, did First Officer, Mr D. Cummings advise?

Obviously: "Keep Calm and Carry On." For within a very respectable 24-hours; a sure sign there was no admission of any crisis; Captain Boris

dutifully manned the national media pumps to downplay all the many predictions of mass mayhem and insist that he and Britain 'could take it' and indeed, were more than ready for a 'No-Deal Brexit'. Crisis averted.

So what next? Have The Boris use his boyish charm to renegotiate with the EU? Have him succeed where Theresa May so conspicuously failed? Again. Unlikely. All those shifty-eyed EU "Foreign Johnnies" believe they have The Boris over a proverbial Brussels pork barrel. Especially when it borders on the issue of the Irish 'Back-Stop'. That ever vexing problem of the exact nature of the border between the Republic of Ireland; a fully paid up member of the EU; and the six, predominantly Protestant counties that together constitute Northern Ireland who insist on being counted as British. No "One Country; Two Systems," for them, thank you very much.

And, no, even the much ballyhooed all-powerful, but as yet undeliverable black box technology that will supposedly provide an invisible barrier, isn't going to save the day; at least not in any acceptable time frame. And all that even before The Boris makes any serious move to get to grips with any sort of revised 'Withdrawal Agreement' with leading members of the EU. You know: all the legally binding bits that cover the terms of the 'exit'; as well as all the nitty-gritty small print to do with monies owed, monies promised, binding transition periods, and citizen's rights, etcetera.

So what about a Second Referendum? A legally binding one, this time, not a shabby replica of 2016's purely advisory, legally non-binding 'Brexit' plebiscite that Theresa May, the glittering prize within reach, quickly clutched to her bosom to appease the European Research Group MPs who then helped secure her appointment as Conservative Party leader and Prime Minister. The lady, boldly, declaring: "The people have spoken!"

Only, they hadn't, not really. Not when all but half the country woke up the morning after the 'Brexit' referendum, to discover they'd been duped by outright falsehoods and lies, let alone befuddled by dark, digital forces. And they wanted a do-over, please. Or an above board re-play with reputable

referees. It's the thought they'd been so horribly hoodwinked, that got the wave after wave of disgruntled people flooding back out onto the streets.

Then, of course, had Jeremy Corbyn and his cabal of Labour purists pulled their fingers out of their brown-paper covered copies of Leon Trotsky's 'Art and Revolution: Writings on Literature, Politics & Culture' or 'On the Jewish Question' and fast caught both time and tide and called for an early Second Referendum, we wouldn't all still be at sea. One way or another, it would've been a fully binding "done deal" by now and no longer such a bone of public contention. So, not entirely ruled out, but still very doubtful.

Okay, now, back to the elephant in the engine room.

Call a "Snap!" General Election? Surely, the smartest way out of any deadlock. I mean, why else would The Boris and The Dom be so set on doing it as soon as possible? Clearly, no PM can govern properly with but a single vote advantage in his back pocket. Or with jumpy backbenchers in his own party, ready to call for a vote of no confidence. Let alone a Greek chorus of Opposition MPs crying at the end of every act: "'Fixed Term' Parliament Act be damned. In the name of God, go!"

"Fixed Term," did I say, because that brings us to the very wackiest of wheezes initially dreamed up by arch Conservative 'Brexit' now Leader of the House of Commons in all matters grammatical and poetical, Jacob Rees-Mogg. To wit: to task the Queen to prorogue Parliament. To have Her Majesty suspend Parliament before things come to a political head, so that The Boris can push through a 'No-Deal Brexit' unhampered by those wets in who still desire to secure a fully functioning 'Brexit Deal'.

Well that's not happening, not if Buckingham Palace can possibly avoid it. They have enough on their hands dealing with Prince Andrew's supposed past relationship with disgraced and now very dead US billionaire Jeffrey Epstein. And Her Majesty being prevailed upon to use her heretofore, soft 'ceremonial power' to affect the balance in a deeply divisive national issue

could be the thin end of a very tricky constitutional wedge. One that could open up questions as to the future role and purpose of the Monarchy itself; questions of the sort few politicians of any stripe or persuasion would want to debate in the current climate or any time soon.

Ready, now, for the final option and “Wow!” finish? Cancel ‘Brexit’ altogether. As in: “My bad. Sorry. Naught, but a bad case of British wining, that couldn't travel.” Especially, as the European Court of Justice has already ruled that it would be entirely legal for the UK to unilaterally revoke ‘Article 50’ and say “Bye-bye to ‘Brexit’” and all that. No need, at all, for the other 27 EU countries to re-stick their oars in, we’ve got you covered. No more ‘Perfidious Albion’, simply, on with the show of the single greatest trading block in the world. “Willkommen!” “Bienvenue!” Welcome!”

So there it all is: Your manifest for the coming voyage of the damned. “And you pays yer money, and yer makes yer choice.” Or, rather, Master and Commander Johnson and First Officer Cummings will. Because, come what may, they’re going to call a “Snap!” general election very soon. And, what’s more, Boris Johnson is not only going to sail it, he’s going to win it bigly.

“Rule Boristannia.”

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