

The PLOT

The Political Assassination Of Boris Johnson

By

NADINE Dorries

2023

"As readers, we remain in the nursery stage so long as we cannot distinguish between taste and judgment, so long, that is, as the only possible verdicts we can pass on a book are two: this I like; this I don't like.

"For an adult reader, the possible verdicts are five: I can see this is good and I like it; I can see this is good but I don't like it; I can see this is good and, though at present I don't like it, I believe that with perseverance I shall come to like it; I can see that this is trash but I like it; I can see that this is trash and I don't like it."

A Commonplace Book, 1970, WH Auden.

As you can guess I am preparing myself to review THE PLOT by Nadine Dorries.

Which category shall I choose? Or might there be a different category?

'Trash' is not my word of choice, but 'bad' certainly is. It is a Bad Book.

But I have certainly enjoyed it, even the irritating style and confusing pronouns. I Like It.

Well, gossip can be enthralling.

The borrowings from James Bond, however, are not merely silly, they reveal a writer who thinks that fiction is only about making things up. Sorry, good fiction is more than that.

And a joke loses its power to amuse the more frequently it is repeated.

She begins with a quotation from Cicero. I wonder if she is curtseying to the subject, the hero, of her book who cannot go for long without some classical quotation. Or might she, yet again, be saying, "Look at me, a Scouser brought up on a council estate with an outside lav, can't you see that I ought to be in the House of Lords?"

At times the book is very much about her.

The gossip is great, but she uses it to charge so many powerful people in and around the Conservative Party with not only an attack upon her hero, but also with the destruction of that Party.

There is no bibliography and there are no end notes. The identities of her witnesses are secret. So also are the identities of some of the villains that she refers to. So we cannot check up. We must gamble on the gossip. If we enjoy it then wouldn't it be great if it were all true?

Except in one respect I do want it all to be true. I look around and see a chaotic set of politicians creating a dysfunctional society. Her witnesses confirm this.

But Boris, really?

She can assert it as strongly as she likes but I cannot see him as an intellectual applying his great mind to the detailed work that came across his desk.

Oh, the wallpaper! So it wasn't gold and it did not cost £840 a roll. Nadine makes that very clear. What she does not mention is that the entire refurbishment cost more than six times the amount set aside to pay for it.

MORE LATER 😊

Trying to finish what I want to say about THAT book.

At various times Dorries gives us her list of strong prime ministers. Blair is always on that list. Significance? It was said that Cameron, Osborne and Gove referred to Blair as "The Master". And Thatcher certainly saw him as her political son.

So political stance seems to have some part in her preferences. But I think that she is a sucker for personalities. The suggestion by a friend that she is the teenager with a crush on her teacher convinces me.

She knows that Boris has his imperfections, but somehow they only serve to shine a light on what she sees as his outstanding qualities.

The Covid Inquiry has yet to interrogate him, but so far the evidence that it has heard reveals him to be incompetent and uncaring.

"Let the bodies pile high."

She tries to convince her readers that it was the 'plotters' that deliberately prevented his great socially dedicated intellect from functioning effectively.

She does not convince this reader.

As for Brexit.

She really believes that he was a dedicated Leaver.

I did not notice any mention of him standing in front of a bus on which was painted the promise that if we left the EU we would have an extra £350 million a week to spend on the NHS.

A serious promise? No, a lie. A planned and deliberate lie.

For Boris I believe that Brexit was a 'jolly jape'. It was playground fun.

She claims that he had no knowledge of the goings on in the house in which he lived and worked, almost non stop according to her.

Sex, booze and rock n' roll every Friday we are told by her 'witnesses'. It was all kept from our hero.

A Prime Minister with his eyes wide shut.

By the way, as I get closer to my last full stop, I am sorry to disappoint you, but I cannot think of a suitable Bond quote on which to end. If you wish for one you will have to compose your own.

Sorry.

What in the book do I take seriously?

I take all that gossip very seriously. It cannot be verified or challenged. And yet, it paints a convincing picture, not of Boris or of any PLOT, but of uncaring, rulers. It is not just the Conservative Party that they have destroyed. Their playground games are fulfilling Thatcher's claim that there is "No such thing as society."

They are destroying England in particular. The rest of the U.K. still has some capacity to mount a defence.

Nadine wanted so much to become a member of the House of Lords. Really!

Oh dear.

But she is a member of the Privy Council.

She keeps telling us that as a kid she was brought up in a council house with an outside lav.

From one privy to another.

Cliff Jones, 30th. November 2023.

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