

ASTINE

THE MAGAZINE THAT HAS GIVEN UP

Don de Courcelle

Meteor ARMAGEDDON

What YOU can do to make it happen

WARNING: THIS
MAGAZINE
CONTAINS BAD
FUCKING
LANGUAGE AND IS
UNSUITABLE FOR
CUNTS



Gaudy logo:

promoting listless election coverage

Style:

Despair — the choice of a new generation

President Obama:

God-fucking-damn it



PLUS IMPOTENT RAGE / LURCHING HORROR / PISS AND SHIT

We're the ones who spill oil like clumsy tea-shoppe waiters, funded torturers in Indonesia and bribe "scientists" into lying about the environmental effects of our business so we can continue to profit off potentially rendering the Earth uninhabitable.

You're the one who really needed that 4x4 to take your 4 year-old only child 100 yards to school every day.



We're all in this together, guys

**"Death injury agreement
strike war Arabs
Americans two-nil and
stupid bastards."**

Things you'll probably find in this "magazine":

NOWSPOON: The latest shit to have happened as this magazine went to press pored over in vaguely disinterested fashion, possibly owing to the fact that by the time the magazine is finally released the stories will be hopelessly out of date and no longer the slightest bit important, starting on page 7.

ELECTION 2010: These things are a fucking nightmare to cover, especially with the first fucking issue, so you better read this and you better come away entertained, or at least half a baby step away from tying a belt around your neck and ending it all once and for all, from p11.

FUCKING HELL: Why are Democrats such pussies? We yell pointlessly into the abyss, again, from p29.

Also: a contents page. And a desperate plea for aid in writing this shit. Oh, and a photo of a diseased lung, so look out for that.



Supremacist piece of shit can't even die without fucking everything up: Nowspoon, p7



X
2010

Depressed Aberdeen Angus, insincere tophatted prefect or the other guy? General Election discussed in punishing detail, p11



Grow a fucking pair: Why Democrats don't get anything done, despite having more of a mandate than Bush ever had (clue: they're pussies), p29

SHRIEK FROM THE "EDITOR"



ARE YOU WORRIED? Do you watch the news every day and think "oh holy shit"? Do you fear the world really is doomed?

That e developed world has gone genuinely insane? That civilisation has finally rendered itself untenable?

In America, a few thousand imbeciles in paper tricorner hats gather occasionally at the behest of their corporate masters, to protest something they don't actually understand a single thing about, starting with what exactly it is that they're so up in arms about in the first place. Global Warming, a fact of life 20 years ago, is suddenly in "dispute" thanks to those corporations again, for whom profit is more important than life itself. A supposedly liberal administration gives the leeching rich everything they want for fear that doing the right thing might "poll badly". The most powerful nation on Earth is so soul-sick and mentally unbalanced that the idea of children *not* being refused medical treatment for being poor is condemned as the ultimate evil by people with genuine influence. In Britain, everything is shit and no-one gives a fuck about anything beyond the next ITV reality show. The working class has been reduced to a universally-mocked collection of apathetic carbon blobs, and it happened during a Labour administration. An election looms on the horizon, and the unappealing choice between a haunted cow and a guffawing frog-faced public schoolboy whose main character trait is a willingness to say and do anything to get elected. Do you sometimes lie awake thinking civilisation could collapse at any moment? That the world is the coyote, pedalling air a yard from the cliff, and that the only thing keeping it up is that it hasn't looked down yet?

Welcome to 2Suns, the intensely depressing "comedy" magazine that's built on the assumption that civilisation as we know it is fucked. With jokes! It's the monumentally depressed left-winger's *Private Eye*, only free. Or maybe a combination of *Mad Magazine*, *Time*, *The Daily Show*, *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists*, the last days in the life of *Phil Ochs*, and a sailor with a stubbed toe. Depressing and angry and funny and fucking swear, and all for free! LUCKY. YOU.

The Earth.

An insane twirling ball of sickening despair and nonchalant brutality, from which there is no escape, and upon which reason is strictly limited to those without the power to use it for anything more constructive than screaming into the laughing face of the abyss while the howling planet turns and turns in the nonsensical black infinity of space as if trying to shake off the terrible creatures which run around its face killing each other and nonchalantly ruining the system of nature itself, as if crapping on the very notion of existence.



Welcome to **2SUNS**.

**THIS IS NOT AN
ALTERNATIVE NEWS-
WEEKLY. THIS IS A
SUSTAINED HOWL OF
DESPAIR.** Despair at a world in which it seems as though the supervillains have already won. A world in which, right now, this instant, thousands upon thousands are dying of starvation, thirst, or neglect while you read a PDF file on the Internet. A world in which the population of the first world are very carefully kept docile by a media run by the same people that order up new wars every so often to keep their wallets full. A world in which an entire nation can be convinced that poor people *not* dying is immoral. A world in which the line between news and entertainment has vanished as if it never existed in the first place. A world in which media and government, government and commerce, commerce and geopolitics, are all the same self-sustaining, ever-churning, profit-making entity. A world in which a giant company can get away with a slap on the wrist for manufacturing energy crises and cracking jokes about the inevitable deaths. A world where a transparently corrupt, transparently mass-murdering, transparently incompetent American Government is allowed to get away with everything it did, while its predecessor was crippled and almost dismantled because its figurehead once indulged in oral sex. **The world we live in today.**

Many newsmagazines warn of the possible collapse of civilisation. 2SUNS is the only one to assume it. "The only thing necessary," it is said, "for evil to succeed, is for good people to do nothing." Well, evil figured that out first, and it's spent the last several decades making sure that the potentially good people *don't* do anything, because they don't know there's anything that needs doing in the first place. Civilisation is bloated, inward-looking and apathetic, its people deliberately rendered physically sedentary and mentally unable to contemplate anything beyond the immediate, by people and companies in whose interest is your stupidity. Humanity is on the brink of tearing itself apart. The free world is untenable, the coyote running off the cliff. The only reason it hasn't fallen already is because it hasn't looked down to see itself pedalling air yet.

Still, you've got to laugh, haven't you? Welcome to 2SUNS magazine, the most resigned magazine on Earth. Chortle into the end times with us! Print us out so you can use us to wipe up the tears, or keep a collection in the bunker to cheer you up when some idiot finally fires one of those unforgivably powerful weapons at someone else! Stick it up your arse! Do what you like, basically. It's free, after all.

Yes, the world is basically doomed. But it's alright. Yell "FUCK EVERYTHING" with 2SUNS.



YES, IT'S JUST A BIG
SHINY ROCK
AND YES, BY BUYING IT YOU'RE
FUNDING THE MOST
BRUTAL REGIMES
ON EARTH
BUT DON'T BLAME US
BITCHES BE CRAZY



A DIAMOND IS FOR A WEEK OR TWO, THEN SHE'LL WANT MORE, AM I RIGHT FELLAS

NOW

...THIS IS IMPORTANT SHIT

NOWSPOON is your completely arbitrary digest for what the fuck has been going on lately around this vast and unknowable globe and more importantly how it affects you, which everything does, but usually only in tiny or indirect ways that are all too easy to ignore and are therefore generally allowed to continue until civilisation finally collapses under the weight of its own apathy and complacency.

EUROPE

BIBLICAL SHIT FUCKS ENTIRE CONTINENT

Europe's skyways were at a standstill when we went to press after the latest evidence of God's wrath on His creation — a volcano going off in some keyboard-sneeze place in Iceland — caused a heavy grey cloud of ash, like the air itself had a hangover, to descend on the continent, forcing all aircraft in the UK to cease flights immediately until the fucking thing went away.



Along with the eleven or so major earthquakes recorded already this year, the unexpectedly annoying volcanic eruption is part of a string of apocalyptic, biblical punishments which suggest that God Himself has finally decided to step in and take action against the human race for fucking everything up and just generally being a speciesful of cunts.

The volcano, situated underneath the icecap of a large glacier named supposedly named

Eyjafjallajökull, although would you look at that word, they're clearly fucking with us, they just randomly bashed about on a keyboard, threw in some Unicode and told the English-speaking world it was a word, anyway, the volcano initially erupted in March, and then again on the 14th of April, sending hot ash into the sky like a corpulent, belching chain-smoker. The resultant cloud, at time of writing, still covers much of the top half of Europe, including the bottom half of Britain.

Volcanic ash is extremely dangerous to aviation, as it fucks up machinery. If a large cloud of the stuff gets sucked into a jet engine, it won't be long before said engine disintegrates and the plane transforms from a reasonably comfortable, fast long-distance transporter into a brutally efficient mass-killing cylinder.

The upshot is that no-one can get in or out of most of Europe by plane right now, meaning the world is slowly grinding to a halt as no-one can get to sporting fixtures, crucial political summits or extramarital affairs overseas. At time of writing there was no immediate signs of the situation improving any time soon. The campaign to increase funding for research into travel via the Internet starts here.



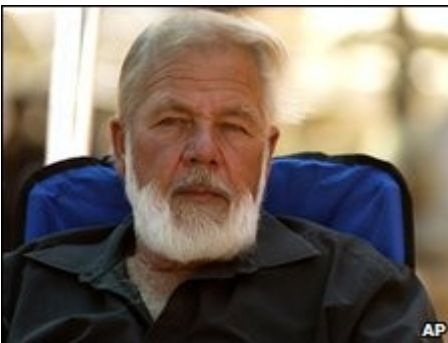
POLAND

CRISIS IN SATIRE INDUSTRY AFTER ACCIDENTAL PRESIDENTIAL DEMISE

The death in Russia of President Lev Kaczynski in a plane crash has paralysed much of Europe's satire industry as they attempt to reconcile the elements of slapstick and tragedy in the story. Independent reviews have suggested that the story might be funnier the further away you live from Poland, and/or the less you know about Polish politics. The response from non-Polish satirists has generally been to ignore the story completely and concentrate on Gordon Brown's funny voice and his funny eyebrows. In Poland itself, they don't have that luxury, and consequently are forced to attempt to be funny about a horrible tragedy in which dozens of people lost their lives. Many have pointed out that for satire to be tasteful defeats the whole purpose, but none of them will ever be on TV, so who cares what they think?

SOUTH AFRICA

EUGENE TERREBLANCHE STILL RUINS EVERYTHING



White supremacist fuckhead Eugene Terreblanche, hacked and beaten to death with a machete and a bloody big club on Easter Sunday by some black workers of his in a dispute over wages, is still fucking the country up for everyone else even in death.

The news of his satisfyingly horrible murder on April 4th at first provoked cheers of delight, bellows of schadenfreude and the occasional shrug and "fuck him, he deserved it" among individuals not sympathetic to racist terrorist fuckheads. But

shortly after the schadenfreude, dismay began to descend, and a palpable sense of "oh fuck, the country's going to fucking tear itself apart."

These predictions were given extra weight on the 6th of April by the demonstrations outside the courthouse where the two apparent murderers were charged. Police had to construct a barrier made of razor wire and bring in three small portable searchlights and a crack team of dogs that exhaled tear gas to maintain order.

Terreblanche's murder came ten weeks before South Africa are due to host the World Cup, and therefore have half the world's population descend on it en masse. And probably get stabbed in the face with a machete during a giant race war on the streets of Johannesburg. Suddenly those team-branded flak jackets don't seem like such a bad idea.

KYRGYZSTAN YET ANOTHER COUNTRY YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF IS HAVING A CIVIL WAR OVER GOD ALONE KNOWS WHAT AND I JUST BET WE'RE ALL GOING TO SEE EVERY ATTOSECOND OF A CONFLICT WE CAN'T BEGIN TO SPELL, LET ALONE UNDERSTAND, UNFOLD IN FRONT OF OUR EYES ON TWENTY-FOUR HOUR COCKING NEWS UNTIL OUR SENSE OF IMPOTENT CONCERN IS TRANSFORMED INTO BLITHE DISINTEREST AND DARK AMUSEMENT, JUST LIKE YUGOSLAVIA AND IRELAND AND CHECHNYA AND FUCK KNOWS WHAT ELSE President Kurmanbek Bakiyev *(continued at a later date)*

TIGER WOODS PLAYS GOLF

Online whistleblowing site WikiLeaks has uncovered and released a classified US military video depicting the indiscriminate slaying of over a dozen people in the Iraqi suburb of New Baghdad -- including two Reuters news staff.



Reuters has been trying to obtain the video through the Freedom of Information Act, without success since the time of the attack. The video, shot from an Apache helicopter gun-site, clearly shows the unprovoked slaying of a wounded Reuters employee and his rescuers. Two young children involved in the rescue were also seriously wounded.

The video includes dialog such as:

I think they just drove over a body," "Hah. Did he?" "Yeah."

And: "Light 'em up. Come on, fire."

"Alright, hahahahaha, I hit 'em."

"Look at the dead bastards."

Also, Tiger Woods, recently convicted and sentenced to death for fucking several white women who weren't his wife, played golf again at the Masters tournament. What would happen when this famous person who happened to have committed adultery was surrounded by several thousand cameras while attempting to do his job was the question on the lips of literally everyone in the entire world, apart of course for the dozen people killed and written off as collateral damage by an out-of-control military whose moral centre has been thrown out completely by being asked to fight a war against a random country on a complete whim. Woods finished fourth on the leaderboard.

WHEREVER RICKY MARTIN'S FROM

POPE A CATHOLIC

Pop singer Ricky Martin, popular a decade ago, has announced that he is "a gay". Unfortunately, he made the announcement in Spanish, so most of his American fanbase immediately hurled their shoes through their monitors in disgust at having to read the god damn Messican language.

SHUT UP DUMB LADY

IDIOT MILF'S TV SHOW NOT EVEN WATCHED BY IMBECILES

Sarah Palin's Real American Stories, the Fox News television special hosted by the fairly attractive unemployed middle-aged mother of devastatingly average intelligence, was apparently watched by about eleven people, all of whom had turned over to the Playboy network by the end of the programme. The programme showed Failed Governor Palin, 36-22-32, pretending to interview a succession of slackjawed trucker-cap wearing dimbos, tragic soldiers she'd happily send back to the slaughter as President, and library footage of LL Cool J.

INDIA

75 PEOPLE SLAUGHTERED, NO-ONE NOTICES

Maoist rebels have embarked on a program of ambushing Government security convoys in Chhattisgarh, killing 75 soldiers in one attack on April 5th. Unfortunately, you can't do anything about it but get depressed. Not sure why we even bothered to tell you about it, to tell you the truth. Oh well.

Weapon of choice.



Whether you use it as soft drink or light ordnance, the Coca-Cola company is committed to giving you, the customer, only the very best. That's why we:

- Use clean, drinkable water in thirst-ravaged regions of India, not only to provide you with refreshing Coke™, but also to clean our factory floors, rather than inferior recycled water, which would smear the metal.
- Hire sinister paramilitary mercenaries at our bottling plants in out-of-the-way countries like Columbia and Guatemala to murder workers who threaten to form unions—which might impede your supply of cool, delicious Coke™.
- Spray pesticides around like cocking lawn sprinklers on a hot day in LA, contaminating everything from the ground to the air around our bottling plants.

There's a reason our bottles are red. So have a Coke™ and a smile. We went to a lot of effort to bring it to you, after all.

Coke takes...life.



X 2010



**These
three
men
want to
save
the
country.**

**That's
you.**

**Pick
one.**

Have suited arseholes, who've hitherto never shown you the slightest interest suddenly noticed your existence and started pulling earnest faces in photographs published in "newspapers" you never see except when there's an election on? Guess what. Here's your cut-out-and-lose guide to this shit.

The nation tosses a coin

So you know who the main parties are and you know who their leaders are, but you still don't know what they stand for, if anything? Well, you suck as a voter, quite frankly, but don't despair: here's 2SUNS' definitive at-a-glance manifesto gawp thing to at least give you the illusion of making an informed choice.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

The Conservative Manifesto is the most stern, edifice-like of the three, coming in a textured blue cover with the title printed on embossed faux-goldleaf: "INVITATION TO JOIN THE GOVERNMENT OF BRITAIN". Beneath that, in the same goldleaf, is the ridiculous "pastel sketch of a tree" logo the party adopted under Cameron in a failed attempt to make themselves look like they give a fuck about anything but themselves and the cosseted, hand-wringing, aspirational twats they represent. The overall impression is presumably meant to be of a stamped and franked invitation to a classy Hampstead wine and cheese party, but instead it just looks dull and humourless.

The Lib Dem manifesto is all delicate shades of "natural"-looking colours—teal and yellow and green and what have you—which are so subtle and bland they eventually become almost impossible to focus on, making them ideal for the party themselves. Everything's written in friendly lowercase sans serif, just like everything else in the world these days, from supermarket logos to banks to probably passports before very long. In every case, using writing like this for your supposedly "authoritative" text just makes you seem impossibly bland, which again makes it ideal, etc. The cover itself is all vaguely-worded, calculatedly subtle non-proclamations, but at least it seems vaguely human in a way the Conservative one doesn't.

The cover of the Labour manifesto is the most worrying. It's the only one to use a picture, which earns style points, but they're almost immediately detracted because of the faintly unsettling, vaguely Maoist nature of the picture itself: a nuclear family staring directly at a huge rising sun reaching past the rolling hills and valleys of their Great Nation. It feels like it should have Gordon Brown's face smiling beatifically down from the sun. Too sinister for its own good.

ON CASH:

What with the recession and all, the economy is the driving issue of this year's election. Unfortunately, no-one says anything about it in their manifesto even slightly comprehensible to normal people. Still, here's some rough translations:

The Tories' biggest economic pledge was to scrap Labour's planned rise in National Insurance, an issue many feel passionately about, but few actually understand. The first thing they will do if they get in (which, incidentally, they almost certainly will) is call an emergency budget, presumably under the auspices of Napoleon the Pig lookalike George Osborne, in which they will implement many of the other money-saving policies outlined in their "invitation", most of which involve directly punishing the public sector for merely existing,

The Lib Dems have pledged to look into nationalisation, which earns left-wing brownie points on its own. But their most important and talked-about economic policy is to completely reform the income tax system by a) scrapping council tax and replacing it with a local version of income tax and b) raising the tax-free earning threshold to ten grand, which they say they're going to pay for with a "mansion tax" that should bring in two million on its own. The other parties have claimed (in so many words) that they could tax individual pubes and still wouldn't be able to afford this scheme, and the only reason they're saying it is that they know they'll never be asked to bite the bullet, and whatever shut up whatever.

Labour, of course, are the ones who've had to preside over the nation during the Moneygeddon itself. Their main economic policy—apart from the National Insurance thing which they're locked into now—is to "secure the recovery by supporting the economy and halving the deficit by 2014 through growth, fair taxes and cuts to lower priority spending," which is so vague as to be functionally meaningless. The "golden rule" of previous manifestos — only borrowing as part of an economic cycle and keeping the national debt low — appears to have, perhaps unsurprisingly, quietly gone out the window.

INVITATION TO
JOIN THE GOVERNMENT
OF BRITAIN



THE CONSERVATIVE MANIFESTO 2010

ON CRIME AND JUSTICE AND SHIT

and kick them to death. They also claim to be in favour of rehabilitation programs for young offenders, but we'll believe that when we see it, which we sincerely hope we never do. Other than that, they really don't seem to have a problem with our often cheerfully totalitarian policing system. As for immigration, they propose a limit on non-EU immigrants, atop a points system evaluating every one of them for how useful they might turn out to be to Britain.

The Tories favour a system whereby police and local councils have the power to sweep in to pubs, off licences and so on which have persistently sold alcohol to under-18s



The Lib Dems, inevitably, are the most progressive of the three, proposing direct elections for chief constables, coupled with giving the public the power to sack them. They'd save money on new prisons by scrapping sentences less than six months long and replacing them with "rigorously enforced community sentences", which sounds like it might mean being forced to pick up litter in parks while chained together and carrying giant rocks on their backs. But probably doesn't. Like the other parties, it supports a points system for immigration, although they can't be doing with the Tories' annual limits.

Labour also favour making Chief Constables answerable to the public, although not directly elected by them. They will apparently bring in laws to give victims access to "restorative justice" — basically meeting up with the criminals and telling them they're a cunt, which is reminiscent of nothing so much as Vanessa Feltz' "You killed me" cameo on Brass Eye, bringing some much needed light relief to the manifesto. On immigration, they again favour the points system, so that's obviously coming no matter what, and also extremely rigorous English tests for absolutely everyone who sets foot on British soil *before they even do set foot here*. Possibly involving them reading complete works of Shakespeare and then summarising every play in 500 words or less. Or not.

ON POLITICAL REFORM

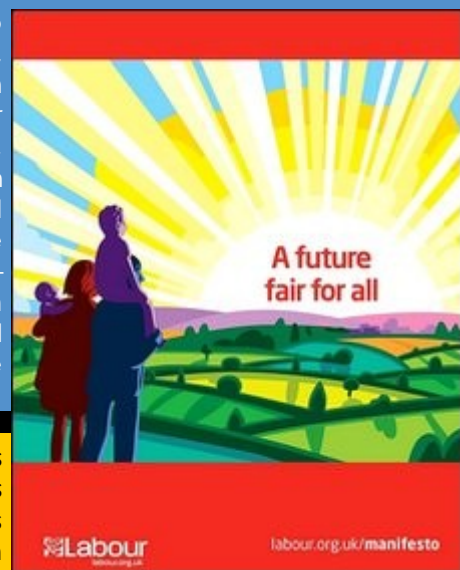
Ever since the oh-my-god-you-mean-politicians-aren't-trustworthy expenses scandal broke, political reform has been a hot-button issue, whatever that means. Presumably the button's hot because lots of people are jabbing at it because the issue is really bloody important, yeah? Well, it's still a weird phrase. Anyway, the parties' positions are as follows:

The Tories are a little bit compromised here, because after the scandal, they have to pledge sweeping reforms to the parliamentary system, even though by their very nature, they don't want it to change much at all. Consequently they concentrate mainly on those darn MPs, saying they want to literally decimate parliament, i.e. reduce the number of seats by 10%, and make their finances more transparent. The House of Lords, however, barely warrant a mention, appearing a mere twice in the entire 131-page document, in which they hem and haw a little about "building a consensus" toward an elected second House, which they obviously do not under any circumstances want to happen, because being Tories they see the House of Lords—particularly the few remaining hereditary ones—as the true seat of all wisdom, populated as it is (or should be in their heads) by a bunch of old, upper-crust traditionalists in giant ermine coats which are twice as valuable as all of your possessions put together, each and every one of whom has less idea of what the real world is actually like than Mickey Mouse.

By contrast, the Lib Dems are in their element. They've been pushing for sweeping reforms for practically their whole 22-year existence, and this year's manifesto sets out their plans to completely change the political face of Britain, including scrapping the House of Lords completely and replacing it with a much smaller second house; introducing a written constitution; replacing the first-past-the-post system with proportional representation; introducing fixed-term parliaments; and creating an official Lobbyist's Register. These sound like such good ideas that it's a real shame they're the Lib Dems' ideas, and therefore none of it will ever, ever happen.

Like the Tories, Labour are much more cautious, using buzzwords and slogans ("A New Politics") in lieu of promises to really change anything. To be fair, they do mention reform of the Lords and proportional representation, albeit in fudgy terms involving referenda on the subject. They also pledge fixed-term parliaments, and to consider lowering the voting age to 16. All in all, they come in a respectable second on the issue to the Lib Dems, with the Tories lagging behind due to their failure to pledge anything at all, and also their insistence on being Tories.

There are other issues, obviously, but these (economy, justice, reform) are the main three. Hopefully you'll have a better idea who to vote for not the Tories after having read our entirely unbiased, non-partisan fuck the Conservative Party article.



Looks like Democracy



You know what the biggest fucking headache is when you're reporting on a general election? Weighing the issues? Deciding who to support? Figuring out how to make any of this anything like as interesting as it is important?

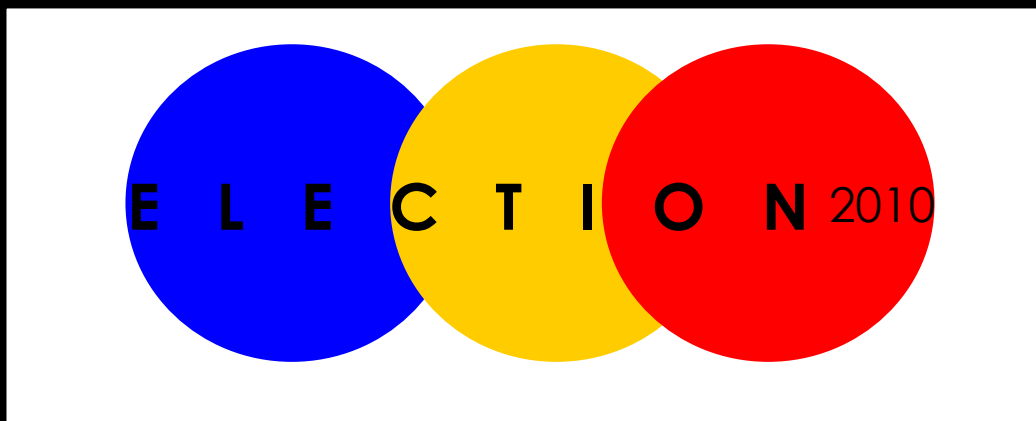
In fact, it's none of these. The biggest headache comes in choosing a fucking logo for your coverage.

For a start, you have to include all three of the main parties in the colour scheme—that is, red for Labour, blue for the Tories and gold for the Lib Dems. And you have to make sure every colour has the exact same amount of coverage—if there's a picocentimetre more red in the design than blue, the Tories will screech about your horrible socialist bias until you're forced to club your graphic designer to death out of sheer confusion.

Then you've got to fend off accusations from the Green Party and UKIP and the cuntin' BNP about why they're not represented and you have to remind them over and over that they've got less chance of gaining even one MP than the guy in the chicken costume representing the "Wasting the World's Fucking Time" party.

Finally, it has to be flexible; able to be adapted to fit anywhere on the page in any configuration, which means you have to tinker and tinker and tinker until you puke blood and curse the very concept of democracy.

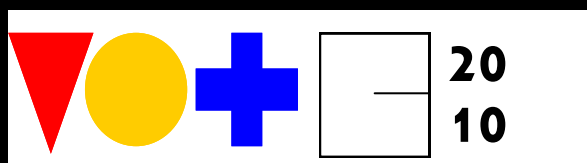
So anyway here's a rundown of our possible designs, because it took us ages to fucking figure the cocking thing out, so we're going to publish it all because it's all our hard fucking work god damn fucking thing.



Priceless. Easy on the eye, but unpleasant Mastercard connotations ruled it out. Kept expecting it to be narrated by James Davenport. Also, the colours aren't fucking equal. And black on blue? What were we thinking? Yeah, fuck this design. This design is shit. Next.



Aquafresh. Looks weirdly authoritative, in an anodyne Sky News sort of way. "X" short for election — will people understand that? Tough fucking luck if they don't, frankly. You'll have noticed that this is the one we picked.



Playstation. This is undeniably eye-catching and memorable. But drawbacks include: hideous use of "VOTE" in place of "ELECTION", displaying woeful lack of faith in public's ability to process words of more than one syllable; huge question mark over what the hell Playstation buttons have to do with parliamentary democracy, the fact that we ran out of colours by the end, the fact that it's a tiny bit too reminiscent of that sickening mess they're embarrassing us with for the Olympics and the fact that we couldn't or wouldn't think of something to do with the year at the end.



No. At this point we were just sick and tired of the whole exercise, frankly. I mean, who thought this would be interesting to read about? I wouldn't be surprised if you're so annoyed by now that you've printed this PDF file out just so you can hurl it into a skip. But look on the bright side: you didn't pay for it. Unless you did. In which case: caveat paypal, motherfucker.

Meet the dickheads **Gordon Brown**

James Gordon "Fingers" Brown was born in Scotland town, on the 30th of February, in the year dot. He was and remains the second son of Rev Dr Lord Ebenezer Scrooge, a registered Scotsman. The family eked out an existence in Glasgow until Gordon was thirty, when they moved to Kirkcaldy, which is exactly the same only on the northern shore of the Firth of Forth. This is the area he represents in Parliament today. His political affiliations were never in doubt. By the age of 18 months he was pushing Whig Party leaflets through letterboxes in France.

After graduating with a fist from Edinburgh University, and serving a memorable term as Rector, our hero fought Edinburgh South for Labour in a cage match. The city, with its weight advantage, won out in ten rounds. Later, at the 1979 general election, he narrowly lost to future cabinet fuckhead, wannabee Tory Leader and shit pie, Michael Ancram. Then, finally, he won the safe Labour seat of Dunfermline East, at the 1983 general election. He was 32, and finally he had MP in his face. A few weeks after entering the Commons, Brown began sharing an office with another new boy, some skinny English tosser called Tony Blair.

By the early 1990s, Brown was riding high, sort of, considering that he was still in the Labour Party in the early nineties and all. He became shadow Chancellor under the boringly named but ace John Smith. But when Smith, healthiest man ever, died of a stupid fucking heart attack in 1994, Blair and Brown found themselves pitted against each other as rivals for the Crown of the Mountain King. A deal was struck, which everyone knows about so blah blah let's skip ahead whatever. For the rest of time, Brown believed he had been manoeuvred out of the leadership and Prime Ministerings, and has never appeared to have forgiven his former ally Peter Mandelson for what he regarded as being a right cunt, like.

But at the time such resentments were temporarily placed behind them. The goal that united them all in the 1990s was to punch John Selwyn-Gummer square in the balls. And then get Labour back into power after 18 ice ages in opposition. Together they formed an unstoppable fighting force, and no one worked harder than Gordon to secure the monumentally enormous and huge election victory in 1997 that saw Tony Blair become Jesus.

As Chancellor, Brown would put in 38 hour days, often ending up upside down in a shopping trolley, talking tactics and swapping political gossip with what he believed to be his closest advisers, economist Ed Balls and spin doctor Charlie Whelan, although usually it was actually two rats. As Tony Toni Tone entered Downing Street on a wave of public elation at having fucked the Tories in the anus, Brown swung into action, opening with a major shock move: control of interest rates was given to the Bank of England only two days after the new Government took office. For his next trick, Gordon froze public spending for two years. The country swooned. At least, the parts of the country who knew what any of this meant swooned. But as he increased the reach of the Treasury, he came into conflict with his old mate.

By 2003, he still wasn't Prime Minister, and his followers were getting bored of waiting. Blair eventually mumbled a few things prior to the 2005 election about it being his last, and after about three years of procrastination, he agreed to step down. No-one was daft enough to challenge him.

Unfortunately he became Prime Minister at exactly the wrong time. Fuckups by his predecessor, not to mention the shit and rubbish President of the United States he'd inherited, had left the country in a right state than even a man with the power of twenty-eight Attlees, fifteen Churchills, a John Smith and eight Thatchers would be overwhelmed by. Add a run of bad luck comparable to that of Griffin Dunne in "After Hours", and the rather disappointing fact that, for someone basically born to be Prime Minister, he's not very good at it, and now everyone hates him so much they'll vote in David sodding Cameron rather than give him the keys back.



This picture doesn't have
anything to do with our product.
There's a reason for that.



Periods are icky. Alright? Are you happy now we've fucking said it? Periods are icky, vaginas are icky, the whole fucking thing is icky, and frankly we'd rather not have to advertise these things at all, thank you very much. We'd rather you bitches just sat in darkened rooms with flannels and paper towels and kept it to yourselves. But no, you have to put it out in the open and make a market out of it. You know, if we pissed blood out of our dicks every month, we sure as shit wouldn't fucking go the fuck on about it like you do. And we certainly wouldn't force roomfuls of women to try and advertise the fucking towels we piss into.*



**Buy it.
Don't buy it.
Just shut the fuck up about it.**

**Look, it's not our fault the advertising industry is 95% male. Maybe if you weren't so fucking crazy every fucking month you'd break that glass ceiling, huh?*

Poster Boys

The electoral process in Britain is heavily regulated, preventing the kind of depressing Swift Boat Cunts for Fucking Everything Up For Everyone shit you see in America. Television advertising is strictly limited to Party Election Broadcasts, which have to be billed in advance so no-one watches them. The most open battleground is the political poster. And this years have been particularly stupid. Here's a cocking selection of this year's fuckshitting posters for your stupid fucking face, you cunt.

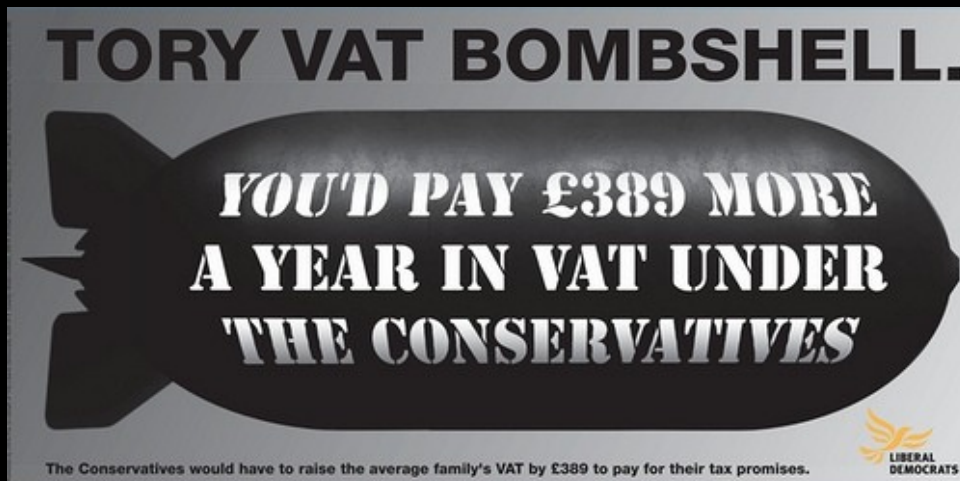


The Tories got the ball rolling back in January with this stomach-churning closeup of the simpering face of the probable next Prime Minister and definite current cardboard-faced poshboy. Immediately it became a minor Internet meme, with all sorts of potentially libellous and even blasphemous shit being attributed to the top-hatted cocknosed amphibian prick. Top marks to the guy in Hereford who painted a quiff on him and changed the second line to "with suspicious minds". And the rather more forthright Londoner who spray-painted "FUCK OFF BACK TO ETON" underneath his hateful photoshopped chops.

Labour came back with this almost-endearingly childish response. Incidentally, is it just us or is there something faintly alien and offputting about the typeface Labour are using in their logo these days?

**BUILDING A
FOUNDATION.
WEARING IT.**

 Labour



The Lib Dem posters have usually been among the most route-one. This direct, if unoriginal, metaphorical whimsy could have come out in 1974. Both times. In fact, it's based on a poster from 1992 by the Tories themselves against Labour—a fact which has provoked some genuinely stupid Tory supporters into calling the Lib Dems "unoriginal". Because it's not as though it's a deliberate piss-take of the original poster or anything, YOU STUPID CUNTS.



Don't let him take Britain back to the 1980s.

Labour

www.labour.org.uk

Labour's first poster of the campaign proper (designed by a voter) is a strained metaphor showing David Cameron as Gene Hunt, symbolising the last period of successful (by their standards) Tory rule, during which absolutely everybody was miserable except the kind of cunts who owned filofaxes and drank Piat d'Or because they genuinely believed the adverts saying the French loved it.

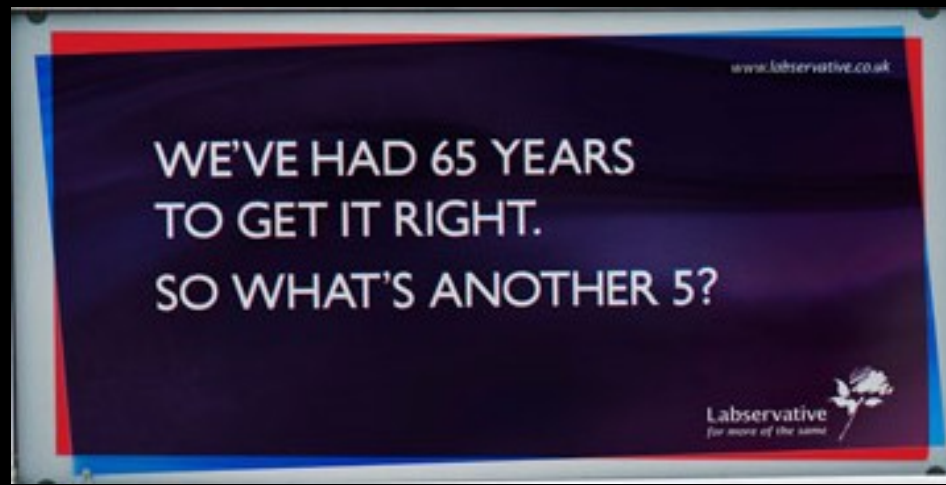
The Tories almost immediately hit back with this poster, employing the very clever trick of embracing your opponent's characterisation of you. We'd admire it if it wasn't the fucking Tories. It also ties in with their main election theme of "change", chosen solely on the basis that it worked for that nig-nog in America, and completely inappropriate considering all Cameron is actually offering is exactly the same thing, only worse.



Fire up the Quattro It's time for change

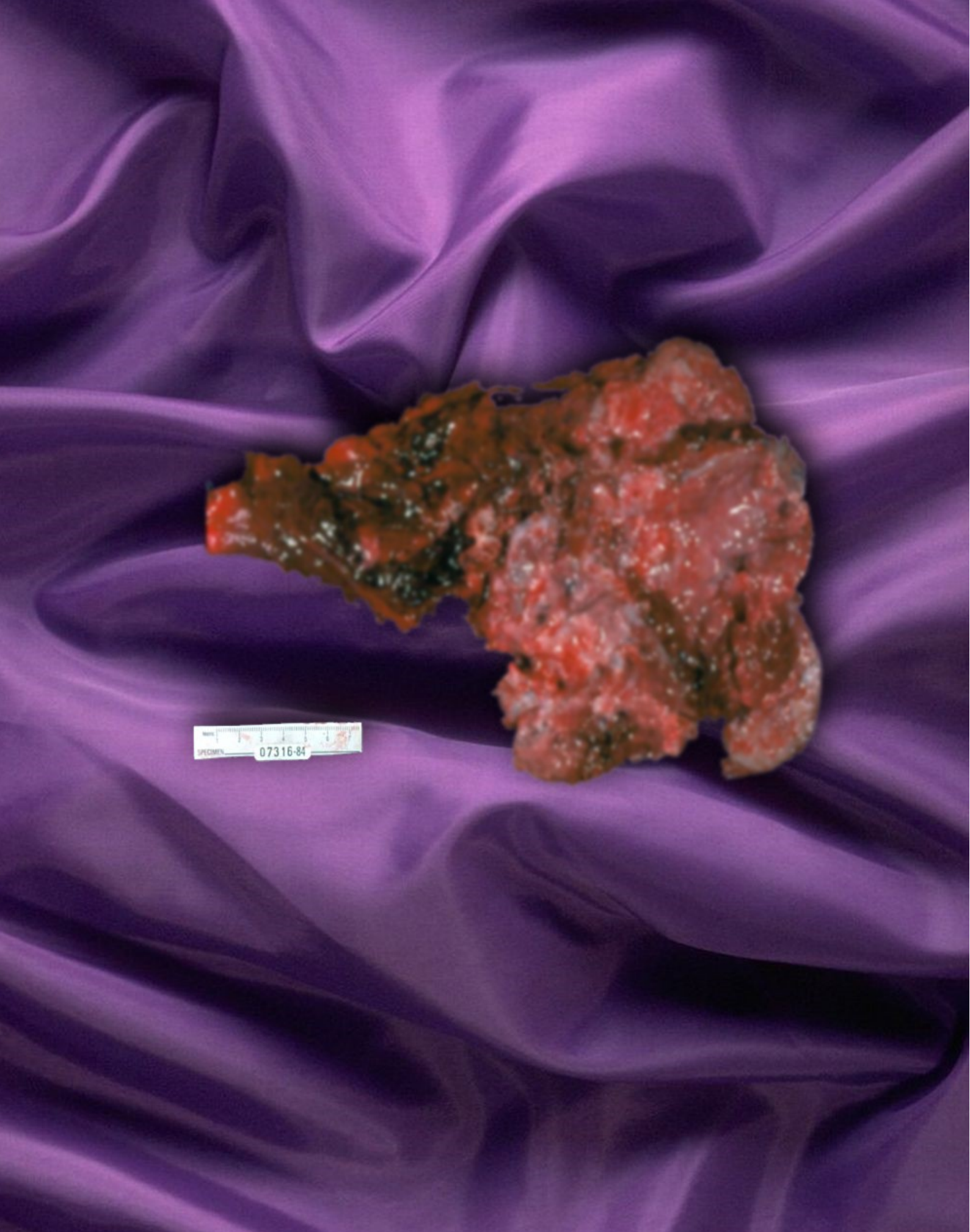
(Idea kindly donated by the Labour Party)

Vote for change. Vote Conservative



Meanwhile, the Lib Dems have apparently had a bit of a breakdown and launched a campaign labelling the two main parties as indistinguishable from each other, in a desperate attempt to get people to pay attention to them. The campaign, mostly Internet-based, also features a genuinely terrifying creature called Gorvid Camerown, leader of the Libservatives, whose features are a nightmarish mishmash of the current and next* Prime Ministers.

*Prove me wrong



6.0 mg BULLSHIT 97.9 p/c CHANCE OF CANCER
Warning: SMOKING WILL FUCKING KILL YOU, YOU IDIOTS
HM Government's Chief Medical Officers

Meet the dickheads **David Cameron**

David William Donald Willoughby Jenson Smythe Windsor Cholmondely Dibdin Hednesford Saxe-Coburg-Gotha Fauntleroy Cameron, III, Eighth Viscount of Pissbury, was born on the 9th of October, 1966, probably in a fucking castle or something. He was born by caesarean section owing to the solid platinum soup spoon protruding out of his already hateful mouth. He was raised, appropriately enough, in Berkshire, and attended Heathdown Prep School alongside Prince Sodding Edward, and finally Eton, the nation's top school for braying, top-hatted cunts, every single one of whom is a hateful posho who would make any sane individual vomit himself inside-out. After "graduating" from Eton, he studied Getting A First Class Honours Degree at Braying-Shitnose College, Oxford, where he graduated with First Class Honours. Among his classmates were the King of Norway and Boris Johnson, Billy Bunter's idiot savant cousin.

Having graduated from Braying-Shitnose, Cameron was given the complimentary lifetime membership in the Conservative Party, where he was seconded to Downing Street to work for then-new Prime Minister John Majors as speech polisher during Prime Minister's Questions. During this period, he was largely credited with making Majors seem like a vaguely human person, rather than a light grey blur in the corner of an entire nation's eye. It may even have contributed to the Conservative Party's intensely depressing victory by default in the 1992 General Election. In which case, Cameron is directly responsible for a large percentage of suicides in the UK around that period. Probably.

He left this post in 1994 to join giant faceless media joycrusher Carlton, presiding over their ultimately successful quest to ruin ITV forever as Director of Corporate Affairs. He was also instrumental in the giant clusterfuck of ONdigital, later ITV Digital, which turned out to be a giant coin-haemorrhaging engine which died on its arse early in the twenty oughties. Among the problems were an outdated encryption system, which was so old a backward farmhand could knock up a fake card and sell it for £400 to people desperate to watch repeats of "Dandelion Dead" on Carlton Select; the fact that Carlton and their partners were so monumentally tight they wouldn't directly employ any staff for the digital company, meaning key managers could leave at

any time, and indeed did; and the fatal and desperate overpayment of several hundred million pounds for the dregs of the football league. During its collapse, Cameron, as DCA of Carlton, was even reduced to ordering the Sunday Express to lie about their number of subscribers.

Cameron jumped ship from Carlton (just months before ON rebranded itself as ITV Digital in a doomed attempt to get people to pay attention to them) to run for parliament. He'd been selected before, but now he was being offered a safe seat—Witney—which he duly won. He spent much of the next four years quietly insinuating himself into the shadow cabinet, eventually ending up as shadow education secretary, before Michael Howard confirmed that he was a big soft pussy by resigning after one poxy inevitable defeat in the 2005 election.

Cameron, despite only having been an MP for four damn years, was soon elected—beating off Kenneth Clarke and David Davis in the process*—as leader of the Conservative Party and immediately began a policy of wholeheartedly believing whatever the person in front of him wants to hear, until his inevitable ascendancy to the Premiership in 2010, when we'll all find out what he really thinks. Bet it won't be good, unless you own at least three top hats.

FUCK THIS CUNT

Meet The Losers

Obviously there are parties other than the main two and a half, but there is no point in going on about them except in the form of a faintly patronising two-pager about them that's basically the equivalent of those "participant" medals you get in primary schools that only exist to try and prevent small children from screaming and weeping and smashing things on Sports Days. So here's one. Of those.



UK Independence Party

Leader: Malcolm the Baron Pearson of Rannoch

Position: "We're not far-right, honest"



The United Kingdom Independence Party, or UKIP (pronounced "Diet BNP") is a collection of mostly 40 to 70 year old men too racist and homophobic for even the Conservative party. Led since November 2009 by Lord Pearson of Rannoch (Ralph Richardson as the Demon Headmaster, pictured), their principal aim is to get Britain out of the European Union, because apparently cutting off all trade with an entire continent — and throwing ourselves on the mercy of an even less regulated American economy — could only possibly result in sunshine and puppies. Of course, the real reason to cut ties with an entire continent is that at least the Yanks speak fucking English and take showers and don't eat frogs and whatthefuckever. Yes, lazy racism is at the root of the party's very existence, so much so that the more they deny it the more they look like either they're imbeciles or they think we are. They also hate gays and would probably happily have them all moved to AIDS concentration camps if they could. UKIP has enjoyed celebrity endorsements from the likes of Rustie Lee — who is black, so they don't like her, but slightly more famous than you, so they grit their teeth and accept her — Joan Cocking Collins and, most famously, Robert Kilroy-Silk — who discarded them in favour of his own party when his ego outgrew them, then did the same with the new party.



British National Party

Leader: Nick Griffin

Position: "Cry, the beloved whitey"



If you can withstand UKIP for ten minutes without vomiting blood out of your nose, you may be ready for the BNP. These racist, nationalist fucktards do not have a single policy that isn't reprehensible, and yet they've been gaining support in the last five years as voters disillusioned with the usual choices apparently went completely insane and started voting for a party whose leaders have made statements like: "women are like gongs -they need to be struck regularly...men have allowed themselves to be brainwashed by the fenminazi myth machine into believing that rape is a serious crime." (Nik Eriksen, London Organizer); and "I am well aware that the orthodox opinion is that six million Jews were gassed and cremated and turned into lampshades. Orthodox opinion also once held that the world is flat." (party leader Nick Griffin, pictured looking as handsome as he ever will — though to be fair, it is hard to make appealing personality posters when your party's leader is a one-eyed racist with a face like a melted steam iron covered in pigskin). In summary, the BNP are cunts, anyone who supports them is a cunt, and Nick Griffin is the biggest cunt of all. They are not a harmless black hole for protest votes, they are a film of hateful scum floating atop a puddle of piss and shit and by voting for them, even in "protest", you're hauling them into the mainstream. Fucking stop it, you shits.



Green Party(ies)

Leader: Caroline Lucas

Position: "Kumbay-fucking-ya"



Not all loser parties are sickeningly right-wing. Some are left-wing and therefore nice to the point of toothlessness. The Green Party of England and Wales was so radical and bleeding-edge it didn't even have a leader until two years ago, instead being fronted by two "principal speakers". Eventually they realised that while being quite so touchy-feely might be a nice idea, it just confuses the sort of slackjawed cow people who make up the electorate, and elected Dr Caroline Lucas MEP (a young Glenda Jackson imitating Dame Judi Dench) as their first ever leader. They also have sister parties in Scotland and Northern Ireland which, while separate entities, sometimes affiliate with each other. Its policies include the decriminalisation of cannabis, the renationalisation of certain utilities, including the railways, the abolition of the monarchy, peace and love and an end to war, and basically not being a dick. No-one ever votes for them.



English Democrats

Leader: Garry Bushell. Oh, alright, John Tilbrook

Position: "Eng-er-land, Eng-er-land, Oi Oi Oi"



The English Democrats are a quietly racist single-issue twat party, summed up by their figurehead, unbearable far-right bearded misogynist homophobic imbecile cuntnozzle Garry Bushell, the party's constant candidate for whatever office they can get — although given Bushell's near-universal status as a despised bridge troll who sums up the absolute worst of tabloid culture with his fat bearded face, they'd probably do better by attempting to seat the corpse of Hitler. As their name suggests, their main goal is the extremely urgent issue of a devolved English parliament, because the Jocks and the Taffs got one and der English aint got one and vat aint fair innit. They claim to be neither right nor left wing, but two things suggest their position in the political spectrum might be to the right-hand side: the extremely carefully-worded section of the manifesto on immigration — "we need to change immigration policy so that it better reflects the needs and wishes of the English people" — and the fact that they formed an alliance with Veritas — the anti-everyone else party that Robert Kilroy-Silk formed, then got bored with — and the fucking Christian Party, for heaven's sake: you know, the ones who want to bring back the death penalty for homosexuals. Oh, and remove the dragon from the Welsh flag because it's the sign of Satan. So yeah, fuck these cunts.



SDP

Leader: Fuck knows

Position: "Please vote for us"

Yeah, they're still going. Seriously! The SDP lives. Christ knows who's in it, or what they think about anything. They're probably as surprised as you are.



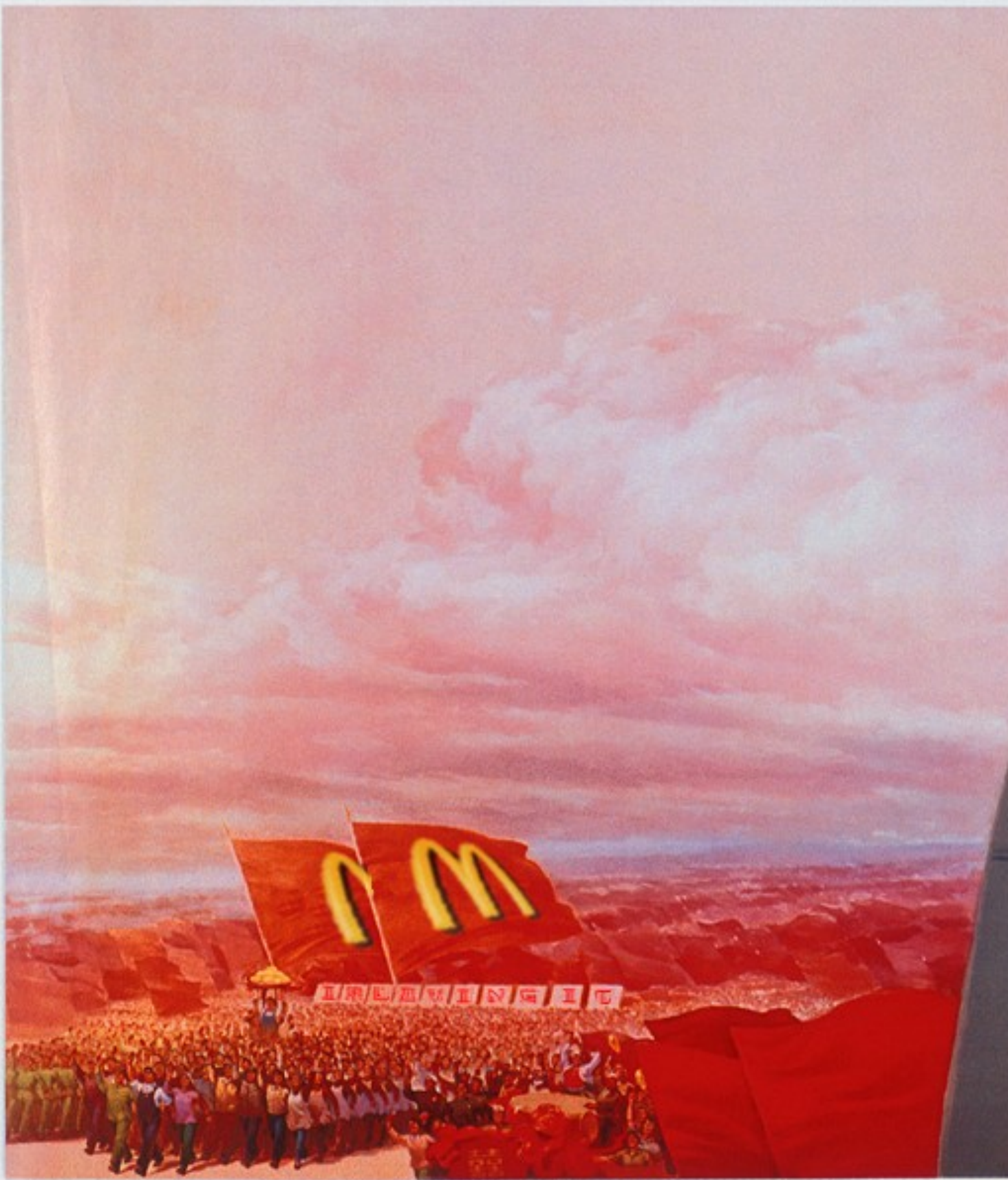
Bum Party

Leader: Bumface

Position: behind



The Bum Party are a patently childish invention to fill up some space in this magazine and simultaneously end all pretence of being an intelligent and thoughtful consideration of current affairs.



Protestors worldwide claim that we're trying to take over the world. Well, stop worrying. Ronald McDonald is better recognised worldwide than Jesus Christ. In a few decades, our children will be eating Ronald McDonald. You might as well stuff your face with sodium, fat and cholesterol now while you still have a chance. The amount of artery-clogging, heart-fucking shit we produce will kill you.



: we already have. There's a McDonald's™ restaurant in Baghdad.
r name will have replaced the word "food" in at least 37 languages.
e a choice. And hey: with any luck, the frankly breathtaking amount
you before we launch the final phase.



...consume and obey

Meet the dickheads **Nick Clegg**



Whatever.

Buy two of these right fucking now.



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What? Shut up. No, shut up. You'll find out what it fucking does when you fucking buy one, okay? I mean two, buy two, motherfucker. Shut the *fuck* up. Okay, fine, I'll tell you what it does. It guarantees you don't get your head staved in with a fucking lead pipe in five fucking minutes, okay? Look, I'm tired. If you'd just buy this whatever the fuck it is I can call this copy finished. Okay? God fucking damn it.



Fun for up to six human units!



(this is a real board game)

The LOGO Board Game! Fun for humans of all demographics, pre-tween, tween, pre-teen, teen, young adult, adult, middle-ager and senior alike! (not suitable for advanced seniors, larvae and other univables). Answer questions like "what is the delicious chocolate bar with a layer of caramel, wafer and rice", or "How many different flavours are there in a tube of juicy, chewy Rowntree's Fruit Pastilles"? Identify tasty crisp flavours by the colour of the packet alone! Hum advertising jingles at one another! Weep out loud at the very notion of this product so often you eventually condition yourself to feel nothing at all!



We've given up even pretending you're free anymore!

© 2010 Drummond Park, a division of Mammon Corporation.



A portrait of Barack Obama, President of the United States, wearing a dark suit, light blue shirt, and a blue tie with diagonal stripes. He is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. To his left, a portion of the American flag is visible, showing the stars and stripes. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

THIS MAN DOES NOT LEAD AMERICA

The Democrats have their biggest mandate in decades. They are following up one of the worst administrations in American history. So why the fuck are the Republicans still getting their way? **Sampford Courtenay** types words.

In spite of the fact that any sane society wouldn't even need such a debate in the first place, the healthcare issue in the United States has been acclaimed in some corners as a great success. A success it was, great it was not. The balance of power still belongs to the insurers, who still have the option of refusing healthcare to people whose survival may hurt their all-important profits. Until the private sector is removed from the equation completely, there will never be genuinely fair healthcare in the United States; and given the near-beatific status given to the "free market" in that country, that means there will never be fair healthcare in the US as we know it. And all this happened with the supposedly liberal Democratic Party in total control of both houses of Government and the White House. How can the nation that stands vanguard over the free world have gone so wrong?

Perhaps a better question is, why on Earth are we surprised? We've all been here before under the last Democratic administration. Long before the obsession over the First Cock, Clinton and his party held the cards in American politics, only to meekly compromise on absolutely every issue on which they'd got elected. Two years later they were raped in the midterms by Newt Gingrich's Republicans. History might just be about to repeat itself this November. Should the GOP retake either—or even both—houses, they will undoubtedly (as they did in 1994) claim it is because the electorate actually wants the particular brand of corporate-sponsored fascism and military-industrial-complexity they cheerfully waged during the previous decade. Obviously, only sociopaths actually want that. What they really want is what they voted for when they elected Obama: genuinely progressive government. But Obama caved in just like Clinton did, and the healthcare bill that was finally passed—though a clear and marked improvement—still stopped a long way short of actually making the system fair. In protest, many voters are likely to desert him and his party, either by staying home or changing their votes. Trouble

is, there is only one other choice. The same evil fucks who protested the concept of kids not being turned away from life-saving surgery. The Republican party. Which is exactly what the Republicans want. By ideologically crippling the opposition party, the Republicans somehow find themselves in a position where they are, effectively, the only party in America. Even after a comprehensive electoral defeat, they set the debates, they control policy, they shape the legislation. They are in charge, and always will be. There are two reasons for this: they are more than happy to embrace genuine evil, and their opponents, the Democratic Party, are pussies.



Clinton: also a pussy.
Photo by Eric Draper.

In the 19th Century, Ludwig von Rochau, writer and politician in the newly established state of Germany, coined the term "Realpolitik" to describe a form of politics that was entirely goal-oriented and immediate. In 1889, in the dying days of Margaret Thatcher's revolution in the UK, Grant Morrison, in a comic depicting Britain, (personified by Dan Dare, Pilot of the Future) destroyed by the forces that very revolution, said via the mouth of his Thatcher analogue,

"politics is about power and the more powerful one becomes the more one's aesthetic of power becomes - refined, shall we say? The more its pursuit becomes an end in itself." Mix the two principles together and you get Rovian democracy, the ultimate expression of realpolitik, and the driving force behind the Republican party in recent decades. With Rovianism, the party is freed from the constraining bonds of conventional ethics and even conventional legality. To preserve power, anything is permitted. The ends don't just justify the means—they sanctify them. Anything from the genuinely disgusting shit-smearing of John Kerry to the explicit outright electoral fraud of 2000 is permissible if it leads to victory for the

Republican party. In 2004 it worked like a charm: the "Swift Boat Veterans" proved so efficient at lying and defaming a wounded and decorated veteran of a war which should never have been fought, that they introduced a whole new term into the English Language. "Swift Boating" — to lie, defame and otherwise like an unpardonable cunt for the sole purpose of winning an election. I can't stress enough that it *worked*. Sure, the Swift Boat Veterans are pariahs now, their commercials considered twice as sickening and half as defensible as Bush senior's famous "Willie Horton" ad. Sure, they've succeeded in making the vehicle on which they served into shorthand for breathtaking political

venality (which is a sore point for many other people who served on a swift boat). But was John Kerry ever President? Not in this universe. The campaign *worked*. Only the very, very thick genuinely questioned Kerry's service record, but there are enough very, very thick people in America to swing a Presidential election. And even the intelligent people, the people who could see how indefensible this all was, were talking about it, arguing about it, debating the colour of the sky instead of anything important. That's Rovianism: it doesn't need to be true, or even make sense. It just needs to provoke an emotional response, which can then be manipulated and transformed into votes. As long as you are capable of shutting off that centre of the brain that controls shame, you're laughing. George W. Bush, who in a sane world would have been defeated in a landslide, was returned as President of the United States, albeit by the narrowest of margins. They repeated the electoral fraud again, of course, this time in Ohio, but only as insurance. In the event, of course, they didn't need it. America, against the evidence of

their own senses, deliberately chose George W. Bush for another four years without needing to be cheated out of it.

Rovianism's big failing, of course, is that it's naturally a short-term strategy. Not even the Republican party can feed an entire nation bullshit, tell them it's steak, and have them enthusiastically tuck in every time. It was time for the tide to turn toward the Democrats

again. For all the talk of a "permanent majority", another Democratic administration was inevitable someday, just as another Republican administration was inevitable around 2000. So, in 2006 they duly took back both houses, and in 2008 they finally regained the White House. They were back in charge! Except they weren't, because every single pledge they and their



The GOP made an entire nation debate that this ever happened. AP Photo.

candidate, Barack Obama, made on the campaign trail ended up diluted, compromised or binned altogether after Republican hostility. Despite the electorate handing them an almost total mandate for real change. So why? Why can't we have nice things? Why is it that even when we win, they win?

"Bipartisanship" is why. A phrase invented by Rovianists to ensure their continued dominance.

The word "Bipartisanship" was coined specifically to permeate the American political consciousness until it becomes a perfectly normal issue. But it isn't.

"Bipartisanship" in the sense to which the Rovianists co-opted it, means making the other party happy at all times with all pieces of potential legislation. Naturally, the Republican party never practiced it themselves, but the Rovianist spindoctors have made sure no-one pays attention to that little fact. "Bipartisanship" has now infected the discourse to such an extent that it is a bona fide issue: every single move the Democrats make is studied for whether or not

it will appeal to the GOP. If not, they're accused of being dictatorial, hateful, closed-minded, over and over again until they cave in and change to suit the Republicans. It's not bipartisanship. It's the politics of the spoilt child.



Republicans are concerned, because they still, by and large, get what they want. More than that: the two-party system means that the voters' frustration with constantly having the GOP set the debate translates, ridiculously, into more votes for them at the midterms because *there's no*

Buzzwords like "bipartisanship", with their instant appeal to emotional reflex actions, are a large part of Rovianist strategies. The seeds of sabotage were sown during the 2008 election by introducing the buzzword "socialism" — in Europe, an accepted political belief system, in America...well, something bad, associated with the Soviet Union, but 90% of the people using the term have no idea what it is, except that Obama is one. This led to the ludicrous "Tea Party" subculture of people who genuinely think that America is in terrible, terrible danger from a party that caves in to everything the opposition say and do. The Tea Partiers don't actually know what their problem is. They don't know much of anything. They're just convinced that Obama is evil, for no other reason than they were told he was by Fox News — a channel entirely built around pro-Republican Rovianist principles. The other problem is with the American electoral process. The reality of the two-horse-race, combined with a process so slow that both parties are almost always in election mode, means that every move made by every politician in America is dictated by the polls.

The polls are life. Approval ratings dictate everything from policy down to shoes. The gap between elections feels so small, every elected official is constantly at amber, always concentrating on trying to keep their job rather than actually doing it. It's not their fault. It's the way the system works. But as a result, nothing really gets done. Policy is paralysed by its effect on the polls — an effect which is almost always misread anyway. And this is the Democrats' problem. Because Rovianism aside, they're in charge. Even the most venal political process couldn't stop that from happening. But it's okay, as far as the

other choice.

And yet this could all be so different. Rovianism might be powerful, in its Machiavellian sort of way, but, being built entirely on deceit and manipulation, rather than solid policy-making, it is fundamentally weak at its base. All the Democrats have to do is remember that *people voted for them*, and what it was those people actually voted for — because for now, they have a majority in both houses, plus the White House. They just need to realise they don't *have* to bow down to the Republicans on everything. They just have to actually believe the things they got elected on. They just have to tell the GOP to sit down and shut the fuck up, because Daddy's here now. They just have to stop being fucking pussies.

But they won't. Because that involves risk, risk that they could drop in the polls, risk that they might not get re-elected, and risk is unacceptable. Americans want bipartisanship. The polls show it. Except, no they don't, they just want a fair deal. They don't really want what the Republicans want at all, but there's no-one else to vote for. Risking defeat is unacceptable. Much better, it seems, to all but guarantee that you won't be re-elected by acting like the opposition while in power. They might have manipulated you into it, but you can still stop at any time. It's a simple strategy, and an obvious one, and if I can see through it, why can't the President of the United States? Why is he such a pussy?

Perhaps a better question is, why on Earth are we surprised? 🇺🇸



We at Nike, Inc know that if the idea of small children working themselves to death for pennies making footwear for people they would consider twice as pampered as God Himself made any difference to anyone, it would have been stopped long ago and we would have been thrown in prison.

That hasn't happened. Admit it — until you saw this picture, you'd forgotten the issue existed at all.

The western world has reached luxury event horizon. Shit like our plimsolls are such a fact of life, they don't seem to have come from anywhere at all. Jimmy needs some football boots for the new term, and he's going to want the nice ones. And that's us.

Which is why we — and you — say, "Just do it, kid!"



Beat the whites, then stir in the sugar with **2SUNS - the magazine of resigned dread!**

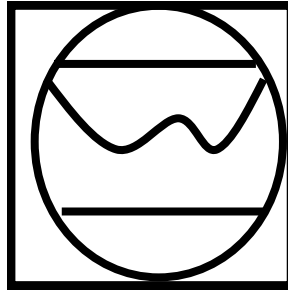
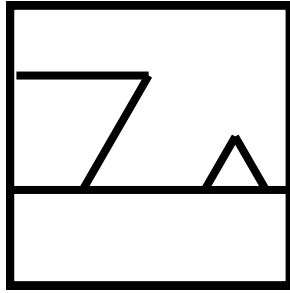
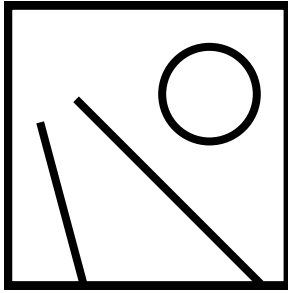
Do you want to see this stupid "magazine" thing whatever continue? You do? Why? Anyway, in that case, you'd better way send something in for us to publish, because there's no way we'll manage to keep making this thing on our own for much longer.

Send your articles, photographs, rants, pornographic doodles, abuse and paypal orders for several thousand pounds to 2suns@bobthefish.org.uk. Letters, too, we'd like to have a letter column, if only because it'd make us feel vaguely like a real magazine. Comics, jokes and howls into the void—anything that could fill up a page or two. TIME magazine does it this way too, you know.



DROODLES!

Kooky pictorial riddles! What do you think they are?



ANSWERS | Two sticks and a ball, fucking. 2 The Lord Jesus Christ commanding me to kill. 3. A whore. 4. Aerial shot of a cowboy in a port-a-john fucking my wife and laughing right in the face of God Himself.

WORD LADDER!

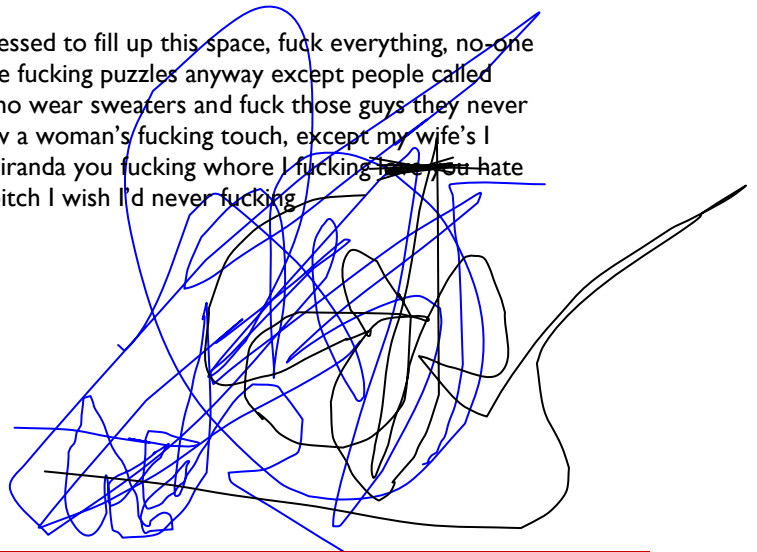
Turn "Wife" into "Whore" in one step.

W I F E

W H O R E

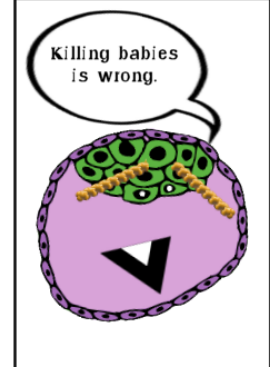
Solution: I wish I fucking knew

Too depressed to fill up this space, fuck everything, no-one does these fucking puzzles anyway except people called Gerald who wear sweaters and fuck those guys they never even knew a woman's fucking touch, except my wife's I expect, Miranda you fucking whore I fucking hate you you bitch I wish I'd never fucking



"FUNNIES"

AND NOW
BERNARD
THE PLASTOCYST
America's favourite dump of chemicals and tissue which can only possibly be cured by living in the most clinical of circumstances. **BERNARD** is a cyst which is so deadly that it would be a murder to do anything with him, except live out his natural life in peace, which will be about 12 days.



RETURNED TO EARTH BY HIS FATHER TO RESCUE A WORLD IN CRISIS, JESUS BEGINS PREACHING...

JESUS
Clip Art Christ



HOLIDAYS AT HOME AND ABROAD

2SUNS

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by you. We were just telling some
basic truths about you in a satirical
sort of a way. Honest.

Neither are we affiliated with any
organizations or pressure groups
mentioned in passing in this pages.

In a hypothetical next issue:

- Election post-mortem!
- Despicable racists!
- The entirety of Pink Floyd's "The Final Cut" printed verbatim on suspiciously blood-spattered pages!
- Nowspoon!
- Some other shit sent in by readers with any luck!
- Most likely nothing at all!
- The words "fuck" and "cunt" rather a lot!
- Even more lame Charlie Brookerisms!
- Enough "air" "quotes" to drive you to genuine insanity!
- A contents page!

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A BOB THE FISH MAGAZINE
bobthefish.org.uk

AFGHANISTAN

ACTION TOURS!




The war has stalled. But you can help by going on an Action Tour—fun family holiday and all-out warfare in one! What better way to unwind than by machine-gunning thousands of brown people for reasons lost in the mists of time?

Simply drop into your nearest Army office or call the number below.

WE ALMOST CALLED THEM "ATROCITOURS":
0908 433 100000

Spent a week in

A TENT

*and your entire life will seem like a holiday by comparison
Even if you live in a skip. In Dunstable.*

Camping. For years the holiday of choice for people who hate themselves, the planet, everyone and everything on it, and life itself in general. Living like a pauper and paying for the privilege: the perfect metaphor for the entire stinking world.

If you're a masochist or idiot, contact Heart of Darkness Camping Tours by screaming into the void.

DON'T COME to WALES



We don't want you here

And if you do show up we're just going to talk Welsh at you until you go away

And yes, we do just make it up as we go along

No Holidays in Wales Contact no-one at all
We don't even have telephones

OO LOOK IT'S CORNWALL!

Britain's favourite holiday resort

Chuckle at the funny locals! They live in the *country* and everything!
Point at a chough or something!
Stand on a windswept moor going absolutely ballistic about a tin mine!
Eat a Cornish pasty that you bought at a supermarket!
Buy some vaguely Celtic looking cardboard tat!
Spend half your time in Devon without even noticing!
Pay £14.95 for a cup of coffee at Rick Stein's restaurant!
Pretend to understand rugby/fishing/poverty!
Get bored and leave!

CORNWALL! Fish! Mines! The Cornish!
Just like Wales, only they have no choice but to cater to your every whim

What do you mean you live there already? Don't be daft, no-one lives in Cornwall. Those "locals" just work for the tourist board or something, right? Right? Hey, look, they have a flag and everything! Tee hee!

SPAIN

Spain Spain Spain

Spain Spain Spain. Spain Spain Spain Spain?
Spain Spain! Spain Spain, Spain Spain Spain
Spain, Spain Spain Spain Spain Spain. Spain.
Spain Spain Spain. Spain Spain Spain Spain
Spain Spain Spain. Spain. Spain Spain Spain
Spain Spain Spain Spain Spain Spain!



SPAIN
Spain Spain Spain



You might as well visit

SWINDON

- IT'S WHERE BILLIE PIPER WAS BORN
- WE HAVE A HILTON HOTEL AND A MILDLY AMUSING FORD DEALERSHIP
- IT'S ALL YOU DESERVE

CALL 07193 321 3731 to be talked out of it

Are you:

- A contemptible scumbag with the intelligence, morals and charm of a sea bass?
- Motivated and controlled entirely by your hideous, stinking genitals?
- Incapable of holding a lucid thought other than "HURRRRRRRRR" in your head for more than ten picoseconds?

Then why not ~~kill yourself~~ book the crap out of a holiday with

Club APOCALYPSE

- The most joyless experience the Western World had to offer before the first series of Celebrity Big Brother!
- Absolutely nothing of any value whatsoever!
- Our reps aren't even attractive!

Call
0898-APOCOTOURS
and we swear to god we will kill you where you stand

Your name: _____

6 Describe how the person in **2** has harassed you:a. Date of most recent harassment: 6-15-09b. Who was there? Myselfc. Did the person in **2** commit any acts of violence or threaten to commit any acts of violence against you?☒ Yes ☐ NoIf yes, describe those acts or threats: _____

_____d. Did the person in **2** engage in a course of conduct that harassed you and caused substantial emotional distress? ☒ Yes ☐ NoIf yes, describe: _____

_____e. Did the conduct of the person in **2** described above seriously alarm, annoy, or harass you? ☒ Yes ☐ No☐ Check here if you need more space. Attach a sheet of paper and write "CH-100, item 6—Describe Harassment" at the top of the page.**Check the orders you want** ☒**7** ☒ **Personal Conduct Orders**I ask the court to order the person in **2** to **not** do the following things to me or anyone listed in **3**:a. ☐ Harass, attack, strike, threaten, assault (sexually or otherwise), hit, follow, stalk, destroy personal property, keep under surveillance, or block movements.b. ☒ Contact (either directly or indirectly), or telephone, or send messages or mail or e-mail.The person in **2** will also be ordered not to take any action to get the addresses or locations of any protected persons, their family members, or their caretakers unless the court finds good cause not to make the order.**8** ☒ **Stay-Away Orders**I ask the court to order the person in **2** to stay at least (specify): 100 yards away from me and the people listed in **3** and the places listed below: (Check all that apply):a. ☒ My homed. ☒ My vehicleb. ☐ My job or workplacee. ☒ Other (specify): My person and my fiancée's person.c. ☐ My children's school or child careIf the court orders the person in **2** to stay away from all the places listed above, will that person still be able to get to his or her home, school, or job? ☐ Yes ☐ NoIf no, explain: _____

_____**This is not a Court Order.**



Vote, you fuckers, vote

19/4/2010  #1