

BSUNS

THE NEWSMAGAZINE THAT CAN'T STOP WEEPING

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

POST
ELECTION
EDITION

FUCK



DAVID CAMERON TALKS ABOUT HIS WKD SIDE.*



INTERVIEWER:
But your mother?
Isn't that a bit
odd?

CAMERON: I don't think so. Looks don't mean that much to me in a woman.

INTERVIEWER:
Go on.

CAMERON: Well, we were completely blotto on vodka, ginger ale and soda—that's

CAMERON: Sure...lots of times, but not in the lavatory. Between Mother and the shit, the flies were too much to bear.

INTERVIEWER: *We meant the vodka.*

CAMERON: Oh, yeah. I always get sloshed before I go out to PMQs. You don't think I could lay down all that bullshit sober, do you?

CAMERON: My first time was in the boy's toilets in Eton College.

INTERVIEWER: *Wasn't it a little cramped?*

CAMERON: Not after I kicked the goat out.

INTERVIEWER: *I see. You must tell me all about it.*

CAMERON: I never really expected to make it with Mater, but then after she showed all the other lads in my House such a good time, I figured, "What the hell."

called a Commiegaff—at the time. And Mater looked better than a non-dom millionaire with a \$100,000 donation.

INTERVIEWER: *Blotto in the bog with Mummy...how interesting. Well, how was it?*

CAMERON: The vodka was great, but Mater passed out before I could come.

INTERVIEWER: *Did you ever try it again?*



“Don’t let it bring you down; it’s only castles burning.”

Things you’ll probably find in this “magazine”:

NOWSPOON: Yeah, shit’s happened this past month other than the British election. Page four.

ELECTION 2010: Fuck everything, the Tories are in power again. But at least they’ve got Nick Clegg to hopefully retard their tendency toward evil. And it was an interesting campaign. The whole shooting match, reiterated from page 8.

FUTURE LEGEND: A new beginning for the Labour Party. We assess the main candidates for the new leader.

Also: some comics, some more of what we would rather gargle shit that call “subvertising” and another cry for material, support, promotion and yams.



BP catastrophically pollutes gulf coast, devastates ecosystem, Obama to blame: Nowspoon, p4



X

2010

The most bizarre and unsettling Government since the evil, feverish Thatcher ministry of the late 1980s. Election 2010 in soft focus: page 8



Do we really want a Prime Minister called Balls? What’s the difference between Millibands? Who’s Andy Burnham? Your next Labour leader, page 20

SHRIEK FROM THE “EDITOR”



I’m sure you’ve noticed: we’ve got the blues. Blue, blue, blue, all over the magazine, in every conceivable shade short of Holoovoo, all in honour of the new regime. After 13 years, the “Labour” Government is over and the Tories are back. Just. As mandated (sort of) by the people of Great Britain, we can now look forward to the dismantling of the BBC, the relegalisation of the wholesale murder of small animals for the amusement of the upper-classes (a set of people who live in a bubble so efficient it’s a wonder they even understand the concept of other creatures feeling pain, or even being alive at all in the same sense as their cosseted, ludicrous, anachronistic selves), and otherwise absolutely no deviation whatsoever from the system as it was before, corruption and all. Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay. David Cameron thus becomes the first Conservative Leader to become Prime Minister since John Major in 1997. Prior to that year, the party had never produced a leader that hadn’t eventually risen to the premiership. During the last 13 years they produced three, starting with bald-headed comedy Yorkshireman William Hague — now, of course, Foreign Secretary, which promises to be high-fucking-larious — who was at least entertaining. He was followed by even balder solemn pencil-tatched fascist Iain Duncan Smith — now, of course, nothing and no-one — who was even more boring than Major, even more right-wing than Hague and even worse as an opposition leader than Ramsay MacDonald. He often seemed to have become leader of Her Majesty’s Opposition by accident and was summarily removed after just two years, before fighting a single election for anything higher than parish council. Then they reached into their past, anointing Michael Howard, the comeback kid from the Major Years, famous for: being an ugly man who can’t answer a straight fucking question; resembling some kind of undead monitor lizard; and having “something of the night about him” and actually being from Transyl-fucking-vania. Howard’s leadership simply petered out with defeat in 2005. Until May 6th, 2010, David Cameron was provisionally the fourth. Now he’s ended the hoodoo. Ruddy-cheeked, plummy-voiced Little Lord Fauntleroy (his granddad was Sir William Mount, 2nd Baronet, a fact which we will mention in every issue of this magazine during his premiership) — Prime Minister of the United Kingdom. Fuck everything in the entire universe to death.

We're back in
power.
You might as well
give in.
Buy a copy
tomorrow.

Daily  **Mail**

SUCK IT DOWN YOU GAY SOCIALIST WOG-LOVING BITCHES

NO SPOON NOW

...THIS IS IMPORTANT SHIT

NEWSPOON 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.

BP "A BUNCH OF COCKENDS"

In the wake of an ecological disaster that has already made Exxon Valdez look like a minor mishap at a child's picnic, BP (which doesn't stand for British Petroleum and hasn't since the company merged with Amoco ten years ago), BP and their friends in the media have swung into damage control mode, with the right already claiming this as Obama's Katrina (despite the location being the only thing the two situations have in common) and chastising the President for not acting fast enough. When he finally started talking about "kicking ass" and "plug[ging] the damn hole", he was accused, variously, of being emotionless, and damaging American culture with his ruthless swearing. Meanwhile, Tim Hayward, CEO of BP, has been puttering around making excuses, claiming none of the blame, and generally acting like a prick. The entire gulf coast is a black, oozing swamp of shit, and as we write, oil continues to billow into the waters. Expect even more earthquakes and volcanoes to follow in the second half of the year, since apparently we just didn't fucking get it again.

CUMBRIA**THIS GUY WAS A CUNT**

And that's all we're going to say about him.

**SOUTH AFRICA****WORLD CUP HAPPENS**

The world's football fans are under attack from hordes of furious hornets this month as the World Cup is played out in South Africa amidst the sound of vuvuzelas: mass-produced horns which go PARP really loud on their own and in chorus sound like an invasion from the planet of the bees. They're an important part of the South African atmosphere and they're what makes this World Cup African (although the football itself is more like Italia '90) so they're staying until the bitter end. Also some games have been played. They weren't terribly exciting.

THE PAST**PRIME MINISTER APOLOGISES FOR ATROCITY THAT HAPPENED TOO LONG AGO TO MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE**

The long-awaited Saville Report into the events of 30th January 1972 — aka Bloody Sunday — has finally been published after a gestation period of twelve years and a six-year gap between the inquiry and the report. All of the 14 protestors killed and 29 wounded on that day have been found innocent of anything at all, and the British Army has unequivocally been blamed for the whole incident, having fired the first shot without provocation or justification. Basically, everything we knew at the time has been written down in black and white and made canonical. Prime Minister Fuckface has apologised on behalf of the entire nation. The report was commissioned by Tony Blair, although David Cameron is the one who's going to get whatever credit there might be, since he's there at the end.

SHORT PEOPLE GOT NO REASON TO LIVE**GARY COLEMAN TO NOT GET FUNERAL**

They're just going to cremate the poor sod and have done with it, which sort of sums up his career in a way, but we're fucked if we can be bothered figuring the metaphor out.

Just some of the people who fill up at that little BP station on the corner.



You think we're going to suffer any fucking consequences for this? Fuck off. Our stock will fall, we'll get fined a bit. Maybe even pay out compensation. But we're not going anywhere. Exxon weren't exactly damaged when the Valdez went down. Oh, their reputation took a hit. They had to keep their heads down for a few years. But a couple of advertising campaigns with that fucking Tiger symbolising their commitment to nature and all that bullshit later, everyone's forgotten they ever polluted Alaska in the first place. We'll stick a forest in our next advertising campaign in two years, and think of a nice inspirational

slogan—maybe bring “For All Our Tomorrows” back—and everything will be alright again. No-one remembers things more than a year ago. As for right now, we can always blame Obama. We have enough friends in the right-wing media that before long, Joe Average will be convinced he blew up the rig himself. With his big negro penis.

Presidents come and go, but corporations are forever. Long after Obama is history, even longer after this incident is forgotten, you'll be filling up at our stations. As usual.



X 2010 THE AFTERMATH

It wasn't clean, It wasn't simple.
But it's definitive:
David Cameron is the 53rd Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, and there's no escaping it. Or him.

It's hardly a giant mandate, but that's the British electoral system for you. But perhaps not for much longer, because he had to get in bed with the Liberal Democrats to do it, and one of their demands was actual reform to the system, something on which the Tories were decidedly reticent during the campaign. Will this reform ever actually happen, or will they find some excuse not to bother? Can the Lib Dems prevent the fucking bastards from making Labour's claim of a return to the eighties a nauseating reality? Given that the Prime Minister is now completely in the pocket of News International, is the BBC going to be destroyed? Is everything, in short, fucked?

In the next few pages: what happened, what happened next, what is happening right now, who is making it happen, and why not to hurl yourself under the wheels of the first bus you see, assuming we can think of a reason.

DADDY'S HERE



BLUE DAWN

On May the 21st, 2010, we woke up, and David Cameron was Prime Minister, and our hearts fell into our stomachs. On one level, this really isn't a surprise. We're where we expected to be a year or more ago: David Cameron is Prime Minister, Gideon "George" Osborne is Chancellor of the Exchequer, the desiccated corpse of Mrs Thatcher is being paraded around everywhere as though she represents something positive for Britain. The Tories are back...

...Except the Deputy Prime Minister is Nick Clegg. The Business Secretary is Vince Cable. There's *Liberal Democrats in the Government*. And as if that weren't astonishing enough, they're in Government alongside the Conservative Party. After Barack Obama was elected President, satirical paper *The Onion* ran a headline reading "Country Now Fucked-Up Enough To Elect A Black Man President". Gazing at the alliance of blue and gold that now gingerly attempts to piece Britain together, it's easy to think the Americans didn't know they were born. If at the start of the Century, someone had started claiming that ten years later the country would be ruled by



Above: what

a coalition of the Tories and the Lib Dems, he would have been the subject of any number of running gags on the Internet, until this May, presumably, after which he'd be quietly forgotten about in order to save face.

It was a strange night. It was a strange election, in fact. The inclusion for the first time of live, televised debates between the main leaders had given it an urgency lacking from the last two (and much whining from the likes of Alex Salmond and Ieuan Wyn Jones that they weren't being treated as if their platforms were at all relevant to anyone outside their own countries). More than that, they had given Britain the chance to see the Liberal Democrat leader on the same plateau as the other two. And he didn't disappoint, seizing the initiative in the first debate and launching his party into the hitherto-unheard of since Lloyd George

Whose coalition is it anyway?



Words by
**Sampford
Courtenay**

heights of second in the polls. It looked for all the world like the Lib Dems might get as many as a hundred MPs or more.

Then the night itself arrived. Exit polls had the Lib Dems *losing* seats. Bollocks, we thought, but no—they turned out to be almost exactly right. The nation had performed an extended, elaborate cocktease: they flirted outrageously with the Liberal Democrats during the campaign, only to stand them up when it came to the crunch.

This was also a disaster for the beleaguered, punch-drunk Labour party. Their only hope at the start of the election was a pact with the Lib Dems, and as they slipped to third in the polls — if not unthinkable for an incumbent Government, then certainly several steps beyond comfortable — it looked like a distinct possibility. In the event, they came comfortably second in the race, much as they would have expected beforehand, with the Lib Dems nowhere. When the time came to actually try and hammer out a deal, no-one's hearts were in it. The mandate of the hung parliament belonged to the Tories, and an alliance was formed

between the progressives and the promoters of as much of the status quo as could be managed.

So where does that leave Britain? It's been a month now since the election and the honest answer is still basically "fuck knows". The chancellor is, as dreaded, the unqualified and (by political standards) nigh-foetal Gideon "Call me George" Osborne. But his lieutenant, with the position of business secretary, is the sage-like Liberal Democrat Vince Cable, a former chief economist for a large multinational corporation (alright, so it was Shell Oil, but still) and, more importantly, the only man during the worst of the recession to actually seem to have any idea what to do about it. Could Cable steer his inevitable "don't tax the rich under any circumstances" agenda closer to a policy which might actually help? The nation will find out on June 22nd when he delivers his first budget, an emergency measure promised before the election. Back then, Gideon would have expected to be drawing it up entirely by himself. Now, he's in cabinet with *left-wingers*. Roughly. And he has to worry about what they think and do at least some of the things they want. For now.



Above: A noted economist and one of the best financial minds in British Politics, and the chancellor of the Exchequer.



And therein lies the tension at the heart of our new government: two essentially ideologically opposed parties, forced together by desperation and opportunism. It can't last. Surely. The Tories have insured against anything bar the most catastrophic eventuality by exploiting the Lib Dem pledge to introduce fixed-term parliaments: we already know the date of the next general election, and it's not for five years. They can be brought down, but only by a 55% vote of no confidence, and they would have to fuck up in to almost unprecedented scale for that to happen. Of course, the flipside of the Tory insurance plan is that the Lib Dems are also relatively safe from being discarded as soon as the polls suggest they're surplus to requirements. For better or worse, the Lib Dems and the Conservatives are stuck with each other for the next five years. And, of course, we're stuck with them.



When we said "vote, you fuckers, vote" we meant *against* him, you morons. Ugh, look at his face. His fat fucking Tory face. How can you vote for that? Stupid cocksuckers.

have forced the Tories to alter their outlook as the Lib Dems have.

Have the Liberal Democrats sold out progressive politics to the devil for a handful of crumbs from his table? To a certain extent, they have. There's no denying that, by forming a coalition with the Tories rather than Labour, Nick Clegg has prostituted his party and the centre-left policies for which they stand. But quite what that extent is still remains to be seen. Electoral reform — one of their key policies, and a dealbreaker in the coalition negotiations — has been promised a referendum, during which the Tories are going to have to grit their teeth and not join the "no" campaign for fear of alienating their partners in Government. Climate change has its own department, and the environmental issues that the Tories in opposition pretended to care about (by changing their logo into a tree) are actually going to be

addressed, rather than, as we suspect, quietly dropped. This Government is a Frankenstein's monster of progressivism and conservatism, all held together by the glue of pure venality. With any luck, the combination of those three elements will cancel each other out. And maybe the next Labour leader will turn them back into the Labour party and the left wing will finally be accepted into the mainstream again.

And then we woke up. And David Cameron was Prime Minister.

So what can we expect? Well, the election may have ended pretty badly for those of us on the left (and if you're not one of those you probably shouldn't bother reading this magazine as it's only going to make you angry) but it could have been worse. Cameron could have formed a minority government, or entered into a coalition with the various Unionist parties in Northern Ireland, most of whom don't really care what happens in Britain and wouldn't

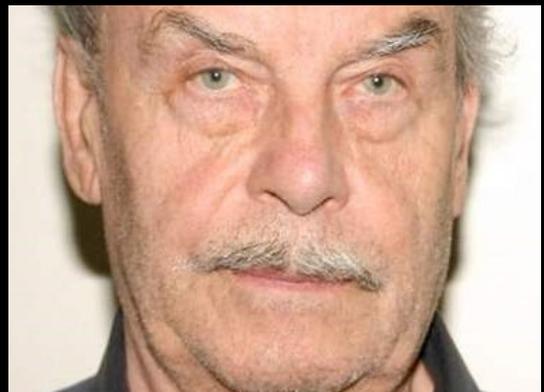
YOU WOULDN'T STEAL
A CAR



YOU WOULDN'T STEAL
A BAG



YOU WOULDN'T IMPRISON
YOUR DAUGHTER
IN A BASEMENT FOR 24 YEARS TO
RAPE AND TORTURE HER



YOU WOULDN'T STEAL
A MOVIE



DOWNLOADING PIRATED SOFTWARE, MUSIC AND MOVIES IS STEALING. STEALING IS AGAINST THE LAW.
LIKE MURDER, RAPE, ENSLAVEMENT, KIDNAPPING, INCEST, AND TORTURE. THEREFORE, BY
DOWNLOADING THAT PREVIEW COPY OF TOY STORY 3, YOU'RE JUST AS BAD AS JOSEF FRITZL.

PIRACY. IT'S TECHNICALLY A CRIME.



TORSO
Calvin Klein



So we've got a new government. But who does what in the where now? Here are some of the most important cabinet members (ie the most fun ones to insult). Also we apologise for the title.

PRIME MINISTER: DAVID CAMERON



Duh. Waxed nine-year-old who doesn't realise that most people's solution to financial problems isn't to lower their butler's wages, five times recipient of Upper Class Twit of the Year award, born with silver spoon up his cunt, went to cocking Eton, is a ruddy cheeked oaf, needs to fuck off, is in charge of entire nation

DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER: NICK CLEGG



Also duh. The junior partner in the coalition (it even says so in his contract). Does not become PM if Cameron is assassinated. Job features no particular duties but he makes Cameron look statesmanlike by existing. Slightly posh accent ignored during election campaign. Possibly Judas, or Hitler.

CHANCELLOR: GEORGE OSBORNE



Really called Gideon. Part of ancient Anglo-Irish aristocracy known as The Ascendancy. Future Baronet of Ballentaylor. Career politician. Former admin assistant at Selfridges. No economic experience beyond basic SAGE Line 50 training. Is in charge of economy during recession.

FOREIGN SECRETARY: WILLIAM HAGUE



Hairless albino Nazi. Risen to major cabinet position despite legacy of failure as Tory leader due to the even greater failure of successor. Darkly amusing choice of foreign secretary as entertainment value granted by genuine northern wit is offset by noted racism, homophobia and hatred of Europe.

HOME SECRETARY: THERESA MAY



Also minster for women, since she's a woman. One of about four Tories to be elected for the first time in 1997. Former party Chairman, despite being a woman. Typical Tory bird in that she's half as feminine as a rugby player's jockstrap. In charge of national security. Lady-type.

LORD CHANCELLOR: KENNETH CLARKE



Apparently called Kenneth again instead of Ken. Also Justice Secretary. Is responsible for maintaining the police state in the latter role. No-one knows what a Lord Chancellor does. Looks identical to how he looked when Chancellor of the Exchequer fifteen years ago. Likeable enough for a Tory.

DEFENCE SECRETARY: LIAM FOX



Apparently a Scotsman. MP for somewhere a fuck of a long way from Scotland. An actual Doctor. Married to another Doctor. One of many Tories caught up in the expenses scandal (another was Gideon Osborne) that the media seemed to take no particular interest in for some reason.

BUSINESS SECRETARY: VINCE CABLE



Main responsibilities seem to include regulating the tax system and keeping an eye on our Chancellor the Selfridges office bitch. Resembles the late Ken Campbell's respectable brother. Probably the cleverest man in the cabinet, which is why he's been given a job babysitting Baronet Pennybags.

WORK & PENSIONS: IAIN AND DUNCAN SMITH



Man with two names but no personality. Worst Tory leader ever from a Tory perspective. To the right of Thatcher. Was promised a cabinet position during the election despite being an incompetent fascist, and so was given the highest profile but hardest to fuck up job of all.

ENERGY AND CLIMATE CHANGE: CHRIS HURNE



Perennial second-place finisher in Lib Dem leadership races. Is in charge of wind farms and solar panels and all those other things Tories wouldn't think twice about without the Lib Dems to please. Post originally created by Gordon Brown, although Cameron will probably take credit like great big prick he is.

EDUCATION: MICHAEL GOVE



Archetypal Tory boy, replete with pink skin, effluent hairstyle and a lower lip like an half-inflated dinghy. Formerly the Tory representative on unloved Channel 4 comedy monologue show A Stab in the Dark. He was the unfunny Tory one with the petulant schoolboy's lips.

COMMUNITIES: ERIC PICKLES



Former party Chairman. Astonishing to behold. Apparently consists entirely of flaps and fatty residue surrounding a giant egg, with glasses balanced on the front for the sake of definition. Fuck knows what his duties are, we just wanted to marvel at his appearance. Look at him. Just look.

THE GOLD EXPERIENCE

From nobodies to kingmakers to failures to a deal with the Devil in a single month. **Neil Murton** on the sad, strange saga of the Lib Dems.

So, May 6th. Just a month ago. The night that was going to change British politics forever: the two-party system would be blown apart because, thanks to the Miracle of Television, more people knew the Lib Dems existed. Nick's cheeky grin had won over the masses and all the opinion polls were predicting a huge swing to the yellow team. Finally we wouldn't have elections where people voted either Red or Blue because they were the only two with a chance. Other people with other real, genuine opinions would start to matter. Did it happen? Did it fuck.

We were stars that night. We looked into that opportunity to stop the pendulum swinging above us, the chance to change the system greeted us like a small child full of hope for the future, and what did we do? We spat in its face, broke its nose, kicked it in the ribs for good measure and then threw the snivelling brat into the gutter. Why? Fucked if I know. Because we're British, I guess, and trying to shift things toward a system where people's votes actually matter just Isn't Done. Not for us to have any kind of say in how the country's run, is it? Far better to leave that to the buck-toothed Eton-educated fox-huntin' inbreds who were born to it. Just like back in the good old days, when Disraeli was being all articulate and Queen Victoria was doing wondrous things for the black fabric industry – nothing makes you better qualified to have an opinion than the fact that Daddy owns half of Devonshire.

OK, that's unfair. It was, however, a little frustrating to watch the opinion polls swell with Lib Dem support – support for a party that, as a

rule, gets *not quite enough* to be a serious national party, support that might finally push them over the edge into actually mattering – only to have it vanish entirely on voting night. Now, not everything the Lib Dems do is sensible. They don't want more nuclear plants, for instance. They'd far rather we powered the country with happy thoughts, and seem to be convinced that if we pay some scientists a few million quid they'll be able to work out a way of doing this. Brilliant! No need for new power stations or any of that science crap, just plug Joe McElderry into a generator and we can light up London until 2057. They have also, though, been responsible for some long-overdue injections of common sense into politics. Everyone who bothered to read the manifestos (about three people, but hey) thought that the Lib Dems' economic plans were far better than the dross anyone else had come up with. This might be something to do with the fact that while Labour's plans were drawn up by Alastair Darling (solicitor) and the Tories' by Gideon "George" Osborne ("historian", career politician and generic arsewipe), the Lib Dems had Vince Cable (chief economist for Shell). See, it'd be nice to think that putting a hugely successful economist in charge of the economy would be a no-brainer, but this was actually something of an innovation.



Nick Clegg: Obama during the election, Cheney afterwards.

The run-up to the election was, of course, prime hunting season for opinion pollsters. They found, for instance, that in the run up to the election, and particularly after the chancellor's debate and leader's debates, most people wanted Vince Cable as chancellor (for evidence, visit <http://tinyurl.com/yam83sj> - that's research, see. Citing all the things we can still be arsed to dig out of the internet. I'm not going to guarantee I haven't made the rest of this up because I need to hit a deadline) and most people wanted Nick Clegg as Prime Minister. But there were still a lot of people saying that they wouldn't vote LibDem because they didn't think they'd get in – and therein lies

the fucking problem, kids. The reason they don't get in is because *you don't fucking vote for them.*

This argument is tempered somewhat by the fact that they did, in fact, get in. Riding on Tory coat-tails and to howls of protest from the grass-roots it may have been, it's still a far better result than a Tory minority government and probably the best this correspondent could have hoped for given the outcome of election night. All the people who would have liked to have Nick Clegg as PM but didn't vote LibDem because they weren't going to get in, by the way, you don't get to complain. It's your fucking fault they had to do this anyway, so your right to have an opinion is hereby revoked. The result would have been better if Vince Cable had actually got the chancellor's job, which oh-so-briefly looked like a possibility. Unfortunately some bright spark realised that'd mean putting someone qualified in a position of power, which contradicts the Moron's Guide to Management Act of 1864. But that's OK, because there's David Laws as Chief Secretary – he's pretty competent too. Ah. Expenses. I see.

(Dear The Telegraph, I don't care. If he was the best person for the job (and someone clearly thought he was, even if it was the same someone who put George Osborne in No. 11) then I do not care if he used expenses to pay £40k of rent to his partner. I do not care if his partner is a man or a woman, a Greek god in the guise of a swan, or a small piece of blue cardboard. He is more than welcome to £40k of taxpayer's money if he can do the extremely bloody difficult job he's got, or had, well. Now we're left with George and some guy who looks like a grown-up Cabbage Patch kid. Well fucking done.)

The biggest crime of the yellow army evaporation, by a very long way, was the ousting of Evan Harris. Formerly the MP for

Oxford West and Abingdon, he was a supporter of science and investigation and doing stuff based on what research said was the right way to do it rather than the 'it worked for me' method favoured by just about everyone else in Parliament. His list of detractors includes the anti-vaccination lobby (he pushed for more evidence on the OMG MMR leads to autism crap), animal rights activists, homoeopaths (for pointing out that they're a bunch of snake-oil selling con artists), pro-lifers (for believing that women are allowed to have abortions and that stem-cell research does not equate to genocide), idiots (for saying Intelligent Design shouldn't be taught in science lessons) and anyone who lies (pushed for a rework of our laughable libel laws). He lost, by 167 votes, to Nicola Blackwood, a Tory and member of the Conservative Christian Fellowship, following a campaign against him that labelled him as Dr Death and an atheist (read: someone who dares to think). It should be pointed out that we don't think Nicola Blackwood was involved in this campaign – it was conducted by others who were rather more hard-line – she just reaped the benefits. Anyone who was going to vote for Evan Harris but didn't: you've got a lot of explaining to do.



David Laws: fucks men. If you care about this, you're a cunt.

I'm not going to add a conclusion here because it would add to the fallacy that this was some kind of coherent political argument rather than an ill-thought-through piece of blood-spitting vitriol. Just remember: when the fields of England have been painted red thanks to George selling Shropshire to Coca-Cola so they can make the first billboard you can see from space, and when it's decided taxes should be hiked so we can pay all the uberrich a £500,000 thank-you fee every year just for living here, it will be All. Your. Fault.



This is *our* country.



Sure, you could shop at a locally-owned grocer's at the heart of your town, but isn't it so much more *convenient* to drive five miles out of town to shop at a mothership-like supermarket instead? Of course it is. That's why, within the next two decades, the only shops in the world will be concrete-paved, cavernous hypermarkets the size of villages that offer almost no variety whatsoever and make you want to kill yourself.

The Name of the ROSE

The Labour party, in common with every other defeated party in General Elections since 1992, is getting a new leader. Five candidates have stepped forward, and a nation asks: who the fuck are you people? Here's who.

DAVID MILIBAND



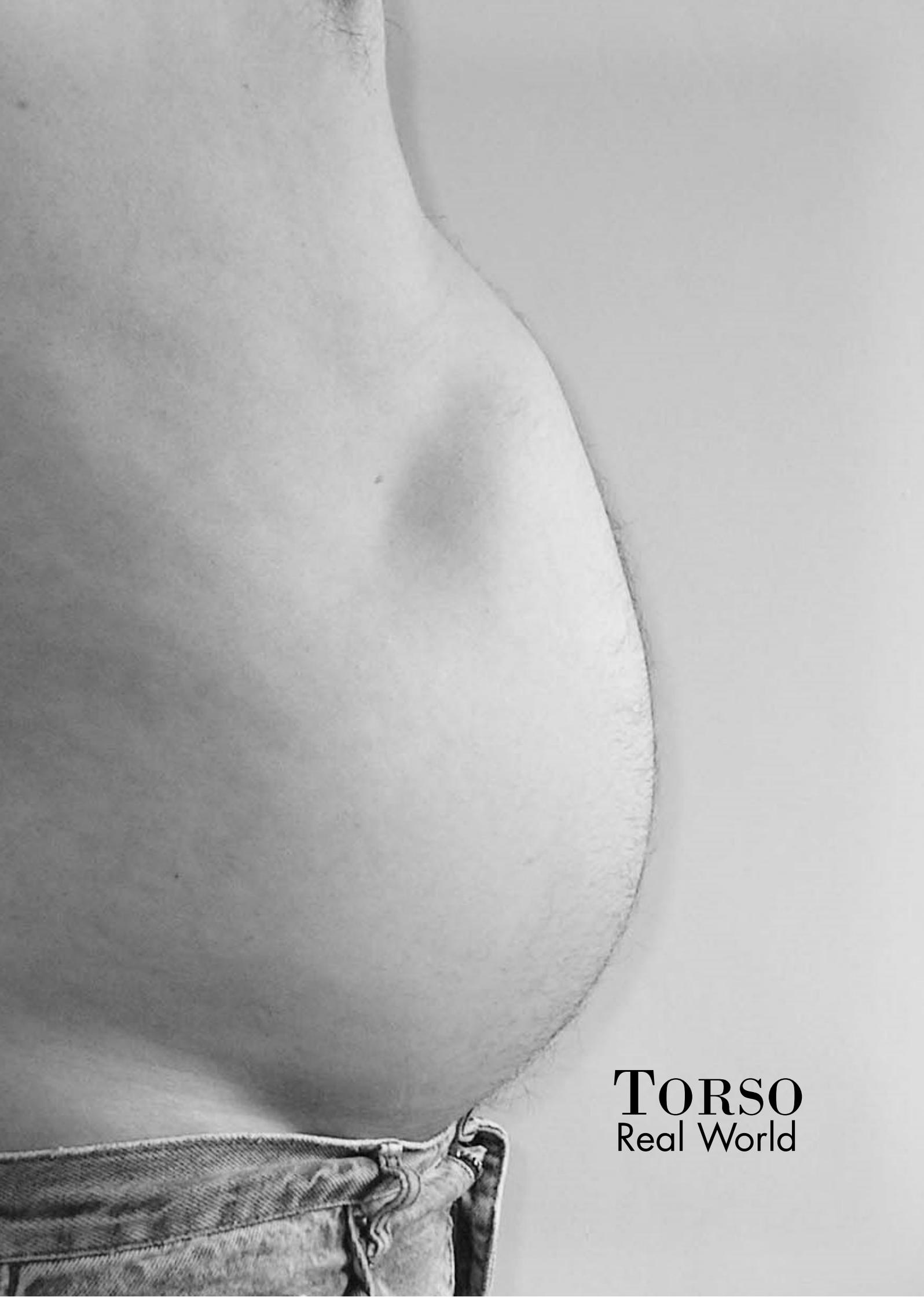
The first to put his name forward, and if we're honest, the probable inevitable victor too. Although he appears to have been hatched out of the same Tony Blair clone pod that produced David Cameron, David Miliband was actually born in London and went to Oxford and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where he learned how to upload his consciousness into a robot body or something I expect. **What does he think, if anything?** He's actually relatively left-wing, certainly to the left of Blair. He's also made some laudable attempts to heal the Blair/Brown gash that's been bleeding the Labour Party to death since at least their 2001 re-election. **What are his drawbacks?** He's another career politician — ie someone who didn't get into the business because he believes things, or wants things to change, or cares about the country, but because running a country looked like fun. Consequently he probably doesn't care either way. **Chances of being elected?** 4/7 favourite. Almost certain to happen. He's easily the highest-profile of the five candidates and has by far the biggest "magic circle" of followers, which is what really counts in the power game.

"Miliband" only has one ell, by the way, even though it really should have two. Ed is of course the younger brother of David, allowing the media to make light-hearted "sibling rivalry" jokes in lieu of actually saying or doing anything. Ed, perhaps because he's younger, is slightly more intense and earnest than his brother. Used to play in a punk band called Squashed Psyche, and we're not making that up, although when we say they troubled the charts with their cover of "Gilly, Gilly, Ossenfeffer, Katzenellen Bogen by the Sea" (b/w "Fucking Bored Out Of My Skull") in 1978, we are.

What does he think, if anything? Hard to say. He's never had the profile of his brother, who held one of the gig four cabinet positions for three years. By contrast, Ed was slaving away at Energy and Climate Change, putting through several laudable measures to combat CO2 emissions to little or no fanfare. **What are his drawbacks?** Essentially the same as his brother's, with the added disadvantage that he doesn't have the same X-factor. **Chances of being elected?** Pretty high, but he'll probably be eliminated halfway through and throw his support behind his brother. Current odds sit at 7/2.

ED MILIBAND





TORSO
Real World

ED BALLS



The one with the comedy name, Ed Balls is a good friend of Gordon Brown and a fellow member of the Co-Operative Party (a sister party to Labour). He was tipped to succeed Brown as chancellor, but instead became schools minister, a post that doesn't even exist anymore, although that's probably not his fault. Unfortunately for him Ed Milliband's publicity division were quick to design a brand identity for him that emphasised the name "ED", essentially leaving this guy with just the word "BALLS" to work with. **What does he think, if anything?** Again, he's fairly left-wing, which really shouldn't be notable in the Labour Party. As mentioned above, he's a member of the Co-Operative Party and was a noted thinker in the Fabian Society. He also uses the word "socialist" quite liberally to describe himself (as opposed to Hitler, which is what they do in America). **What are his drawbacks?** He has two main drawbacks: his ridiculous name (can you really see "Prime Minister Balls"?) and the fact that he comes across disturbingly reminiscent of Piers Fletcher-Dervish, which is off-putting to say the least. **Chances of winning?** He's got a lot of Milimentum (ugh) to overcome, but certainly more than an outside chance. Current odds 8/1.

Andy Burnham used to be Health Secretary, which we're sure used to be a much bigger and more important job before 1997. Few outside the Labour Party itself and political nerds have really heard of him or anything he may ever have done. So this whole paragraph is going to be white noise. Welp. Um, he joined Labour during the miner's strike, which I think is a good sign, and he was at the centre of that idiotic leaflets flap during the election where he (or the party in his constituency) apparently target cancer sufferers by claiming the Tories would cut funding for breast screenings (which, to be fair, they probably would have). **What does he think, if anything?** He's probably the most right-wing of the five candidates, having claimed in 2007 that "It's better when children are in a home where their parents are married" and "it's not wrong that the tax system should recognise commitment and marriage", which is basically what the Tories put in their manifesto three years later. **What are his drawbacks?** Accident-prone. Almost sued by Shami Chakrabati, attacked a report he hadn't read, perpetual gormless expression. **Chances of winning?** Slim. No-one really knows much about him and there's little that sparks interest. 16/1.

ANDY BURNHAM



DIANE ABBOTT



The rank outsider, Diane Abbott has been around for a while. She entered Parliament in 1987, whereupon she became the first black woman MP. Before that she worked in television, being a reporter and researcher for TV-am, which is an odd place for a future Labour MP to work. She's not going to win, and only joined the race because everyone else was a forty-something white man and she was getting bored of it. **What does she think, if anything?** She mostly campaigns on the subjects of civil liberties (receiving an award from Shami Chakrabati) and, understandably enough, race. She's probably the most left-wing of all the candidates. **What are her drawbacks?** Mostly the fact that she won't win. She's also made her share of mistakes, including (apparently inadvertently) insulting the entire nation of Finland in 1996 and, in a move that even she called "intellectually incoherent" paying through the nose for private school for her son. Also she's black and a woman, which means she has the same drawbacks as both Barack Obama and Hillary Clinton in 2008: she's a magnet for racism and misogyny. **Chances of winning?** Nil. Current odds are 25/1, but frankly it won't happen.

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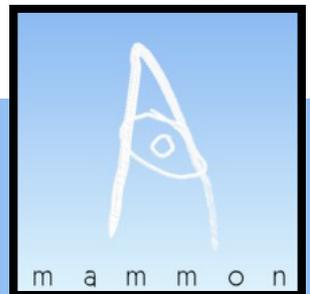


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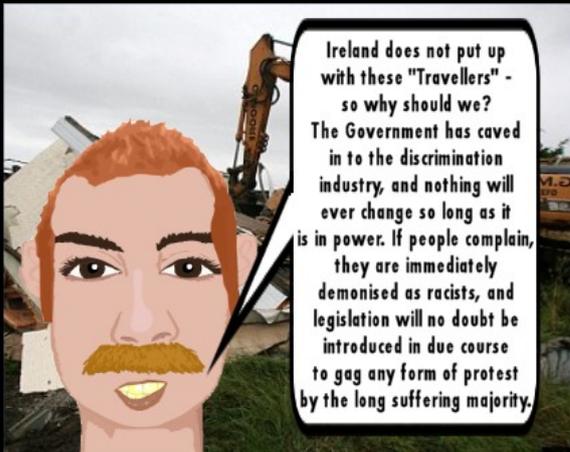


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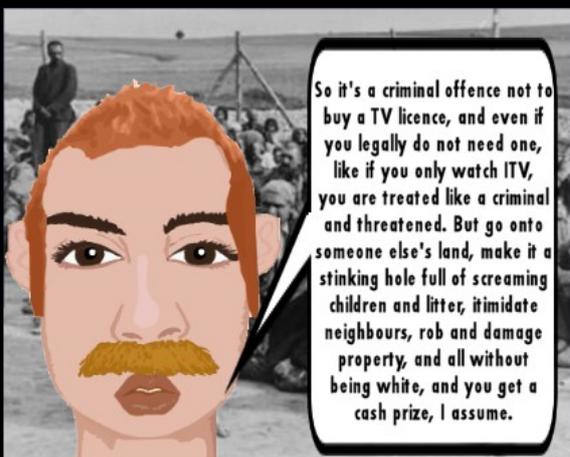
BARRY FRUD

VOICE OF BRITAIN

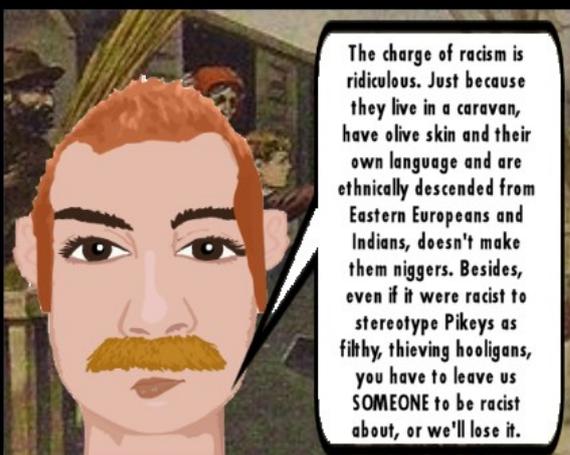
Barry Frud is the authentic voice of Britain, the voice of the ignored white middle-class male majority, a voice which cannot be heard in these dark times over the din of politically correct gay brown right-on liberal elites. Today, Barry woke up to find some gypsies doing a thing...



Ireland does not put up with these "Travellers" - so why should we? The Government has caved in to the discrimination industry, and nothing will ever change so long as it is in power. If people complain, they are immediately demonised as racists, and legislation will no doubt be introduced in due course to gag any form of protest by the long suffering majority.



So it's a criminal offence not to buy a TV licence, and even if you legally do not need one, like if you only watch ITV, you are treated like a criminal and threatened. But go onto someone else's land, make it a stinking hole full of screaming children and litter, intimidate neighbours, rob and damage property, and all without being white, and you get a cash prize, I assume.



The charge of racism is ridiculous. Just because they live in a caravan, have olive skin and their own language and are ethnically descended from Eastern Europeans and Indians, doesn't make them niggers. Besides, even if it were racist to stereotype Pikeys as filthy, thieving hooligans, you have to leave us SOMEONE to be racist about, or we'll lose it.



Hi! I'm **Greg** and I'm here to teach you all about **road safety!**

Did you know a car is basically a huge blunt object hurtling towards you at speeds which we take for granted but which are barely conceivable in practical terms?

What's more, the car itself couldn't care less if you live or die

Whether you live or die basically depends on the person at the wheel and whether or not they're concentrating on the bloody road instead of the radio or their annoying fucking kids, or jabbering away on the telephone to their boring fucking friends about their pointless fucking lives.

But to the car, you're just a bag of bones and blood and viscera, only distinguishable from a speed bump in that speed bumps don't pop and spray fluid and organs everywhere when you smash into it at speeds twice as fast as Dwain Chambers could run even if he ingested an entire pharmacy. So you really depend on the person driving to be paying attention.



But what are they doing? Turning around to tell their hideous offspring off again. Jabbering on and on and on and on into their fucking metal iCancer gadget while tentatively manipulating the steering wheel with one hand. Looking at every lightpost for a speed camera instead of at the road for potential murder victims. Face it: they don't care if you live or die any more than the cars do.

So always remember Greg's Golden Rule: *any time you're outside the house you're placing your life in the hands of total strangers who would happily splash your guts across the Ring Road just so long as they make it to the fucking cinema on time to catch "Ambush Bug: The Movie"*. Even if you live in the country. There are still roads in the country. You cannot escape. Cannot.



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PRESIDENT #7: ANDREW JACKSON

President Jackson was known as "Old Hickory" and is the President most identified with the American Frontier. He spent most of his presidency concentrating on the ongoing development of Tennessee. He is best known for signing the Indian Removal Act, making law the forced ethnic cleansing of thousands of Native Americans, whose homes were bought out from under them by the Act, leading to the infamous Trail of Tears. These days, Jackson can still be seen every day in America on the \$20 bill, making him one of the relatively few genocidares to go on to appear on his country's money.



YOU HAVE BEEN READING

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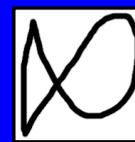
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A BOB THE FISH MAGAZINE

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We at BSkyB wish to congratulate the British people on the choice they made at the General Election.



sky

believe in what we tell you to believe

NEXT in 2SUNS ...

**it' s the
SOCIALISM
issue!**

Because we're sick and tired of seeing it thrown around America like a) it's a bad thing per se, b) Barack Obama qualifies in any way as a socialist and c) anyone who calls him one has any idea what the fuck they're talking about, we'll tell you what socialism *really* is, what socialists *really* believe, what Karl Marx has to do with anything and why the Tea Partiers are a bunch of drooling imbecile sheep who have literally no idea what their problem even is in the first place. Although that last bit might actually be too obvious for a whole article.

2SUNS#3: The Socialism Issue. Out August, we expect.