

2SUNS

"Are there no prisons? And the Union workhouses? Are they still in operation? The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigour, then?"

CUNT OF THE YEAR
IAIN DUNCAN SMITH

“For God’s sake help me”

Sorry, you fat bastard, but Coca-Cola own you all the way down to your little white hairs, and escape is absolutely impossible. We’re everywhere, motherfucker. Holidays are coming, bitch, so get to trickin’.

obey motherfucker™



Vol 2 Issue 20

CHRISTMAS 2013

2SUNSMAGAZINE.COM

2SUNS

"DECK THE HALLS WITH BROKEN PROMISE"

COVER STORY SHITS POLL WINNERS PARTY p4

The end of another year, and as TIME magazine singles out the Pope for praise, we single out the shits for kicking in the teeth. Starring Iain Duncan-Smith, Nigel Farage, Tony Abbott and several other froglike men.



4

12

18

20



Opening Salvo

by John Wirstham-Harte
(editor and shit yeah?)

No major elections, no major crises, no wars we

weren't already fighting; 2013 was the equivalent of a studio jam included as a filler track between the big hit singles. Which isn't to say it was a dull year by any means. Plenty of interesting things happened, and most notably a whole fuckload of good people died. Most notably, Michael Winner. I mean Nelson Mandela.

Back when he was clearly on the outs this summer, we actually planned for the autumn issue to be another special tribute, like the Thatcher one only sincere. We'd still kind of like to do that, but it won't happen any time soon. We then decided to do a single tribute article in the Christmas special. But after starting it several times, we came to the conclusion that there's nothing left for white Western people to say about him. It's all been said. He was a great man and we're all privileged to have shared the same planet with him for any length of time. So instead, we did a simple splash page tribute, because frankly that says as much as we could possibly say about him anyway. Hopefully it'll also function as a palate cleanser after the annual litany of shits (shitany?). Hamba kahle, Madiba.



Another year has ended with the world somehow still here, so as is customary for this magazine, let us drop all pretence of being a serious organ of current affairs analysis and spend an entire issue hurling insult after insult at the very worst humans this year had to offer.

2013

The year in pricks

Words: **John Wirstham-Harte**, **Humphrey Jaylynn**,
Konstantin Jesualenko and **Willard van Omnomnom Quine**

BIGJOB

CUNT OF THE YEAR IAIN DUNCAN-SMITH



In 1992, tortoise-skulled genuine fascist and scourge of British industry Norman Tebbit retired from the Commons to take care of his wife, who had been left disabled by the IRA bomb attack in Brighton - a double tragedy, in that she was crippled and he wasn't. He'd been preparing for it for a while - before the fall of Thatcher even - and had been grooming a young protégé of his as his successor. Sure enough, that young mini-me of Tebbit was returned that year as the new MP for Chingford. Eerie, bald and solemn, he was Tebbit's favourite son. On handing over the reigns of his constituency, he made the famous statement: "If you think I'm right-wing, you should see this guy." Coming from Norman Tebbit, the most far-right mainstream politician in Britain since Moseley, this was quite genuinely terrifying. But not as terrifying as the fact that it was true.

Ten years later, Iain Duncan Smith was leading the party. On paper, this should be the most terrifying thing of all. But unfortunately for Duncan Smith - and very fortunately for Britain - he didn't possess even Tebbit's pitbull charisma, in fact having the personal magnetism of a small, damp square of brown polyester. He only got the job over the vastly more experienced (and less shit-headed) Kenneth Clarke because of grass-roots support among aging and elderly racists who appreciated his tough stance on Europe. The fact that, soon after he was ousted, the Tories quickly changed the rules to stop such people from having an influence, basically tells you all you need to know about his time as Leader of the Opposition. When Tony Blair saw who they'd selected to replace William Hague, he must have thought it was Christmas. No wonder he went crazy; his opposition was worse than Thatcher's.

After the humiliating two-year death march that was Iain Duncan-Smith's leadership of the Conservative Party, most expected, or at least hoped, that the bald-headed fascist fuck would disappear, like most failed Opposition leaders (Kinnock, Foot, Hague at the time). But he was still young, by political standards - he wasn't even 50, although he looked, and always has, like a man constantly in his sixties. He faded to the opposition backbenches under his successor, Dracula (although he served with the previous two party leaders on the advisory board at the election), before being appointed Chairman of the Social Justice Policy Group under new leader Cameron, which is like appointing Anton La Vey Pope. Impressed by his ideas for solving poverty (make having an income lower than 10k per annum illegal), Cameron promised Duncan Smith a place in his cabinet, preferably with some kind of Social Justice brief. With the posts of Home Secretary and Justice Secretary being given over to the much more experienced and competent Tessa Jowell and Ken Clarke, Duncan Smith found himself following in the footsteps of his mentor Tebbit once again. The major differences being that Tebbit's title was Employment Secretary, whereas by now it has evolved into Work and Pensions Secretary; and also that Duncan Smith might possibly be even worse, even more compassionless, even more damaging to the country, than Tebbit was. Be afraid.

We mentioned in issue 18 that Duncan-Smith's super-harsh sanction policy had resulted in one of our writers losing about £300 because, while he was doing everything he'd been told, his record-keeping was slightly off. This obviously has informed our decision to appoint him Cunt of the Year. But even if his punish-the-poor policies hadn't hurt us personally, he'd probably still get the nod, because 2013 was really when he finally left the Phoney War phase of his hostilities against the lower classes and initiated the biggest phase yet of

Operation Fuck Everyone. When Cameron reshuffled his cabinet in a blind panic back in mid-2012, Duncan Smith was going to be given the job of Justice Secretary for which he's been heading for years. But to Cameron's surprise, he turned it down. He hadn't finished at Work and Pensions yet. Not by a long chalk.

In typical Tory fashion, Duncan-Smith has interpreted his job description — to make sure as few people are claiming benefit as possible — in military terms. People on benefits aren't to be *helped* off them, they're to be *gunned down in the streets*. His approach at the DWP has tended to be to stand there, arms crossed, with an impassive frown, constantly repeating the line that the poor Must Try Harder. His get-out clause for this was a brief stint on benefits back in the day. However, this was before Thatcher dismantled the welfare state, and furthermore, Duncan-Smith's parents are a war hero and a ballerina, and his then-soon-to-be in-laws are the Baron Cottesloe and family. It's not the same situation, is what we're saying.



What would have happened if Hitler had fucked Mussolini, yesterday. Photo credit: David Fisher/Rex Features.

Duncan-Smith's first act of major cuntery in 2013 came in March, when a landmark court case was ruled in favour of two benefit claimants who had been effectively roped into slave labour at Poundland. The court of appeal ruled that this was a) not on and b) partly the DWP's fault for letting it happen. The Department was ordered to pay out a total of £130 odd million to the plaintiffs and thousands of similarly effected benefits

claimants.

Naturally, the DWP panicked, and immediately released an impressively terrible piece of legislation that effectively overruled the courts and legitimised the kind of unpaid labour that Poundland had been using. Effectively, they changed the law to both stop themselves having to pay out for their horrible mistake, and prevent the unemployed livestock from demanding minimum wage for the full-time work they were effectively doing — and they made it work *retroactively*. It was the most nakedly evil piece of legislation in a good while. When Duncan-Smith defended it (through a spokesdroid) by saying "This legislation will protect taxpayers and make sure we won't be paying back money to people who didn't do enough to find work," it was like a full-stop written in blood. Duncan-Smith and his Department had brutalised the unemployed and then blamed them for it. The balls necessary to do something like that were never in evidence when Duncan-Smith was leading the opposition. That's what actually having power does, we suppose.

(The most frustrating thing is that Labour gave in and let them put this legislation through. Really, guys? I can guarantee that making a big deal of blocking this would have provided plenty of working-class support in the run-up to an election. Do you really not care about that at all anymore?)

But Duncan-Smith was just getting warmed up. When someone else on benefits revealed that after housing costs, his entire income amounted to £53 a week, he shrugged and said—on April Fools’ Day of all things—he could survive on that, easy. Thousands upon thousands implored him to do so. He did not.

This little piece of jaw-droppingly out-of-touch rhetoric was the starter. The main course came later in April, and was dubbed the “bedroom tax”, even though, as we apparently have to point out by law, it’s not a tax. It does involve the Government taking money from people, though. Basically, this is a change to the housing benefit that slices off a massive chunk of it if you have too many rooms in your house. If you have a spare bedroom, you lose £14 a week out of £50-100. This is based on almost nothing but spite. It’s reminiscent of nothing so much as the medieval taxes on windows and the like that led to the Peasant’s Revolt. Sadly, as we saw in 2011, peasants only revolt these days because they’re bored and want some new trainers; and even though Labour and even some Lib Dems, defying the party whip, went to bat for them, the Bedroom Tax is a fact now and Duncan-Smith’s smug grin got even bigger.

Meanwhile, out in the real world, people are setting up god-damned foodbanks and the like, and Sir John Majors has been criticising his own party for making people choose between food and warmth. Duncan-Smith gave a speech in August explaining that the foodbank boom is absolutely nothing to do with him and his policies of actively starving the poor out of poverty; people are using them more because they’re there, that’s all. Foodbanks are clearly a sticking point with him, presumably because their mere existence is a constant reminder that he’s fundamentally evil and a failure to boot. Earlier this month, he caused yet another shitstorm when he semi-comically tried to sneak out (crouching his bank and everything) of a Commons debate on the subject. We say “tried”; he made it out, he just failed at being sneaky. A week later, he responded to a request for a meeting from the main Foodbank charity, the Trussell Trust, with an unequivocal (if slightly more diplomatically worded) “fuck off”, and accusations of scaremongering to boost their “business model”. This level of sheer cold-hearted fuckitude is

terrifying, Dickensian. He seems genuinely incapable of comprehending that anyone could care about anything other than themselves and their profits. The man is a bona fide monster, and well overdue the title of Cunt of the Year. We leave you with this thought: as David Cameron grows increasingly unpopular, he may still be harbouring Prime Ministerial ambitions. It’s not as if he’s the kind of person to learn from past mistakes, after



all. Another thought: even Gideon Osborne thinks he’s too thick for the cabinet. Final thought: he’s distantly related to George Bernard Shaw, who would kick him to death if he knew. Someone hold a séance, quick.

MR TOAD'S



SECOND PLACE: NIGEL FARAGE

Wild Ride

Much as he doesn't like Nigel Farage, Your Dashing Correspondent does have to give him one thing: he's bloody good at his job.

Of course, one of the things about this list is that while there may be, somewhere in this Godforsaken crumbling wreck of a country, people even more vile, more Machiavellian than even the massive cocks on this list, they sit in their little boxes reading the Daily Mail and thankfully we never ever hear about them.

But then there's Nigel Farage.

Nigel Farage is never going to be prime minister. Despite the massive upswell of idiot support UKIP's had this year, there's a good chance he'll never be an MP. He missed his shot at that when he didn't have the balls to stand in the South Shields by-election where his party came second by mopping up all the LibDem protest votes that were looking for a new no-hoper to vote for.

But he doesn't need that kind of power to do some real damage. He's the kingpin of a minor never-really-ran political party. He can make all the promises he likes because he'll never have to keep them.

Immigrants? Freeloading job-stealing arsewipes, the lot of 'em! We'll deport them all to the moon and then blow up the moon and then drop all the bits of it on France, froggy wankers.

(That's a direct quote from their manifesto. I expect. It's the same basic gist and makes a little more sense)

But the way tiny political parties become big political parties is to get attention. To get noticed. And Nigel's really good at being noticed.

So you could argue that maybe we shouldn't include him here at all. Why give him the oxygen of publicity? Since Your Dashing Correspondent isn't entirely convinced about giving him the oxygen of oxygen, it's a compelling case.

But ultimately, it's a futile one. Because if we're honest, this steaming pile of Farage is better at publicity than we are. He really doesn't need our help. He realised a long time ago that what his party needs right now isn't a good politician – it's good theatre. Being the kind of guy who gets on the talk shows and gets interviewed. The kind who gets his stupidly populist soundbites in front of as many people as possible.

Because he KNOWS he'll never be Prime Minister. It's never going to matter that all his promises have as much substance as a streak of horse piss. It's never going to matter that nothing he says holds up to the tiniest bit of logical thought. All that matters is that he can say to as many people as possible that hey, are you dissatisfied with anything? Anything at all? Me too. The problem is all the stuff that belongs to people like us is being taken by people like them. Let's kick the fuckers out.

This is seductive, poisonous shit. And it's something the Greens, useless bastards that they are, have never grasped. Because UKIP aren't the only tiny political party. The Greens are playing on a similar level, but unlike UKIP they're trying to get noticed by being unassuming and quiet and saying sensible things about the environment and the economy and suchlike.

Well, sorry. BUT THAT DOESN'T WORK, FUCKWITS. Your Dashing Correspondent agrees with the Greens more than any political party he's yet found, even with their knee-jerk nuclear-bashing idiocy and weird passion for homeopathic quack-crap. But he still doesn't know who the leader is. Remember when they had two? He can't for the life of him work out why they thought that was in any way a good thing. All that meant was that the public had two people to concentrate on. Their attention was divided. And neither of these two people were ever in any way entertaining. If one of them died, how would you tell?

So instead, they turn to look at Nigel Farage. And like a car crash on the M6, it's horrible but you just can't look away. He is the pint-swilling, fag-smoking, plane-crashing uber-cunt. And he's not here to stay, but if we're not careful he'll make sure UKIP is.



THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO LITTLE

Australia is currently experiencing its worst hangover in years. And that's saying a lot. This bitch of a year — the year of the three Prime Ministers — is finally nearly over, and it's ended as it inevitably always would: with the Lodge occupied by the two-fisted Catholic gecko himself, Tony Abbott. And almost as soon as he got the job he's clearly wanted since John Howard started looking ropey (approximately thirty-two minutes into his premiership), he fucked it up.

He was elected primarily for three reasons: first, that Labor were a self-immolating mess who were too busy fighting each other to fight an election and who chucked out their unpopular leader far too late to make a difference. Much like the British Labour party in 1979 (which this administration resembled in several aspects), they managed to make voting for them basically inconceivable, even though (again as in 1979) the only other choice was terrible.

Abbott's second advantage was the fucking boats. He ran on a policy of keeping the boats out, and sadly that's still enough to get the job in Australia — a lovely country in many ways, but damn if they don't need a spiritual enema, and need it worse every year they cling onto all that unreconstructed racism, sexism and even

homophobia — although they do better, by and large, on the latter than America.

The third big advantage was the Murdoch press. Abbott was their candidate, and after two and a half years of Gillard being both female and not very good at the job (in that order), they were frantic to get the Liberals (or more accurately the Coalition) back into the Lodge. So they did everything short of punching the entire population of Australia in the face to get them to vote Coalition. By election day they were practically foaming at the mouth, such that you almost had to handle *The Australian* with rubber gloves.

Inevitably, Abbott won in a sort of default landslide. He practically dripped slime as he smugly posed for photos as the new PM. Kevin Rudd's first action in 2008 was to apologise to the Stolen Generations. Abbott's was to scrap the carbon tax and close the coastal borders. He was constantly seen smiling like a man who'd just learned to fellate himself. This lasted about a fortnight.

The first scandal erupted a month after the election: a good old-fashioned expenses scandal. He'd written off weddings and triathlons, it transpired; he paid back the former and justified the latter as being important campaign activities. No sooner had that cooled off than an even bigger scandal erupted when it emerged that Australia had been spying on occasional ally/major trade partner/immigrant exporter Indonesia, including tapping the phone of President Susilo Bambang Yudhoyono. Even though this clearly predated his time as Prime Minister, Abbott very accommodatingly decided to own this scandal too by actively refusing to apologise, and in fact telling Yudhoyono to sit down and shut up, and anyone in Australia who doesn't like it should bloody well be grateful they're looking out for them and keeping them safe. Inevitably, the number of Indonesian boat people mysteriously went up, while the Australian people started tugging at their collars at the realisation of just who they've put in charge. Bipartisan approval ratings show the Coalition rising to pretty dizzying heights in September of this year, and then crashing down to Gillard levels by December. And somewhere, possibly in Wales, Julia Gillard is laughing.



FOURTH PLACE: **TED CRUZ**

TEA FOR ONE

Ted Cruz—or Rafael Cruz, to use the actual first name that would get him kicked out of the GOP on the quick-fast if he used it—is on this list as a proxy for every Tea Party douchecanoe who got the United States Government shut down back in October. He gets the nod as their representative because he pretty much assumed the role himself.

In the summer, he started a nationwide bus tour to promote a) himself and b) poor people dying on the streets of treatable conditions because they're no use to the insurance companies. It was here he started actively arguing for the Shutdown — which, as we detailed last issue, was an entirely premeditated act of political terrorism. Ted, with his big brown eyes and unthreateningly faint ethnicity—*why, he's almost a white!*—was the perfect person to sell the obvious lie that the GOP give a fuck about anyone or anything without a minimum of one million dollars to their name, not to mention the other lie that, hey, the Shutdown won't be that bad. Government doesn't do anything anyway, amirite?

This culminated in his 21-hour speech on the floor of the Senate arguing against the Affordable Care Act. It's important to remember that by now it was a done deal; the AAC had passed and no-one could stop it becoming law. They could, however, cut off its cash supply by defunding it, and that's what Cruz's colossal whine was about. That and reading out Dr. Seuss' "Green Eggs and Ham", verbatim. It was like a Bizarro Mr. Smith Goes to Washington—this guy standing up and talking for hours on end in favour of cruelty and greed against basic common sense.

Inevitably, the "temporarily embarrassed millionaires" of the Tea Party loved it, because they've practically been genetically engineered by the robber-barons who own America not to understand how the world works. They're poor people passionately defending their own poverty, slaves fighting for their masters. Samuel L. Jackson in *Django Unchained*. Idiots, basically, and easily led idiots to boot, because when that filibuster resulted in absolutely sod-all squared, Ted Cruz instead circulated a letter around the Senate GOP urging the more swivel-eyed (and generally freshman) members to rise up against the evils of universal medical coverage, hold the Government to ransom over the AAC, and destroy all who try to tell you this is a really stupid idea. Especially if they're Republicans.

And so the Government was shut down, and within the GOP, ideological divisions started to widen between the smart, qualified politicians who know how the system worked, and the corporate-sponsored populist Tea Party imbeciles who just think they know how it works because they saw it on Fox News. In the end, of course, the former group won; a deal was struck, the Government went back to work, and the AAC was unharmed. Cruz vowed to fight on, but by now no-one cared except the Tea faithful.

Cruz and his ilk may have done as much good as harm, however: the Republican Party is more divided than ever, with anyone who so much as acknowledges President Obama's existence being cast out as a traitor and vowed to be primaried into oblivion in November or 2016. You know the beast has well and truly turned on itself when Paul Ryan is being derided as a RINO. Ted Cruz started all this with his bus tour to promote the upcoming national ransom. That sent the Tea Party into the realms of madness, and they're more than happy to stake out a place there.



FOURTH PLACE: MICHAEL GOVE A STAB IN THE DARK

Your Dashing Correspondent gets the feeling that Little Mickey Gove didn't have a great time at school. He imagines it was spent mostly in the boys' bathroom, with a much bigger kid repeatedly shoving Little Mickey's head into the loo-bowl.

"Like it?" says Gerald, a bruiser of a 15-year-old with fingers like sausages and a permanently dribbling nostril.

"Yes sir," Mickey says, just like he was told to. "Please more sir."

Because you see, I can only presume that Michael's schooldays were so unrelentingly miserable that he's rewritten them in his head. That bully became an old chum, the loo-bowl a jape between old mates, and he did like it. He really, really did. And now he feels desperate to give every kid in the country that same 1950s experience, just to prove to himself that he really did like it so very very much.

That's the only reason that makes sense for what he's currently doing to the school system. Nothing else – much like Michael Gove himself – adds up.

You shouldn't think that Your Dashing Correspondent is some old curmudgeon who just hates change. He is, but that's not the point here. Our education, in the language of my country, is proper fucked. For years, it's not been delivering the skills that are needed in the real world. The skills that matter. It's been based on an early-80s worldview and the world's moved on.

And so when Gove turned up and declared he was going to shake things up, I didn't immediately write him off.

But it turned out that he was facing backwards. He's dragging out schools kicking and screaming into the 1950s. The problem was all these teachers, see. They're a bit shit but because they're unionised, they can't be fired, so they let the kids run riot. Luckily, Michael's never held a teaching job in his life, so that makes him eminently qualified to fix things because... oh, I don't know. He's just a cunt.

When these reforms are done, all teachers will teach – all they'll have TIME to teach – is facts. Kids will have one exam that tests their knowledge of facts. Capitals. Kings. Other shit that's probably borderline racist because the British Empire never collapsed shutupshutupshutup.

This world is not short on facts. Want to know the capital of South Africa? Need a list of all English kings between 1127 and 1542? Require the air-speed velocity of an unladen swallow? You can get them all, and you can get them all from the same place: Google.

No-one needs to really know very much any more. With Google, near-universal smartphone take-up (Your Dashing Correspondent seems to be the only person left without one) and 3G covering 99% of the country, there's very few facts that aren't at the tips of your fingers.

All you need to know is WHAT you need to know.

That's what school should be teaching. We've got facts. We've got so many facts that Gradgrind would explode into a little pool of happy. What we should be teaching the kids is how to use them. How to – whisper it – think for themselves.

To be honest, Michael Gove hasn't done anything special this year to merit a place on this list. It's the same old agenda, the same old Enid Blyton masturbation fantasy of a schoolroom he's trying to crowbar the nation's kids into. Add to that the academy privatisation program and diverting funds from state schools to pay for jumped-up middle-class pricks like Toby Young to teach their kids Latin because hey, they've never been teachers either so they must be good at this education shit and that's the kind of logic Gove likes, and you've got the same old fuckery we've had for the last three years.

But he makes it this time for sheer persistence. Despite endless sensible arguments from teachers who have, y'know, actually taught stuff, he hasn't stopped and shows no signs of doing so.

So, Michael, congratulations. You're finally here. For screwing over countless generations of kids, for not listening to anyone with an ounce of clue and for not realising the fucking 60s happened, you, sir, are a cunt.

I hope you enjoy it here as much as you enjoyed your days with your old chum Gerald.



Rob Ford. Holy God, what *is* this guy? He's like a terrifying satirical cartoon about political excess, Boss Tweed, Chris Farley and Falstaff shoved into a blender with their likeability surgically removed. He drinks like alcohol is the elixir of life, and smokes crack just in case it isn't. He blithely orders the murder of anyone who irritates him, which currently includes absolutely everyone in the world, especially the citizens of Toronto, who he has reduced to begging him to resign, as any normal human being capable of shame would have by now. Not only does Ford refuse to quit, he's going to fight the election next year. Hopefully that'll end the slow-motion car crash that is his career/existence.



Ian Watkins. We neither know nor care anything about the band Lostprophets—some sort of Welsh nu-metal, we gather—and couldn't have named a single band member until this November, when frontman Ian Watkins finally achieved world-wide household name status for being *an absolute shuddering horror of a human being who deserves to be locked in a box full of mantises for the rest of his fucking god damned life*. Even Gary Glitter must have been impressed at the list of this cunt's crimes. How the fuck someone can turn out like this is inconceivable and probably unanswerable.



Barack Obama. Obama's done some good things this year, to be fair to him, like getting the AAC through and staring down the shutdown. But he's also done some terrible things. Fucking up the healthcare rollout (by giving the job to the cheapest bidder) doesn't help anyone except the Republicans, for a start, but worse than that is his demonization of both Edward Snowden and Chelsea Manning. And worse than *that* is his obvious relish in the power of remote-controlled murder. And why the fuck is Gitmo *still* open?



David Cameron. Yeah, we had to involve him. Halfway through what we hope to God will be his only term, the Prime Minister really started to turn up the shitness this year. Immigration finally returned to the front of the agenda, with explicitly confrontational adverts being deployed anywhere within eyeshot of a foreigner, flatly instructing them to fuck off home. He pushed fracking, even though fewer than no-one (who wouldn't profit from it) think it's at all a good idea, especially when there are approximately nine thousand better avenues to explore — even nuclear. He will not drop the extraordinarily stupid notion of a third runway at Heathrow. He even got thousands of badgers killed over a vague premise that didn't even work. He continues to have few or no actual ideological positions, and we're still paying the price.



Gideon Osborne. Practically a Christmas tradition now, Gideon makes it on the list simply for continuing to be wildly incompetent at his job and yet keeping it because he's Dave's BFF. Even with former Chancellor Ken Clarke now holding his hand and helping him with his sums, Osborne is and will always remain the least qualified Chancellor since the brief period in 1970 when the treasury was headed by a pair of stitched-polyester trousers upon the death of Iain Macleod. His big idea to speed the recovery (which we seem to have been in for decades now)? This year, it was sponsoring a whole new housing bubble! Thanks, Gideon. And yes, we will keep calling you Gideon. Because it's funny.



Benjamin Netanyahu. There will never be peace in the Middle East while dickmules like this guy are in charge of Israel. 2SUNS still vaguely advocates some sort of two-state solution, but such a thing is basically reliant upon both sides agreeing on which grain of sand belongs to who, and being dicks, they can't. Frankly the best solution would be to take all the politicians and the military leaders and the pundits and everyone else who wants to keep the war going, lock them in a room, and let the reasonable Israelis and Palestinians share the tiny little scrap of land that everyone's fighting over. And then they'll probably start a new war. Maybe just trap the whole fucking area under a colossal dome made of MSG.



Robin Thicke. #PRICKE, more like.

Robin makes it in for making the most obnoxious music video of the year, and that's quite an achievement. Coming across like Robert Palmer's "Addicted to Love" without the subtlety, respect or sense of shame, "Blurred Lines" saw Thicke and Pharrell—who really should know better—sliming around a pink room leering at and occasionally fondling some passive naked ladies, while singing faintly rapey lyrics about deflowering a "good girl". With his name in giant letters accompanied by a hashtag intermittently flashes on screen, just so you never forget who's responsible.

Explicitly creepy and exploitative — seriously, Thicke used that word in justifying it, next to the word "ironic". Maybe it's a reaction to being the son of the archetypal sitcom dad, but whatever the reason, he couldn't come across worse if he just sat there fucking handfuls of his own shit for three minutes.



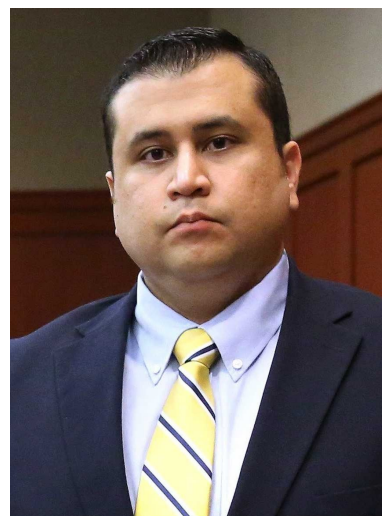
Terry Richardson. The second entry from the world of music

videos, "Uncle Terry" (as he totally non-creepily insists his nubile young subjects refer to him) is one of the most unsettling figures in modern pop-culture. A leading light in the contemporary wave of soft-porn fashion photography, stories of him abusing his power over the young and almost always naked models he photographs are almost as common in the fashion world as sore noses. And yet he keeps getting hired, partly because he uses feminism of all things as an excuse — he's just letting women define their own sexuality when he has Miley Cyrus sitting on a demolition ball in the nude, you see. Not male gaze in any way.



George Zimmerman. We said all we need to say

about this murdering fuck back in issue 18, but we had to include him on the list anyway. Look forward to the pattern repeating itself in 2014; a man named Theodore Wafer in Detroit murdered a young black girl named Renisha McBride for knocking on his door. Granted, it'll be harder for the noise machine to spin that McBride genuinely deserved to die, as they did with Martin, but on the other hand Wafer is more unambiguously white than Zimmerman. And Michigan has stand-your-ground laws. So basically he's fine.



Ted Rall. Ted “Todd” Rall is a friend and mentor to a great many prominent and well-adjusted leftist cartoonists, including Tim Kreider, Tom Tomorrow and Ruben Bolling, all of whom only speak well of him. So we can only assume that there are aspects of him in person that he deliberately leaves out of his public image, and that from said public image he genuinely wants to come across as a massive narcissistic tosser. Maybe he’s mistaking that for “intellectual thought-leadership”. He’s in the list for his very public self-detonation when the Daily Kos censored him (wrongly) for his caricature of Obama, which is poorly-drawn but not racist. He’s not even drawn as black, he’s purple. Despite being in the right, Rall managed to come off worst with his sustained campaign of petulance and public garment-rendering self-pity. He also did an obituary strip for Roger Ebert where he said Ebert knew nothing and that he, Ted Rall, was much smarter. Fuck you, Todd.



Sepp Blatter. We did say, Qatar was a terrible idea. Of course, Blatter and company already knew that and didn’t give a flying fuck. In fact, we half-believe that was part of the motivation for giving them the World Cup, as a perverse way of letting the world know both how corrupt they were, and how little they could do about it. We’re pretty sure they’re not that stupid, but we can’t rule it out, especially given that every reason Qatar can’t hold the World Cup has come up over the past twelve months, and none of them have changed Blatter’s mind that they will, even if it means plunging all of football into chaos by holding a World Cup in January.



Charles Saatchi. Nigella’s no saint or anything. Her dad’s Nigel Lawson for God’s sake. And her little scheme to hide her cocaine use backfired in the most inevitable way possible. But she’s never done anything to suggest she’s not basically a nice enough person, for a Tory. She’s never called for the working-classes to be sterilised or anything, which is where Katie Hopkins is bound to end up if she keeps doubling down*. She took cocaine, possibly to excess, but then show us a famous person over the age of 14 who hasn’t. Whereas her ex-husband has past form in being an absolute cock. His temper was famous long before he married Nigella—he once hurled a metal swivel chair at his brother; had Maurice not stepped aside that split-second, the world, deprived of his advertising campaigns for Thatcher and Major, would be very different now. Choking is wife is entirely in character, whereas doing it “playfully” as he suggested is not. Over this whole ongoing saga, it’s become clearer every nanosecond that he’s exactly the kind of rich prick who thinks a) he can do anything because he’s got so much money and b) he owns everything, including his hot TV wife, and she will come to heel. No US spin-off for Nigella while he was around. Shithead.



**Katie Hopkins doesn’t appear on this list because the whole point of her shtick is to appear on lists like this one. She’s a bitch. It’s hilarious. That’s it.*

Paul Dacre. 2013 was the year that the shit and awfulness of the Daily Mail finally took root as a mainstream opinion, rather than just something exchanged by leftists on Twitter. Pissing on a dead gay man before he'd even gone cold was a good start. Shitting all over the Olympics Opening Ceremony for celebrating aspects of Britain that weren't invented by Thatcher and/or Churchill was a good one too. And this year, vomiting into the grave of Ed Miliband's father, calling him a massive traitorous bellend without providing any evidence, and then *crossing your arms and saying "was so"* — that sealed the deal. And all against a backdrop of your own self blocking any attempt at press regulation.



Alfred E. Neuman. It's a cliché to say that MAD Magazine isn't funny anymore (or in our nihilism-mistaken-for-sophistication age, never was in the first place), but it genuinely isn't. Very little in the world *is* as funny as MAD used to be, of course, and it still raises the odd chuckle, but this year has brought to light a far more troubling aspect of the modern-day MAD than its increasingly lazy impressions of Kurtzman and Feldstein: a disturbing right-wing hue to the magazine's humour. We get satire, okay; we get that the point is to criticise both sides. That's why we've named Barack Obama on the same list with David Cameron. But jokes about Obama's inevitable impeachment? You can't tell us that's not partisan. And as for spitting blood all over Chelsea Manning for being transgender...like we said, we get satire, and satire doesn't punch downward. We say they bring Al Feldstein back. Yes, he's still alive.



Paul Flowers. Way to damage the reputation of the Co-Operative movement as a concept, genius. Way to take one of the most important tenets of Socialism and shove it up your nose. Of course, nothing this fat bastard did really has anything to do with Co-operation or Socialism or even the Labour Party to which he belonged, but it's all labels—in the buildup to the election, the Tories can use this guy as a stick to beat Labour with, simultaneously distracting the electorate from the massive clusterfuck that the Cameron administration has been. Nice one, Heisenberg.



LUCAS CRUIKSHANK

THE

AWAKENING

FRED IV

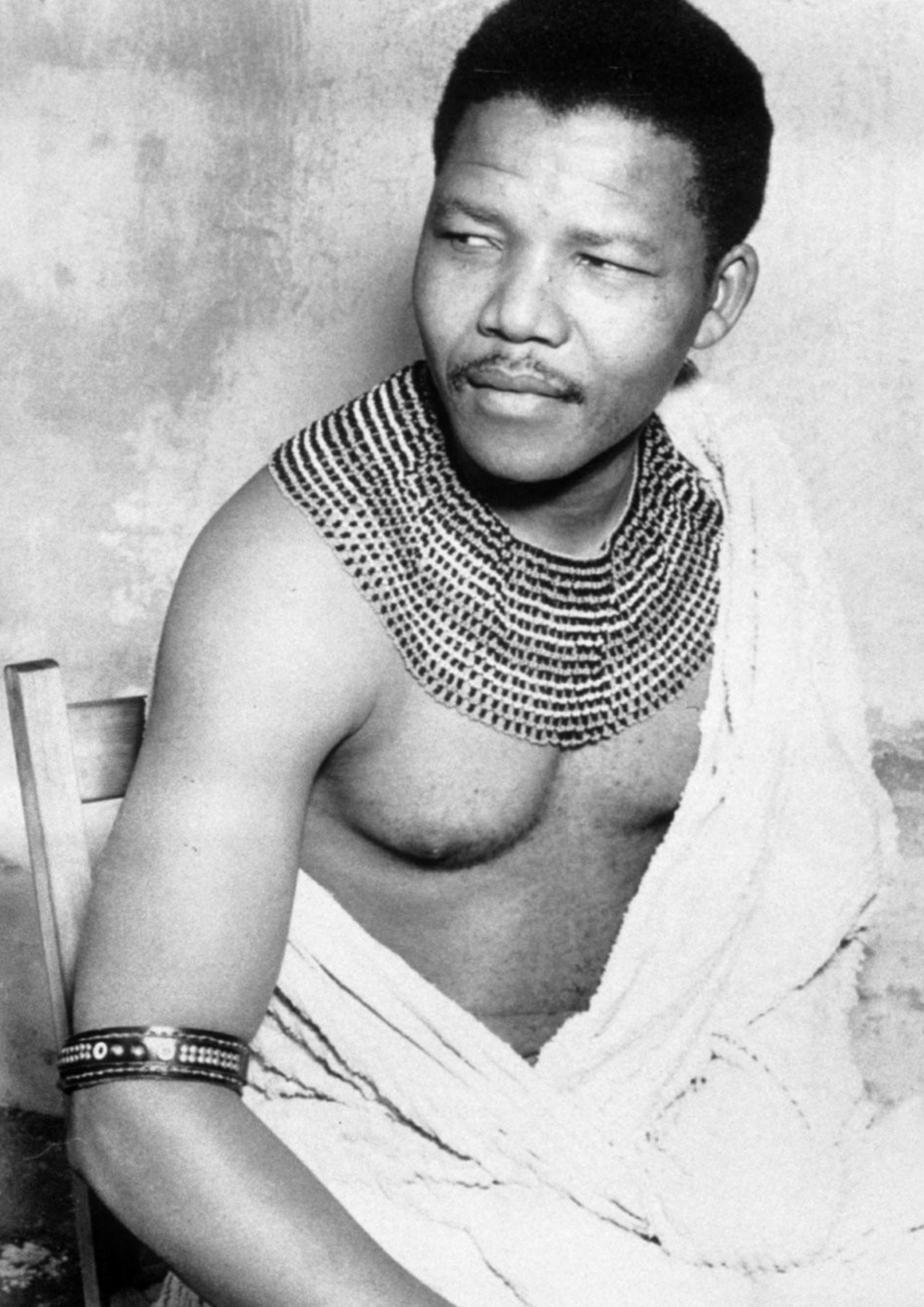
His disease is spreading.

CHRISTMAS 2013

nickelodeon[™]

“It is not our diversity which divides us; it is not our ethnicity, or religion or culture that divides us. Since we have achieved our freedom, there can only be one division amongst us: between those who cherish democracy and those who do not.”

Hamba Kahle, Madiba





REQUIRES YOU

Don't just read it- write it. You know the kind of shit we print: any old subject matter as long as it's entertaining, left-wing and halfway coherent. Or a quarter coherent would do, really. (We could especially use some parody adverts, because we've got a grand total of two in this issue).

And if you don't want to write it, spread the damn word around.

At the very least you could chuck a couple of coins into our donation box so we can afford to advertise.

Sorry if this sounds confrontational.

But seriously. Support this magazine.

You bastards.

Email us via the contact form with your articles, images, political cartoons, pictures of your bum, death threats, theories about the Jews and broth.

YOU HAVE BEEN READING
SUN
ISSUE TWENTY, CHRISTMAS 2013

Publisher: M.H.

Editor: John Wirstham-Harte

Contributors: Sampford Courtenay, Thierry Henry Thoreau, Humphrey Jaylynn, Gareth Manford, Konstanin Jesaulenko

Thanks to: the concept of inertia

All photos used without permission. All "original" material is copyright 2010 the Bob the Fish Co-Operative.

Designer: Mel Christgold

Art director: Jops

Adverts by Bedden Debord and C. Sandy Cyst

FOR BOB THE FISH MAGAZINES

Head of Production: Congorilla

Managing Editor: John Yes

Chairman: M.H.

All copyrights acknowledged. This magazine is released under the terms of the Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 2.0 Licence. Full details [here](#). Obey.

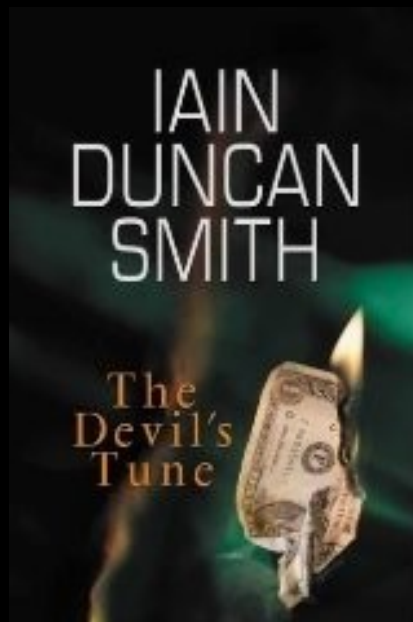
Unless otherwise indicated, all materials are used without permission. No profit is made from the distribution of this magazine. No attempt has been made to supersede existing copyright. This magazine is not affiliated with any company or service mentioned herein, I mean, obviously. We only mention it to cover our arse. Neither are we affiliated with any organizations or pressure groups mentioned in passing in these pages. Also considered for the list: God, or whoever it is that's responsible for Richard Briers, Richard Griffiths, Roger Ebert, and many more dying before their time this year. Triskaidekaphobia: fear of the number thirteen. Ronald and Nancy Reagan had it. We know the Lodge is being renovated, but fuck Kiribilli House.

NEXT ISSUE: WE NEED TO TALK ABOUT DAVID

You've seen
THE CUNT

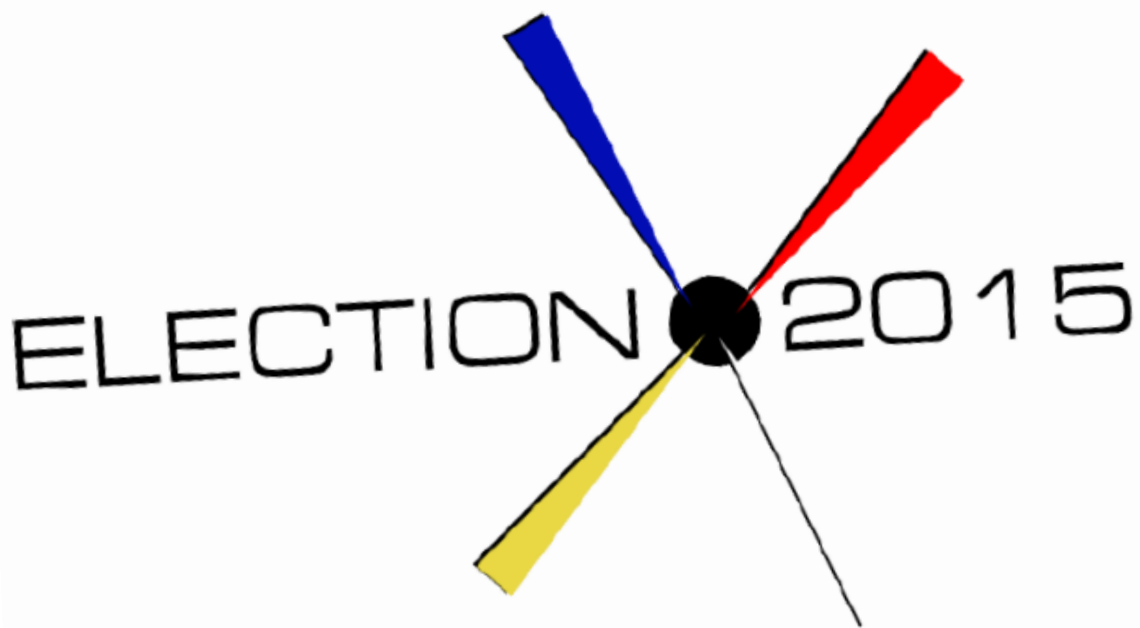
Now read
THE BOOK

Assuming you can find a copy, which you almost certainly won't



“Even worse than you’re thinking”.
- Chester A. Bum

NEXT TIME IN
25SUNS



Seriously you guys