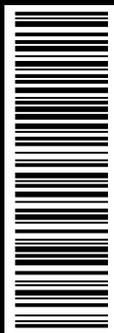


2010'S

CUNT OF THE YEAR

THE ENABLER

Deputy Prime Minister
Nick Clegg



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REGULAR SHIT

EDITOR'S SHRIEK p4

NOWSPOON p7

FEATURES

2010: THE YEAR IN CUNTS p11

It was a year of change, mostly for the worse. The year the right-wing made a comeback, as if it ever went away. It was the year of the strangest British election with the least likely result in history. It was the year of fire, the year of destruction, the year we took back what was ours. It was the dawn of the third age of mankind. The year was 2010. The name of the place is Babylon 5 the planet Earth. In our special section, we review 2010 via the leading candidates for Cunt of the Year — starting with the victor, Nick Clegg.

IT COULD HAVE BEEN A BRILLIANT KOREA p32

It's NAFTA all over again, with added epicanthic folds. As Europe sets its sights on free trade with Korea, and as Korea sets its sights on blowing itself sky the fuck high yet again, why it's all yet another fucking scam, by Andrew Goldrick

DECK THE HALLS WITH BROKEN PROMISE p38

Why is the American right *still* going on about the War on Christmas? What does it get them? Fucked if we know, but we wrote about it anyway, for about a page. Since it's Christmas and shit yeah?



Popped In, Sold Out

Judas Iscariot: Man of the Year—p12



How the Grinch Stole Jesus

War on Christmas: report from the frontlines, p38



Korea Advice

We promise no more puns about that: page 32



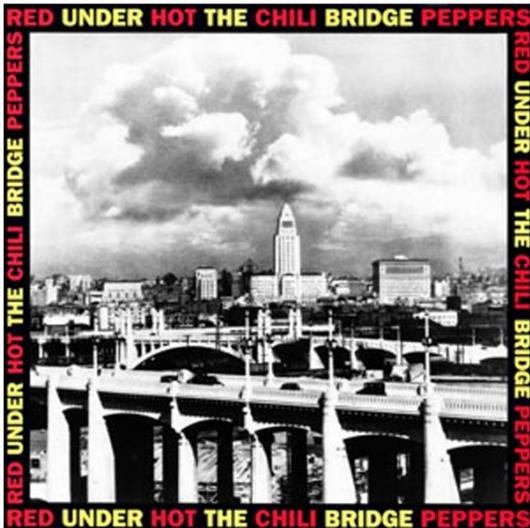
Earlier in the year, the Guardian ran a picture depicting Nick Clegg's features on the body of a famous British Prime Minister. As the year closes, we've done the same. The Guardian piece was celebrating his ascent to potentially the most important individual in British politics. The PM they compared him with was Winston Churchill. Now, at the end of a year which has given us some ridiculously unlikely political news, we've transposed him (rather less skilfully) onto Ramsay MacDonald to illustrate Clegg's illustrious position as 2SUNS' inaugural Cunt of the Year.

Now this is likely to be a controversial choice. That's the point, *dummy*. There were a number of candidates — Dave and Gideon were very close, as was BP plc — but we went with Clegg in the end because he enabled the Prime Minister and his foetal, unqualified Chancellor. Him and his deal got them into Government, whereupon none of his party's policies got implemented (apart, of course, from the ones which let the Tories consolidate their power, like the imposition of fixed election dates and the reform of the confidence vote system, which has made them all but immovable until 2015).

What ultimately swung it was the fact that your editor voted Liberal Democrat, and that very shortly translated into a vote for a Tory government. Someone close to the editor also voted Liberal Democrat, and very possibly never will again, even though they live in a seat which can only be won by the Lib Dems and the Tories. Clegg may well have destroyed the only truly left-wing party in the country (depending on what happens to Labour now) and played a key role in throwing the nation back to the 80s. And in April he was a hero. So we chose him to be the first recipient of our award for the man with the greatest negative impact in 2010. And we hope he'll be the first of many. Continue to spread 2SUNS like a disease in 2011. Oh, and merry Christmas and shit yeah?

John Wirtham-Harte, editor

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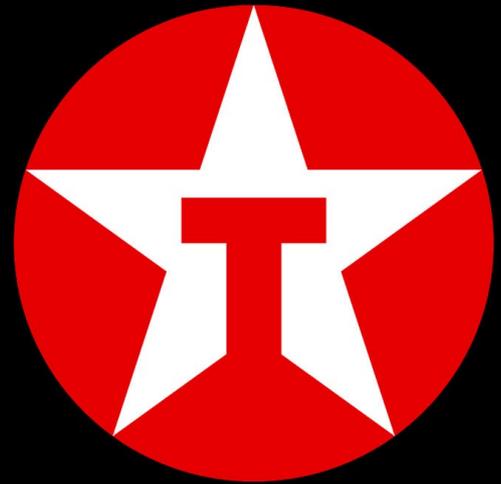


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NOWSPOON is your completely arbitrary digest for what the fuck has been going on lately around this vast and unknowable globe and more importantly how it affects you, which everything does, but usually only in tiny or indirect ways that are all too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



LONDON—Look, it's not that we're not happy for them, but we have yet to hear a single convincing argument that we should give a flying fuck about anything they or any of their family and friends say or do ever. Feel free to send in your own suggestions, because apparently we should. Everyone else in the world does. Kate Middleton can now look forward to a lifetime of intrusion, gawping and simultaneous love and hatred from literally everyone in the entire world, until she's finally hounded to death by the tabloid media, just like her late mother-in-law. Prince William can look forward to whatever the fuck. Presumably he'll be King one day.

LIPLESS AMPHIBIAN RETURNS TO HEAD OF DIET BNP



The United Kingdom Independence Party, the party for whining, entitled, repressed, upper-middle-class racist white males, held their leadership election on the 5th of November, which might be symbolic of something but fucked if we can be bothered to dig it out for their sake. The result was an overwhelming victory for former leader, the compact arsehole Nigel Farage. Farage originally quit the job in 2009 so he could stand for Parliament in Buckingham, the seat currently occupied by Speaker John Bercow and therefore neutral as far as party politics are concerned. Farage saw this as an opportunity for a PR coup, not to mention UKIP's first MP. Unfortunately (for him), he forgot that everyone bar doughy right-wing racists hates him.

His campaign was also harmed by a rather nasty light aircraft crash on polling day which left him with a shattered sternum, a punctured lung, and a face like a disappointed planarian worm. Farage's predecessor, and also successor, was Lord Pearson of Ranoch, who resigned after the general election because, as he himself rather refreshingly admitted, he was shit at it. On a televised interview with the BBC immediately after regaining "power", Farage — a suspiciously French-sounding surname — described a terrifying totalitarian Britain that only exists in his own mind and that of his party, while attempting to smile despite not having lips, and generally appearing constantly on the point of lashing out a long, thin, bifurcated tongue in search of flies.

HISTORY REPEATS SELF SECOND TIME AS TRAGEDY

Well, that'll learn us for celebrating when something good happens. Thanks, God. Message received. You fucking *prick*.





FIFA: “WE JUST DON’T GIVE A FUCK”

ZURICH—In a ceremony on 2nd December, FIFA awarded the rights to host the 2018 and 2022 World Cups to Russia, a country run by an alliance of organized crime and secret police where black footballers are tolerated marginally more than stabbings, and sodding Qatar for fuck's sake, a Medieval fiefdom where homosexuality is illegal and it's too fucking hot for actual grass to grow there. England's bid got a grand total of two votes, one of which was cast by themselves, despite being stronger than, say, the Belgium/Netherlands bid, which consisted of twelve confused Dutchmen blinking at the assembled 63 year old cunts, who were too busy fingering the giant piles of cash in their suit pockets to pay any attention to any of the presentations anyway. England clearly lost out of spite, and FIFA weren't interested in pretending otherwise: President Sepp Blatter — a paunchy, sad-faced tortoise with a permanent air of “who, me?” — spent an inordinate amount of time in his interminable pre-announcement speech (which often felt like he was narrating the disconnected stream-of-consciousness of a punctured Jabulani slowly expiring in a puddle in Bloemfontein) going on about how the most important thing about football was learning how to lose — almost as if he was rubbing it in. Don't get us wrong, Russia had a good bid, but anyone who believes that this had anything at all to do with the fact that they won is either pathologically credulous or trying too hard to be contrarian. As for Qatar, they're just taking the piss. In awarding the 2022 competition to a tiny peninsula who are shit at football and barely have any stadia, but who happen to be literally swimming in oil, FIFA are effectively flaunting both their corruption and the fact that they are answerable to absolutely no-one at all. The message is unmistakable: “Fuck you, we're giving it to Qatar. Yes, Qatar. Yes, because they're rich. The fuck are you going to do about it? Yeah, we're corrupt. Look how corrupt we are. WE DON'T GIVE A FUCK.” Sepp Blatter might as well have leaped off the stage and started slapping Prince William around the face with his dick.

Meanwhile, the Murdoch papers have inevitably — if surprisingly subtly — started placing 100% of the blame on the BBC for showing their Panorama special about how FIFA are a bunch of corrupt fuckwipes, rather than, say, the Sunday Times (why yes, it is a Murdoch paper) for the initial sting, or even better, *FIFA THEMSELVES FOR BEING CORRUPT RATHER THAN THE FUCKING MEDIA FOR REPORTING ON IT*. But when that media is the BBC, all bets are off.

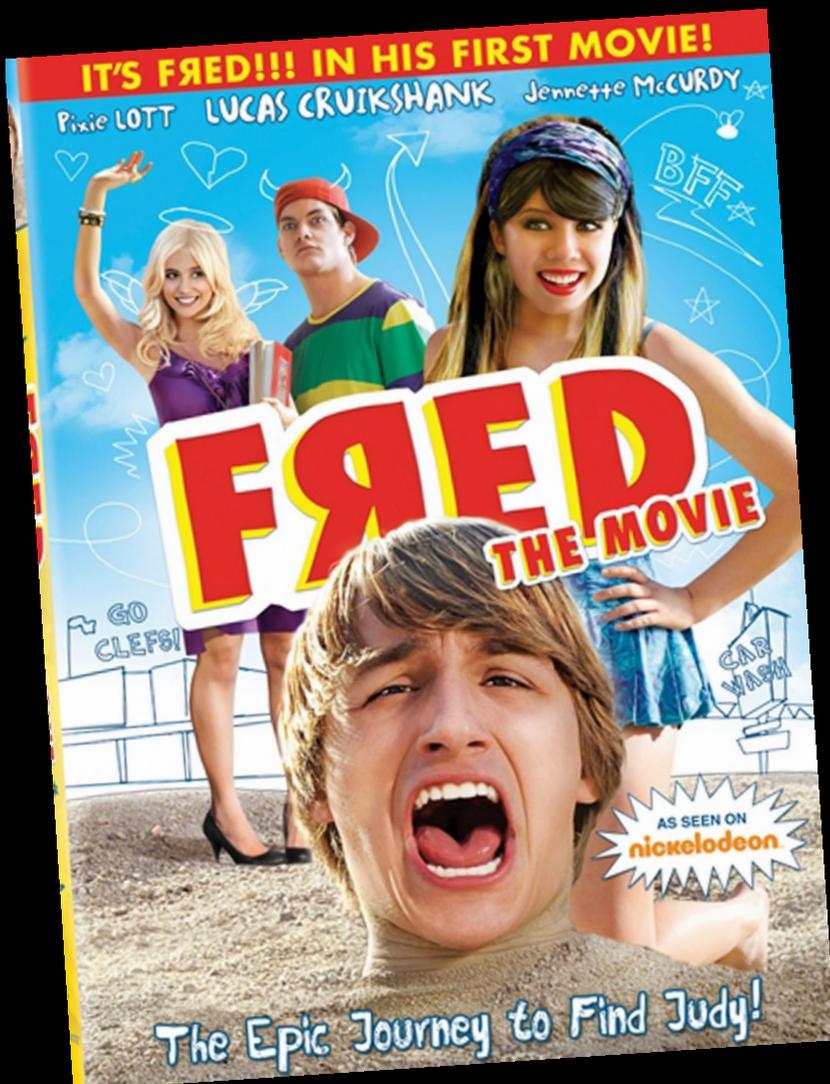
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2010

THE YEAR WE MADE CUTS

Arthur C. Clarke was wrong again: we didn't make contact with anyone or ascend to a higher plane of existence under the benevolent guidance of an alien intelligence. Probably because the best we could do with the wisdom and consciousness granted by the monoliths was the iPad and the coalition government. The aliens took one look at the PM and gave up. Not that Cameron was the biggest prick in Fucktown this year. In fact he came third. Here's the year in fucksticks.





CUNT OF THE YEAR

Hero to villain.
Symbol of change to Tory tool.
No-hoper to second in command.
Pragmatist or traitor?
Why 2010 was **Nick Clegg's** year.

Words: **Sampford Courtenay**

It's been a very strange year for the Liberal Democrats. Simultaneously their worst and their best year since their formation out of the ashes of the original Liberals' doomed marriage with the SDP—for American readers, basically the Reform Party without Ross Perot's charisma or good ideas. Yes, I'm afraid so). On one hand, they returned to Government for the first time since Lloyd George. On the other hand, their function in Government is as the Judas Goats of the real governing party: the Conservatives, the eternal opponents of Liberalism. And the shape-shifting figurehead, the man who's represented nebbishness, hope, failure and apostasy, all within the same handful of months, is their leader.

Nick Clegg emerged as the man in charge of the eternal Third Party after an awful few years for the Lib Dems, during which they seemed to lose their minds completely and transform into the Conservative Party circa 1994, turning on themselves and their leader, the charming and principled Charles Kennedy, in a howling rage of frustration. After

Kennedy was ousted, ostensibly for being an alcoholic, not that a) they didn't know that already, b) he was still drinking and c) that mattered to the President of the United States, he was replaced with Menzies (pronounced "Mingis") Campbell, a nice man and a good politician, but also elderly and ineffectual. That he was old at 65 didn't actually matter—he wasn't *senile*, for Christ's sake—except of course it definitely did, because it made him an easy target for the media. So, inevitably, he was ousted in much the same way eighteen months later. After the elections of 1997 and 2001, the Liberal Democrats were edging towards respectability, maybe even electability. Now they were holding their second leadership ballot in as many years. They were right back to being what they were back in the early nineties: jokes.

Read 2SUNS issue one again (or at all). In amongst the endless Charlie Brookerisms and needless swearing, there's an election preview. And yet there's relatively little said about the Lib Dems. Their policies, when they're brought up, are acknowledged as

CUNT OF THE YEAR

NICK CLEGG

very nice and progressive and probably even what the country really needs, but pipe dreams given the eternal low profile and joke-status of the party. To top it all off, the party's leader isn't actually depicted at all within its pages: represented instead by Paddy Ashdown, founding leader of the Lib Dems and until recently still the face that instantly comes to mind when the party is mentioned.

Ha ha ha ha ha ha. The thing is, 2SUNS issue one came out just before the first PM debate came along, kicked us in the bollocks and basically made us look like absolute prize chumps. That debate changed the shape of British politics forever, or so we thought. In fact it changed it for three weeks. More on that

later. At the first debate, one man came over better than the rest, as a strong, articulate principled man who had the measure of the more famous politicians and understood what the British people wanted. Despite what he appeared to believe, that man was not Alistair Stewart. It was the leader of the Liberal Democrats, Nick Clegg.

For the next three weeks, Britain went Clegg mad. "Cleggmania" the tabloids called it, inevitably, because heaven forefend something happen which can't be reduced to a fucking soundbite. It was like Bulworth, minus the ill-advised racial angle: suddenly there was a politician who said things he actually *meant*, who talked about *important things* like electoral reform, poverty, nuclear submarines, corruption. Liberalism. His ratings soared, well beyond that of the incumbent, disintegrating Labour government, occasionally even scraping into first place. The Liberal Democrats were actually competing in an election. And then polling day arrived, and with it the punchline: the party actually *lost seats*. All the momentum and all the increasingly exciting polling translated into absolutely no net gain whatsoever.

Partly this was because of Britain's terrible stupid electoral system. It's rarely acknowledged, but the Lib Dems did get more individual votes than ever before in 2010, even if their share only went up by 1%. Under the first-past-the-post constituencies-count-more-than-votes system, however, more votes don't necessarily translate into a better performance. It's one of the things Clegg pledged to overhaul in the debates and in his manifesto. And, even though the voters had basically cockteased him and his party for three

Little Lord Fauntleroy and his Burton-Suited Philanthropist, yesterday.
Photo: the Cun

weeks, he was in a position to make it happen because the other two parties were deadlocked. The Tories were ahead, but not by enough to comfortably form a Government. Only two things could happen: a minority Tory Government or a coalition between the Lib Dems and one or the other. Labour, beleaguered and battered, led by someone who didn't really want the job anymore, but ideologically reading the same book, if not on the same page. The Tories, slick, resurgent, youthful and completely bankrupt of new ideas, with a manifesto that reads almost exactly like any given Tory manifesto since approximately 1970. They chose the enemy.

Clegg was hamstrung in this to an extent by the fact that, while pushing for electoral reform, he had repeatedly said that if he were to form a coalition, it would be with whoever "won" the hung parliament. That was the Tories. Labour also made enquiries, but no-one's heart was in it. The coalition was between the Liberals and the Conservatives, out of a combination of obligation and basic venality. The party whose manifesto promised actual, genuine, palpable change, and the party whose manifesto spoke about change whilst advocating doing absolutely nothing different whatsoever. It wasn't exactly a marriage made in heaven.

So why do it? For honesty's sake? Well, that makes one promise kept (to work with whoever "won") versus a huge amount inevitably broken because the Tories were never going to countenance genuine change under their purview. For a chance to implement some of their genuinely progressive policies? If you want to give his good intentions the benefit of the doubt, this is the scenario for you. And it is entirely possible that he did this for the sake of the greater good, to get Lib Dem policies finally enacted. But we all know

about good intentions and their utility for people forging routes to metaphysical realms of torment. And then there's the cynic's theory: that he never meant anything he said during his brief reign as national hero, or at the very least they came a very distant second to a whiff of actual, genuine power.

The Liberal Democrats have got one (1) thing out of the coalition: a referendum on electoral reform, one of the overriding themes of their election campaign. This referendum makes no mention of Proportional Representation, which the Lib Dems have been pushing for since Ashdown. Most of the system is to be left intact whatever happens; the only question is whether to change from First-Past-The-Post to Instant-Runoff voting. Essentially,

the Tories have done the bare minimum to satisfy the Lib Dems' pre-Coalition demands in order to get into Government and start making a bollocks of everything in the entire world. And almost as a final insult, they plan to heavily campaign for "No". On general principles. So Nick Clegg has sold out his party and his ideology for the sake of a watered-down referendum that doesn't go anywhere near far enough and which his Coalition partners will do their best to stomp on. And *nothing else*. Oh, except fixed-term parliaments that can't be dismissed without an absolute majority voting "no confidence". The Tories were quite happy to sign up to that one as well. Beyond that, the Lib Dem manifesto is out the window. No sweeping reforms to the British political system: no written constitution, no new second house (on the contrary, the Lib Dems find themselves slurping the withered cock of the House of Lords because they're Tories now). No income tax reform, at least not that would benefit *normal people*. No question of scrapping Trident. Back in issue one, we lamented that these were unlikely to happen because they're Lib Dem policies and they were never going



CUNT OF THE YEAR**NICK CLEGG**

to be in Government. We were half right. The Lib Dems are in Government. Almost none of their policies are.

As this magazine went to "press" (or whatever), the controversial (because extremely shit) proposal to raise University tuition fees just passed by a tiny, tiny majority. (Literally just, as in while this final paragraph was being typed, in case you were wondering why it was so much more bitter than the rest) Students are gathered in Westminster like individual handfuls of gunpowder in a keg. The proposals were voted for, against their pre-election stated principles, by Nick Clegg, Vince Cable and about half of the parliamentary Liberal Democrat party. Suddenly, the Lib Dems, who just seven and a half months ago were the most left-wing party in Britain, are born-again Tories, happy to wring the poorest in the country dry in every single area of their lives. But at least they're in Government, yeah? And this is all the fault of a man who, that same seven and a half months ago, was a national hero, a symbol of progress, our last, best hope for peace (which incidentally makes two Babylon 5 references in the same magazine, something for which we refuse to apologise). He's sold out British Liberalism for, at best, a watered-

down, slightly possible minor reform package maybe perhaps, and at worst, the chance to have "Prime Minister" in his job title (and "apologist-in-chief" in his job description). Worse, he has enabled the smug, fuck-faced dipshit David Cameron and his gang of snorting, ruddy-cheeked, Condé Nast, blinkered, selfish, cockended, class-warrior fucks to impose their will on the nation. He could have chosen to work with Labour; it wouldn't have been impossible. He could have placed principles above ambition (or, at best, sorely, sorely misplaced pragmatism) and told the Tories thanks, but no thanks, you're basically the opposite of us, so fuck off. But he didn't. He made David Cameron Prime Minister. *David Cameron* for Christ's sake. He made his party the Judas Goats of the nation. And he's the biggest Judas Goat of them all. Or maybe just Judas — except Judas was actually, ultimately, a good guy. He sold out Jesus so he could die for our sins. Unless Cameron wants to do that, and we would enthusiastically support him if he did, Clegg is no Judas.

He's just a cunt. **SUNS**



And now turn the page for the runners-up...

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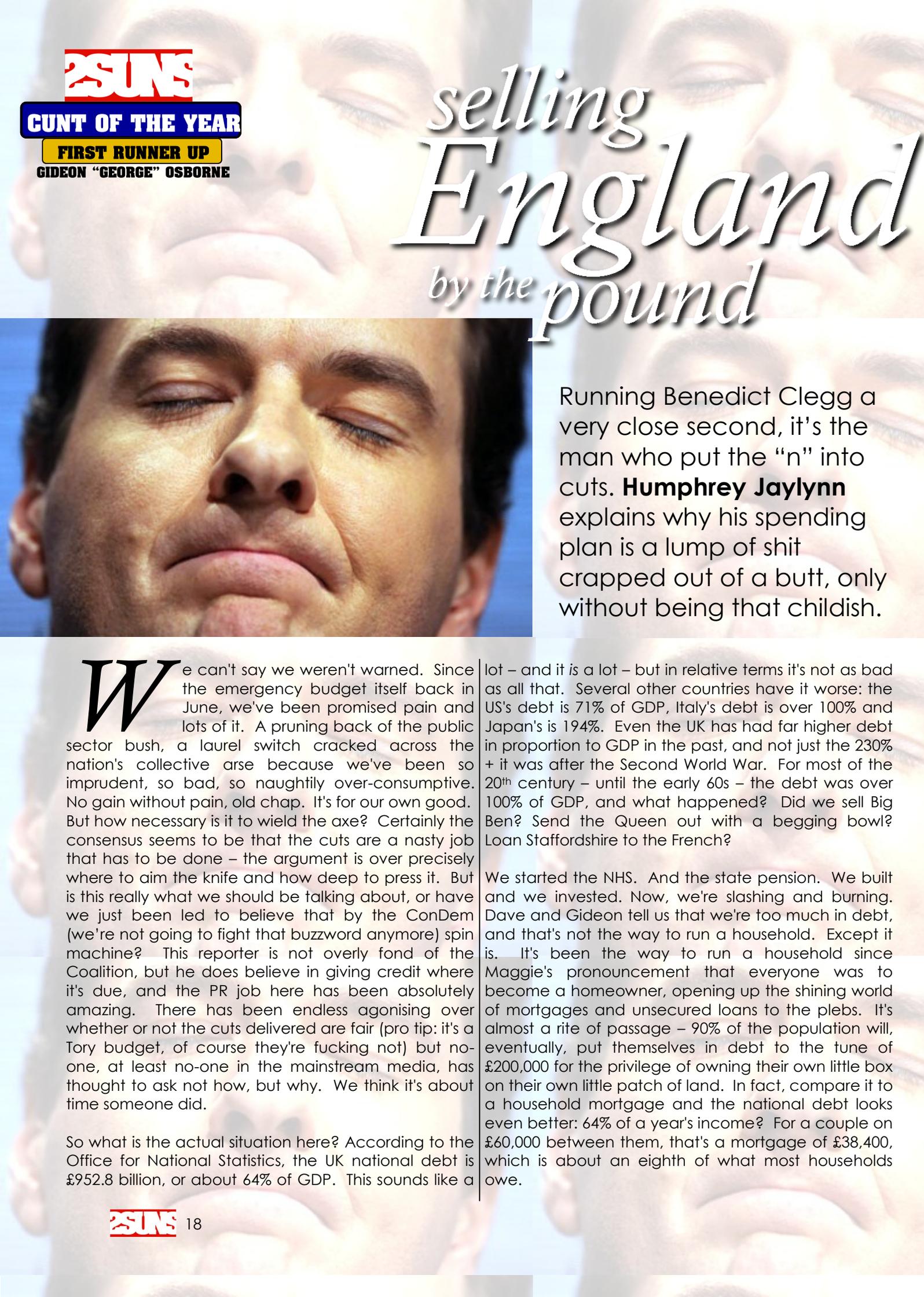


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selling England by the pound

Running Benedict Clegg a very close second, it's the man who put the "n" into cuts. **Humphrey Jaylynn** explains why his spending plan is a lump of shit crapped out of a butt, only without being that childish.

We can't say we weren't warned. Since the emergency budget itself back in June, we've been promised pain and lots of it. A pruning back of the public sector bush, a laurel switch cracked across the nation's collective arse because we've been so imprudent, so bad, so naughtily over-consumptive. No gain without pain, old chap. It's for our own good. But how necessary is it to wield the axe? Certainly the consensus seems to be that the cuts are a nasty job that has to be done – the argument is over precisely where to aim the knife and how deep to press it. But is this really what we should be talking about, or have we just been led to believe that by the ConDem (we're not going to fight that buzzword anymore) spin machine? This reporter is not overly fond of the Coalition, but he does believe in giving credit where it's due, and the PR job here has been absolutely amazing. There has been endless agonising over whether or not the cuts delivered are fair (pro tip: it's a Tory budget, of course they're fucking not) but no-one, at least no-one in the mainstream media, has thought to ask not how, but why. We think it's about time someone did.

So what is the actual situation here? According to the Office for National Statistics, the UK national debt is £952.8 billion, or about 64% of GDP. This sounds like a

lot – and it is a lot – but in relative terms it's not as bad as all that. Several other countries have it worse: the US's debt is 71% of GDP, Italy's debt is over 100% and Japan's is 194%. Even the UK has had far higher debt in proportion to GDP in the past, and not just the 230% + it was after the Second World War. For most of the 20th century – until the early 60s – the debt was over 100% of GDP, and what happened? Did we sell Big Ben? Send the Queen out with a begging bowl? Loan Staffordshire to the French?

We started the NHS. And the state pension. We built and we invested. Now, we're slashing and burning. Dave and Gideon tell us that we're too much in debt, and that's not the way to run a household. Except it is. It's been the way to run a household since Maggie's pronouncement that everyone was to become a homeowner, opening up the shining world of mortgages and unsecured loans to the plebs. It's almost a rite of passage – 90% of the population will, eventually, put themselves in debt to the tune of £200,000 for the privilege of owning their own little box on their own little patch of land. In fact, compare it to a household mortgage and the national debt looks even better: 64% of a year's income? For a couple on £60,000 between them, that's a mortgage of £38,400, which is about an eighth of what most households owe.

However, the UK isn't a household. National politics is somewhat different to home management: when Alex Salmond throws a strop over how Scotland should be let out to play with the big boys, you can't just send him to his room without any supper. Gideon can't withhold Vince Cable's pocket-money if he says something silly to the press. Dave can't make Nick do the washing up before he lets him borrow the car (well... he probably does, but that's a rant for another day).

This isn't just being facetious; here's some economics. If a householder is in debt, they can cut down their spending. They can make lunch and take it in to work every day, instead of always buying a sandwich and a coffee in the café across the street. They don't need to worry about what happens to the café. But if a country decides to cut down spending by, say, making 300,000 public sector workers redundant, the country has to pay benefit on those public sector workers, and the country stops getting tax from those public sector workers. If a country, for instance, axes a major school-building programme, it wipes out the profits of a range of construction companies, who don't pay tax and need to make workers redundant, who start to claim benefits...

Running the country like a household simply wouldn't work, and that proves two things: 1. either the Coalition really has absolutely no idea about macroeconomics or they're assuming the public are stupid, and 2. basing your argument on an analogy doesn't work. Of course, an analogy is just an analogy. It's an explanation for a media who lose interest after approximately 15 words. Possibly there really is some solid economic thinking behind the spending review, it's just that Dave and Gideon (and Nick) couldn't fit it into a headline-friendly amount of words.

Unfortunately, this doesn't appear to be the case. The standard explanation for how the economy is going to grow is that the private sector will fill the gap. No mention is made of how. Not that the private sector isn't interested – it's there to make money, and this will represent a huge new market. It just

isn't capable, not in the timescale of a single parliament. It doesn't have the skills, the equipment, or the resources to take advantage. A similar reduction and restructure plan over a longer timescale would be economically feasible (if not necessarily a good idea), but five years isn't enough, even ignoring the fact that a good portion of private sector work comes from public sector contracts. When they vanish, a lot of firms will fold, which will lead to more people on benefits, less jobs for the newly redundant public sector workers to apply for... it's not difficult to see how things could go horribly wrong. These connections will have been made by anyone with more understanding of macroeconomics than a concussed kitten. Unfortunately, we've got Gideon. To confirm this, a host of economists have lined up to condemn the Coalition's plans as reckless bordering on the moronic.

Shame on David Cameron. Shame on Nick Clegg. Shame on George Osborne.

"Their shame would not be quite so great if they had a theory about what elements of spending will grow to offset their 9% of GDP planned fiscal contraction. Is the pound supposed to collapse and are exports than to surge? Is the prospect of rising unemployment in the U.K. supposed to greatly enhance business confidence and trigger a surge of private-sector investment? Is the 30-year gilt yield supposed to fall from 4% to 1% and that reduction in the cost of capital cause a surge of capital formation throughout Britain?"

"Cameron, Clegg, and Osborne don't tell us. They don't tell us because they are clueless dorks. They don't even have a theory about how the economy will avoid a double dip. They hope that – somehow, some way – Mervyn King will save them from themselves. But if they actually carry through with their policies, I don't see how he can."

J Bradford DeLong, who wrote the above, is a professor of economics at Berkeley. He's a research associate of the NBER and was a deputy assistant secretary to the US treasury. Gideon is a career politician who hasn't had to run the finances of anything larger than an office coffee fund. I know who I'd put my trust in. Thanks to Wikileaks, we know that

CUNT OF THE YEAR

FIRST RUNNER UP

GIDEON "GEORGE" OSBORNE

were half-baked. "Only considered issues in terms of Tory electability" was the phrase used. If anything was to prove that this assault is ideologically more than economically motivated, this is it.

That we are in the midst of a poorly-disguised Tory cutback is something of an open secret. As Gideon read out his comprehensive spending review, and the Liberals sat in stony-faced silence, the Tory benches cheered. The poster boy is Eric Pickles, a man (and despite the width, he is just one man) almost single-minded in his attempts to cut out anything that might spend taxpayer's money. Including the National Audit Office, a body designed specifically to make sure the public sector was spending money wisely, and doing a pretty good job of it.

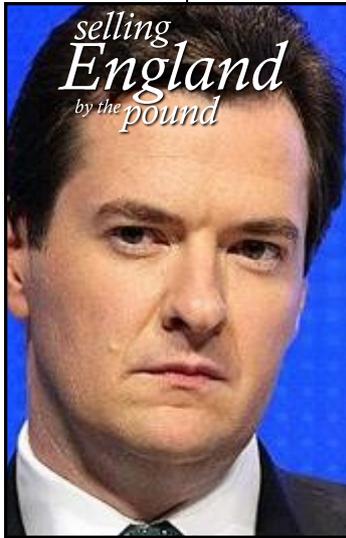
So, are the cuts necessary? Well, we clearly don't think so. If you're reading this magazine it's a fair bet you don't, either. But it is useless to complain – and this is where the mainstream left in the UK has been embarrassingly light so far – if you don't have a solution of your own. Assuming that the deficit needs to be narrowed, if not entirely closed, then some amount of rebalancing finances definitely has to happen, but there's more than one way of doing this. You can push the expenses down, or you can bring the income up.

You could tax more. It's never going to be the most populist measure, because we're a bunch of selfish bastards who don't like our hard-earned money being used for the good of other people. But that doesn't stop it being the best solution.

Imagine a country of high-speed rail networks, efficient recycling, excellent state schools, a world-class free-at-the-point-of-delivery health system that wasn't always fighting increasing patient numbers and less

Mervyn King, Governor of the Bank of England, thought that the Tory deficit-reduction plans

money per head. We could have that. Push up the tax rate to 30%, 35%, 40%, whatever's needed. Create the jobs. Build the economy through a transformative plan of structural development.



Gideon Osborne: a man that is a very serious man. Photo: Meh

This is never going to happen, but the fact remains that taxes are more progressive than cuts could ever be. A cut in public services will always hit the poorer end of society hardest because they are the ones who use them most. A tax rate can be set that is far more fair than even a carefully-planned cut, let alone the get-drunk-and-hit-with-flamethrower approach Gideon is taking, and isn't this what the argument's been about? Not whether or not these cuts will work, but whether or not they're fair? What's been forgotten here is that fairness should not mean the same

amount of money from all sections of society. It should mean more is taken from those who are more able to afford it.

Consider a family on the breadline, with an income of £15,000. Taking away 10% of that income is going to hurt them. This isn't even economics, this is Mr. Micawber. No consider a family with an income of £10,000,000. Take away 60% of that, they still have an income of £4,000,000. This is not hard to live on, and the taxes just built a school.

I suggest a socialist approach would be based on tax. Cut if you can find something to cut that doesn't hammer a swathe of society, sure. Make efficiencies where they can be made. But don't base the plans around the axe. This is because if you're a socialist, you understand that it's the responsibility of every adult to support the society they find themselves in (and before anyone mentions the White Guard, supporting the society is not necessarily the same thing as supporting the government), and so you don't mind paying for society's upkeep and improvement. If you're a *Daily Mail* reader, you'd rather make sure none of your hard earned cash is spent on anyone other than yourself. It should be obvious which of these philosophies is more likely to lead to a society that is a better place to live. Unfortunately, we've got the *Daily Mail*. And Gideon. **SUN**

CRUSHED BY DEBT!



Well, don't come crying to us, you dumb motherfucker. What the fuck did you think Credit Cards were, magic keys to a world where everything's free? They're a means to make you pay even more than you would otherwise for shit you don't even fucking need but *absolutely fucking have to buy* because of the freedom offered you by your fucking magic plastic fucking money thing. Which, as we already discussed, isn't even freedom. So now you're in massive debt, spending your entire life paying for that fucking flatscreen 3D television. And you come to us asking us to pay it off for you? For a price? Fuck off. You're too stupid to fucking live. Go fuck yourselves.

DEBTLAUGHDIRECT
FUCK ALL YOU IMBECILES

2008—BP buy the rights to drill for oil and shit in the vicinity of New Orleans in March.

2009—US department of the interior agrees not to bother scrutinising BP's plans too much in their environmental impact study, because what are the chances of a cataclysmic oil spill happening down there? Eh? Cuh. Yeah.

February—The *Deepwater Horizon* oil rig starts drilling. The plan is to go eighteen thousand feet below sea level. The drilling and general rig-related fun is handled by deepwater experts Transocean.

March—Things start to go wrong. The rig's blowout preventer, which is for exactly what it sounds like it's for, is damaged in an accident.

April 1 — Halliburton — yes, *fucking Hali-fucking-Burton* — who were in charge of cement-related duties complain about BP's half-arsed cementing directives and warn them that shit is going get fucked up if they don't start acting like adults. *Halliburton* told BP they were acting like cunts.

April 19 — After months of work, interspersed with ominous warnings that the well has a serious gasflow problem and the constant corner-cutting specified by BP was making it worse and generally the whole thing was bound to fail and explode, Halliburton complete their cementing job. Again, *Halliburton* are the good guys here.

April 20—The whole thing fails and explodes. 11 people die. 17 people are injured. The rig burns and burns and burns and burns and burns and burns and burns.

April 22 — *Deepwater Horizon* sinks, leaving a giant and expanding puddle of thick, black, crude oil, which continues to burn and burn and burn and burn and burn and get bigger by the nanosecond.

Rest of April — absolutely everything goes to shit. The slick expands to 100 miles across. A thousand barrels' worth of oil spill out every day. Governor Bobby Jindal (played by Sanjay out of *Eastenders* 15 years ago) declares a State of "Fuck!" Fat, drug-addicted, racist, homophobic, hateful and generally devoid of any saving grace whatsoever hero to millions Rush Limbaugh blames the environmentalist lobby, noting the explosion's suspicious proximity to Earth Day (April 22) and the imminent votes on Cap & Trade and Carbon Tax. Probably while chewing through a trough full of paracetamol and ibuprofen whilst rubbing his giant, shuddering oily flanks and snorting through his piglike nose at a looping video of black people drowning during Hurricane Katrina. Fortunately this doesn't catch on. By the end of the month, oil has started washing up on the Louisiana coastline.

Corporations are legally people too. So our third-place finished for Cunt of the Year is the man called BP, plc, whose hilarious butterfingered escapades on the Gulf Coast of America kept us entertained and horrified for months on end. We could just stop there and let the picture do the talking, but that would be the most obvious cop-out not purveyed by Barack Obama of the year, so instead here's a play-by-play of BP's crimes against the entire fucking planet Earth in 2010. It's a much better cop-out!

May 5 — BP's PR department swing into damage limitation action. Their first questionable statement: that they have successfully capped the first, smallest leak. There are two remaining, pissing away like thirsty horses.

May 12 — BP release their first official video of the leak. They play down its severity. Entire world yells "chiny reckon" as one.

May 13 — BP's CEO, Tony Hayward, who closely resembles a disappointed nine-year old Steven Moffat trapped halfway through shapeshifting into a rat, says his first dumb thing of the crisis: that the spill is tiny compared to the size of the ocean.

Rest of May — BP try everything short of voodoo, or something actually worthwhile, to stop the leak, and fail.

May 30 — Tony Hayward ends a month in which BP have achieved dick by saying "No-one would like this over more than me. I'd like my life back." He then produced offered the population of the Gulf Coast a slice of his brioche.

June 3 — Tony Hayward appears in a BP commercial saying "we will make this right". Entire planet waves two fingers, or cultural equivalent.

Rest of June — American right gleefully blames Obama and shrieks about Katrina in a desperate and, to be honest, largely successful attempt to diminish that disaster, and the Bush administration's horrendous non-response to it, by comparison. This isn't BP's fault, but it's a fucking disgrace anyway.

Eventually — The hole is plugged, the oil finally stops coming and BP embark on the PR campaign of their lives. Tony Hayward leaves BP "by mutual consent", thereby making everything automatically better again. The entire Gulf Coast area is devastated, again, and the ecosystem is shattered in the worst man-made ecological disaster in years. Lessons are learned, but only by people like you and me who can't do anything about it. Universe sighs and gives up.



THE CHOICE IS YOURS



A message from the United States Chamber of Commerce



With the predictability of dusk, it's Prime Minister Fautleroy himself, if anything surprisingly low at number 4 on the git list. **Thierry Henry Thoreau** isn't even going to try and pretend that this won't be two pages of crude insults.

MAN OF THE PEOPLE

Fuck David Cameron. Let's get that out of the way early. Fuck David Cameron, fuck his puffy little face, fuck his cabinet, fuck anyone who voted for him, fuck his lying mouth, fuck his failed attempts to conceal his accent, which might as well wear a fucking top hat, fuck his politics, fuck his party, fuck his friends, fuck his feigning interest in Cornwall (which is where this magazine is published) just because his kid happened to be born while they were on a fucking second-homeowners' day out in fucking Rock having a fucking holiday at the expense of the masses of unemployed, working class former tin miners who were nowhere to be fucking seen at any point on his trip except as forelock-tugging quaint yokels handing him his fucking Ginsters fucking pasties and personally throwing themselves in front of fucking seagulls whenever they looked vaguely interested in what him and his equally cosseted fucking family may have been eating, and basically fuck everything he has ever said, done, eaten or looked at.

SUN
CUNT OF THE YEAR
THIRD RUNNER UP
DAVID CAMERON



We don't like him very much. But it's not just because he's a Tory, although that doesn't help. After all, Ken Clarke is a Tory, and he always seemed decent enough in the Major years. We always felt vaguely sorry for Ted Heath. And we've met plenty of Tory voters, and even the odd former Tory MP, who were genuinely nice people, although were they Prime Minister they'd almost certainly make us extremely angry extremely quickly. But in Cameron's case it's very much the type of Tory he is — the old-fashioned, woefully out of touch, boy-in-the-bubble upper-crust arsecheek.

When Lord Young of Graffham, David Cameron's health and safety advisor played by Jackie Mason, made his blithely idiotic statement while picking at his pheasant en croute in Roux at Parliament Square, Cameron leapt to condemn him in the manner of someone who has no idea what the problem is. Because he doesn't, of course. David Cameron has no idea how anyone below, say, Delia Smith on the social ladder lives. He probably doesn't even comprehend their existence. If he thinks of the poor at all, it's as an energy source for taxation, like an ore field in some late-nineties real-time strategy video game, which is why he and his muppet baby Chancellor have been mining us so hard lately.

The tax burden has been well and truly shifted back onto the poorest taxpayers in the country, right where it was the last time we had a Tory government. On top of that, literally anything and everything useful that's funded by taxation is being sliced and diced and destroyed. Public libraries, public transportation, public emergency services...everything and anything

with the word "public" in it is going to be crippled, if not outright destroyed (say goodbye to your public libraries, everyone in unpopular parts of the country!) for the sake of saving a couple of pennies. But it's okay, because Dave has a plan to stop everything from going to shit with the Government no longer paying for anything at all! He calls it "The Big Society" and it involves every public service ever being replaced by volunteers giving up their time out of the goodness of their hearts and community spirit! It's actually very heartwarming and not at all like slavery. He might as well just call it the Manpower Services Commission and have done with it.

We could write a novel about why Cameron is a shit. The fact that he's brought dot-eyed, shiny-headed fascists William Hague and Iain Duncan Smith into the cabinet. The fact that he seems to go out of his way to victimise the poor wherever possible. *Fucking* tuition fees. His smug, ruddy-cheeked face. His complete lack of any principles whatsoever beyond those which are politically expedient that particular nanosecond. The fact that his grandad was Sir William Mount, a fucking Baronet. The fact that, despite succeeding an infuriating war criminal and a hapless, personality-free potato, he still somehow comes across worst. Really. Fuck him. **SUN**

THE PROBLEM OF
LEISURE, WHAT TO
DO FOR PLEASURE
HAS BEEN SOLVED.



KINECTTM

for  **XBOX** 360.

AS ENDORSED BY MARXIST, ANTI-CONSUMERIST POST-PUNK ROCKERS

GANGOFFOUR

"It's Solid Gold Entertainment!"

- Andy Gill



A wildcard entry, perhaps, but **Willard van Omnomnom Quine** explains that nobody's favourite Australian has had a perfectly good year behind every scene you can think of...

On election day, jaws dropped across Britain at the sight of a particular newspaper cover. It depicted David Cameron, pulling a painfully earnest face, in the style of Shepard Fairey's already-twice-as-iconic-as-the-Last-Cocking-Supper 2008 print of Barack Obama. Even though that newspaper was one of the least classy in the country — even the Sport is more honest — the cover was received with genuine astonishment from everyone with more dignity than a muskrat. That newspaper was The Sun, owned and operated by News International, at the head of which, like some kind of Lovecraftian god-monster, sits Rupert Murdoch, the man who owns the Prime Minister.

Murdoch's media outlets — The Times for the upper middle class, Sky Television for the thick middle class, The Sun for the extremely thick working class — spent most of the first half of the year working diligently to make David Cameron look like the logical choice for Prime Minister. The campaign was so obvious that the Independent took out an advert saying "Rupert Murdoch Won't Decide the Election...You Will" to which the clan promptly responded by actively storming into the Independent offices and gunning them down in the face (or, less sensationalistically, but more truthfully, commanding them to stop running the advert). This was personally handled

by Murdoch's shitcake son and heir James, in tandem with Sun editor and satanic Anita Roddick scarecrow lookalike Rebekah Wade-Brooks; Rupert himself being a bit too old for large-scale military operations. Rupert contented himself with calling Barack Obama a racist on Fox News and co-ordinating an astonishing war on Nick Clegg — then still a hero rather than an unpardonable Tory-enabling cockend — when he started surging ahead in the polls. As the election dragged on, Sky News slowly became less and less distinguishable from Fox News, with Adam Boulton slowly metamorphosing into Bill O'Reilly, to the point where he was not only outwitted by Alistair Campbell but actually came across as *the most likeable man in the discussion*. (MILF tact-repellent Kay Burley, for her part, transformed into a sort of chav ED Hill).



Fortunately it all worked out in the end, for Rupert I mean, and he now has a British Prime Minister bought and paid for by himself. Cameron has his own shit agenda as well, of course, but make no mistake: when it comes to media policy, Rupert calls the shots. The BBC have already had to drink several cupfuls of Tory piss; with Rupert behind them it might well be doomed. Hence Rupert Murdoch's place on this list of 2010's biggest shits. If you want a vision of the future, imagine a shrunken elderly Australian stamping on public service broadcasting — forever. **SUN**

IT STILL RUNS

ON PETROL



Look, don't get us wrong, it's undoubtedly a good thing and all that, but you're not going to single-handedly save the world by driving a car that uses slightly fewer pollutants than every other car in the world. It's more useful to make both you and the car company feel better about the fact that their entire lifestyle is based around destroying the world's ecosystem and there's nothing anyone can do to make that stop at this stage.


LEXUS

So that's the top five. But there have been many, many, many fuckwipes this year, and so here's a little rundown of some more of the most infuriating arseholes in 2010 who just weren't shit enough to break through to the top of the charts.

BARACK OBAMA

For constantly fucking compromising with the fucking Republicans, none of whom want a compromise with him so much as a capitulation. This reached its nadir when, after being rejected by the voters at the US midterms for being too much of a pussy, immediately deciding that America wanted to be more of a pussy, and proceeding to practically rim Mitch McConnell and John Boehner. The latter of whom probably has a rubbery arsehole the same glowing shade of orange as the rest of his body. Ugh. Let's move on.

NICOLAS SARKOZY

For continuing to punish France for voting for the ugly Hungarian right-winger instead of the hot socialist chick three years ago. Highlights included advocating a new security policy that basically involves victimising non-French born *citoyens* at the slightest provocation, becoming an Internet meme after it was discovered that he'd photoshopped himself into a picture of the Berlin Wall coming down for the fun of it, causing the annual autumn riot by raising the pension age, and generally being the French David Cameron.

GLENN BECK

For keeping up his campaign to make Sidney Lumet and Paddy Chayefsky's *Network* look like a documentary; for promoting the fucking Tea fucking Party, which burst into congress this November, the results of which we'll start finding out in January; for that *fucking* Rally Against Shame or whatever; and for publishing a shit novel that frankly defies lucid description. Here's a direct quote: "...He felt her smile against his lips as they were brought back to where they stood by the brusque voice of a passing man, who advised in his native Brooklynese that maybe they should go and get a room." Number one bestseller.

SARAH PALIN

For continuing to raise her profile throughout 2010, for being lauded as some kind of right-wing saviour and feminist icon despite the fact that if every single one of her shit and awful opinions was the same and she had a face like Ernest Borgnine we'd never have heard of her, for publishing yet another book she's barely read, let alone written, for making a TV show consisting of her asking questions to footage of completely unrelated interviews with the likes of LL Cool J, and for the nagging sense that there remains an outside chance that America might just be dumb enough to elect her President.

KEVIN RUDD



For expanding his ego beyond the point where the office of Prime Minister could comfortably sustain it, for introducing a bunch of terrible ideas as if he was God and could get a massive carbon tax passed through sheer force of will, and for almost bringing down the first Labor government in decades simply by being a bit of a dick, really

THE TEA PARTY



For being a bunch of thick, racist, useful idiot, self-deluding, whoring, dangerous, evil, wrong, incomprehensibly stupid, marionette, obtuse, far-right, cosseted, whining, class traitor, corporate pawn, incredibly shit, infuriating, depressing, hypocritical, rat's anus, almost unbelievably idiotic, bigoted, too thick to even know what they're protesting about, unbelievable fucks, every last one of whom deserves to be sent to Guantánamó Bay, to see what *genuine* fucking suffering and oppression look like, for a period of no less than eight million years.

FRANKIE BOYLE



For trading his genuine talent for cheap LOL OFFENSIVE shit, coming across as an unlikeable Don Rickles, or a dishonest Andrew Dice Clay. Note to comedians everywhere: racism, sexism, homophobia, jokes about the disabled, punchline-free insults at individual members of the audience: these things make you a cunt. Racism, sexism, homophobia, jokes about the disabled, punchline-free insults at individual members of the audience BUT IRONICALLY: *you're still a cunt*. You're just a dishonest cunt. His comic isn't very good either.

POPE BENEDICT XVI



No, he's not a Nazi. He was in the Hitler Youth, but so was literally everyone else in Germany at the time. Stop going on about it. He's in for coming over to Britain as a sodding foreign dignitary and sniffily complaining about our continued tolerance of atheists and gays; for continuing to drag his big holy heels over paedophile priests; for still being a cunt about contraception; for hating gays so hard the Church of England tore itself in half, and for that FUCKING PAEDOPHILE PRIESTS THING. EXCOMMUNICATE THEM WITH ACID, YOU FUCKER.

MARGARET THATCHER



Just on general principles, really, but also for surviving another fucking year, despite being rushed to hospital at one stage, which really should have been taken as a hint.

SUICIDE IS PAINLESS

Many of the readers of this magazine, largely Anglophonic as he is, I mean they are, most likely have little to no knowledge about Korea, beyond the odd trivia fact about North Korea and its 70's Elvis-looking leader Kim Jong Il, a few basic facts about the Korean War and a DVD of M*A*S*H. In order to better understand this article, I probably need to give you some sort of a background of Korean history at the outset.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF 시대

A once unified nation that served as one of the centers of culture and political stability throughout pre-20th Century Asia, Korea's luck ran out almost as soon as the 20th Century began as they were invaded by the Japanese in 1905, helped in part by Britain and the alliance they had recently established with the Japanese empire (but no hard feelings). The Japanese established a brutal colonial rule in which the Korean people were forbidden to speak their native tongue in public and were denied the right to exhibit

any sort of pride in or even acknowledgement of their culture or ethnicity. Unless they were Japanese.

Things got even worse following World War II, in which the Allied troops helped to liberate the Korean Peninsula almost by accident. Most westerners at the time didn't know what or where Korea was (not that it's much better these days), although they knew that it was full of Japanese people and duly bombed the living shit out of it, freeing the Korean people as a side-effect. While the peninsula blinked in confusion at their newfound freedom, the post-war competition between the grand old USA and the big bad USSR (or vice-versa depending on personal taste) spread its international focus throughout the world, and inevitably Korea, who by now were wishing they'd stayed forgotten, was brought into this conflict, with the once-prosperous northern half brought under the influence of Stalinist Russia, led by communist-backed dictator Kim-il Sung (Kim Jong-Il's dad and current Eternal President), and the southern half entering under the control of the American-backed military dictator Syngman Rhee. The

The Korean War may be starting up all over again, but the culture war may already be lost, says **Andrew Goldrick**

two governments were not too far removed from each other for the first few years of their existence. Both pursued ways of industrializing their countries, and, with the odd eccentricity involved, (including the banning of wooden chopsticks) Synghman Rhee's government came out on top. However, he was almost as cold-hearted and authoritarian as Kim-il sung, violently suppressing any dissent, with the unspoken help of the US Army, of course, starting a tradition which would be continued in Panama, Chile and various other places. Rhee was kicked out of office and the country in 1960, but his successors ploughed the same military furrow until South Koreans finally got fed up with this shit, staging a mostly bloodless revolution in the late 80's which brought about a more democratic government, albeit one still under heavy US influence.

The way that South Korea has gone from being one of the poorest countries in the world in the 1960s to one of the wealthiest right now is quite an accomplishment, and it can be used as proof that US intervention

in foreign affairs can be used in a positive way. We're not going to do that. The diplomatic relationship between the two countries is still heavily slanted in favor of the United States, with South Korea getting the short end of the stick when it comes

to many deals and policies surrounding the region. And despite the belief of many South Koreans that the 2007 free-trade deal with the United States—which, barring a major upset, is about to go into effect—may be good for their country, in reality, it is no different from all of the other promises made

in the past. And the fact that even big-money politicians notice this makes it even more disturbing.

SELLING THEIR SEOUL

The treaty, known cutely enough as "KORUS" — get it? — which ratified an upcoming free-trade agreement between America and South Korea, was signed into effect by



Passions remain strong on both sides. Notice the age difference: the pros are mostly older Koreans who remembering the War. The cons, mainly younger Koreans without that experience, can only see American imperialism in this case.

George "being called racist was the highlight of my presidency" Bush, and former President Roo Moo Hyun, who unfortunately killed himself around a year and a half ago, which somewhat kills the comedy value of his middle name. The fact that this was done

under a Republican administration should come as no surprise to anyone who is familiar with the Republican Party's stance on free trade and open markets and joy and such, but the sheer intensity with which the Republican Party lobbied for this treaty is surprising even by right-wing standards, with mummified US Presidential candidate

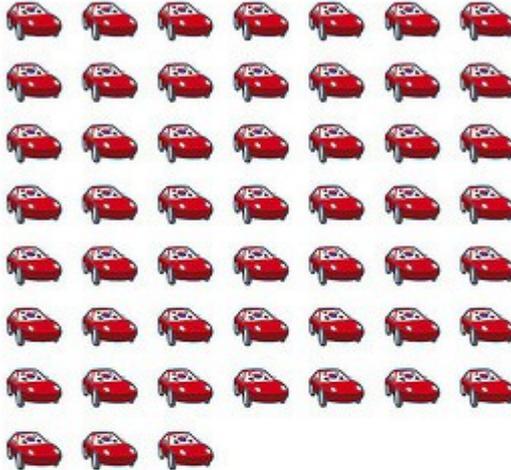
John McCain making it one of his campaign promises to ratify the treaty almost as soon as he got into office (although a cynic might think that this could have been an empty promise designed to attract certain Asian-American Republican voters who were turned

off by his repeated use of racial slurs to describe the Vietnamese soldiers that held him captive, and the Vietnamese people in general. Incidentally, Vietnam was one of the few countries that preferred McCain over Obama in the American election, showing

a lack of appreciation on McCain's part, if anything). Whether or not the Republicans view this as just another way to make money, or are doing this out of a desire to benefit what they view as an important ally of the United States is hard to say, but the last time the Republican Party tried to benefit anyone but themselves, their candidate was Abraham Lincoln.

In Korea, a similar situation exists, with the Grand National Party, the conservative, pro-US party, currently in power, being the main architects in designing and pressuring (or probably more like gently begging, considering the slavish pro-American stance of the party) American lawmakers and

FOR EVERY 52 CARS KOREA SHIPS HERE,



THE U.S. CAN ONLY EXPORT ONE THERE.



We believe in free trade, and this isn't it. In fact, Ford has supported every trade agreement approved by Congress since 1965—until this one.



If the U.S.-Korea Free Trade Agreement isn't fixed, it would allow Korea to remain one of the most closed automotive markets in the world. Today, less than 5 percent of all cars sold in Korea are made outside of that country. The simple fact is that Korea shuts out most auto imports, including vehicles from the U.S., Japan and Germany. American-made cars can compete and win globally, but we can't afford a future with more closed markets to American exports. That's why Ford strongly supports efforts to fix the Korea Agreement. Americans should accept nothing less.

Learn the facts about the U.S.-Korea Free Trade Agreement at FordMotorCompany.com/FreeTrade

Ford recently came out with an advertisement condemning KORUS in several local newspapers in areas where many auto workers have been laid off. It's a potent demonstration of American concern about this treaty, from both the workers and big business itself.

politicians to ratify the proposed act, with the liberal Democratic party and the other left-wing opposition parties being either completely opposed, somewhat opposed, or extremely skeptical of the proposed treaty. Public opinion towards the KORUS free trade agreement in Korea has been shifted towards a favorable mindset due to the influence of the mass media, particularly the three conservative newspapers in Korea, the Dong-a Ilbo, the Joongang Ilbo, and the Chosun Ilbo (these names may seem like incomprehensible moon language to the English speaker, but they make more sense when it is pointed out that “Ilbo” means “daily”. Besides, we sound like geese honking to them). My parenthetical obsession aside, these newspapers control 58 percent of the newspaper readership in Korea, and are derogatorily referred to by Korea’s liberals as “Chojoongdong,” a vicious nickname indeed since it is homophonic with the Korean for “rotted penis stink” (this is a lie). In a country in which the news media has a much greater influence in the way people think and feel than in European and other Western countries (yes, really, although not much longer if Fox News have anything to say about it), the rose-scented articles on the supposed benefits of this agreement, which inevitably would only affect a small number of upper to upper-middle class business professionals who specialize in trading with the United States, have fooled ordinary people into thinking it’ll benefit them. This will show itself later on when the

Government of Korea will push itself harder than it has before in order to get the US to pass such a treaty, although they’ll do so in the gentlest way possible, so that barking orders sound like pitying commands, something the US can appreciate. Since much of the press related to this potential trade deal is written in such rosy language, it is often hard to get negative or even objective coverage of this event. Fortunately, this is what I am here for...

WHAT THEY DON’T TEACH YOU AT YONSEI BUSINESS SCHOOL

To illustrate why such a free trade agreement would be a bad idea for Korea, let’s look on how a similar free trade agreement has impacted another country: Australia. We gave you some pretty detailed information about the Australian political system in the last issue of 2suns, but one other important aspect of Australian society we neglected to mention was the effect of their 2004 free-trade agreement with the United States on the Australian economy and society. From the date alone one can figure out that this was another product of Bush, inc and the American Chamber of Commerce, in collusion this time with John Howard, potato of doom. The negative consequences that have come about due to their treaty are exemplified in the ominously titled book How to Kill A Country by Linda Weiss. Examples of some of these negative effects include the violation of the copyright laws of Australia in

order to please the American media and entertainment industry, violations of rights, and loss of their rights as of Australia's television and film people in a system that views them as quotas in order to please American media companies, American pharmaceutical companies lobbying whim. The weaker country will to reform and abolish the arguably face the greater threats when it comes to industry control, as well as other factors like cultural preservation and national sovereignty, but both countries, as well as other nations not directly involved in such a trade



Korea's entertainment industries face potential lobbying from the US to remove homegrown film and television quotas, clearing space for Disney and Warners and Nickelodeon and God knows what else.

deal, will be affected as well, and the most upsetting consequence of although there might be some this treaty was the unheralded deal positives to such a deal, it's pretty far between Australian and American from the rosy, bright future full of authorities to allow for the extradition puppies and unicorns and unicorn and prosecution of people guilty of puppies for literally everyone, as violating laws in either of the many large corporate lobbying firms respective countries, even if would have you believe. whatever they are doing is legal in the home country. This cheerful bit of fascism-for-its-own-sake was recently brought into light when an American software manager and stock holder was threatened with arrest if he ever went to visit his relatives in Australia, due to some content someone else wrote on one of his websites one time. What we're trying to say here is that viewing *an entire country* as naught but a potential market, especially a country with much less power than your own, is exploitative and dangerous, not only to their people but also your own. Workers in each of these countries face threats

The last few obstacles to the KORUS treaty are being carefully tidied away right now, while over in Europe, the EU has just put ink to paper on a similar deal. Meanwhile, shortly after this article was written, the Koreans started shooting each other again. Although my opinion probably won't mean anything, I just wanted to illustrate a point, and hopefully, it will be considered by some people, whether they are involved in the process or not, and allow for more people to gain insight on an issue that I think is not being given the attention that it deserves.

involved in such a trade deal, will be affected as well, and the most upsetting consequence of although there might be some this treaty was the unheralded deal positives to such a deal, it's pretty far between Australian and American from the rosy, bright future full of authorities to allow for the extradition puppies and unicorns and unicorn and prosecution of people guilty of puppies for literally everyone, as violating laws in either of the many large corporate lobbying firms respective countries, even if would have you believe. whatever they are doing is legal in the home country. This cheerful bit of fascism-for-its-own-sake was recently brought into light when an American software manager and stock holder was threatened with arrest if he ever went to visit his relatives in Australia, due to some content someone else wrote on one of his websites one time. What we're trying to say here is that viewing *an entire country* as naught but a potential market, especially a country with much less power than your own, is exploitative and dangerous, not only to their people but also your own. Workers in each of these countries face threats

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Kris Kringle's WAR

IT'S WAR! Christmas is un-
mulled wine and cloves! Ex-
keep insisting it is? John



Atheists! They're everywhere! And they hate presents, Santa Claus, stockings, plum puddings, snow and fun. Every December they gather in packs, killing and eating reindeer, punching elves in the face and setting fire to pine trees before returning to their satanic humanist shrines to bathe in the blood of Father Christmas himself. This is *precisely what is happening* all over America every single December, according to Fox News and their good friends. Obviously, in the real world none of this is happening. Christmas is literally everywhere. The streets are draped in tinsel. Christ's birthday can't be avoided if you tried, short of moving to a deserted island or one of the many war-torn, starving third-world nations where they do not know it's Christmas time at all, and nor do they care quite frankly as long as they have basic food and water. There is no such thing as a War on Christmas. No, Virginia.

But then why claim there is? What do they get out of it?

It has to be remembered that the War on Christmas is entirely a media construction, a right-

"FUCK IT, IT'S CHRISTMAS"



BECAUSE ACTIONS HAVE CONSEQUENCES
YOU FUCKING PIGS

der attack from godless liberals who want to ban
cept it clearly isn't, so why do the American right
Wirstham-Harte doesn't know either.

wing media construction at that. As the the polling station and successfully work
line between media and government the voting machine, being thick enough to
blurred into insignificance during the swallow all this bullshit. It also helps foster
twenty-oughties, it became politically resentment and divisiveness among the
expedient for the right-wing media, the population, facilitating the old divide and
propaganda arm of the American right, to conquer trick. Oh, and let's not forget that
use its voice to placate and/or stir up the other line, the one between corporate
repressed religious cunt demographic America and media, which barely existed
which the GOP were nakedly courting to at the outset of the decade and is a
great success. Hence shrieking at every distant memory today. Keeping idiots in a
opportunity that Christians were an constant state of terror about Christmas
oppressed minority, despised by the being under attack makes them more
secular humanist elites and humiliated and likely to buy *even more shit than usual*.
discriminated against at every turn, even Which increases the bank accounts of the
though they clearly and obviously fucking old white men behind the six or seven
aren't. And a potent propaganda corporations and holding companies that
weapon is Christmas — the most prominent own almost every business in America, and
Christian-related thing in the world. By that of course is the ultimate winning
leaping on the use of the words "Happy condition of the United States, so it's all
Holidays" instead of Merry Christmas, they good unless of course you're in favour of
enhance the religious right's sense of the basic dignity of the human race. But
persecution and, therefore, entitlement, who gives a fuck about anything that
not to mention their rage at LIBRULS and boring, eh?
DEMONRATS. The whole upshot is that
they're more likely to vote Republican at And a very Happy Holidays to all of you at
the next election, provided they can find home. 

***When your entire family descends on your tiny cramped house
on Boxing Day and now it's 3am and you're lying in bed
gritting your teeth to powder as they shriek on and on and on
and on downstairs and some fucking cousin you've never
heard of snores his fucking liver out on the floor beside you,
and you slowly start to despise every single human being
crawling on the entire fucking world...***

reach for

NUROFEN 

KNOW YOUR TRAVESTIES (AN OCCASIONAL SERIES) IRANGATE (1986)

Irangate — or the Iran-Contra affair — is a potent symbol of the most dangerous legacy of Watergate: ruthlessly efficient damage limitation. Since Watergate brought down Nixon, far worse crimes have been committed with only a token payback, if anything. For example: in 1986, just over a decade after Watergate, the US, under the auspices of Ollie North and with the complicity of Ronald Reagan and George Bush, were selling arms to Iran in exchange for hostages, and then using the profits to fund terrorists in Nicaragua, a country which had recently democratically elected a left-wing government, which apparently made it some of America's business. The fallout saw a handful of people convicted, but Reagan and Bush not conclusively linked to the scandal — even though they almost certainly authorised it and at the very least knew it was happening. North and Poindexter were both convicted of minor transgressions but acquitted of the important things; these were later overturned on a technicality. All the major names were eventually pardoned. No-one cares about Iran-Contra anymore. Both North and Reagan are major right-wing heroes in America. The Contras became well known for horrific tortures, rapes, executions, pillaging and atrocities against prisoners apparently inspired by the works of Umberto Lenzi, all funded by the American taxpayer. No-one cares about that either. Everyone got away with it. John Poindexter has a street in Indiana named after him. Oliver North is now a respected commentator for Fox News, taking home handsome paycheques. Ronald Reagan is considered one of the greatest American Presidents in several corners of the country, and will almost certainly have his face on Mount Rushmore by 2030. The scandal and its complete lack of consequences (apart from a brief bit of PR damage, which was easily mitigated) convinced the American establishment and in particular the Republican party that they were invincible. They're not wrong.



YOU HAVE BEEN READING



ISSUE #5, CHRISTMAS 2010.
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FOR BOB THE FISH MAGAZINES

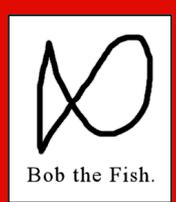
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**IF THERE'S A NEXT ISSUE:
How the fuck is it 2011? We're all going to fucking die of old age before we even know what's happened, fuck everything**

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A BOB THE FISH MAGAZINE

2SUNS

IT'S YOUR MAGAZINE. BE A PART OF IT.

Is there something that you want to bellow futilely into the void about? Here's your megaphone. Is there something no-one else notices or acknowledges about the world that you want to set out? We're your tablet, carve on us. Send us letters, write us articles, take photographs, draw cartoons, send us pictures of your bum, what-the-fuck-ever, we'll almost certainly publish it. This issue's article about Korea? A reader submission, from the idea up, including the pictures. 2SUNS is your magazine. Help people hear what we're saying. Or help us say it.

What we need:

- articles about stuff—stuff we don't necessarily know about
- adverts—we can't keep making them all ourselves
- someone better at photoshop than we are (cf the Nick Clegg & Che Claus pictures)
- ten billion pounds in cash, or at least enough to advertise
- readers! Tell people about this magazine!
- cartoons and shit for the back pages would be nice.
- basically anything vaguely amusing and topical.

Our bologna has an email address, it's
2suns@bobthefish.org.uk

We also have a website, it's 2sunsmagazine.com
(although how you could be reading this without knowing that we don't know)

We also have a Facebook group at <http://on.fb.me/a65fBB>

How to submit:

Just email us with who you are and what you've wrote, drawn, shat or whatever, and a comedy pseudonym (for preference) and if it isn't nakedly evil it'll go in the magazine. Please note that we do this for free, so all you get in return is the satisfaction of appearing in a low-circulation satirical PDF full of swearing. We look forward to hearing from you. And we mean you specifically. The person reading these words right now.

**SPECIAL
OPPORTUNITY
AND SHIT YEAH?**
2SUNS is looking for an artist for the cover of issue seven! Yes, issue seven! Due out in April, assuming the world is still here, issue seven will inevitably be a Royal Wedding Souvenir issue and we need a cover to match all those old Radio Times issues from 1981. With our own spin on it, naturally. If you're an artist, email us for more information. Bear in mind that we don't make any money though.

A problem has been detected and America has been shut down. The problem seems to have been caused by the following devices:

UNITED_STATES.CONFIG.SYS

If this is the first time you've seen this Stop error screen, press any key to return to your OS. This may not solve the problem. If this screen appears again, consult 2SUNS issue #6, February 2011 or restart your nation.

Technical information:

*** STOP: 0x00000050 DRIVER_IRQL_ALL_FUCKED_UP
MEDIA.SYS CORRUPTED
CORPORATE_AMERICA.SYS TOO LARGE FOR DISK
SANITY.SYS NOT FOUND

2SUNS issue #5, Christmas 2010.