

# ASIAN

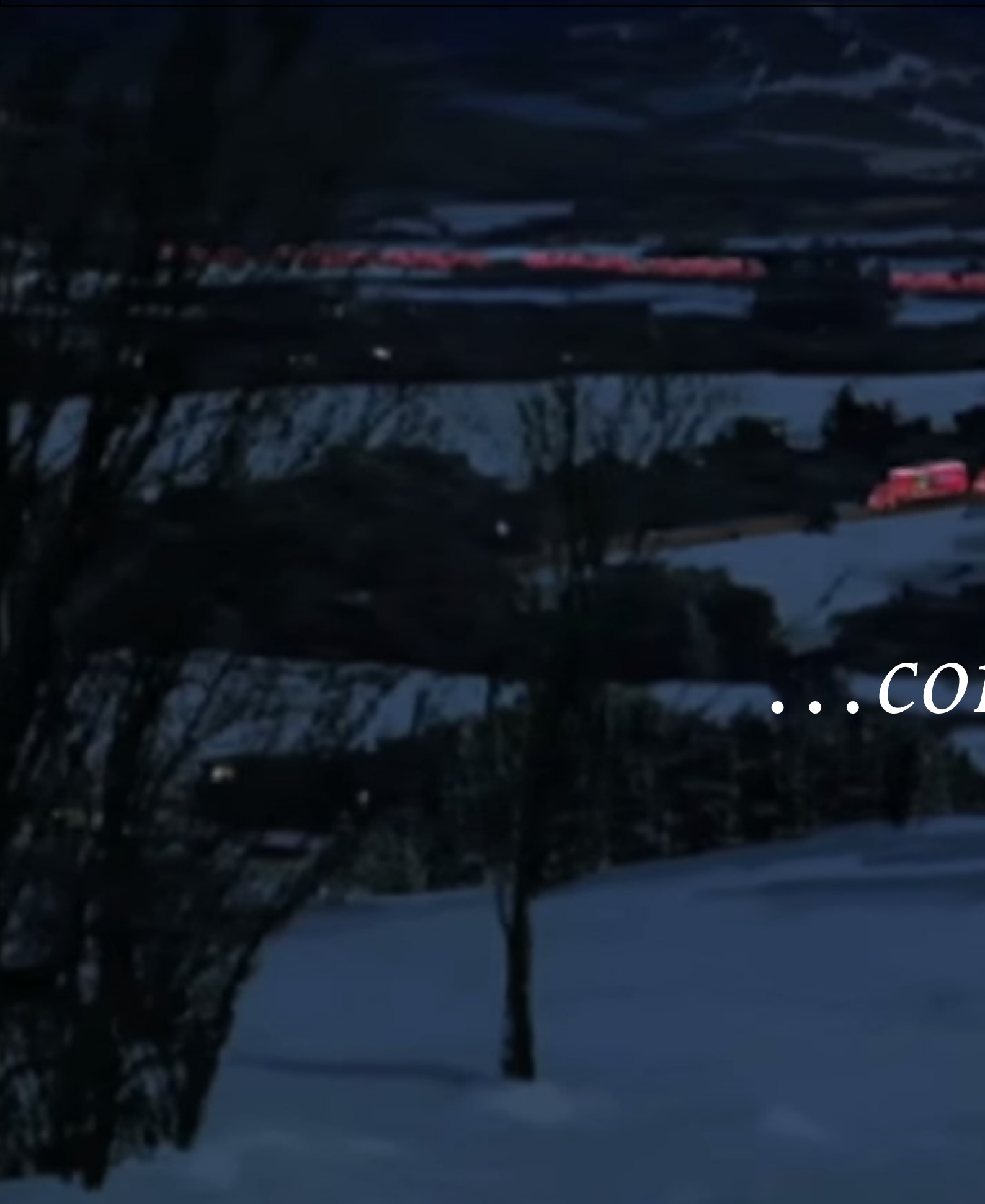
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*Watch out, look around, something's com*



*...COM*

*ing....*

*ming to your town.*

It took us over a century to get you to the point where this is a charming Utopian ideal instead of terrifying Dystopian horror. Explicitly starting a religion would have been easier, and we would have got tax breaks out of it. The least you can do is drink the fucking stuff, you purposeless fucks.

*Coca-Cola*<sup>TM</sup>



“Amid the cold of winter, when half spent was the night. “

CRIMINALS

COVER STORY

## THE STATE WE ARE IN

Cunts of the year: a bunch of head-chopping fuckstains holding the Middle East to ransom again.

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Has Band Aid's time finally run out?



# Editor's Shriek by John Wirstham-Harte



This, the fifth Cunt of the Year award, was a surprisingly tricky one. It's been quite a golden year for shitlords. Putin was the runaway favourite for almost the entire first half of the year, with barely a day going by without his ugly mug in the news, like a Spitting Image puppet of the ghost of Yuri Andropov. From gay-bashing of such sustained gittishness that he inadvertently created the gayest Winter Olympics in history, to flat-out invasions of neighbouring nations, this was shaping up to be the Year of Putin.

Then Islamic State showed up, annexed half the Middle East, and started slicing people's heads off as a cry for attention, forcing us to go back to Iraq and fight yet another war. Combined with the knowledge that the organisation's rise was our own fault for invading in the first place, they'd shot into first place by the time the second head hit the sand.

In the midst of all this, the rise of Nigel Farage and UKIP continued unabated by common sense, despite an endless succession of scandals, each and every one of which proved that they're a bunch of backward, actively racist, crypto-fascist bigots who desperately want to have been born at least sixty years earlier and think it's everyone else's fault they weren't. Give them a sniff of power and they'll dismantle everything about post-war British society that the Tories haven't already.

And then there's Iain Duncan Smith, who still thinks you can bully people into not being poor — which you technically can, if you drive them to suicide — and those frustrated-rapist Gamergate fucks, and David Cameron of course, and whoever we can blame for Rik Mayall being dead. It's been a *really* harrowing year for celebrity deaths, actually: not just The Rik, but Trigger, Philip Seymour Hoffman, Egon Spengler...here's hoping that 2015 will be a bit more cheerful.

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**NEXT ISSUE: ELECTION MADNESSES**



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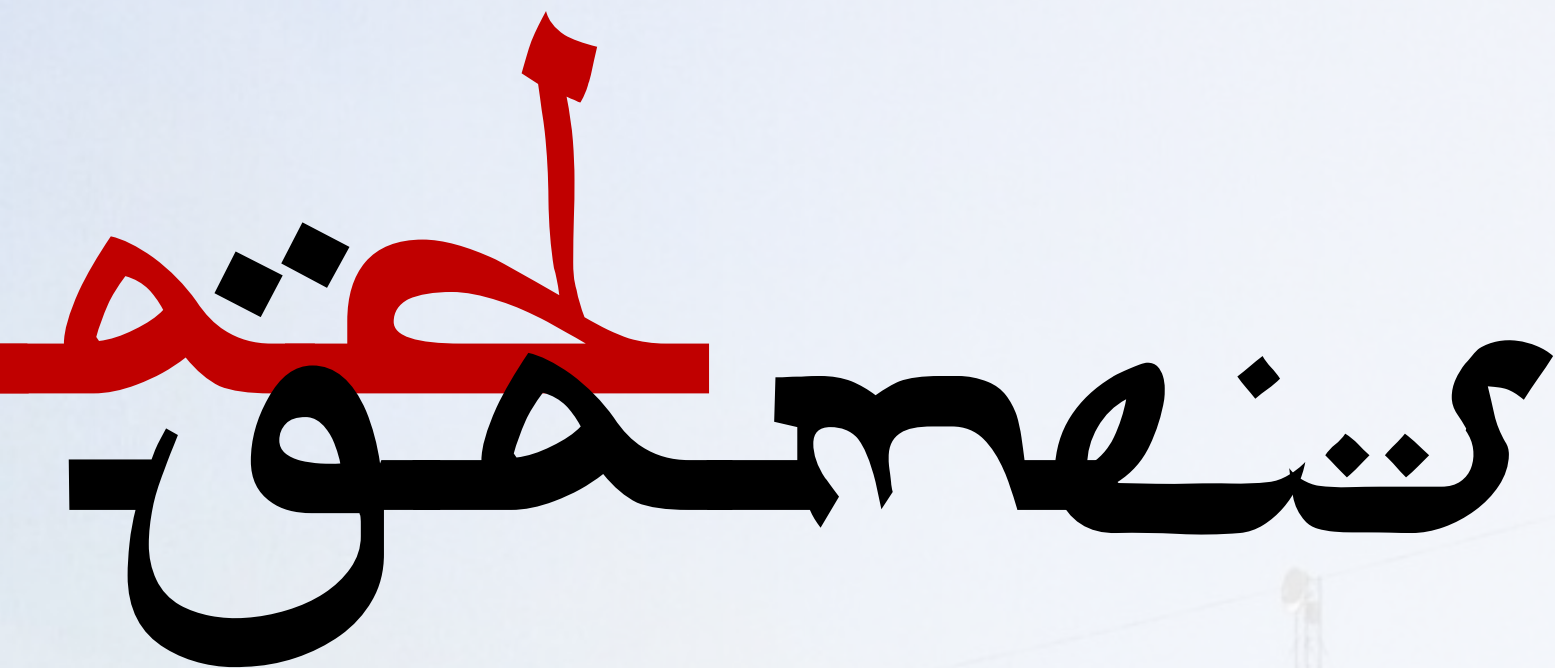
# #1: ISIL CUNTS OF

قذافي

Beheading, murdering, looting, nailing corpses to telegraph poles as a warning: for their continued and despicable attempts at hauling the world back a thousand years, the group currently known as “the Islamic State in Iraq and the Levant” are 2014’s Cunts of the Year. Just in case you needed further explanation, here’s *John Wirstham-Harte* to provide it.



# THE YEAR #1: ISIL



Two things to get out of the way early here: first, no pictures of IS/ISIS/ISIL/The Incredible String Band (we're going to keep calling them ISIL; this is an arbitrary choice and shouldn't be interpreted as meaning we think they're legitimate) in this magazine because we genuinely couldn't find any that didn't make them look heroic, ominous or would otherwise boost their villainous image. Basically there were no images that depicted them as the psychopathic cuntweasels they actually are, so instead, nameless crowds waving flags will have to stand for them.

Second, we want to make it clear from the outset that these fuckers are not, despite the name, Islamic. The Qu'ran, like the Bible, is pretty clear on the whole "don't kill people" thing. Admittedly it has a few passages which, particularly when taken out of context, can seem frankly blood-curdling, but again: have you *read* the Bible? There's a bit where Judas trips over a rock and lands in a pit and explodes in a giant ball of blood and shit. Another thing it has in common with the Bible is plenty of interpretative loopholes which people like ISIL have used to justify their atrocities. But if someone ruptures their colon by shoving a fork up their arse, you tend to understand that the fork wasn't to blame, it was being used pretty spectacularly wrongly. (Note that this principle doesn't apply to guns, because if someone gets shot by a gun, it was being used correctly). ISIL are using Islam wrong. They're no more Muslim than Fred Phelps was Christian. And the same went for Osama Bin Laden. Cocks, the lot of them.

So, anyway, ISIL. It's hard to know what the worst thing about these fuckers is. I mean, the atrocities are pretty high on the list. They've spent 2014 turning the Middle East into a horrifyingly accurate recreation of Game of Thrones, except for the naked ladies. Heads on pikes, bodies piled in the streets, mass executions in the streets. It's really quite hard to be funny about. They're also fucking up Islam for everyone; declaring a worldwide caliphate and unilaterally assuming control of all Muslims everywhere no backsies despite, as we already mentioned, most Muslims on Earth thinking they're even bigger cunts than everyone else.

Claiming automatic authority over the whole planet, based on nothing more than the fact that you said it aloud, is the act of a psychopath, of course. One psychopath is a nuisance at best; at worst we end up with someone like that cock who recently attention-whored himself to death in Sydney. Multiple psychopaths making up a gestalt, however...Man Ray, or whatever the idiot's name was, could only manage to kill three people. Two too many, of course, but still, he neither was, nor had an



entire army of maniacs behind him. ISIL is crazy, violent idiots finding strength in numbers.

It's obviously not our area of expertise, but the very notion of a caliphate as envisioned by Islamic State strikes us as vaguely psychotic: that it's an insanely harsh and explicitly medieval-styled fundamentalist dictatorship goes without saying, but the ISIL cocks are absolutely wedded to the idea that its head — the titular

Caliph — is *obviously and inarguably* the direct descendent of Muhammad (PBUH and such). Even the maddest Christian sects, even the likes of Westboro Baptist, don't claim that Fred Phelps is the great<sup>1000</sup> grandson of Jesus. Again, this obsessively narcissistic interpretation of the Qur'an *really annoys* normal, nice Muslims who don't think that their book is so much better it necessitates killing literally everyone who's not into it — or who is into it, but has different ideas about it.

Again: Islamic State aren't Islamic.

They're obsessed with Allah and the Qur'an, but that's not the same thing.

Something racists like to point out is

that "Islam" literally translates as "submission" (as if submission wasn't the whole point of religion in general). Well, the likes of ISIL haven't submitted. They're narcissists; their egos are what drives them, not their ideology. They want to be Muhammad.

The worst thing  
about these  
fuckers is that  
they're OUR damned  
fault.

Of course, writing them off as crazy people, though accurate, isn't sufficient. In particular, it ignores the very worst thing about the fuckers: that in many ways they're our own damned fault.

We delineated this in detail in the last issue, but essentially, through generations of empire-building in the Middle East, attempting to annex (literally or by stealth) the vast and quickly diminishing reserves of oil — not to mention throwing the whole fucking thing into chaos by sticking Israel there and telling everyone to just deal with it — we've created, in the Middle East, a region that is a perfect machine for creating idiots like the Islamic State fuckwads.

Multiple generations have grown up either never knowing stability — with wars flaring up quicker than a clown can clap his hands, and American planes occasionally visiting to drop bombs on you when the President needs a ratings boost — or only knowing it via fascist dictators like Saddam Hussein and Bashar Al-Assad.

The latter is *really* enjoying this, of course, because Islamic State is essentially what his own opposition have become—the former "good guys" by Western propaganda in the endless Syrian Civil War. That's not to say that the entire anti-Assad rebel side is now ISIL. Far from it; the Syrian Revolutionary Army has found itself fighting two enemies instead of one. ISIL was more like a tapeworm, growing in the opposition's stomach, feeding on their victories and the growing anti-Assad sentiment before





coming over all H.R. Giger's Alien and bursting out as its own kind of shitness. The bleak conclusion Assad wants us all to come to is that it comes down to a straight choice between fascism and madness — which is what ISIL represent. We're sure this isn't true. Right now, we can't think of any evidence why, but we're sure.

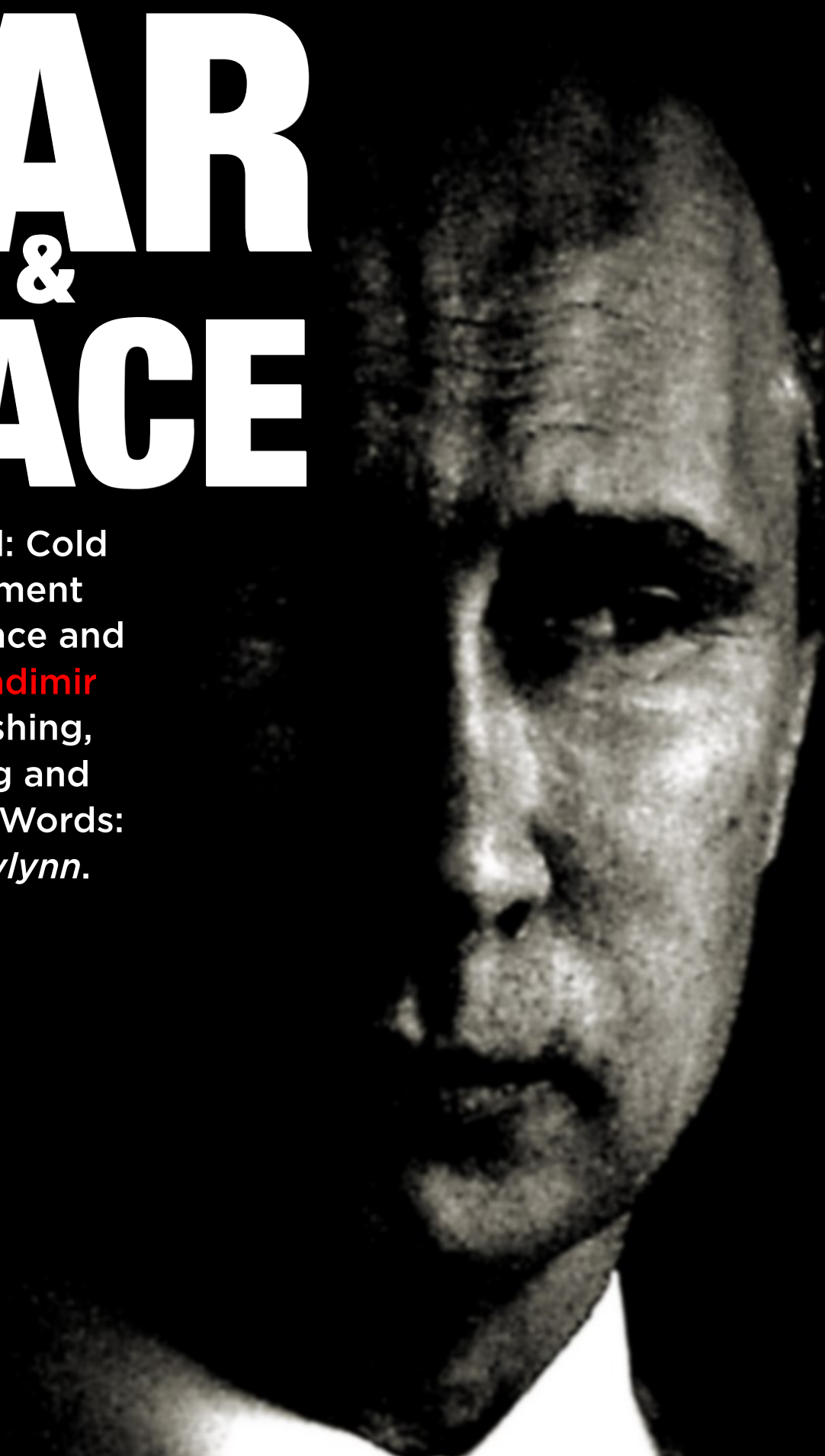
Finally, and probably the main reason they made #1 on the shit list, is what ISIL did to us here at 2SUNS. They made us genuinely bloodthirsty. Enraged. Actively supporting a war in Iraq. Kinda sorta. Capturing people and slicing their heads off live on video — these fuckers must die. We have to go in and shoot them all in the head, testicles and head again. Drop every bomb directly on top of their anuses.

We don't like thinking like this. We don't like supporting wars. But what else will stop these people from murdering short of running out of heads to lop off? We hate that this is the conclusion we have come to and wish we could think of some other way to stop this happening. Because there isn't one, because even we have to advocate at least some amount of open warfare, the so-called "Islamic State" are the worst people of the year. They're not Islamic. They're just cunts.



# WAR & PEACE

A close second: Cold War re-enactment hobbyist and once and future Tsar **Vladimir Putin**: gay-bashing, warmongering and bear-wrestling. Words: *Humphrey Jaylynn*.





**F**rankly it was only a matter of time before everyone's least-favourite judo-troll made the list. He's been sitting away in Moscow cultivating his Bond-Villain-chic for a while, slowly making the transition from president to dictator, slowly increasing his stranglehold on the media and the strangling of minority groups.

He was runaway favourite for the top slot for much of the year, until Islamic State showed up and started cutting people's heads off as an attention-whoring measure. That's quite telling in itself: coming a close second to psychopathic mass-murderers is not something to which most people would aspire. And then he made a spirited bid for this list last year, when 'homosexual propaganda' was banned, which means it became effectively illegal to say that, actually, gay people weren't abominations against God and possibly they shouldn't be rounded up and sent to the gulag. But competition was pretty stiff, and he didn't make the cut. So this year he's really pulled out all the stops, and attempted to bring about World War III.

It all started in Ukraine. There was an election. He didn't like the result, so he invaded.

I'll say that again. The world's biggest nuclear power just started a land war in Europe. WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK, VLADIMIR? Do you not remember what happened between about 1960 and 1990? That period where LITERALLY FUCKING EVERYONE was terrified the world was about to end, for THIRTY SOLID YEARS?

Of course, he does remember. What he remembers most is that his team lost, in a pretty bad but frankly nowhere-near-as-apocalyptically-bad-as-it-could-have-been way. Now, apparently, he's out for a rematch. The opening gambit was to send troops into Crimea as part of a 'spontaneous people's uprising'.

Of course, they weren't officially Russian troops. They spoke Russian and they had Russian weapons and Russian training and Russian intelligence and Russian names and were Russian, but they didn't have Russian uniforms, so it was probably just two blokes who found a Kalashnikov while walking home from the pub one night and figured they'd see how far it could go. Once the Russian military – sorry, those two blokes – had secured Crimea and beaten off the Ukrainian army, a totally legit referendum on joining Russia was organized, which gathered a totally legit 97% approval rate.

We could make some snarky comment about how he figured doing it this way would mean everyone else would just let him get away with it and it turned out he was right, but that's not really accurate. All the sanctions the West have piled on Russia are beginning to hurt – inflation is skyrocketing, the rouble is cheaper than it's ever been (in fact, it just crashed altogether shortly after this article was written) and the economy is beginning to hurt. Not that any of that affects Putin himself. It's the 200 million ordinary Russians who'll take the brunt of that. He might care enough about them to rein things back, but let's not hold our breath.

And then there was MH17, the Boeing 777 passenger aircraft that had the misfortune of happening to fly over Ukraine in the midst of all this civil war-puppeteering. In a perfect world, Putin would have been charged with war crimes just over that little incident.

And the worst part about all this? People still think Russia's fucking socialist. Which means dear old Vladimir hasn't just thrown a whole country into civil war for a bit of neo-imperialistic shits and giggles. He's made socialism the government of dictatorships in the minds of millions of people. Every time the fucker opens his mouth, everyone in the world gets further away from having a system that doesn't screw people over because they had the temerity to be poor. You did that, Vlad. You know you did that, and you don't much care. For all those reasons, you're a cunt.



THEY USED TO SAY THAT VIDEOGAMES WERE THE  
BIGGER PROBLEMS NOW, THIRD PLACE GOES  
"GAMERGATE" AND THE SHORT STRAW

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**T**he facts in the case of Video Games versus Human Decency:

Zoe Quinn is a woman. She makes video games. She is a woman. We mention this part twice because it's the key point. She is best known for the game "Depression Quest", which by all accounts is a devastatingly accurate text-adventure about living with a black dog of despair pissing all over your brain. That came out in 2013 and got good reviews. To date, it is her only game, although she is working on other projects.

The success of Depression Quest made her somewhat famous in the gaming community, to the resentment of much of the hardcore dickhead community. Not only was she a titted woman, here game was a big hunk of shit and awful "casual" bullshit without graphics or anything. Another woman ruining the manly sport of videogames with her oestrogen.

Anyway, it turned out that she was dating a massive bell-end who, after the relationship ended, decided that the best way to get over her would be to tell the Internet she's a whore. He alleged she was constantly cheating on him while they were in the relationship, and that her favourite trick was to sleep with writers for the likes of IGN and games magazines in exchange for good reviews. None of this, and possibly less, was the least bit true—the specific journalist he named and shamed never reviewed the fucking game—but the "Gamer" community, sensing an excuse to destroy a woman, went into hyperdrive with the whore-screaming and rape and death threats (often including diagrams and/or



TURNING US INTO SERIAL KILLERS. WE'VE GOT  
 ST TO THE MALADJUSTED MONSTERS BEHIND  
 AS DRAWN BY *THIERRY HENRY THOREAU*.

# BEST SON ECTIVE



photoshopped hentai) via Twitter and various other social media outlets, until Zoe Quinn had to evacuate her house because its address was common Internet knowledge and there were people who genuinely wanted to rape and murder her out of sheer vaginal terror.

In order to make this seem less like a horrific campaign of psychological terrorism and more like something actually justifiable, the whole mess eventually got the name "Gamergate". This was coined by Adam Baldwin, previously best known as Jayne from Firefly and also Superman in various recent animations. Now he's best known as a colossal motherfucker, the hero of Cunton, the celebrity backer of the most terrifying sustained campaign of misogynistic harassment since Emmeline Pankhurst's day.

Eventually, it became completely unavoidable that Zoe Quinn was innocent of all charges except owning a vulva, so the Gamergate posse quietly shifted its focus to one of their already favourite targets: Anita Sarkeesian. If you're not familiar with her, she's a cultural critic who became notorious amongst the terrified-of-ladies capital-G "Gamer" community by funding (via Kickstarter) and then making a series for FeministFrequency called "Tropes vs Women in Video Games". Fairly self-explanatory: each episode looks at a different female stereotype prevalent in games, such as your damsel in distress or your under-clad pistol-packing male gaze protagonist, and explains why they're so problematic and really, in this day and age, ought to be phased out in favour of something that treats women as basically people instead of one of a set of archetypes.

Naturally this is completely unreasonable to the kind of people behind Gamergate, and with Zoe Quinn largely exhausted as a target, the prefab bogeyman that was Sarkeesian was perfect. She'd already been the victim of outright terrorist threats over her web series—basically a series of relatively dry critical essays delivered straight-to-camera, never criticising the games themselves so much as sighing about the constant stereotypes—including the usual hentai photoshops and rape threats and, bizarrely, a good amount of anti-Semitism, even though she's not Jewish. She's Armenian. Close enough, right? There's even a game where you can punch her in the face. Obviously, that's as old as the Internet—there used to be one where you slapped around the Spice Girls—but the graphics are a lot more realistic these days.

With the Gamergate name (and, more pertinently, hashtag) to rally around, the harassment of Sarkeesian (and still Zoe Quinn on the odd occasion when they got bored) intensified to white-hot. No obvious point was being made, but the Gamergaters (as they hate to be called, so we do it all the time) didn't care. To cover themselves, they adopted the war cry that this was really about ethics in videogame journalism. Despite the actual visible results of the fucking thing being nothing but the hideous abuse of women—not just Quinn and Sarkeesian, but any other uterus-sporting human in videogames they could find. Brianna Wu, for example. She entered the debate of her own accord by posting a set of customised image macros calling Gamergaters babies; while funny, she's probably regretting that now. The narrative around Wu tends to circle around the theory that she's a transgender woman. We have no idea whether this is true; we looked it up and to be honest, the discourse is so poisoned at this point that we genuinely can't tell whether she really is trans, or whether Gamergate is just extrapolating from the fact that she's tall and angular and has a deep voice. One thing that is certain is that she's never publicly stated anything on the subject, which means either she was born a lady, or it ain't any of your business. Actually, it ain't any of your business either way; making us Google this sort of thing is just another reason to hate Gamergaters. The point is, she's a woman who isn't hot, and that is a major betrayal in the eyes of these ovary-fearing losers: if you're a woman, to be attractive is not only your duty but your purpose.

Compare this with the story of Jade Raymond, one of the most prominent lady-type games developers on earth, who until recently worked for Ubisoft and created the blockbuster Assassin's Creed series. In a normal world, she'd be celebrated just for that, not unlike John Romero was for Doom or Warren Spector for Deus Ex. But they weren't expected to be attractive, and more to the point, they weren't. Jade Raymond, however, is a knockout, at once tantalisingly close to and impossibly distant from the poor frustrated vagina-fearing bastards playing her game. Hence the rumours that started flying around the places where such people congregate, that she clearly slept her way to the producer's credit and didn't really know anything about video games. And then there was the inevitable pornographic comic that claimed to be satirising this attitude but was actually reinforcing it with its fingers crossed behind its back.

If anything good has come out of Gamergate at all, and it hasn't, it's that it's finally made the term "male privilege" seem reasonable. We (that is, us blokes) do act privileged, because we are and always have been. Several millennia of assuming our superiority over women and acting accordingly have spoiled us. We feel entitled to benefits we haven't earned, because we've had them by default for so long that we've forgotten that they're benefits and not just normality. And so some of us cry when those who *haven't* had said benefits try—and what's worse, succeed—in claiming them. Even if it doesn't hurt us in the slightest.

One thing the Gamergaters seem to have in common is a basic fear of women on one level or another. Books could probably be written about this — books probably *have* been. Just paraphrase almost everything Freud ever said and you're probably in the ballpark. Whatever the psychological reason, there's no excuse for harassing blameless women out of their homes to protect the sanctity of your fucking hobby, and for that reason — as well as making *Firefly* worse by association — these people are fairly textbook cunts.







**Congratulations on ruining something  
previously associated with one of the  
coolest motherfuckers on the planet.**

**A message from the Fedora Defence League**



T ( ) 1 ( ) R R ( ) W  
B F L - ( ) / G S  
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## Britain's biggest motherfucker: **Nigel Farage** takes fourth place for making the far-right the future of Britain. Words: *Sampford Courtenay*.

**H**ere's a secret that Nigel Farage probably knows, if only deep down, but would never admit out loud: *immigration isn't really that important*. It's not really a crisis, and although Farage claims otherwise he's too clever not to know he's lying one way or another. It was recently discovered that most Britons think the country is almost one-third immigrant. It's closer to 15% . That's a pretty big gap: more than half as much as Britain apparently earnestly believes. Now how on Earth could they possibly have come to that conclusion? Eh? IT IS A COMPLETE AND TOTAL MYSTERY.

Or maybe not, with UKIP plastering the country with patently ridiculous propaganda like the leaflet we mentioned in the last issue, which implied that the entire population of Bulgaria and Romania, plus another couple of million people they've dug up from somewhere, was coming over to Britain to claim benefits and take are jobs and are houses and derka derr and so forth.

The clever thing is that they never *stated outright* that this impossible population were coming. "The EU will *allow* 29 million dagos or whatever to come to Britain" is what they said. Apart from the inflated numbers, this is basically true. It came out a year ago, when UKIP were playing up the first of January 2014 as some sort of apocalyptic doomsday, simply because the migration controls (which the EU places on newbie states for its first two years because of reasons) were about to run out in Romania and Bulgaria. To UKIP's presumed great shock, almost everyone in Romania and Bulgaria decided to stay in Romania and Bulgaria. Some left. Some went to Germany or France, since you could drive there. UKIP don't seem to have considered that: even if someone does want to emigrate, it doesn't automatically follow that they'll go straight to Britain. Other countries are available, and they're just as good—some are better, in some respects.

They'll never believe that, of course. The whole point of UKIP rests on Britain being the bestest place on Earth, frankly irresistible for any greasy, unwashed, poverty-stricken, uneducated, greedy, non-English speaking foreign shits looking for a new life. They have mentioned the need to make Britain less attractive to immigrants, which explains a lot of their policies.

**B**ut while it's fun to point and laugh at these backwards crypto-fascist fucks, it doesn't change the fact that they are now a major political force in this country, with two directly elected MPs (twice as many as the disappointingly homeopathic Green Party) and every chance of getting more in a few months' time. We bring it up a lot, but it's far from out of the question that we could be living under a Tory-UKIP coalition a year from now. And something tells us UKIP won't be the passive junior partners the Lib Dems are. With UKIP backseat-driving a Tory government, Britain will become a quasi-totalitarian hell. The economy will tank to Weimar Republic levels after we leave the EU and consequently isolate ourselves from the world's largest trading bloc. Workers' rights will be rolled back, or just abolished altogether. The welfare state will be gutted. The BBC and the NHS will be privatised; the BBC will be sold to Rupert Murdoch, the NHS will be sold to Lockheed Martin. Foodbanks will be the only growth industry. But at least those Pikeys and Polacks wouldn't be swarming into the country the way they clearly aren't but everyone thinks they are because Farage is a cunt.



## THE THIN WHITE

Rounding out the top five: **Darren Wilson**, **Damian Pantaleo** and whitey in uniform in general. Words by *Willard Van Omnomnom Quine*.



**T**he great movie *Do the Right Thing* came out, amazingly enough, 25 years ago this year. If you haven't seen it, go watch it right the fuck now and then come back and read the rest of this article.

We'll assume from this point that everyone's au fait with the film one way or another. Familiar, right? Particularly the fate of Radio Raheem, literally the same as Eric Garner. Except Garner was killed for even less than Raheem. Raheem — who in no way deserved to die — was actively being violent, almost strangling poor old Danny Aiello to death. What was Eric Garner doing? Selling hooky cigarettes on a street corner. Badly. Badly enough that a couple of cops — Daniel Pantaleo and Justin Damico, for the record — immediately spotted it and told him to knock it off (although of course it may have taken longer for them to twig it under different melanin-related circumstances). He resisted arrest, gave one of the cops a bit of a slap when they tried to put on the cuffs. Their response is a matter of public record: four reinforcements materialised and helped Damico hold Garner down while Pantaleo forced him to the ground by the neck, in what's technically known as a chokehold. For obvious reasons. Much like what happened to Radio Raheem, only non-fictionally. Garner—who was asthmatic and had a bad heart—apparently said “I can't breathe” about eleven times while Pantaleo's arm was around his trachea, but the heroic cops ignored him, reasoning that if he *really* couldn't breathe, he wouldn't be able to speak either. Sound logic, I trust you'll agree.

So anyway he died face-down on the sidewalk. Damico and Pantaleo were demoted to desk duty; Pantaleo had to turn in his badge and gun. There was also an investigation, of course, with a grand jury and such, but no-one was worried about that. A cop killed a black man. Since when was that illegal? Sure enough, the grand jury decided not to press charges against Pantaleo for the outright murder of an unarmed man. He's lost his gun and badge, he's clearly suffered enough.

**T**hat would be terrible enough, but it came hot on the heels of Darren Wilson not being indicted for shooting Michael Brown twelve times in the head, neck and chest. He may or may not have had his hands up; he was certainly unarmed, not that Wilson would have had time to figure that out as the entire thing lasted 90 seconds. But Brown certainly moved towards him, causing Wilson to automatically fear for his life and initiate deadly force. He might have been wrong about Brown's intentions. The world will never know. Rather than selling cigarettes,



## TE LINE



Brown had been nicking them, but chillingly enough, it's unclear whether Wilson even knew that when he approached Brown and his cohort and told them to walk on the pavement instead of down the middle of the street like a dick. Shot dead for jaywalking?

Of course, Brown was no angel. Or altar boy. In fact, he was a bit of a git. Lots of petty crimes and antisocial behaviour — like nicking cigarettes, or walking down the middle of the road and blocking the traffic. But then he was 18 years old. Show us someone who claims to have been well-adjusted at that age, and we'll show you a sociopath. And even if he'd been Osama Bin Laden at other points in his life, at that moment he didn't deserve to die. He was being a dick, not a slasher movie villain.

None of which has stopped the right from taking up Wilson's plight, arguing that Brown deserved it based on the bruises on Wilson's face. Later, Wilson gave a blow-by-blow testimony of what happened that day, which turned out to have more holes than a crate of Polo mints and was accepted as the gospel truth by the Republican end of the political spectrum. Brown was basically written off as a thug OG who got what was coming to him and had no one to blame for being riddled with bullets but himself. If he'd been white? He probably won't be dead in the first place.

Garner's post-mortem fate has been slightly different: he died over selling cigarettes cash-in-hand, without paying sales tax. The word "tax" being involved has caused the likes of Ann "Why am I still doing this shit" Coulter to use his case as an excuse to concern-troll. Garner's death, according to Coulter and co, genuinely *was* tragic. He wasn't some thuggish gangsta buck like Michael Brown, he really was just a gentle giant, and because he was shot for tax-dodging he's a martyr. Normal people who aren't apocalyptically selfish don't give a flying fuck about the tax angle, but they barely have any voice in modern society.

Meanwhile, St. Louis is on fire and much of America is following. The civil rights era feels like a long, long time ago. It's been fifty years, but it feels like centuries. It seems Jim Crow now works for the police.

The good news is there's an election in less than five months' time. The bad news is that he might not lose. Another hung parliament is on the cards, maybe even a coalition with UKIP if we're *really* unlucky. And this is despite Cameron spending the fourth year of his premiership visibly flailing for popularity, pandering to every special interest short of actual pandas, and fooling absolutely no-one in the process, especially when all his actual policies turned out to revolve around the continued brutalisation of the poor and disadvantaged, with some hundreds-and-thousands of trendy UKIP-inspired racism.

It's still faintly dizzying that this fascist shitbox used to be the leader of the Conservative Party. He could be Prime Minister right now, but only in a world where anyone in their right mind would vote for him. Put someone in front of him less explicitly evil, and with basic charisma, and he can ruin lives. Last year's winner, of course, and since then he's doubled down, with plans (or threats) to introduce daily signing for the unemployed and a law practically requiring immigrants to starve to death in the streets. Last seen openly laughing at an abused wife who he's effectively taxing on the room she hides in from her husband. Allegedly. The laughter, that is; the rape-panic-room tax is genuinely happening.

It's practically a Christmas tradition by now to marvel at the simple fact that this artistocratic fucker is the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He may end up being the single individual to have benefitted the most from Gordon Brown's premiership, if only because at least we avoided the whiplash caused by going straight from one of the best Chancellors in British history to one of the least qualified in any country's history. This year he once again defined economic recovery entirely in terms of the upper 10% and prescribed further spending cuts as the solution to all the world's ills, culminating in an Autumn statement of naked bribery — which is admittedly standard practice in pre-election years, but never before has it seemed so much like a failure of imagination.

God damn it, you're blowing it. The rise of UKIP does not mean you need to lurch to the fucking right. If anything, it means you should lurch left, to combat them. Stop panicking and pandering to the far-right every time you stub your toe. The election's five months away, you need to look like a potential Prime Minister. At the moment you look like a potential William Hague of the left. Oh, and way to play into the media's hands as far as that lady's tweet was concerned. Did you notice that she didn't actually *say* anything? She just presented a photo without comment and the right-wing media read their own interpretation into it. There was a chance there to seize the narrative, but instead you just canonized the one the Daily Mail created and harmed your own image in the process. Well done.



**DAVID CAMERON**



**IAIN DUNCAN-SMITH**



**GIDEON OSBORNE**



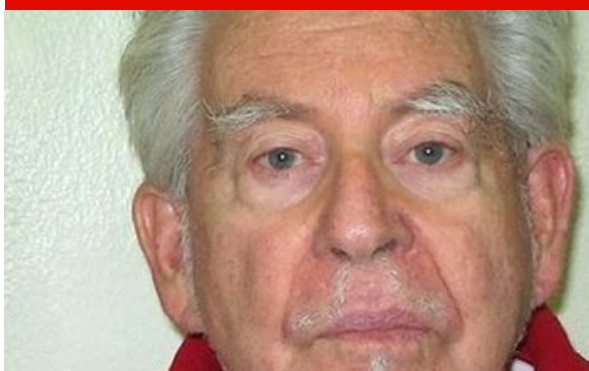
**ED MILIBAND**





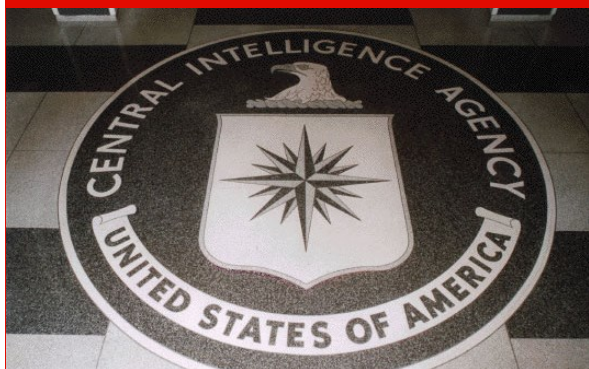
SAINSBURY'S

The First World War is not the Quality Street tin, you fucking cunts. That advert is well made and, were it just for the British Legion, would be a fine, if slightly over-sweetened, tribute to one of the saddest moments in history — the Christmas Truce — except that it's actually a fucking supermarket exploiting the dead for profit, and using the Legion's involvement as moral insurance. Fuck Sainsbury's forever.



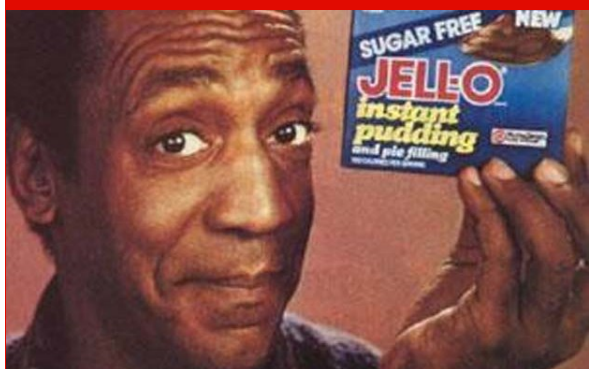
ROLF HARRIS

We expect everyone has their own big Yewtree disappointment. Rolf is ours. That he was less predatory than Jimmy Savile (as is your average Great White Shark) and more troubled (he knew what was doing was wrong, which would be great if he'd then *stopped fucking doing it*) doesn't alter the fact that he committed at least 14 sexual assaults, mostly on the same teenage girl, while showing kids like us how to draw Bugs Bunny, teaching the history of Termite Terrace, or just being a silly television uncle singing daft songs and doing daft dances. Unlike Sir Jim'll, who looked exactly like what he really was, Rolf was an unfalteringly positive presence on television, and it really fucking hurts that he turned out to be a bastard all along. Maybe some people feel the same about DLT?



THE CIA

There's absolutely definitely no denying it now: these fuckers tortured people. In the 21st Century. More importantly, it is now a matter of record that they got absolutely dick out of it. Here is a list of things they absolutely, undeniably did for ultimately no purpose whatsoever: broke prisoners' legs and forced them to stand up for hours; shut prisoners in a lightless room for days on end; forced prisoners to go without sleep for as long as a week, often with their arms shackled over their heads; shoved food tubes up prisoners' arses for funnies; and in one case, stripped nearly naked and strapped to a cold prison wall in an unheated room overnight until he froze to death. Yep, torturing people to death. For you. Be grateful.



BILL COSBY

What we said about Rolf Harris, only in an American accent and with Fat Albert and gurning instead of cartoons and dancing. Was *anyone* genuinely nice before, say, 1994?



We'd like to think that Tony Abbott wouldn't be Prime Minister right now if Labor hadn't rendered themselves so impressively toxic by 2013. All he ever had going for him was an obsessive determination to be Prime Minister and enough basic charisma and manipulative skill to actually manage it. He started the year by explicitly comparing the Australian immigration non-problem to an actual war, while explaining why his administration is understandably less than willing to discuss their asylum seeker concentration camps. His ministry also used their first budget to stealth-privatise education and healthcare, and remodel the welfare system after the ideas of Iain Duncan Smith. Pray for a double dissolution, Australia.

Might have been higher in the list had his entire year's work not turned out to be completely worthless. Remember when it looked like Scotland might turn out to go independent after all? That was only a couple of months ago, and now the notion is as dead as Diana Dors. On balance, we would have been happy either way, but one of the biggest downsides of potential independence was this froglike douchenozzle going down in history as the first President of Scotland. Fortunately for the future aesthetics of Scottish currency, there was never much chance of the SNP winning the referendum — even Murdoch's manipulation towards the end only just pushed it into "non-foregone conclusion" territory.

The 2014 World Cup was amazing on a number of levels (England not being one of them), but one of the best things was that whenever the cameras panned to the President of FIFA sat at one of the games, everyone in the stadium booed as one. Not that it'll worry him any; he doesn't need to be popular with the cunts who watch the game, just the few dozen people in positions of power over it. The 2022 World Cup in Qatar now seems inevitable; sure, it's the worst place for a football tournament short of Atlantis, or Mars maybe, but Blatter doesn't really care about football. We seriously doubt he's a football fan at all. Oh, and having announced his retirement a couple of years back, he is now running for a 953rd term as President, because he just doesn't give a fuck. And will inevitably win, because nor do FIFA.

At the start of the year, we had Sue Townsend, Philip Seymour Hoffman, John Holt, Jan Hooks, Mike Smith, Robin Williams, Mike Nichols, Elisabeth Pena, James Rebhorn, Kate O'Mara, Bob Hoskins, Roger Lloyd Pack, Meshach Taylor, Warren Clarke and Rik Mayall. Now we have none of those. And yet we have more than enough Jim Davidson, Jeremy Clarkson, Richard Littlejohn, Katie Hopkins, Ann Coulter, Sean Hannity and two whole Limbaughs. Someone's priorities are FUCKED UP.



## TONY ABBOTT



## ALEX SALMOND



## SEPP BLATTER



## ANUBIS

Like this magazine? Great! Help us out, why don't you?

# HOW TO SUPPORT



#1: write, draw or otherwise create anything worth printing in an irreverent, resigned newsmagazine like this one. Articles about things we'd never think about. Articles about things we really should be talking about but don't have room (those kidnapping Nigerian cunts, for example). Political cartoons. Half-decent photoshops. Jokes. Puzzles. Poems about Keir Hardie. Photos of your bum. Anything at all, send it in to [applemask83@gmail.com](mailto:applemask83@gmail.com) and if it's even semi-coherent it will almost certainly be printed. Hell, look at our standards now.

#2, if you have no talent, and unlike us are aware of it, you can support us fiscally via Patreon! Click on the logo down there (or visit [www.patreon.com/applemask](http://www.patreon.com/applemask) if it ain't working) for more information! If everyone who reads this chips in a quid a month, we could actually afford to ~~buy a PS4~~ advertise!







It's Christmas time; there's no need to be a cunt. Willard Van Orman

# THEM INSTEAD

**T**he year ends in a four and Band Aid rolls around again to demand your money, even though they're already rich, yeah? They should demand their money off themselves, yeah? Except, of course, that they're not asking for your money for themselves, now are they?

Band Aid (the original, back in 1984) redefined what charity means, and reshaped the attitude towards it of Britain and the Western world in general. Thirty years on, it might very well be obsolete as a model. We don't believe it's doing more harm than good, but it's always had a few unfortunate elements and they've become more prominent each time the process has been repeated, particularly since every time it's been repeated without significantly changing the basic formula.





mmomnom Quine asks: Do they know it's Christmas time at all?  
Well, do they? *Do they?*

# AD OF YOU

Specifically, it's a literal Band-Aid (hence the name, to be fair) that promotes the image of post-colonial Africa as the suffering child of the first world. This is an image Africa has never been able to shake off ever since the hellish two-year famine in Ethiopia that sparked the whole thing. Ethiopia, specifically Ethiopia in 1984, became a synecdoche for Africa in general, even though most of the continent actually doesn't consist of vast expanses of desert populated entirely by skeletons. There's a huge amount of variety in Africa—it's the second-biggest and most populous continent on Earth, with hundreds of different cultures. White people mostly know it as Famineville, and Band Aid (and Live Aid) is partially to blame. They can't do everything themselves, of course, but they did project the "starving children" image on the sky in gigantic hi-resolution 3D. Associations were made.

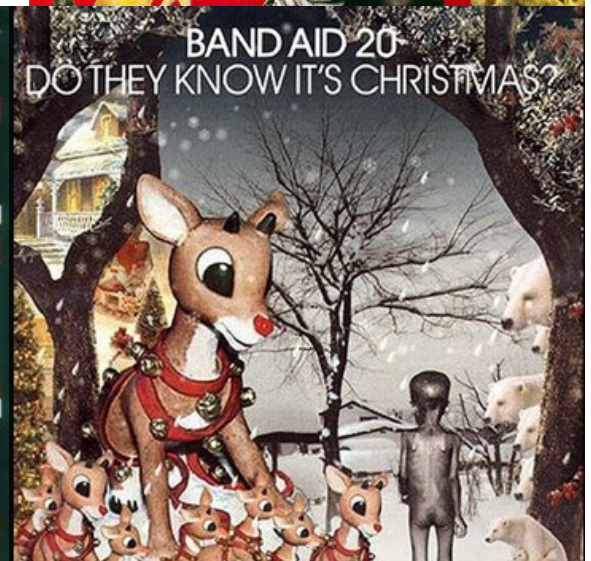


**A**lso damaging is the idea that chucking coins at slogans is enough, which Band Aid promotes. Buying the record (you did buy the record, right?) is a Good Thing To Do, and it will have a net positive effect on fellow human beings. But, like we said, it's a literal Band-Aid, or perhaps a painkiller: it dulls the symptoms without dealing with the causes. Does the existence of Band Aid actively discourage people from researching these causes? Maybe not inherently, but it has that effect. It's hard to shake the idea that 30 years on, in the age of instant information, Band Aid as an operational model is obsolete. In 1984, we weren't all connected. Images had more inherent power because you couldn't tap a screen to get the full story. Something as simple as "Do They Know It's Christmas" was a little less glaring, and its flaws were forgiven easier because it was the first of its kind. These days, we know better, and the lyrics — updated though they are — still act like we don't. A song probably isn't the best way to do these things anymore.



And okay, Bono is irritating. But the bottom line is still thousands upon thousands of corpses and an epidemic that means people can't even touch each other, and ultimately that's what you're sneering at when you post that YouTube comment about how they're all hypocrites for being rich and giving a fuck. An irritatingly self righteous (but generally basically correct) musician is not worse than a literal plague, and it's first world complacency of the most sickening kind to sit behind a computer screen snarling at frigging Band Aid without doing anything positive whatsoever. So yes, sneer at the irritants for giving a flying fuck while still being rich and famous, by all means, but you should have to give about £1 to ActionAid for every such comment you post.

As for the song, let's let it rest. Four versions is more than enough. (Everyone likes to pretend the Stock-Aitken-Waterman version didn't happen; to the victims of the famine or the Ebola plague, this must be like a lord complaining to a serf that his crown is a bit tacky.) There are better ways of raising money, and more importantly awareness, these days. But for what you have achieved: thank you.







THE LYNX EFFECT



# Next issue

