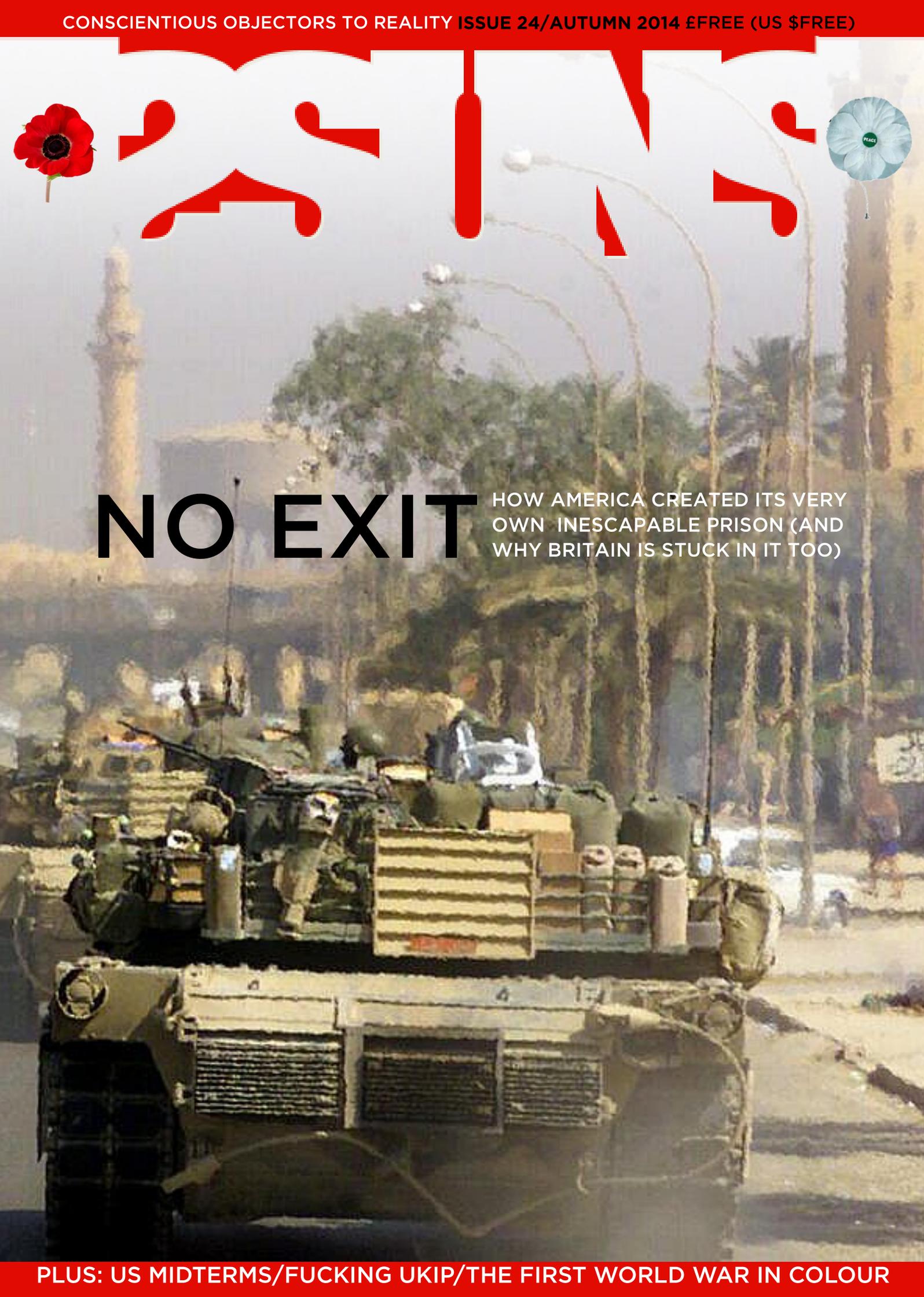


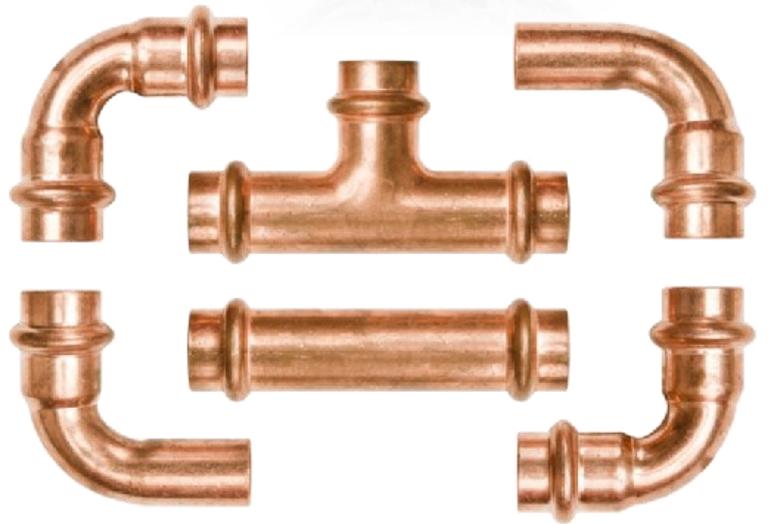


# NO EXIT

HOW AMERICA CREATED ITS VERY OWN INESCAPABLE PRISON (AND WHY BRITAIN IS STUCK IN IT TOO)



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# ne with slave labour.



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“We knew the war could not be won.”

# ASTINS

## COVER STORY IRAQ AND RUIN

Chickens, eggs, Islamic states, beheadings, endless war. The Gulf War gets a second sequel and it's the most harrowing yet.

6



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Yet another fucking article about fucking UKIP.

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A Remembrance Day reprint of an article from the very early days about poppies living in harmony.

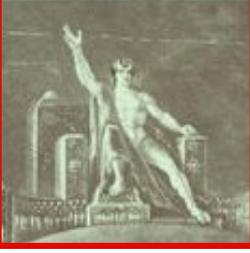
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# Editor's Despair by John Wirstham-Harte



This depressing year marches on. Last year there wasn't any great front-runner for Cunt of the Year; IDS won it on points. This year it seemed to have been wrapped up early doors by Vladimir Putin, but then the Islamic State showed up and started slicing heads off like it was going out of fashion, even though it was never in fashion in the first place. It's going to be close; we may need a tiebreak situation. Whoever can commit the biggest atrocity in the next two months wins.

Absolutely nothing.

Ever since 2011, which was one of those red letter years, like 1989 or 1963, that contained several dozen major historical events in succession, every year since then has been steadily more depressing and harrowing. 2012 was mostly quiet, except for that bit where Obama personally slaughtered millions in Benghazi (or whatever it was), but last year was a slow-motion house of horrors ride that started with a meteor strike and tainted meat, continued through the bombing of the Boston marathon, the Snowden affair, Egypt resetting itself from democracy to police state, and continuing atrocities in Syria, Central Africa and Palestine. Even the death of Margaret Thatcher didn't help all that much, tempered as it was by the death a few days earlier of Roger Ebert.

And then *this* year...disappearing planes, renewed Russian imperialism, an autumn o' beheadings, war in Iraq *again*, Israel finally going full Nazi, and Phillip Seymour Hoffman, Roger Lloyd Pack, Robin Williams, Jan Hooks, Elizabeth Pena and Rik Mayall—*Rik Mayall*—are all dead. Or, you know what? Maybe they didn't die. Maybe they just pre-boarded. Because these are clearly the end times; perhaps they managed to get seats in first class.

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**NEXT ISSUE: CUNT OF THE YEAR 2014**

# There's more to life than stuff, you know.



## W (But not much more.)

*Why do we work hard? For this? For stuff? Well, yes, obviously it's for the stuff. I mean, we could try and tell you it's for the sense of achievement or some damn thing, or that you should take some kind of idiot's pride in having marginally more worker's rights than the children who worked heavy machinery in the Victorian era because it means America's cool and tough, and countries (like FRANCE) which have trade unions, laws against naked exploitation, and a basic understanding that the people who work for you are not fleshy automata, are faggots.*

*But are you stupid enough to swallow that? Probably. If history has shown us anything, it's that the proles take very little encouragement to cheerlead their own oppression, from the Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists to the modern-day Tea Party. But even we still feel a little embarrassed when we get you to do that. Hence all the stuff. Inflatable microchipped trainers. Watches with Wi-Fi. Cars with bidets. Absolutely psychotic "clothing" items, which we're sure are part of some sort of vast social experiment. A healthy, functioning society does not give rise to the side-saddle mankini. That is a world so desperate for something to contemplate other than the horror beneath its own foundations, it's completely lost all reason. No wonder we can get away with advertising like this. If we didn't, you'd look down and realise the cliff ended several miles ago. Jesus. It's the apocalypse. N'est-ce-pas?*



JUST TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT *Cadillac*

# QUICK

A photograph of a desert battlefield. In the foreground, the turret and main gun of a tank are visible, partially obscured by a mound of sand. The tank is positioned in a shallow trench. In the background, another military vehicle is visible on the horizon under a clear sky. The overall scene is arid and dusty.

The 2003 Iraq war continues to cement its place as one of the worst in history. Just when we thought we'd finally escaped, a new and monstrous conflict has begun yet again—partly because it's just another part of our mess. [Willard](#)

# KSAND

st things the American-fronted West has done since World War II.  
y evil force emerges to give us very little choice but to come back  
d [van Omnomnom Quine](#) exists.



**W**ell, fuck. Call us gullible, but we genuinely thought we were basically done with Iraq. We figured we'd need to go over and tidy up some of the mess we made on an as-and-when, but we didn't think we'd have to go back and fight a whole entire war yet again. And we certainly didn't think we'd end up actually, kinda-sorta *supporting it* the third time around.



Well, no, not *supporting it* exactly. We don't want a war. We don't want any war. Apart from anything else, every single compulsion that can lead to war is extremely, painfully childish. But a cursory study of nature demonstrates that it's also an embedded animal instinct. It's not impossible that we could get over it, but we don't seem to want to.

More importantly, in this particular case, Islamic State really don't seem to be giving us very much

choice. You can't just go around chopping off people's fucking heads, you guys. Not cool. Less flippantly, their big plan to unite every Arab nation in the Middle East under an insanely harsh and explicitly medieval interpretation of Sunni Islam is pretty much Nazi Germany without the patience, and will leave just as many people dead, if not more, if *something* isn't fucking done. They're also, despite the name, approximately half as Islamic as Wall's bacon and sausages. The Koran is actually fairly clear on the whole "not killing people" thing. Much like the Bible. Allah really ought to slap them about for ruining his reputation. These people, put bluntly, are cunts, they deserve to die, and they need to be removed before they hurt the world any more than they already have.

Unfortunately, that means starting another fucking war in Iraq—one chunk of their massive declared-but-unrecognised "Islamic State". You'd think there'd be better ways of dealing with this sort of thing, but fucked if we can think of anything. We had rather hoped that the people in charge would be smarter, or at least have a better imagination, but we learned long ago that that was a pipe-dream. Terrifying fact of life: the people who run the world are no cleverer than you. In some cases, they're actually stupider.

So yeah: Islamic State are bastards who need to stop existing, and we can't think of a way of preventing them from being bastards that doesn't involve dropping bombs on their heads. This doesn't necessarily mean an actual war of nations, however; this sort of thing is why the United Nations was formed. IS might call themselves a country, but they're just a paramilitary organisation occupying sovereign territory. They're criminals. And the UN is supposed to act, when necessary, as geopolitical police.

Unfortunately, the fuckers are worse than useless. Sixty years of being henpecked by national interests (that veto system is so transparently flawed even we can see the fundamental flaw—if anyone can prevent anything just by pressing a button, with no consequences, then jack shit is going to get done) has left them all but powerless to stop this sort of thing from happening. They do plenty of other good works, don't get us wrong, through branches like UNICEF, UNESCO and the WHO, but when it comes to stopping wars from happening — the original point of the exercise — they're basically toothless. They couldn't even stop us from going into Iraq in 2003, despite the fact that we were blatantly invading a sovereign nation for no reason at all. If only they could, we wouldn't be going back in now. Because this is, fundamentally, all our own fault.

**B**ush and Blair's fault, most specifically. But even they were basically stooges, blinded by a combination of pathological credulousness (particularly in Blair's case) and a narcissistic desire to stamp their ugly faces all over history. Which they did, but we think they may have been going for a *positive* place, rather than what they ended up with, which is currently "cunts" and could get

worse as the consequences of their despicable war of choice continue to unravel.

And make no mistake, the rise of Islamic State is a direct consequence of the war that started in 2003 over nothing whatsoever. Saddam Hussein was a sod of monumental proportions; eating pies and writing shit novels while his psychotic sons tortured people for funnies and the main population starved to death. And that was just his retirement years; the late eighties, before any of the Gulf Wars, were very much Saddam's salad days of genocide, culminating in the Halabja massacre, in which—on Saddam's orders—several bombs full of nerve gas were dropped on a city full of Kurds, killing thousands. Thousands more died in extermination camps and the like. Those horrors, worse than anything Saddam perpetrated since, were obviously fine at the time because back then, he was our ally. Fifteen years later, Halabja was used to justify the invasion: "Saddam gassed his own people!" He sure did, chuckles! And where do you think he got the gas from? *We sold it to him.* *We* sold him the gas, on the understanding that he'd use it against Iran, who were that season's Big Bad. The CIA even helped him build the resultant bombs. *We gassed the Kurds.* And now we're getting revenge for it.

With that kind of circular, faintly Orwellian thinking behind our actions, it's no wonder we fucked up the entire already-volatile region so completely. We listed Saddam's crimes for reasons other than to point out our own complicity: to give weight to the following statement. Saddam was a tyrant, a genocidaire and a mad fucker, but he kept the place tidy. That's like saying at least Mussolini made the trains run on time, but it's a horrible truth: Iraq and its surrounding area was a pile of C4 on top of another pile of C4 on top of some extremely sweaty gelignite—a mass of factions only kept from tearing the entire region apart via the great taste of fascism.



No, of course we're not supporting fascism. We're not saying it was good that the tensions were being squelched by severe oppression, but that was how Saddam had managed it. There are probably better ways of achieving the same ends. We don't know. We didn't bother looking for them. When we invaded, out of sheer, balls-out bloodthirstiness, we didn't really give a fuck about all of that. The Sunni/Shi'a/Kurd/whateverthefuck else divisions simply didn't occur to us. Just go in, whup Saddam's anus, and dance around in the blood and oil. So when we went in, with no plan whatsoever, we paved the way for the rise of the likes of the Islamic State. Their predecessor, "Al-Qaeda in Iraq" didn't exist until we went in and provoked them into forming by invading their country as if we have the right to go anywhere and take whatever we want. Well, we don't, and even under the most charitable interpretation of our actions—that we went in to liberate Iraq from the clutches of that cunt Saddam—we made a massive narcissistic mistake in taking it upon ourselves to deal with him unilaterally and uninvited. He was a despicable tyrant and he deserved what he got, but *we are not the grown-ups of the world* and Iraq is not our child, until we actively adopted it in 2003. Again, this is the kind of thing the UN was invented for—although even they shouldn't just barge in without an invitation, or more importantly a plan for rebuilding the country without *this exact thing happening*, eventually drawing us back again over a decade later to clear up the mess we've made.

**B**ashar al-Assad managed much the same thing in Syria, and much the same thing has happened there since his civil war broke out. Assad may be worse than Saddam; but Islamic State is arguably worse than either one. They're convinced either that it's still 1432, or that it should be. In some cases they make the Taliban look like Vatican II. Women having to wear full-body shrouds is one thing, but women "religiously" mandated to be slaves? Slicing off people's heads live on video and then distributing it via the Internet, while they place said heads on spikes lining the streets; it's like a cross between an extreme Game of Thrones cosplay and a terrifying satirical play, only infinitely worse because it's genuinely happening to real people. The desert landscape, shaved head, orange boiler suit, balaclava-clad maniac tableau is already iconic, which is of course exactly what those pricks want, so no pictures of it here (as if it would make a difference). They're also cheerfully wiping out entire civilian populations all over the place; anyone who doesn't fit their profile is gunned down. Like we said, they're terrible, and they're giving us very little choice here—they have to not exist. We're committed pacifists and opponents of the death penalty, and we *hate* that we're saying this, but these people are that relative rarity: genuine evil. They have to be dealt with, and in the absence of any neutral power capable of such a police action, we've got to do it, because it's our fault.



# WOY OUT?

This month in the football magazine for people who perpetually confuse the action of watching football on a regular basis with a FIFA-certified advanced-level qualification in the mechanics of the sport, twelve overweight pub-goers who can't even spell Phil Jagielka explain why they understand the game far, far better than a man with almost four decades of management experience at club and international levels, and how said man's firing will instantly make the current crop of England players world-class at a stroke, except Wayne Rooney who is and always has been shit, even if he has scored more goals for England than Michael Owen. He was shit as well. And so was Jimmy Greaves. Trust them, decades of watching the game through an alcohol-sodden haze makes them experts, even though in practical terms they obviously and demonstrably don't actually know better than Roy Hodgson. Fuck, they don't even know better than Christian Gross. But they'll never get called on it, whereas the actual experts, like Roy, get called on it every nanosecond of their lives until they inevitably get fired and replaced with the next shit moron who knows nothing about football and must go—NOW.

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# the inbetweeners

Election time in America again! As if it's ever *not* election time! It's the middle of Obama's last term, and as usual, the Democrats are about to piss away what advantage they managed to make for themselves. Sunrise, sunset. E Pluribus Join Us!

Words: Matthew Miles



# HUSSEIN'S CLOWN POSSE

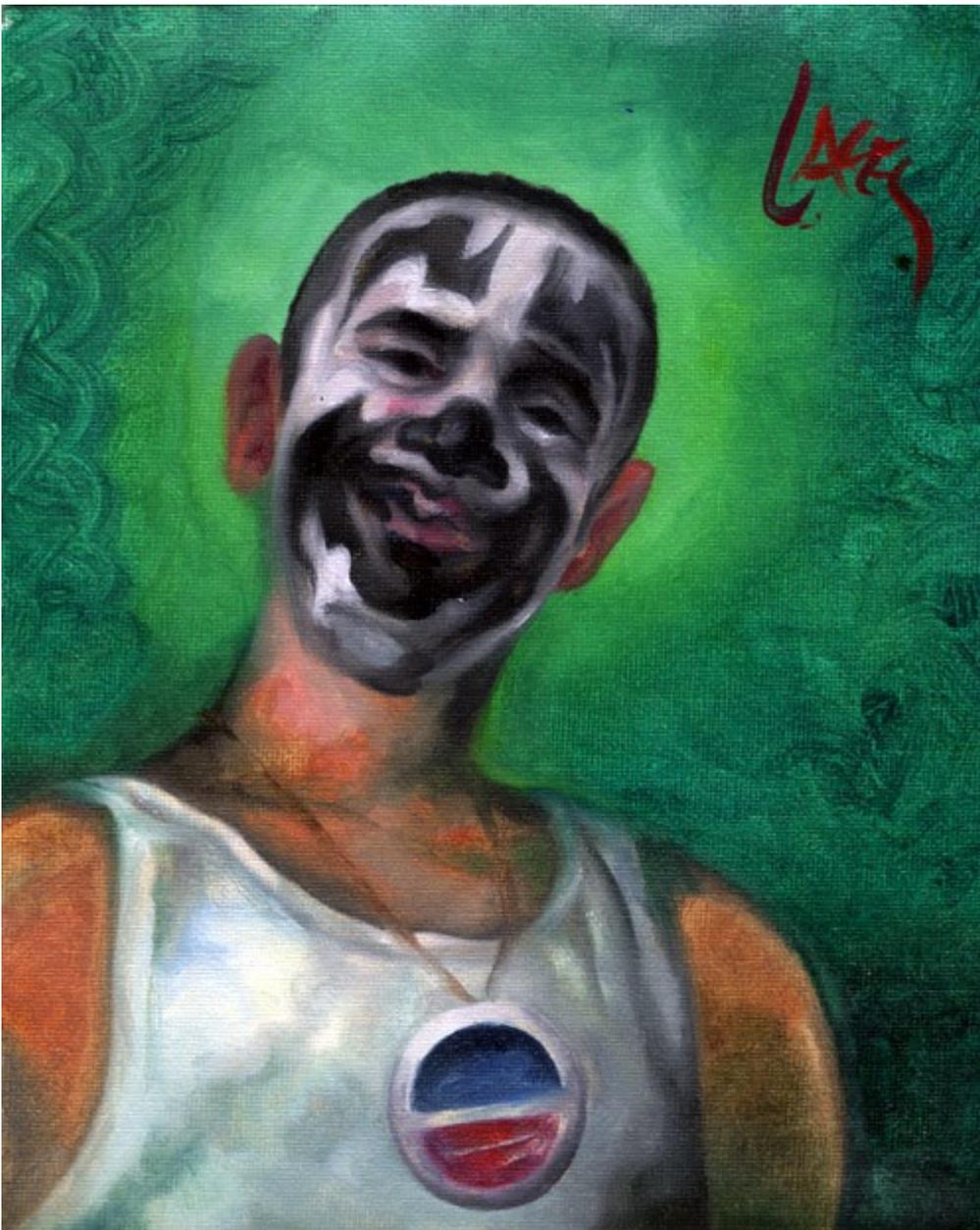
the  
**inbetweeners**

**F**or some deep, unknowable reason, the Founders (pbut) decided to stagger elections so we'd have one every four years that was really important, but nobody cared about. As everyone who is the least bit familiar with the political landscape of the USA knows, the only real question is how bad is the Democratic party going to lose in the 2014 Midterms. The House is a complete clusterfuck, what with every seat being up for grabs, but, between the depressed Democratic turnout that comes with midterm elections and widespread gerrymandering, there's no chance of that chamber actually flipping. The real drama is in the Senate,

where most polling is saying it's likely that the Senate is going to flip red.

First off, before getting worked up over the idea of a Republican controlled legislature, take a moment and think about what's at stake. After all, the previous Senate has made such wonderful accomplishments as confirming over 100 federal judges and... that's about it. No remotely leftist bill, let alone the crap the Democrats insist on pushing, was ever going to make it through the house. It's just not in the cards.

On the other hand, judges are actually pretty big deal, as the judiciary and executive branches are becoming a sort of secondary legislative branch, since the actual legislative branch is



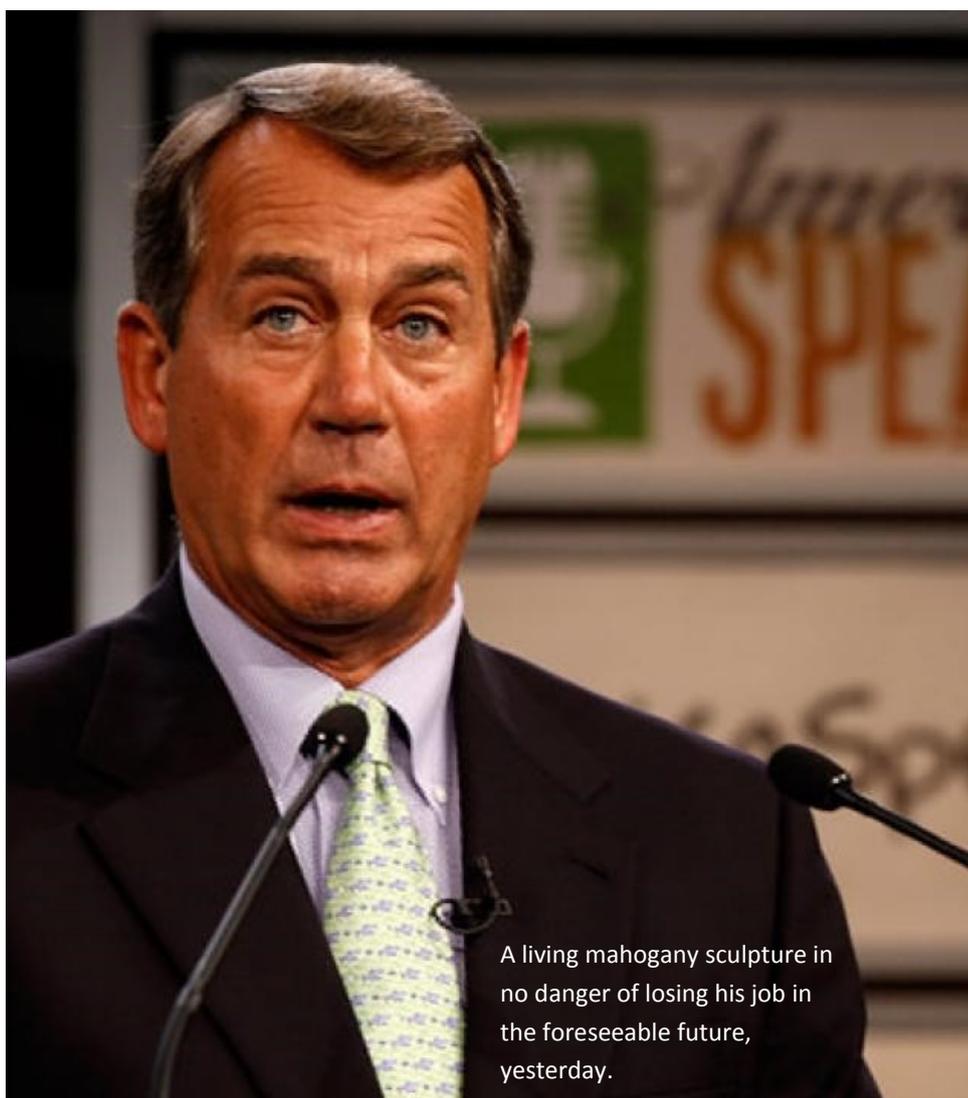
completely dysfunctional. Entrenching a solid Democratic power base in the judicial system will pay huge dividends for Democrats in the long run. Of course, the long run doesn't matter too much if said legislative causes the US Government to default on its debt and spark a global financial crisis that will make everyone pine for 2008. Of course, that won't happen because... Well, let's just not think about that option too much.

Now, there are multiple reasons that the Democrats are going to lose. One of the biggest is that, out of the twelve-ish or so races that are in question, nine of the races have Democrats in vulnerable positions, and the Republicans only need to pick up six net seats in order to have a majority in both houses. Meanwhile, the 3 vulnerable Republican senators are in traditionally Republican-leaning states, so the Democrats have their work cut out for them.

Now, here's some hard truth. The Democrats deserve to lose. Not because they're a bunch of corporate toadies (I mean, they are, but anyone voting Republican because Democrats are too friendly with finance and industry should have their head examined), but because they're running on the platform of "Well, at least we're not Republicans!" and running away from every possible accomplishment or issue that could make Democrats show up to the polls. The poster child for this problem is Obamacare.

Outside of its rocky start, the quarter-loaf that is the Affordable Care Act has, by pretty much every objective measure, succeeded beyond expectations of even its staunchest defenders. The numbers of the insured has shot up. Rate of increase for insurance premiums is near the lowest in history. It even reduces the deficit in federal spending. And not a single vulnerable Democrat is running on it. A few of them may not be running *from* it, but they're not banging the drum, yelling the good news from the rooftops, double dog daring any challengers to admit they'd take away the new health care plans that are becoming more and more popular.

If they can't even run on their single biggest policy achievement, is it any wonder then that they won't even make a strong argument for the minimum wage, marriage equality, or infrastructure investment?



A living mahogany sculpture in no danger of losing his job in the foreseeable future, yesterday.

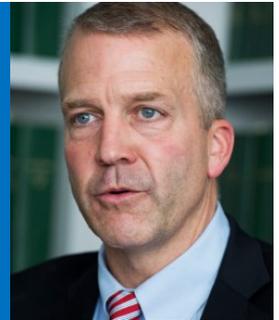
# the inbetweeners WHO'S

So much the generalized, high end view of the national race. Let's take a few particularly interesting races and yell about them for a bit. It will solve nothing but might make us feel marginally better. (It probably won't).

## ALASKA MARK BEGICH (D) vs DAN SULLIVAN (R)

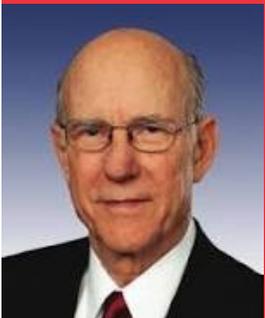


If Mark Begich pulls off this win, Dan Sullivan has no one to blame but himself for choking on what should have been one of the easiest Republican midterm pick ups. Mark Begich managed to claw the Senate seat from its previous holder, Ted Stevens, by a paltry 3,724 votes. Consider that nigh-microscopic margin of victory alongside the fact that, DURING THE CAMPAIGN, Ted Stevens was found guilty of straight up lying about "gifts" he'd received to the tune of about \$250,000, one could be forgiven for writing Mark Begich off as a lost cause at the start of this campaign. However, Mark Begich has been yelling to anyone who will listen that he brought Alaska a decent chunk of the money the Air Force has been throwing down the drain labelled



"F-35." And if there's one thing that Republicans love more than cutting taxes on the rich, it's blowing money on useless DoD boondoggles. And when you consider that Sullivan couldn't even manage to snag the support of Lisa Murkowski, Mark Begich's Republican counterpart in the Senate, and the idea of Begich pulling off another miracle isn't too far fetched. Of course, this is also the state that inflicted Sarah Palin on the rest of the country, so you really shouldn't give them the benefit of the doubt.

## KANSAS PAT ROBERTS (R) vs GREG ORMAN (I)



It's a very close race where the incumbent Neocon has a pretty good chance of being ousted by a milquetoast Democrat. So what's so interesting? Only that the person who's probably going to unseat him actually isn't a Democrat. Well, he's not running as one. He'll caucus with them, vote with them, and court the same base as them, making him more of a Democrat than Joe Lieberman. But he's technically not in the party. Because Kansas won't elect a Democrat. However, it might just elect a not-Republican who just happens to believe just about everything a Democrat does. Well, if that's what it takes to kick Pat Roberts out on his ass, let's hope it works out for him.



# ZOOMIN' WHO

## SENATE RACES (INCUMBENTS FIRST)

### KENTUCKY MITCH McCONNELL (R) vs ALISON LUNDERGAN GRIMES (D)



Mitch “Turtle” McConnell may finally get his wish and have Republicans become the majority in the Senate. However, for a brief, joyous period earlier in the campaign season, it looked like he wouldn’t get to be the leader of said majority, and the Republicans would lose yet another high ranking congressman to an upstart who tapped into some populism. Just this time, it would have been a Democrat doing the ousting instead of a Tea Party loon. Grimes pulled out in front early, but McConnell isn’t Minority Leader for nothing. Calling in a frankly obscene amount of money, McConnell buried Grimes in ads saying that she was going to kill coal jobs, enforce mandatory gay marriages, and join Obama in instituting Sharia Law. So, as the video that Team

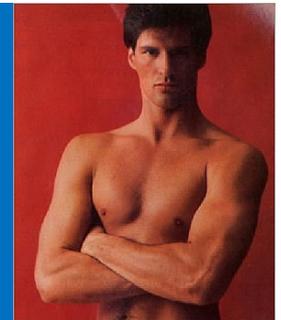


McConnell put together asked, what rhymes with Alison Lundergan Grimes? Unfortunately, it doesn’t look like the answer is “winning.”

### NEW HAMPSHIRE JEANNE SHAHEEN (D) vs SCOTT BROWN (R)



Jeanne Shaheen should be crushing noted carpetbagging asshole Scott “Naked Came the Senator” Brown, and the fact that she isn’t is an outrage. Outside of being relatively popular in a year where incumbent backlash is widespread, Jeanne Shaheen doesn’t have anything particularly noteworthy about her to set her apart from other northern Democrats. For those who don’t remember him, Scott Brown is the guy who somehow managed to flip the special election for the Massachusetts Senate seat that Ted Kennedy’s death left vacant. After getting solidly trounced by Elizabeth Warren two years later, he ran off to Fox and a lobbying firm to collect wingnut welfare for a few years before setting up residence in New Hampshire for about three months



to give him an excuse to running for Senate, hoping to pull off yet another upset.

# GUBERNATORIAL RACES (INCUMBENTS FIRST)

## WISCONSIN SCOTT WALKER (R) vs MARY BURKE (D)



Ah, Scott Walker. Union buster extraordinaire. empty suit for the Koch brothers, owner of a name he doesn't deserve and all-round tosser extraordinaire. Seriously, Scott Walker's list of "accomplishments" reads like a Gilded Age manifesto. Increased barriers to voting, slash public education, breaking public unions (except for cops and firefighters, because they're not greedy mooches like teachers and civil servants), and the now ubiquitous tax cuts for the rich. It got so bad that he and six state senators actually had recall elections, which doesn't happen in America unless you threaten the right of someone to own enough manhood compensation. Of course, the left promptly agonized over whether or not these recalls were an acceptable tactic,

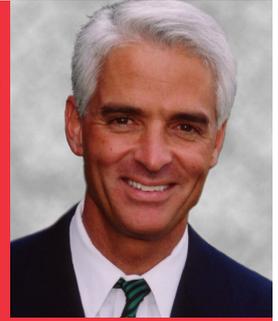


allowing Scott Walker to win the damn thing handily and trumpet it as a vindication of his positions. Now, after doing his best to wreck the state, one would hope that the people of Wisconsin manage to get the choice right this time. Hopefully, third time's the charm.

## FLORIDA RICK SCOTT (R) vs CHARLIE CRIST (D)



The biggest question about Rick Scott is "Which villain does he remind you of?" The two most popular answers tend to be Skeletor and Voldemort, although we'd also put a good word in for Woody Harrelson in "The Bat Boy Story". Of course, when you consider that one of his national claims to fame is instituting a drug tests for people receiving welfare, it's not hard to see why. The fact that the tests lost the state money and were actually performed by a company owned by his wife should go without saying. Given his recent temper tantrum at the debates, the villain's secret weakness appears to be electric fans, and since his opponent, the increasingly eerie former Governor Charlie Crist,



seems to be the resident expert on the subject, we can only hope Crist pulls out what seems to be a dead heat. However, like Alaska, Florida also inflicted a total buffoon upon the country - in fact, several, in various capacities - so I don't know why we should expect them to do better for themselves.

## PENNSYLVANIA TOM CORBETT (R) vs TOM WOLF (D)



One of the few feel-good stories of the election, Tom Corbett, one of the many people who buried his head in the sand while Penn State football coach Jerry Sandusky was burying his cock in kids, is going to be crushed by university lecturer-looking Tom Wolf, who's polling at a ludicrous 10 point advantage. Honestly, what else is there to say about it? The guy who supported the child rapist is going to get kicked out of office. Listing his other positions, like cutting higher education funding and a gay marriage ban, seems unnecessary when you consider that he, as the prosecutor, helped out a child rapist. So, good riddance to bad rubbish.



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# the bad ole on the rise

Yet another fucking article about fucking Nigel fucking Farage and the fucking UK fucking Independence fucking Party and their fucking crypto-fascist ideology and how fucking Britain seems to be fucking sliding towards the far fucking right out of sheer fucking ignorance and apathy. It's Humphrey Jaylynn's turn at bat.



9<sup>th</sup> October 2014 might end up going down in history. The bad kind of history, the one where kids in 2073 look back at the early-century wasteland in history lessons, and get told It Started Here.

There wasn't another financial crash. The moon didn't turn red. (Well, it might have done. Your Dashing Correspondent was too busy power-refreshing the BBC News website and downing rotgut whisky in the hope that'd make the headline different to notice.) On that day, UKIP gained its first MP.

In fairness, it's not like we didn't know it was coming. Looking somewhat like the bastard lovechild of Harry Enfield and Dr. Evil, Douglas Carswell had defected to UKIP a month and a half before, and brought with him a sizeable personal following. Poll after poll showed that the by-election was really just a formality, and the Tories knew it. The people of Clacton weren't just voting for some interchangeable meatsack waving the right flag; for reasons unknown to rational man, they seemed to actually like the guy.

In a few days, they might have another. The appropriately-named Mark Reckless, MP for Rochester and Strood, defected to UKIP the day before the Tory party conference, a glorious two-finger salute to Cameron that we'd be all in support of if he wasn't leaving the wolves to join the rabid hyenas.

Reckless keeping his seat will be tougher, though certainly not impossible. He doesn't have the local support Carswell does, and Cameron will be doing everything short of dressing as Gandalf and shouting YOU SHALL NOT PASS in front of the polling station to make sure he doesn't win. Hopefully he'll do that too.

But even if the Tories keep Rochester, UKIP will have cracked the first big milestone. They'll have an MP in Westminster. They'll be a 'real' party. So, should we be worried?

Not long ago, this seemed impossible. UKIP was just the middle-class face of racism. It was where people who wanted to vote BNP but couldn't admit to themselves that they were filthy went. The Prime Minister was happy to appear on national TV calling their voters fruitcakes and loonies. Which, to be fair, was the most accurate thing he's ever said. But now, they're coming dangerously close to having actual influence. Now, they're fucking everywhere.

If we're going to attach blame – which we shouldn't, but hey, we're British – then it falls mostly on the shoulders of two political parties. The Liberal Democrats, and the Greens. And that's a shame, because of all the idiots who seem to want to run the country, Your Dashing Correspondent hates those guys least.

Now, I don't absolve the idiots who actually vote for UKIP, of which there are now depressingly many. But they're basically just doing what people do when they're feeling lost and forgotten and are scared for the future. They're looking for a way for it to be Not My Fault. I'm not paid as much as I want and



Douglas Carswell MP gurning in front of a shit logo yesterday.

the future is frightening, so let's blame it on the immigrants and/or Europe, and retreat into the past.

**T**he main blame has to fall on the enablers. The Liberal Democrat move into government left a huge pool of voters stranded. Not just your actual Lib Dem supporters who actually believed in things like Lords reform and proportional representation and all that stuff that vanished from the agenda as soon as the Tories batted their eyelashes. Not just those guys. We mean the protest voters. The disillusioned and the depressed. The ones who don't really want to vote for any party so much as a 'none of the above' box. UKIP swallowed them all up.

This was appropriate, in a way. The UKIP modus operandi has definitely pulled a few ideas from the LibDem playbook:

1. Build a solid base of local councillor support and use this network to generate more votes in national elections
2. During those and running up to those elections, make a load of big populist promises. You don't have to be able to keep them, you're not getting into government.

The big Liberal Democrat fuck up, of course, was that they actually managed to get elected (Everyone currently whining about how they didn't really get elected – shut the fuck up. They did. They got enough votes to form a working part of government. Under any sensible system this would happen more often. No party has EVER got a real majority of the votes in a UK general election. Changing that was kind of one of their platform policies, and they actually got the chance to do it, but you people turned it down, you fuckers)

Suddenly, all those wonderful jam-tomorrow promises had to be kept. And of course, that was never going to happen. In a fit of pique at the discovery that Nick Clegg was not in fact able to do the impossible, a load of his voters started looking for another party claiming they Weren't Like Those Jerks In Westminster. Farage, who for all his many, many faults is VERY politically on-the-ball, embraced them with the enthusiasm of a priest in a brothel. Now, that's not everyone. There's also a load of voters – mostly but by no means exclusively ex-Tory – who have been taken in by the various bits of lies and propaganda the UKIP machine has put out about immigration. Take the leaflet at right, for instance. When this leaflet was put out, there were a shade over 27 million Romanians and Bulgarians (combined) on the planet, so not only would all of them have to turn up at Dover, they'd have to invent some cloning equipment on the way.



This kind of scaremongering is, if we're honest, pretty par for the course in political campaigning. But when you couple it to a fucked economy, disillusionment with the establishment and a charismatic frontman, it gets very, very effective.

All three of those things have made UKIP rise higher. But Farage, the frontman, is easily the most valuable of all. He is good at his job, wiping the floor with Nick Clegg in their recent-ish debate and could happily go toe-to-toe with Cameron or Miliband.

When Nick Griffin went on Question Time, the other panellists ripped him to shreds. That wouldn't happen to Farage. He's better than that, cultivating a straight-talking everyman image that manages to be the direct opposite of Boris Johnson while having all the same appeal.

Now, you may be wondering why Your Dashing Correspondent chose to bring the Greens into this mess. Answer: mostly because someone has to.

Now, I like the Greens. I really do. They've got better progressive policies than anything the Labour Party has come up with in years. Basic Income, people! They've got some utterly batshit ideas too (homeopathy is bullshit), but who doesn't? In general, they're a good bunch of people. Unfortunately, they fail at life.

When the Liberal Democrats started to suffer even more than expected from brokenpedalitis, Your Dashing Correspondent got quite excited. This was exactly the moment the Greens had been waiting for. They already had councillors all over the country. They'd got their first MP, proving they were a viable option. What did they do?

Nothing. Not a fucking thing.

They wouldn't have got all of UKIP's votes; the two parties are at such different points on the political spectrum. But they could have snatched up the bulk of the protest bloc. They could have released any kind of policy announcement to show they've got some ideas that aren't 'CUT EVERYTHING!' or 'CUT SLIGHTLY LESS!'. They could have been the kind of media whores that Farage knew he had to be.

But they didn't. They sat quietly in a corner and then acted surprised when everyone ignored them. Now, rather than the vibrant political landscape we could have had, we've got a steaming pile of Farage covering every billboard and television screen and causing Daily Mail readers everywhere to cream themselves at the thought of dragging the country kicking and screaming into the 1950s.

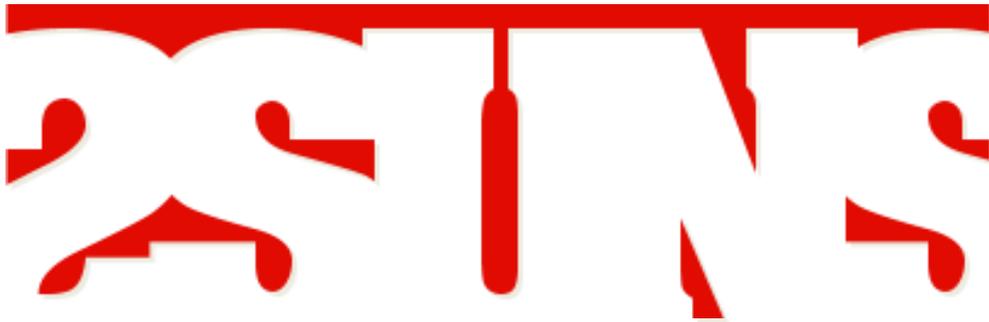
**R**ant as it is, none of that really answers the question: should we be worried? Maybe not. Despite the LibDem trainwreck, more of UKIP's voters are disillusioned Tories than anyone else. Splitting the blue vote could certainly deny them more seats and possibly a majority in the upcoming General Election – the Tory line of 'Vote UKIP, get Miliband' isn't just desperate barrel-scraping. To an extent, it's true. But a General Election win for Labour thanks to a rising UKIP can lead one of two ways. First of all, UKIP could get a few MPs, and no real influence on government but an even louder voice and the beginnings of a power base. They're not getting a majority any time soon, but being junior coalition partners in 2025 isn't impossible. The alternative is the Tories veer even further to the right, and we suddenly get a major party spouting the kind of racist scaremongering gobshite that is UKIP's stock-in-trade. Even if they don't win next year, the Tories will be in power again at some point. Having a frothing Farage-wannabe in Downing Street would be... sub-optimal. At that point, Your Dashing Correspondent is probably moving to Norway.



Nigel Farage pretending to be working-class right on this magazine's doorstep yesterday. PS FUCK OFF.

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

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# In lieu of

Originally published in issue #4, the article that explains why we have two poppies on our cover at this time of year. Written by Sampford Courtenay.



# Flammy

One of the most popular war-hawk banners during the build-up to the Iraq war read: "Except for Ending Slavery, Fascism, Nazism and Communism, War Has Never Solved Anything". Ha, the hawks say. Got you there, pacifist pussies. War is a good thing after all. This argument could be immediately refuted by simply editing the sign to something more intellectually honest: "War Has Never Solved Anything It Didn't Cause In The First Place".



At this time of year, war is on everyone's mind, directly or indirectly. Everyone wears a red paper poppy. Some people are vaguely aware of an alternative, a white poppy for peace. But the white poppy is roundly demonised for a perceived lack of respect — not because of anything the people behind it have said or done, but simply for extolling pacifism. Damian Thompson, former editor of the Catholic Herald and a typically frog-shaped columnist for the Telegraph, called the white poppy "despicable" and took serious issue with its manufacturers' mission statement that "there are better ways of solving problems than by killing strangers" — as if glorying in warfare was the only moral stance to take, as if pacifism is objectively immoral just because Hitler existed. Hitler is a problem for pacifists. He and the Nazi regime represent one of very few examples of true and unambiguous evil that needed to be fought; the Second World War is the closest example to the mythical "just war" which in reality is all but impossible. Hitler, by being the perfect cunt, is a constant point of comparison, a useful tool in justifying any war as "just". It's true that absolute pacifism would have let Hitler take over the world. It's also true that people and regimes like Hitler and the Nazis don't happen that often. Even WWII was only justified from the defender's perspective. No ideology is effective if it's inflexible, even pacifism. Sometimes war is necessary. But almost never.

Thompson, of course, has never fought in a war and will never be asked to do so, although he's obviously perfectly happy to ask other men to suffer and die, as long as those they're fighting are guaranteed to be as bad as Hitler. Fortunately, Ho Chi Minh, Saddam Hussein and the gestalt entity known as "The Taliban" all fit that criteria — or at least they did at the time. He also raged against the wearers of white poppies as basking in their sense of intellectual and moral superiority to the red poppy wearers. We wish we could call this bollocks, but sadly that is all too often the case, and it doesn't have to be.

It doesn't help that the manufacturers themselves keep mentioning the red poppy in snuffy tones, looking down on the more mainstream Poppy Appeal and the British Legion — although they never say out loud that the red poppy celebrates war, as they're often accused of doing.

It's not true in any case. The red poppy doesn't glorify war any more than the white poppy spits on the dead. Which is why we advocate wearing *both* — the red poppy to mourn the waste, the white poppy to celebrate and hope for peace. One to weep for what happened, the other to say "never again". And stop fucking fighting over it — both poppies represent the same thing, after all. Neither disrespects *anything*. Wear both with pride. And hope that something happens to strand Damian Thompson in Afghanistan very soon.



Words: **Sampford Courtenay**

# BLUE IS THE COLOUR

Yes, it's the Tories. The present incumbents, Lib Dem enablers notwithstanding. What are their chances of re-election in 2015? Not particularly high, but sadly nonzero. Here's where the fuckers stand at the moment.

**FULL PARTY NAME:** The Conservative and Unionist Party.

**COLOURS:** Blue, with the odd splash of green lately.

## LEADER:



**David Cameron MP**, Witney. Tiny-faced Etonian wanker. Formerly a PR man for ITV-ruining dead-eyed profit-motive TV company Carlton, during which he at one stage had responsibility for making people sign up for ITV Digital, which might have been even more difficult than anything he's had to do as PM. Elected for the first time in 2001, within five years he was the Leader of the Opposition and ushering in a new era for the Tory party, after a decade of bewildered stumbling under a succession of losers. Shame, really. Between his Tesco Value Tony Blair schtick and the inevitable decay of the Labour Government, his ascension to No. 10 was pretty much a given from at least 2008 or so. No-one, however, expected it to happen via a coalition with the Lib Dems, who found



collaborating with their ideological opposites surprisingly easy to rationalise. Actually, it's not that surprising at all. They were useful as Judas Goats for a while, taking the brunt of the public's anger at the Tories' fuck-the-poor policies, but that couldn't last. Shields inevitably disintegrate under constant bombardment. There's now very little between Cameron and the consequences of his Government's actions.

## CURRENT LOGO:



# Conservatives

It's the really stupid and faintly patronising scribbled picture of a tree that Cameron introduced on becoming leader. We suppose it's meant to make us think of the Tories as environmentally concerned, or at the very least friendly and vaguely related nature. They are none of these things. We much preferred the torch motif, first introduced by Thatcher when she realised they didn't have a logo. It evolved from a diamond to a vaguely fascist arm-clutching-a-torch image, to an explicitly fascist arm-clutching-a-torch image (with a sort of vague swirly line thing in between under William Hague and Iain Duncan Smith, which basically sums up their times in charge, really). The torch is much more dynamic, even if some Tories think it looks vaguely socialist. Mind you, they're the sort who'll say that about, say, tarmac, if they think anyone's listening.

**POLITICAL POSITION:** Eat the poor.

**PREVIOUS FORM:** The Conservative Party is the oldest political party in the country, and one of the oldest in the world. It was formed under its current name (minus the “and Unionist”) in 1832 out of the ashes of the original Tory party. They are also the most successful party in the country, by far, having destroyed their original opposition (and current partners/house fags), the Liberals, and kept Labour more or less at bay until after World War II. Every leader they had in the 20th Century became Prime Minister (except Austen Chamberlain, and that was because World War One started while he was in opposition), until the death of a thousand cuts that was the 1997 election, at which the incumbent Major Government was defeated by a n unprecedented treble-figure margin. His successor, William Hague, became the first Tory leader since Sir Austen not to become PM; *his* successor, Iain Duncan Smith, became the second; and *his* successor, Michael Howard, the third. Unfortunately, David Cameron broke the streak, with the help of the Liberal Democrats. As an unintended consequence, the fragile British political balance — the two-party state with a third party waste-lock — was shattered, creating a confusing landscape with several parties and no great front-runner. This would actually be quite exciting, should two other circumstances apply: first, if we had proportional representation (which we almost took a step towards a couple of years ago but oops, we turned it down), and second, if the smaller parties on the rise had been the Greens and the original Liberals, or the Co-Operatives, or fucking anyone vaguely on the left, and not UKIP. Anyway, Cameron fell backwards into power during more-or-less the worst global recession since the thirties — basically the worst time in the world to elect a Tory Government. As expected, the sum of their entire policies for combatting the economic crisis was CUT EVERYTHING. Unless it would negatively affect anyone from the upper middle classes or above. Combat poverty in the most literal sense possible: punish the poor. That’ll stop them being poor somehow. Oh, and privatise everything we haven’t already. Surprisingly, this hasn’t turned out very popular.

**CHANCES:** Not great — outright victory certainly seems to be out of reach just at the moment — but far from inevitable, unfortunately, mainly because none of the other parties seem like they’d do any better. Ed Miliband is an earnest but fundamentally uncharismatic comedy nerd, while the Lib Dems are part of the same damn Government in the first place. Hopefully, UKIP will do for the right what the SDP did for the left, although it’s still not out of the question that they’ll actually sneak enough MPs to form some sort of coalition with the Tories, in which case our advice is to get the fuck out of the country because that would basically be that.



*Everything in the world is*  
**TOTALLY FINE**  
*and absolutely nothing is wrong anywhere*



*Issued by the Mammon Corporation.*

# 25 YEARS TIMEWATCH

So why did the world go to war a hundred years ago? Was there even a reason in particular, or was it just a case of geopolitical 'roid rage? Allow **Thierry Henry Thoreau** to enlighten you/himself. Or not.

1914:

*We're here  
because we're here*

It is a truth universally acknowledged that World War One was bullshit; a war of choice, four years of hell, a slow-motion extermination of an entire generation of young men with the only end result being everything remaining almost exactly the same. It's less widely known just what the damn point of the exercise was. Was it because the Kaiser invaded Belgium? That was the pretext by which Britain entered the War, but it was literally just a pretext. Were we "fighting for freedom", as Michael Gove seems to believe? Of course we were not. Was it all, 100% Germany's fault forever, as Gove has also claimed? Yeah, no. Was it because Archduke Franz Ferdinand got shot? That certainly set the dominoes tumbling, but within Austria-Hungary at the time, the assassination had shockingly little impact. And even if we assume that is why the War happened, what did he do to get shot? Was it really, as one captain serving in the trenches of Flanders is quoted as having said in 1917, that it was just too much trouble not to have a war? Short answer: yep. Long answer:

If you think Europe is divided now, it's a Utopian ideal compared to the state of the continent at the start of the 20th Century. The continent consisted of an impossibly convoluted tangle of empires and alliances, none of which trusted any of the others in the slightest bit. There were six major powers in Europe, effectively on the level of modern-day superpowers, all jostling sullenly against each other for space. The Big Six were Britain, France, Austria-Hungary (counts as one choice), Italy, Germany, and Russia, all of which had Empires of one sort or another (there was also the Ottoman Empire, but only a tiny amount of that was in Europe, and besides they were well into the Decline and Fall stage by now). Britain's was the biggest — the biggest in history, in fact, covering a quarter of the globe. In fact, it was positively unwieldy, especially given our foreign policy at the time: "splendid isolation". When you own a substantial chunk of the planet, that's not really going to fly for long, especially when there are plenty of other people around who want what you've got. Like Germany, for example.

Their "Empire" really just consisted of Germany itself, albeit a plumper Germany than the modern-day version, including bits of what is now Poland and what has intermittently been France. This is slightly deceptive, however: before 1871, Germany wasn't a single country but a confederation of 22 autonomous states, with a minimum of federal administration on the top. Inevitably, one of the states (Prussia) got too big for its lederhosen, and long story short they all decided to form a single country and have done with it, and that was the German Empire. Naturally, they wanted more, and during the first decades of the Empire, with laudable if stereotypical efficiency, the Germans reinvented themselves as a great power: building railways, improving their navy (three blokes in a canoe) to the point where it was the envy of everyone else in Europe (except Britain, obviously), and of course building factories and placing themselves at or near the industrial centre of the continent. All went well until 1888, the year of three Emperors. First, the stately Wilhelm I keeled over in March. This was not a surprise as he was incredibly ancient. His successor was his only son, Frederick — who lasted 99 days before succumbing to the larynx cancer with which he had been diagnosed a month before his father died. It didn't help that his doctor was hilariously incompetent; suggesting first a total laryngectomy (which would have been fine except it didn't exist yet) and then, having been convinced to try an operation which wasn't guaranteed to kill the patient, almost killed him anyway by first nearly cutting the wrong little tubey thing in his throat, and then poking his finger into the wound.

Frederick's death *was* a surprise. It was also a shame. In fact, he not contracted cancer, World War One would have been very different—quite possibly shorter. He had great plans for Germany, as he was often seen to lament after the diagnosis (via writing-board after he lost the ability to speak). He known as one of Europe's foremost Liberal ideologues outside of Britain, and even what amounted to a pacifist for someone of his family and standing. Had he not had the opportunity cruelly snatched from him, he would (as he claimed pre-mortem) have reformed the political system in Germany along the lines of British constitutional monarchy; a full cabinet instead of just an appointed Chancellor, setting Government



*The EU is a Utopia compared to the state of Europe at the start of the 20th Century.*

policy collectively. Pretty radical for the time. Of course, he might not have been able to do it even had he lived; Bismarck in particular — the legendary Chancellor who first brought Germany together, then masterminded its social and economic resurgence — was terrified of the prospect, and actively worked to damage Frederick's public image in preparation for his inevitable accession to the throne. This, of course, backfired in several ways. Not only did old Wilhelm I live so long that his son was a cancer-riddled veteran by the time he died, but Frederick's son and successor turned out to be a gargantuan tosser who eventually fired him.

**K**aiser Wilhelm II was one of history's bigger arsecheeks. Bitter, self-obsessed and nowhere near as clever as he thought he was — traits he shared with his World War II equivalent — he was basically terrible. We'll be fair and point out that he *did* introduce labour laws to Germany, over the objections of Bismarck, which is ultimately what cost the latter his job. Ultra-Conservative even by today's standards he might have been, but Bismarck knew how to run a country. Wilhelm didn't, but that didn't stop him from pursuing a policy of constant meddling with his Government. And unfortunately for the world, he was impatient, none too clever and easily led by the war hawks who had been chafing for decades as every other country in Europe gained a massive international Empire, and the Germans never got past Poland. His regime's foreign policy seems to have been to piss off every other country in the world, one after the other. Foreign affairs consisted of a string of disasters: the Kaiser takes sides against Britain in South Africa for no obvious reason. The Kaiser semi-randomly tries to turn Europe against the Chinese, and later the Japanese, because that struck him as decent territory to establish this new German Empire. The Kaiser gives a blood-curdling pep talk invoking Attila the Hun during the Boxer Rebellion. The Kaiser (a hundred years before Petraeus) gives a newspaper interview in which he basically insults the entire population of the world while trying to solidify international relations. The latter event — the Daily Telegraph affair — was the most damaging of all. Up until that point, the Kaiser was reasonably popular in Britain (he was the Queen's cousin, after all), tolerated at worst in Germany, and possessed of an unshakable self-confidence he frankly didn't deserve. After the interview, he had to keep his head down for several months amid serious calls for his abdication, and his self-image was shattered; he had a nervous breakdown and spent the rest of his life with varying levels of depression. Almost the only foreign policy success Wilhelm II ever had was to support the marriage of Archduke Franz Ferdinand and Wallis Simpson-a-like Sophie Chotek — and even that had certain consequences.

Ferdinand was Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary and heir presumptive to the throne of the massive Habsburg empire that consisted of most of Central Europe — as well as the two in the name, the sprawl also contained what we now know as the Czech Republic, Slovakia, most of the left-hand side of Ukraine, Romania, the bits of Poland the Germans didn't get, all the Yugoslav countries, and even a sliver of Italy (specifically Trentino and Tyrol). As a whole, it was the largest country in Europe outside of Russia, had one of the biggest machine-building industries, and was basically an 800lb gorilla in the middle of the continent; too big and populous for its or anyone else's own good. The Kaiser, increasingly desperate for that Empire, started cosyng up to them immediately, effectively creating one of the two main power blocs that would end up fighting World War One: the Central Powers, which would come to include Italy and the disintegrating Ottoman Empire as well.

The other bloc was the Triple Entente, an alliance between France, Britain and Russia, none of whom trusted either of the others the slightest bit. The idea, of course, was to create the impression that to attack one was to attack all of them (although nowhere in any of the various treaties did it say one country was *obliged* to go to war with another), making it more trouble than it was worth to start any war at all. The only problem, as the aforementioned British officer from 1917 was also heard to state, was that it was bollocks. Even given that someone like the Kaiser, self-confident to the point of delusion, might very well attack anyway in the steadfast belief that he and his country were invincible, all it took to negate the strategy was everyone else forming a similar alliance. Europe was effectively divided into two massive polygamous marriages of convenience, writhing masses of empires that wanted to protect themselves and empires that wanted other people's empires — with, of course, plenty of overlap. Throw in the spark.



*Kaiser Wilhelm II, yesterday. He's clutching his left hand so you can't see the effects of Erb's Palsy, which is one of the reasons he was so bitter.*

The flashpoint was the Balkans. Much of the area was owned by the Ottoman Empire, which after 700 years was wheezing to collapse. The bits that weren't wanted the rest back. There were also the inevitable religious tensions: the independent Balkan state were Christian. The Ottoman Empire was officially Muslim and treated its Christian population as very much second class, even though at this point there were three times as many of them as there were Muslims. Enter Russia, who dearly wished to expand west toward the Mediterranean, but knew perfectly well that the rest of Europe would have spanked them had they tried, as they saw during the Crimean War. So instead they decided to employ the traditionally Russian tactic of war by proxy: manipulating the Balkan states until they were an extension of themselves — the Iron Curtain, several decades early. They helped them out by giving them weapons and military training, in exchange for being besties forever. They also helped convince them to form the Balkan League, which has nothing to do with football and everything to do with strength in union — specifically, Macedonia, Serbia, Montenegro, Greece and Bulgaria. Inevitably, the League and the Ottomans went to war in 1912. The end result was that the Ottomans basically lost all their European territory, apart from that little appendage in Turkey, and the Balkan territories were partitioned amongst the League members. A few months later, they had another little war amongst themselves, when Bulgaria threw a strop over how much of the loot they got. The Ottomans sighed audibly.

For those who might remember the Yugoslav wars that start twenty-five years ago, one name was notable by its absence: Bosnia. That's because Bosnia was taken off the board four years earlier when, on a particularly bad day for the Ottoman Empire, first Bulgaria declared its independence from it, then Austria-Hungary unilaterally announced Bosnia was theirs now, under the principle of fuck you. Absolutely everyone in Europe, on every side, immediately cried foul. Serbia mobilized its army. Everyone in Europe starting yelling at everyone else in Europe, until finally, with all-out war looming across the entire continent, everyone gritted their teeth and signed a piece of paper agreeing to get along. For now. An early start to World War One had been avoided, but it was coming. It was inevitable. Everyone in Europe started to build up their armies. It would have been far too much trouble not to have a war.

As for Franz Ferdinand: he was the touchpaper. He and his wife were assassinated by the Black Hand—not the Green Lantern villain, a team of Slavic unionist-type terrorists who wanted to, essentially, create Yugoslavia early. Austria-Hungary were outraged. Actually, they were the opposite of outraged, they didn't give a fuck. The press reported it as sad but probably for the best. Emperor Franz Joseph explicitly expressed his relief at getting shot of the headstrong fucker. However, the Empire had been itching for a little war with Serbia for years, just to put them in their place, and now they had a pretext. So, "outraged", they drew up a list of patently impossible demands for Serbia to meet, and when they inevitably failed, declared war.

Unfortunately for themselves and several million young men, they failed to take into account the convoluted web of alliances around Europe. As soon as they declared war on Serbia, Russia started to mobilise against them. Germany, in turn, mobilised against Russia, and also took this as an excuse to start poking France with a sharp stick. This involved, of all people, Belgium, who under the terms of the Treaty of London were officially out of bounds for anyone, but who were also likely to be Germany's backdoor into France. Britain warned Germany against it; Germany, not thinking Britain would go to war over a "scrap of paper", completely ignored them. Before long, all the members of the Central Powers and the Triple Entente were officially at war, one way or another.

We're not going to pretend this is a definitive explanation of the origins of World War One. Not even close. But it's a worthwhile précis...we hope. There was no single cause of the war. It was just the inevitable result of an Empire-driven world coming together with newly efficient killing technology. Yeah, we didn't even mention the arms race. Tanks! Machine guns! The ability to churn men's bodies to offal in seconds! Hours of fun for all the family.

Four years and 37 million young men later, the world was more or less the same, give or take a couple of empires. Nothing was accomplished, because there was nothing to accomplish; it was just fighting. In the end, it really was just too much trouble not to have a war.





# ABSOLUT OBLIVION.

THE MOMENT YOU REALISE THE WORLD IS BASICALLY A COMIC BOOK WHERE SUPERHEROES NEVER SHOWED UP AND THE SUPERVILLAINS RUN THE WORLD, YOU'LL WANT A TALL BOTTLE OF SWEDISH CLARITY TO BLOT OUT THE HIDEOUS TRUTH FOREVER AND EVER. VODKA STOPS THE PAIN. VODKA STOPS THE PAIN. THERE'S A BRAINCELL STILL FIRING, KILL IT BEFORE IT LEARNS HOW TO WEEP.

NEXT TIME IN

**2SUNS**

**2014**

**WELL THAT HAPPENED**