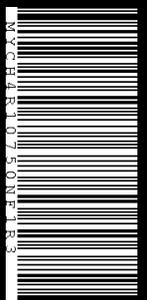




SPECIAL EDITION

Your inherently dispensable guide to the massive political clusterfuck that also has some sport happening



This image has nothing
to do with the product.
And aren't you glad?

TAMPAX

Official tampon of the 2012 London Olympics. No, really

SUNS

Underwhelming Olympics Pull-Out Section



London 2012

Above: not the actual logo, but better

This magazine is 100% unofficial and unendorsed by the IOC, Team GB, any of the companies or individuals lampooned herein, or Su Ingle. All opinions solely those of the writers. Leave us alone.

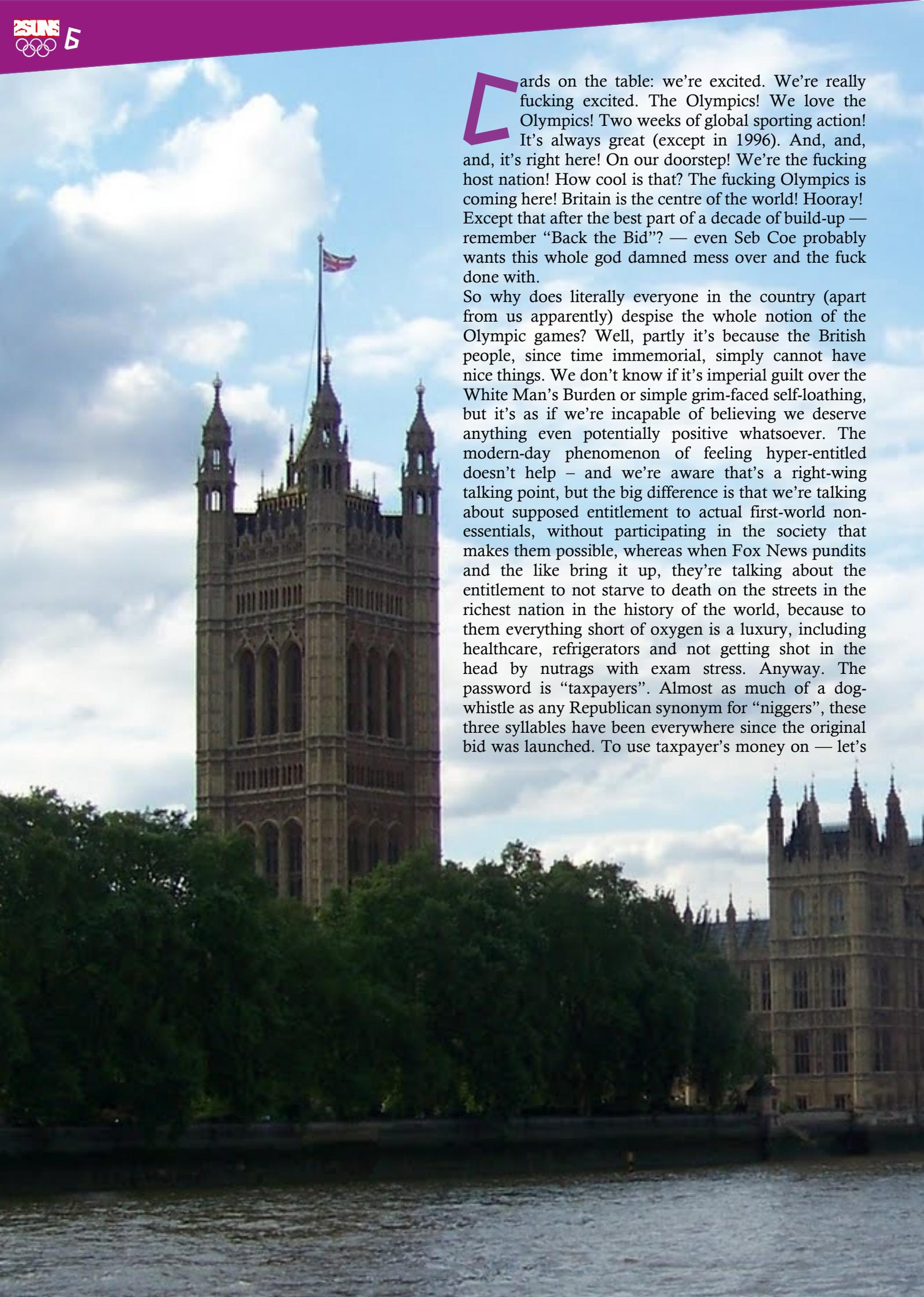
They
Just
Can't
Stop It
The
(Games
People
Play)

Seven long years after a Be
mispronounced "Paris", the
after a decade's preparation,
to the games anymore.



*Belgian Alec Baldwin lookalike accidentally
London Olympics are finally here. And
is it possible for anyone to look forward
? FUCK YEAH, says [Gareth Manford](#).*





Cards on the table: we're excited. We're really fucking excited. The Olympics! We love the Olympics! Two weeks of global sporting action! It's always great (except in 1996). And, and, and, it's right here! On our doorstep! We're the fucking host nation! How cool is that? The fucking Olympics is coming here! Britain is the centre of the world! Hooray! Except that after the best part of a decade of build-up — remember “Back the Bid”? — even Seb Coe probably wants this whole god damned mess over and the fuck done with.

So why does literally everyone in the country (apart from us apparently) despise the whole notion of the Olympic games? Well, partly it's because the British people, since time immemorial, simply cannot have nice things. We don't know if it's imperial guilt over the White Man's Burden or simple grim-faced self-loathing, but it's as if we're incapable of believing we deserve anything even potentially positive whatsoever. The modern-day phenomenon of feeling hyper-entitled doesn't help — and we're aware that's a right-wing talking point, but the big difference is that we're talking about supposed entitlement to actual first-world non-essentials, without participating in the society that makes them possible, whereas when Fox News pundits and the like bring it up, they're talking about the entitlement to not starve to death on the streets in the richest nation in the history of the world, because to them everything short of oxygen is a luxury, including healthcare, refrigerators and not getting shot in the head by nutrags with exam stress. Anyway. The password is “taxpayers”. Almost as much of a dog-whistle as any Republican synonym for “niggers”, these three syllables have been everywhere since the original bid was launched. To use taxpayer's money on — let's

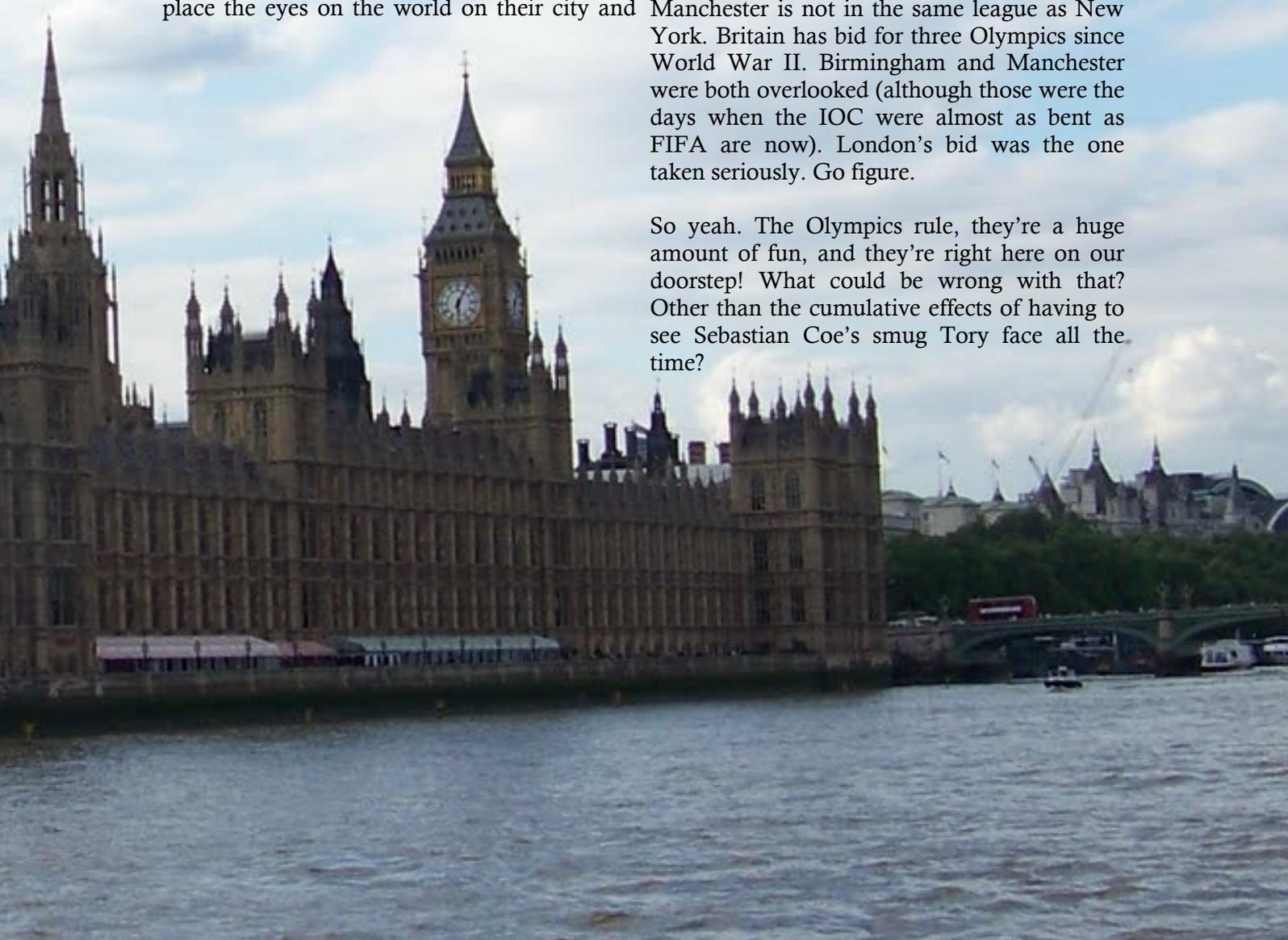
be honest — anything whatsoever, is the absolute worst sin imaginable, worse than nine holocausts multiplied by the crucifixion. Unless it's an illegal war of choice that uses the blood of thousands as the lube in the military-industrial complex. For some reason, people seem a lot less enraged about their taxes paying for mass slaughter than for a massive global sporting event in which no-one — barring a disaster — will die. Hell, earlier this month it was revealed that a huge chunk of taxation money was going to go to the upkeep of some extraordinarily rich inbred people of no greater inherent worth than anyone else in the country. But it's the fucking Olympics that are the waste of money, not corgi food and dead browns.

We've looked into it. We've done some semblance of mathematics. Tax-wise, the only actual extras we could find was a raise of around £33 in council tax per year back in 2007. And £13 of that was Ken Livingstone gilding the lily. Altogether, Londoners are paying an extra £200, in instalments, over a decade. £20 a year. £1.67 a month. For an Olympic Games that — hello — celebrate and place the eyes on the world on their city and

their community. Surely that's negligible? And that's the only added tax. Everything else is paid for out of sponsorship — about which more later — and money that was going to be given to the Government whatever happened, making the net cost to anyone outside of London itself nil. Sounds like decent value for money to me. I mean, this is the *fucking Olympic Games*, and despite the attempts by the MAI TAXS crowd to drag it down to the level of a village sports day, it's a big fucking deal.

There's a certain amount of London envy as well, from places like Birmingham and Manchester and Liverpool that think they're just as cool and resent London getting everything just because it's the capital. This is understandable, but seriously, get over it. They're perfectly good cities, but fact of live: they're not Great Cities in the same way as London is: a major global metropolis. It's the difference between Paris and Marseille. They're both great places, but only Paris is a Great City. Spain has Madrid (and arguably Cataluña has Barcelona), Italy's got a few — Rome, Milan, Naples to an extent — Germany's got a couple. The United States has fucktons of the things — New York, LA, San Francisco, DC...with the best will in the world, Manchester is not in the same league as New York. Britain has bid for three Olympics since World War II. Birmingham and Manchester were both overlooked (although those were the days when the IOC were almost as bent as FIFA are now). London's bid was the one taken seriously. Go figure.

So yeah. The Olympics rule, they're a huge amount of fun, and they're right here on our doorstep! What could be wrong with that? Other than the cumulative effects of having to see Sebastian Coe's smug Tory face all the time?



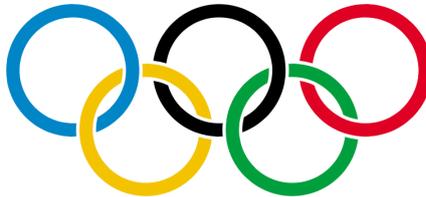
Well, here's a few: Coca-Cola, Procter & Gamble, McDonald's, Panasonic, Samsung, Acer, the fucking Dow Chemical Company, General Electric, Atos, Visa, the fucking *Dow Chemical Company*, and Omega. And that's just the worldwide IOC partners. Sponsors specific to London include Cadbury's (ie fucking Kraft), EDF energy, and BMW (because there are literally no British car companies anymore). And God help you if you try to use one of their rival products. Don't try looking for 7Up – it's Sprite or nothing. Want a Mars bar? Fuck you. And I'm not just talking to the spectators here. If an athlete is spotted on the podium wearing Nike shorts, an Adidas representative will burst in and kick them to death before the cameras can register the swoosh. You think every other advert includes the words "official Olympic herp a derp derp" for kicks? They're called "Brand Exclusion Zones". Seriously. That's not a satirical name, that's what they really call them. Is the line between capital and warfare even there anymore? The best you can say is that this is better than 1996, which was literally bought and paid for by Atlanta's greatest sons Coke — to the extent that the Olympic Park was called Coca-Cola City and the logo was stamped all over everything, including the bright-red torch relay and *the fucking athletes*. (In fact, and we're not making this up, the PR agency in charge baldly stated from the outset that they *wanted* people to refer to it as "The Coca-Cola Olympics". Mission accomplished, cocknoses).

This time around, the massive milk-spewing Olympic teat is more evenly shared. Just on the local, specific-to-these-games level have B god damned P—in "the greenest Olympics ever", mind. We have Adidas. Remember sweatshops? Yeah, they didn't go away, you just stopped caring. The medals are supplied by British-Australian mining concern Rio Tinto, who nonchalantly destabilised Papua New Guinea and very probably murdered Shehla Massood for pointing out that half their diamond mines were illegal. And on the global level—partnering the IOC itself—we've got the likes of McDonald's. Fucking McDonald's!

Why not just ask Benson and fucking Hedges? Then there's Altos, the French IT company who recently won the contract to draw up a new computerised test to see if disabled people deserved benefits. hilariously (assuming you find sheer, blind insanity amusing), they're one of the sponsors the IOC shares with the Paralympics. And as for the cocking Dow fuckshitting Chemical Company...two words. Bho. Pal.

So yeah, the Olympics are fucking whores. Or, more accurately, the IOC are fucking whores. There's a classic "look over there" underneath it all here, because for a while in the late 90s and early oughties, in the latter days of the presidency of 900-year old Catalan skeleton Juan Antonio Samaranch — who, to be fair, seemed completely unaware of what was going on behind his back — they were known as a corrupt bunch of fuckers, under whose stewardship the Olympic Games were for sale to anyone rich enough to buy them, facilities or suitability notwithstanding — hence Atlanta 96, Salt Lake 2002 and even (allegedly) Barcelona 92

The IOC are fucking whores. And they aren't even very good whores.



over the far superior Birmingham bid. After the Salt Lake scandal, the IOC was decimated, reorganised and relaunched — just in time for Samaranch to retire — as a clean, progressive organisation. Great. So now they're back on the side of the angels, and can collaborate with whatever Captain Planet villains they like (seriously, the *Dow Chemical Company*? Jesus fucking *Christ*, haven't you ever heard of *Silent Spring*?).

They're not even very *good* whores. The IOC are notorious for being insanely parochial — you can't even use an image of a torch in *a logo for a bid to host the damn games*. Along with the Brand Exclusion Zones and the citywide ban on Pepsi and Burger King, there's a god-damned list of words you can't use (unless you're Ronald McDonald) because the IOC

Dear Ketel One Drinker

We know you hate these adverts, because fuck us for trying something different and interesting.

Apparently you all think some heavily airbrushed hot chick in a vaguely booze-related setting makes for a better advert than something strikingly different, with wit and intelligence.

Well, enjoy literally every other booze advert ever made, you whiny fucks.

It's not like the Saatchis needed the work that badly anyway.



DRINK BUD
YOU HORNY IDIOTS



Official glassy piss of the London 2012 Olympics

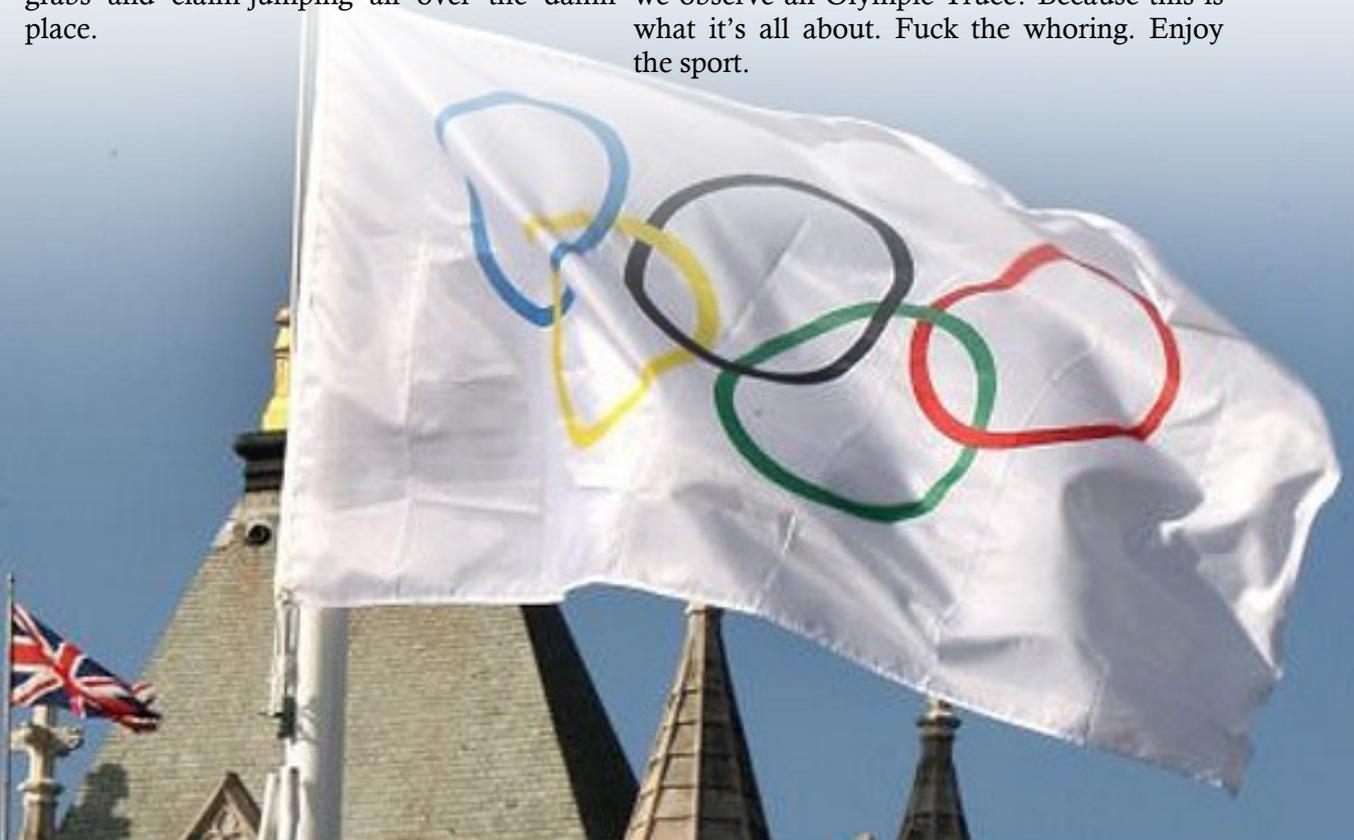
think they own them. Any two of these words is considered to be suggesting an official link with the games:

“Olympic”. “Games.” “2012”. “Twenty-Twelve”. “Two Thousand and Twelve”. “London”. “Sponsors”, for God’s sake. “Medals.” “Gold”. “Silver”. “Bronze”. Oh, and “Summer”.

For Christ’s sake, why? Not content with effectively privatising whole chunks of spacetime with their fucking Brand Exclusion Zones, now they’re buying shares in the English language? What is the point anyway? What appreciable effect does it have if someone uses the word “Olympic” who isn’t actually affiliated with the games? This is literal corporate totalitarianism, and it’s increasingly enforced by totalitarian riot police. Not to mention drones redirected from Afghanistan and fucking missile sites. At times this Olympics seems more explicitly fascist than the 1936 games in Nazi Germany.

But whoring, fun though it is, is only half the story. There’s also the documented Olympic Effect on housing and liveability. For a closer view, see Humphrey Jaylynn’s sigh on page 12, but the long and the short of it is that the Olympics has a tendency to make rent and property prices in the host city balloon to satirical levels—when those properties aren’t being actively detonated to make room for Olympic Parks. London’s homeless population has snowballed as the city has become the real estate equivalent of the old frontier, with land-grabs and claim-jumping all over the damn place.

The thing is, none of these problems are inevitable. They’re pitfalls inherent to something like the Olympics, but they could all be avoided if the people involved gave a fuck. The IOC don’t have to be in bed with literally evil companies. The “regeneration” doesn’t have to consist of tearing down blocks of flats, shutting down cafés and rendering thousands homeless. It’s all rather depressing, really, which is why it’s just as well the games themselves are about to start and take our mind off it. Because all the shit really doesn’t have anything to do with the games themselves, the events, or the athletes. They’re just the excuses for it. We had a similar rationale for enjoying the last Games, in human rights-challenged China (that and the unavoidable fact that if they limited themselves to countries with spotless records, every Olympics would be held in Liechtenstein. This year’s games are in the country that literally *invented the concentration camp*. Everyone sucks). All the preparation and venal rat-fucking is almost over, and now we can just enjoy the actual games. Which is meant to be the point. Sporting action, remember? The real tragedy isn’t that the Olympics exist, it’s that the anuses who run the damn thing have no interest in living up to the Olympic ideal they claim to be protecting. Ultimately, the lesson is: the Olympics aren’t as much fun when you’re hosting them. They just throw into sharp relief every shit thing about modern society in microcosm. But just for the two weeks that the games are being played, could we observe an Olympic Truce? Because this is what it’s all about. Fuck the whoring. Enjoy the sport.



It's all very well for some out-of-touch douchebag thousands of miles away to defend the Olympics. What's the perspective of someone actually in London itself? Humphrey Jaylynn disturbs.

I want to like the Olympics. Seriously.

It's a big event. It gives the country a chance to shine, even if our natural instinct is to turd-polish. It could inspire people to pull together, to remember that whatever your neighbour's race or religion, they are still British and they are just as happy that we're beating the fucking French *Germans, Australians, Portuguese, delete according to racial prejudice). It could pump a massive amount of cash into areas of London that desperately need it - not everywhere in this town is Kensington or the City.

Unfortunately, it's not going to do that.

It could have done, perhaps, in some strange parallel world where it's actually about sport. But in a world where success is defined by having a large pay packet, it was always going to be about the money. It's the money that means no caterer apart from McDonalds is permitted to sell chips, despite the fact McDonalds don't even call them chips. It's the money that means the only drink on offer is Coke, Sprite, Lilt, Fanta and more Coke.

It's the money that means this paragraph: London Olympics 2012 gold summer games silver bronze sponsor - is breaking the law. Just because I've written those words, the IOC are going to find me and the publisher of this magazine and kick us both to death. And frankly, now you've read them, LOCOG is probably coming for your soul.

While this may damage my left-wing credentials, I don't actually have a problem with sponsorship *per se*. Knowledge of what BP is or does isn't going to change just because someone sees their logo next to an exhibition in the British Museum, and frankly I'd rather they spent a few millions putting some Leonardos on display to the public than they spent those millions



London

developing new ways to fuck over the population of whatever African country just discovered oil.

But sponsorship should not run to the extent of banning local businesses benefiting from a once-in-a-lifetime event - like a cafe running an Olympic Breakfast - when it was the taxes from those local businesses that paid for the damn thing in the first place.

Some of these businesses are being threatened with closure because of the trade that they'd been promised the Olympics would bring is being diverted to the sponsorship partners. That's more jobs lost in boroughs that already have an issue with unemployment.

Meanwhile, landlords are kicking out tenants on short notice because they know how profitable a room in the Olympics can be. Houses that this time last year were rented at £300/week are now back on the market as Olympic Lets at £6000/week - and sure, they'll only be rented for a month, but at that price who cares?

The message is simple - you have a roof if you have money. A lot of money. If not, you'd better get used to that cardboard box under Albert Bridge.

But don't get too used to it, because London has to put on a good face. That means the homeless and unsightly are being arrested and held, in case they should be so vulgar as to appear on the TV.

Against all this the mess that's been made of the transport system looks trivial, even if it is the thing that affects more Londoners than anything else. Aware that lack of investment in the transport system has led to a road network that's barely fit for purpose under normal conditions, the government have designated 'Olympic lanes', which the hoi polloi may not use. A one-hour commute becomes three. If we're lucky, the traffic jams might give us more time to look at the faint fireworks going off in the distance as the opening ceremony kicks off.

The view from London is that there's a huge party in town that we helped pay for, and yet we're not invited. There's two classes of people in town, and we're not the ones who matter.



is Dead

Fit for even Olympian arses.



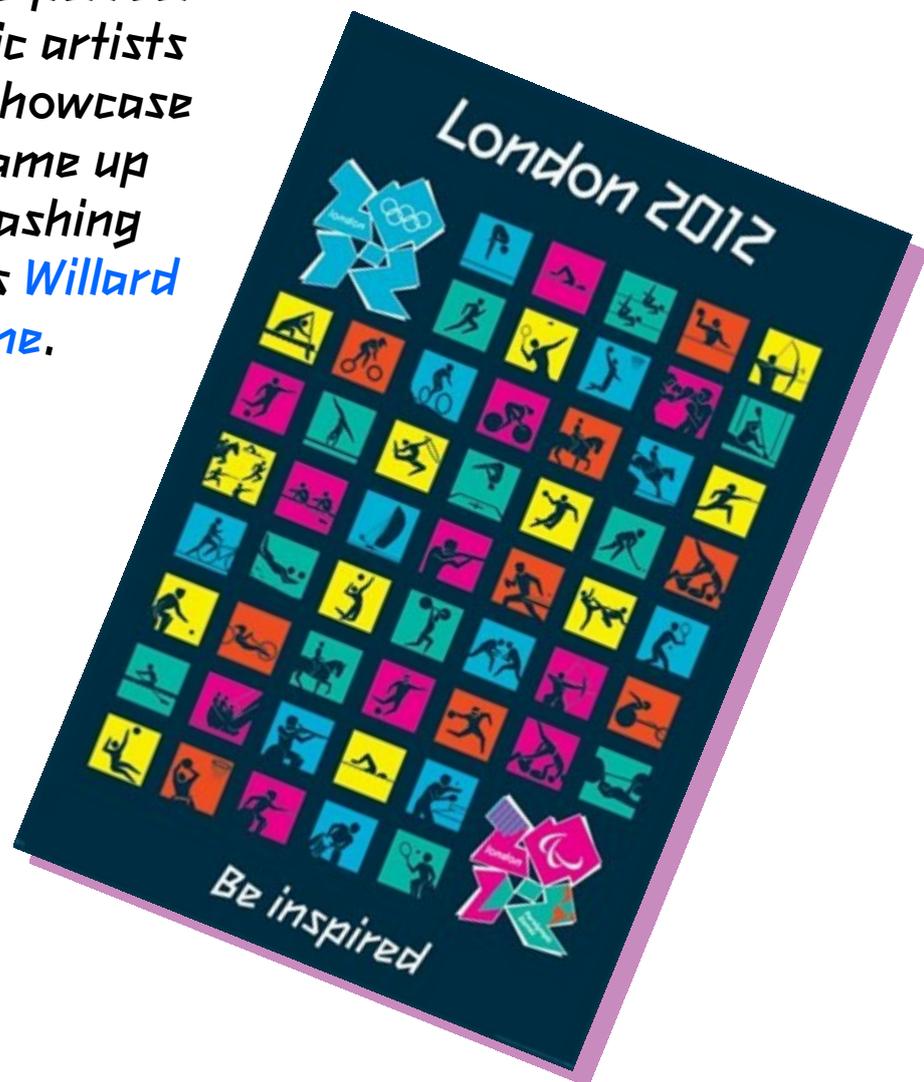
We mean

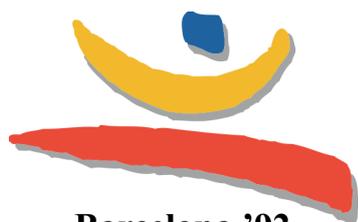


Official toilet paper of the 2012 Olympics. Again, really.

Hey. Weird Lookin'

The Olympic games was the perfect opportunity for the graphic artists of the United Kingdom to showcase their talents. And they came up with broken glass and clashing colours. God damn it, says [Willard van Omnomnom Quine](#).





Barcelona '92



100

Atlanta 1996



Sydney 2000



ATHENS 2004



Beijing 2008



We were really looking forward to the unveiling of the 2012 Olympic Logo. Call us sad bastards, but we always did like graphic design.

Maybe it's from being children in the 1980s, when modern "marketing" was invented, but we always liked logos and things. Especially for sports tournaments. We remembered the wonderfully economical running man for Barcelona '92, made out of two lines and a dot. We remembered the stately, if oddly autumnal, centennial torch-based design for Atlanta. We remembered Sydney's wonderfully excited and exciting Ken Done-influenced boomerang man. Alright, so Athens' one was a bit dull and static, but Beijing's was clever—it was a stick figure that was also a letter in the Mandarin alphabet! Neat!

Our money was on London's one featuring something based on the path of the River Thames; maybe something taking advantage of the L-shape it makes at one point, like LWT did back in the day? Or maybe a jazzy wavy line approximating the skyline, like Sydney did with the opera house?

The plausibilities were endless. So when they announced the unveiling of the logo—from which the entire visual identity of the Games would be drawn—we clicked on that BBC News link like a motherfucking boss.

And this is what we got:



Jesus Christ, people. What in fuck's name is that even meant to be? We've all heard the Lisa Simpson jokes, although to us it looks more like a moai, and to the father of one of our contributors it looked like someone had taken a hammer to some Nazi stormtrooper logo.

What on earth were they thinking? It's not changing the time-honoured stacked format of Olympic logos that's the problem — in fact that was quite a good idea, and even forward-looking. This squared-off, everything-at-once sort of shape (and the existence, for the first time, of variants) is perfect for the kinds of uses it'll be put to these days, compressed onto smartphones and tablets and the like. The people behind the next Winter Olympics have gone even further and created a text-only emblem. But they designed it knowing that iPhones and iPads existed. The London guys didn't. In that respect, they deserve praise.

But *come on*. This is the best they could do? Jagged lines in pink-and-yellow? Look at the others. They all have something, even just in the linework or the colours, to represent the country involved. This one has nothing that screams "London", or "Britain", except the word sitting unintuitively on the left, *punctuated incorrectly*. It has nothing that says "Olympics" except the rings, with similar lack of finesse, as if dropped there by a work-experience kid and then never cleared away. It does say "2012", but only just. When we first saw it, we spent several minutes trying to figure out what it was we were looking at. Every visual impulse in our brains was bellowing, *surely it's meant to be shaped like something?* But no. Aside from the numbers 2012, stylised in a particularly unattractive fashion for no apparent reason. This is meant to represent Britain to the world. This is our "welcome to our country". This is supposed to be represent us. It makes us look like a countryful of twats with no taste and no unifying identity. (*Pause for TOWIE/Geordie Shore joke*)

It's just a bad piece of design, so bad that as soon as we figured out it was meant to look like that, we immediately fired up Paint Shop Pro and made an alternative. It took a couple of hours to get it to the point where it looked plausible, but we eventually managed it:



Not to toot our own no-formal-training-beyond-a-GCSE-in-Graphics horn, but is that or is that not a much nicer logo than that pointy thing? It's not as flexible, but it's not hideous. And it took about two hours altogether. It actually ties in with the Olympics — in its colours — and London (every shape is an L). It's not perfect, but there's the seeds of a decent logo there, and it's *already better than the finished one they used*.

As we said, this set the tone for the visual identity of the whole games. Oh joy. And so it has proved, with the whole damn thing being dominated by sharp angles and bright, often clashing colour schemes. Even the font is pointy. Angularity isn't a bad thing *per se* for this sort of work—used properly, it implies motion.. But it can also imply anxiety, which the overuse of brightly coloured triangles keeps implying whether it wants to or not.

Are there any bright spots? Well, there's the mascots. No, really.

Yes, we love those little guys. Well, not love, but appreciate. Considering what LOCOG thought made for a good logo, we were braced for something truly horrible when they unveiled the mascots. Ultimately, however...they're okay. We mean, we'd have much preferred some sort of animal that actually exists, like a bulldog or something, but despite Wenlock and Mandeville being blob things, they actually seem to have been thought through — at least to a greater extent than the logo was.

The immediate comparison was to Izzy the Atlanta Whatizit from 1996—the only other undefinable Olympic mascot. But there's a major difference that places Wenlock and Mandeville well ahead: Izzy was a mess from the start, poorly thought-out and poorly designed. He didn't even have a name when they introduced him at the end of Barcelona '92 — he was just referred to as the Whatizit, because no-one knew what the fuck he was. Not a great sign for your Olympic mascot. His appearance at Barcelona was as a sort of fat, blue teardrop with rings around whatever protuberances he could muster up. (I remember watching the ending closimones as a small child and deciding he was made of Blu-Tak). He had a tail and sneakers, and a gigantic toothy grin that never moved. The whole design blared that they'd made him up as they went along, throwing whatever they could think of at him — lightning bolts, stars, eyebrows — to see if it would stick. By the time the 1996 Olympics came along, he'd lost the bottom row of teeth and gained long, thin arms and legs (so he at least looked halfway athletic, along with a goofy

demeanour, a tendency to assume the “keep on truckin'” pose, and the name “Izzy”. In both incarnations, he inexplicably farted out stars. The redesign didn't endear him to Atlantans or the rest of the world, and the Olympic mascot boom that seemed to have started with Barcelona's unusually popular cubist hound Cobi stalled in the driveway.



Wenlock and Mandeville at least appeared fully-formed.

Technically, they're blobs of Sheffield Steel. Yeah, there's a story behind it, written by the great Michael Morpurgo — drops of steel, Olympic rainbow magic, off to see the world, blah blah other stuff Morpurgo could, and possibly did, write in his sleep. Izzy got a backstory too, but only after three years as a damage limitation exercise. Wenlock and Mandeville also just look nicer. Mostly. Izzy had the friendlier expression, but his design(s) were so busy it rendered him vaguely untrustworthy—like an alien pimp. Wenlock and Mandeville are hamstrung by having no faces, but being sleeker and more innocent and childlike are much friendlier than Izzy, who was like an adult trying to be cool.



To be honest, the visual identity of the London games isn't entirely terrible. Its profusion of sharp corners and bright secondary colours aren't the nicest thing in the world to look at, but there *is* an identity. A unified look. It just happens to be an unpleasant, ill-thought-out look. Centred around one of the worst logos ever designed for anything. The whole of Britain will regret that thing for years to come, mark our words.

FOR TRUE SECURITY

HIRE CHUBB OR SOMEONE BECAUSE SERIOUSLY, WE'RE SO FUCKING SHIT WE ACTUALLY MADE A CONSERVATIVE HOME SECRETARY INTO A FIGURE OF SOME SYMPATHY



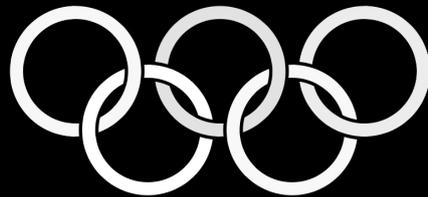
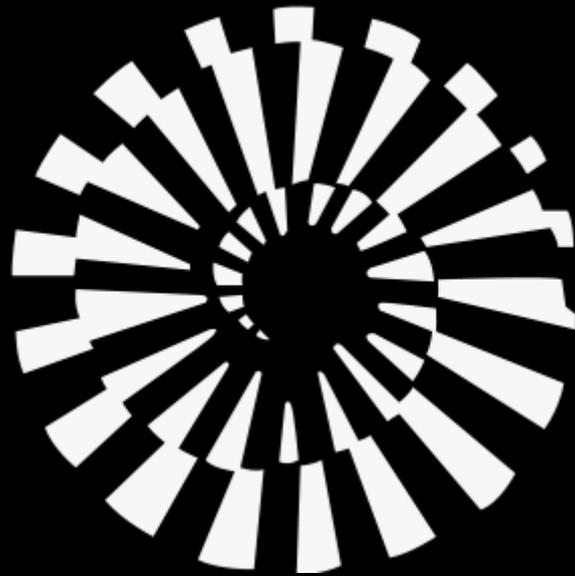
YEAH, WE SUCK



1. Kill more people in a single day than Osama bin Laden.
2. ??????
3. Profit!



Official mass-murderers of the 2012 Olympics



München 1972

*This page represents a moment of silence in honour of the
11 Israeli athletes murdered at the 1972 Olympics in Munich.*

Because the IOC won't do it.

Thanks for reading, drink Coke



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Unless otherwise indicated, all materials are used without permission. No profit is made from the distribution of this magazine. No attempt has been made to supersede existing copyright. This magazine is not affiliated with any company or service mentioned herein. I mean, obviously. We only mention it to cover our arse. We are not affiliated with the IOC, LOCOG, or any of the sponsors of the London Olympics or the Olympic Movement in general, so don't be surprised if this supplement vanishes from the Internet before the Games are over. Actually, do be surprised, because that would mean the IOC has heard of us. The picture in the Visa advert comes from the short film "Le Tonneau des Danaïdes" by David Guiraud. Seriously, Tampax and Charmin/Cushelle could claim to be official Olympic products should their parent company P&G choose to do so. In fact, Tampax practically has, only not in so many words because ew *gross lady problems*. Yeah, we know Dow didn't cause Bhopal, but they bought the company that did, and therefore they bought the responsibility. Including the responsibility to clean up the messes they bought.



COLD STEEL®
World's Strongest, Sharpest Knives

Proud supporters of London 2012 gang violence

**God help you if you try to
pay by American
Express at the Olympics.**



VISA

Official credit card of this and every Olympics, motherfucker.