



THE WRITING ON THE WALL

Have Israel finally gone too far?



I want your lymph



We'll find you

“The prophet reclined on the Golan Heights...”

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COVER STORY

POOR ME ISRAELITES

Israel/Palestine: will the story ever end? Only when everyone's dead. Whimsical enchantment!

6

The most despised Education Secretary since Thatcher: the four years of Michael Gove.

LIPS INC.

p18

Reshuffle of the year: the cabinet that's going to fight the election.

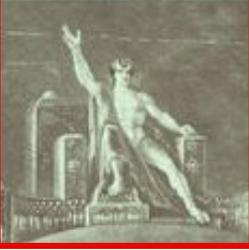
NEW FACES OF '14

This issue's history lesson: the time that John Major declared war and nobody showed.

GREY DAWN

p21

Editor's Whatever by John Wirstham-Harte



What a depressing summer. Israel is still bombing the shit out of Gaza as if everyone there was personally responsible for the Holocaust. Putin's little proxies in Ukraine panicked and shot down a fucking passenger jet and almost started World War III (they might yet have done as of this writing). Iraq is burning to the ground as a result of Dick Cheney's grisly dreams of corporate Empire. Egypt's back to military dictatorship and Libya's civil war is back on. Turn on the news and there's nothing but images of ordinary people suffering at the hands of a process so huge and insentient that even the people who think they control it have no idea what it really is. Rain made of the charred remains of blameless air travellers. Ordinary Palestinian men, women, children and babies barbecued in revenge for something they never did. Back at home, the best solution the electorate can think of is a far-right outfit that uses populism as a mask for insanely regressive crypto-fascism. Rik Mayall is dead. The news really ought to be read by a man in a black hood, continually beating a bass drum with his fists. And renamed "Mankind: the case against". It's like someone, somewhere, expressed hope for human civilization, and God or someone heard them, yelled "fuck you", and created three months and counting of news specifically tailored to squash, once and for all, the notion that long-term human civilization is a viable concept. This wasn't an easy issue to write. At least Michael Gove's not in the Cabinet anymore.

OSINS

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NEXT ISSUE: WE'LL PROBABLY ALL BE DEAD

**HOLY FUCKING SHIT A WHITE PERSON DIED OF
EBOLA
NOW IT'S SERIOUS**



**OH GOD OH JESUS YOU BETTER WASH YOUR MOTHERFUCKING HANDS
EVERY FIFTEEN MINUTES OR YOU'LL VOMIT ALL THE FUCKING BLOOD
OUT OF YOUR FUCKING BODY THROUGH YOUR FUCKING EYES, OH
CHRIST JESUS, THANKS A LOT FOR EATING ALL THOSE BATS AND
GIVING CIVILIZED PEOPLE YOUR DISEASES, YOU DUMB
FUCKING NIGGERS, THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU
LET WOGS SELF-GOVERN, THIS NEVER WOULD HAVE
HAPPENED IF WE STILL OWNED THE GOLD COAST**



Foreign &
Commonwealth
Office

FOREVER

THE WAR IN THE HOLY LAND CONTINUES, AND WE'RE STILL BEING TOLD THAT ISRAEL ARE THE GOOD GUYS. BUT THAT STORY'S GETTING HARDER AND HARDER TO TELL ALL THE TIME, AND IMPOSSIBILITY MIGHT BE AROUND THE CORNER. **WORDS: SAMPFORD COURTENAY.**

A ccording to Daniel, the King of Babylon in the 6th Century was Belshazzar. History suggests otherwise, but history is only half the story. Belshazzar's fall, as related by Daniel, came at a feast he himself had organised to celebrate his pillage of the temple of Solomon. At the height of this feast, a disembodied hand comes out of fucking nowhere and scratches four words in Hebrew on a nearby wall: "mene mene tekel upharsin". Four measures of Aramaic currency that together made a completely meaningless phrase. The king calls for Daniel, in one of the Bible's more notable Mary-Sue moments, and being the great, super-intelligent and handsome Ultra-Jew he is, Daniel figures out what it means: "numbered, weighed, divided". As in Belshazzar's days, his character and his lands. He divines this meaning from a somewhat tortured linguistic analysis that requires God to be indulging in some highly abstruse wordplay — for which He did have previous form, to be fair to Daniel, but if He wanted to say "fuck you, Belshazzar" He came up with the single most indirect way of doing so He possibly could. Almost as if Daniel just made it up, forcing it to fit the scenario he wanted to play out — and which, as a consequence, eventually did play out.

**ISRAEL'S FAVOURITE PR
TACTIC IS TO SCREAM ANTI-
SEMITISM, AS IF THEY
REPRESENT EVERY JEW ON
EARTH—WHICH THEY
GENUINELY THINK THEY DO**

It's a bit harder to do that these days. Netanyahu has to employ a whole department of Daniels, constantly polishing up the "plucky little Israel" image, because it's increasingly obvious that, though it is a two-bastard conflict in many respects, it's *his* side that are the biggest bastards on the block. Fortunately, he still has America (and by proxy Britain), and therefore a huge percentage of world media, on his side, but even they're starting to struggle with the narrative after Israel has personally murdered over a thousand innocent civilians: blameless men, women and children, babies for Christ's sake, with thousands more rendered homeless. The David vs Goliath allegory is really getting stretched. If Israel are meant to be David, that is. Otherwise it's kind of appropriate.



BURNING



An interesting side-effect of Israel's self-demonization is that they've turned the conflict into a zero-sum game, at least for us first-world pricks shaking our heads in extreme comfort.

Two choices emerge. Maybe you believe the American media, and therefore genuinely think that Israel consists of eight Woody Allen impersonators cowering in fear at the colossal might of Hamas, who command an army of ten billion suicide bombers and an infinite supply of cutting-edge unmanned rocket-propelled ordinance, and are motivated by nothing so much as a frothing, vampiric lust for Jew blood. Then again, you might be able to think for yourself, and therefore are aware that Hamas' ordinance actually consists mostly of cheap, improvised explosives made out of tin cans and potash; the only reason there's a lot of them is that they're easy to make. They have a range of 16km, or just shy of ten miles, and can't be directed. This entire century to date, these rockets have successfully killed 22 Israeli citizens, and one Thai. In this current three-week (and counting) conflict in the Gaza Strip, Israeli rockets have killed near to fifteen hundred people. Unlike Hamas, Israel have proper military ordinance, made by qualified people, supplied by the United States, not to mention an entire army and air force. And yet it's Palestine who we're being told are the bullies, and Israel blameless victims lashing out in pure self-defence. Chippy reckon.

Israel's favourite PR tactic, of course, is to scream anti-Semitism, as if they (and more specifically their Government) represent every Jew on Earth. They genuinely think they do, of course, and they perpetuate this image that it's quite easy to start worrying that you *are* becoming anti-Semitic based on how disgusted you are with Israel's actions. But Israel isn't synonymous with international Jewry. Neither are the actions of the present Israeli Government synonymous with the concept of a

Jewish state. We're prepared to accept and even support the existence of *an* Israel. But in practice, it was a fuck-up from the start. A Jewish state is a good idea. Displacing an entire nation and replacing it wholesale could only have one outcome, and we're seeing it today. There were other places under consideration for a Jewish homeland, including empty parts of Egypt, Ethiopia, British Guyana

THAT HAMAS ARE HORRIBLY OUTGUNNED DOESN'T AUTOMATICALLY JUSTIFY THEIR ACTIONS — STOP FIRING ROCKETS, YOU IDIOTS

and the Oblast in Russia, but the Orthodox Jews insisted it had to be that area because God had pointed at that soil and called it theirs. And it had to be all of it. No partition plans. YHWH said so. No wonder they were instantly resented.

By the same token, it's easy to completely overlook Hamas' own responsibility, which is smaller than Israel's but just as real. That they're horribly outgunned doesn't automatically justify their actions, and neither does the fact that their rockets are shit. Quite the opposite: *stop firing rockets, you idiots*. They rarely do more than superficial damage to buildings (although they are quite good at injuring civilians), and every time you do it, Israel drops bombs ten times the size on *your* civilians, not all of whom particularly wanted you to fire those rockets in the first place. "Hamas" doesn't mean Palestine any more than Israel means international Jewry, although it's closer since they *were* elected. Palestine might not be a country, technically speaking, but they have a parliament, and Hamas, Sinn Féin-like, have been the main party in it for the past eight years. Before that, Palestine was generally represented by Fatah, largest of the PLO member parties, and its leader, Yasser "Yosser" Arafat. When Yosser died in 2004, Fatah disintegrated without his authority to hold it together. A close analogue would be Michael Foot's Labour: several factions sniping at each other, resulting in a party with no cohesive identity anymore. They suffered the



Destruction caused by Israel, yesterday.



Destruction caused by Hamas, yesterday.

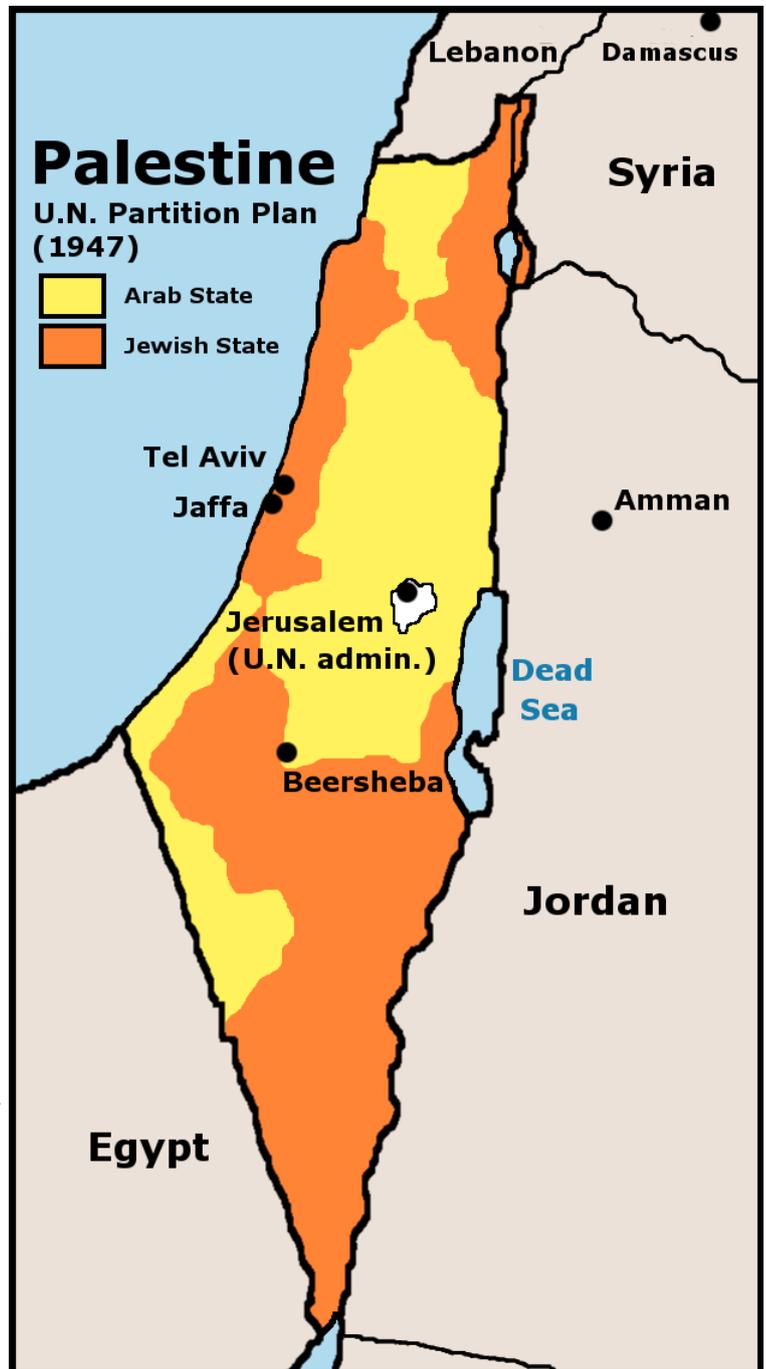
NB: Obviously we are not claiming that either of these is acceptable. But do bear in mind that the one on the left was effectively revenge for the one on the right.

same fate: Hamas won the 2006 legislative elections in a landslide, effectively becoming the representatives for the Palestinians, and more specifically the Gazans. This is one of the factors used to justify Israel's actions: they elected Hamas knowing full well that they were terrorists, therefore they deserve what they get. This ignores the fact that Fatah offered almost no alternative whatsoever, and that there really wasn't anyone else to vote for.

It also ignores the fact that maybe the Palestinians had good reason to give up on rationality and run into the arms of Hamas: they're an occupied population whose conquerors resent their presence, corral them into shanty towns and leather the shit out of them whenever they complain about it. Admittedly some of them complain with rockets, but that's just an added pretext. A decade and change of right-wing Israeli Governments have made it clear that just being there is an act of aggression as far as they're concerned. The last Israeli leader to seriously attempt anything resembling a peace process was Ehud Barak, and he was ousted by Likud in 2001 for being a pussy. He was succeeded by the monstrous Ariel Sharon, who to be fair to him had the military experience to eventually perceive that this war couldn't be won. After giving his hands a thorough soaking in Islamic blood, he pulled Israel out of Gaza, effectively rendering it an unannounced Palestinian state, and was just about to do the same in the West Bank — forming a new party for the purpose when Likud were up in arms — when his brain spontaneously disintegrated under the weight of his clogged arteries. Though he effectively died in 2006, he was only switched off this January.

His successor was the terrifying swivel-eyed psychotic Ehud Olmert, who almost immediately started a war with Lebanon (which ended in a no-score draw) and threatened to do the same with Iran over Mahmoud Ahmadinejad's blatant trolling. He bombed Syria in case they were working on nuclear power. By now, Hamas had been elected to represent Palestine as a whole, and were chucking IEDs and mortars over the border — albeit not far, because they didn't have the equipment — on a daily basis, as if it was going to achieve anything. Ceasefires started and ended, usually violated by Olmert, then blamed on Hamas. Inevitably, Israel re-invaded Gaza in 2009, and after a relatively brief war remain there to this day, building new settlements whether the people who are already settled there like it or not, effectively running it (and the West Bank) as an apartheid state, using dum-dum bullets on the inevitable protests, occasionally bombing aid centres, and of course using lashings and lashings of skin-flaying white phosphorous, just so they know their place.

At the same time, the Israeli media, with the enthusiastic



help of the United States of America, constantly pump out propaganda about how they're the victims and the Palestinians are all, to a man, terrorists. And they rarely, if ever, hear any differently

in Israel, so they tend to believe it, even if they're not natural racists. Meanwhile, the Palestinians are also being taught by Israel: through their actions, rather than their propaganda, they practically bellow "despise us! Rise up and become hell-bent on our destruction!" Whole generations have grown up knowing nothing but nonsensical violence and discrimination, which worsens as new generations rise. Result: an endless cycle of bitterness and hatred with no end in sight except a silent desert of glass and bone. And Britain and America perpetuate this cycle by constantly backing Israel's actions, no matter what.

The UN's idea from 1948. This probably wouldn't have worked out either, but we can dream.

We say “Israel” when we really mean “the Israeli Government”. There are plenty of people left in the country who are at least as disgusted with the likes of Sharon, Olmert and Netanyahu as any clear-eyed outsider. More so, because these people claim to represent Jews in general, because this strip of land is the only one that counts. This is pretty well undermined by their campaign of chemically castrating Ethiopian Jews, who moved to Israel presumably in the expectation of being welcomed as one of God’s chosen, only to be rejected on the basis that Jews aren’t usually black — the same reason mixed-race marriages are still illegal out there. When this monstrous policy came out, the Israeli Government shrugged and said “yeah?” and it was never spoken of again because Israel can do no wrong — even when they’re explicitly emulating the Nazis of all people.

Why is this? Swivel-eyed racists will claim it’s because the media is owned by a vast Jewish conspiracy that rules the world to strangely unclear goals. Probably more pertinent is the fact that this is the general area where most of world’s oil can be found, and the American oligarchy requires a foothold there. Besides, Israel has been the US’ pet country since it was put together just after the war. And obviously what America says, goes, as far as Britain is concerned, so the Israeli Government are officially blameless, holy creatures, simply defending themselves against the horrible massed hordes of Hamas, with their futuristic weaponry and lack of any motivation beyond anti-Semitism (of which, incidentally, you are also guilty if you so much as dare question the necessity of a single crispy flame-grilled Palestinian baby).

Like we say, there are plenty of people in Israel who deplore

this whole thing. It’s harder to accuse them of anti-Semitism, so Likud and company choose to just ignore them, keeping an eye on the polls which depressingly indicate continuing support for the right-wing coalition. But it’s hard to shake the feeling that a simple change of Government won’t be enough to break the cycle. The point, indeed, may have already been reached where the cycle is unbreakable, and the only solution is something drastic like this:

- Hold a referendum to see how many people among both populations still see the other side as human and believe any of them deserve to live a) anywhere and b) on this strip of land in particular; would rather kill every Arab/Jew than share a grain of sand; prefer perpetual war to conceding six inches of land, and which ones would rather the whole thing ended right now no matter what
- Based on your findings, take everyone who finished below the threshold for basic human decency out of the country, drop them on an uninhabited Pacific island thousands of miles from anyone else with no weapons and let them sort it the fuck out themselves
- Work with some kind of two-state solution with the ones that are left

And if that doesn’t work, evacuate everyone, construct a massive iron box around the whole area, and say “there. Now no-one will have it.”

Impractical? Monstrous? Sure. And white phosphorous missiles and chemical castration aren’t? It’s not the worst thing they’ve done, but over time, Israeli governments have poisoned the whole idea of a Jewish homeland. Good job.



Anti-Semites on a par with Goebbels, yesterday.

**We're lucky the
Swiss holding
company
bothered to
keep the brand
name back in '06**



let's get real

the
MIS
EDUCATION
of
Michael
Gove



A close-up photograph of Michael Gove, a man with glasses and a dark suit, giving a thumbs-up gesture. He is looking slightly to the left of the camera with a neutral expression. The background is dark and out of focus.

Michael Gove is no longer the Education secretary. Our long national nightmare is over. If only it were that simple. Here's a brief précis of his tenure as schoolmaster. You may turn over and begin.

Words: Thierry Henry Thoreau

If not for three things, Michael Gove would be the most hated member of the cabinet: Iain Duncan Smith, George Osborne, and the fact that he's not in the cabinet anymore. The last is, of course, the most pleasing. No education secretary has been less popular since Thatcher, and his move to a backstage role is a fairly transparent tactic from Cameron, under a year from an election. His media experience (he was on television before he ruined British education) will be a positive asset to an unpopular Government in the run-up to the voting, while keeping his ugly unpopular face out of it might help the campaign. Cameron insists that moving him from Education Secretary to Chief Whip isn't a demotion. Technically speaking, it probably isn't: the two roles are basically equal in parliamentary terms. But one is a second-tier Cabinet position with plenty of publicity, and the other is a shadowy backroom role which rarely rates much newsprint. In parliamentary terms it's a move sideways; in real-world terms it's a demotion. And an understandable one; Gove is, or was, among the least popular Cabinet members in recent memory, right alongside the likes of Steven Byers, or Charles Clarke, or Norman Tebbit, or more pertinently his contemporaries Andrew Lansley (who was shuffled off long ago) and Gideon Osborne (who, as a personal school friend and former fag of Cameron is untouchable no matter how low his approval or basic competence might sink).

Michael Gove had one of the more inauspicious beginnings for a future Tory Cabinet member: adopted at four months old by an Aberdeen fishing family. This, combined with features like a deflated, simpering tree frog,



gave rise to the popular joke among education professionals that Gove “had a face only a mother could love — oh, wait”. Cruel, perhaps, but no less cruel than some of his policies, and with far less far-reaching effects. Enjoying a working-class, Labour supporting childhood, Gove then went to Oxford and realised he was more important than society, joining the Conservative party as part of their army of token proles who've missed the point completely. Unfortunately, when he applied for a job at the Conservative Research Institute, they told him he wasn't Conservative enough. He didn't

even go to Eton, for Christ's sake. So he moved into journalism, working mainly for the Murdoch press. He became a great admirer of the Aussie Skeletor, and was recently seen enthusiastically slurping his desiccated cock during the Leveson enquiry.

Gove turned out to be a pretty good writer; he turned out a hagiography of Michael Portillo that got decent reviews, and worked on the likes of the Today Programme and On the Record for the commie BBC. Here, he also got notice for what we can only assume is his on-camera charisma, because he landed a regular gig on Radio 4 festival of chin-stroking The Moral Maze, and from there got a starring role in Channel Four's “A Stab in the Dark”, in which he, David Baddiel and Tracy MacLeod delivered stark, occasionally funny political monologues in a bleak, industrial landscape. No-one watched it.

By 2005, he was deemed sufficiently Tory to stand for and win the reasonably safe seat of Surrey Heath. Shortly afterwards, David Cameron became leader and appointed him first housing spokesman, then Shadow Education Secretary — or rather, Children, Schools and Families Secretary, as it was at the time. When the Tories returned to Government, Gove made them change it back on the quick-fast. This was his Department

now, and he was about to thoroughly stamp his authority on it.

At the Party Conference shortly after the election, Gove announced his vision for the National Curriculum: British-exceptionalist propaganda all the way! Byron, Keats, Wordsworth, Dickens, Austen and Hardy. Nothing post-1899. Fuck John Steinbeck, fuck Maya Angelou, and especially fuck Balzac and Tolstoy, who didn't even write in English. Meanwhile Simon Schama would personally revise the history curriculum (much to the longtime Labour Party donor's surprise), and science and mathematics would be all but hammered into the kid's heads, so as to prepare them for a job in the various British industries which Thatcher had long since dismantled. Any and all failings, past, present and future, were the fault of the leftie traitor fags that existed in Gove's mind and apparently believed they "shouldn't be doing anything so old-fashioned as passing on knowledge, requiring children to work hard, or immersing them in anything like dates in history or times tables in mathematics. These ideologues may have been inspired by generous ideals but the result of their approach has been countless children condemned to a prison house of ignorance". It's not the only valid interpretation, but it's pretty easy to see this as an argument in favour of cold, hard facts over context and actual full comprehension. It's as if Gove read Huxley's Brave New World (a good British author) and thought it was a utopia.

The subsequent White Paper unveiled even more gruesome details. GCSEs were to be scrapped and replaced with O Levels, in a textbook Tory example of solving a perceived problem by simply rebuilding the past. Primary schools would be given the same rigid targets to reach as secondary schools, placing massive pressure on the littlest children. Every school in England would get a free copy of the King James Bible, inscribed "love from Michael Gove". Also, every examination board in the country would be merged into one, which (in embryo at least) is one of his few good ideas.

Gove announced his vision
for the National
Curriculum: British-
exceptionalist propaganda
all the way!

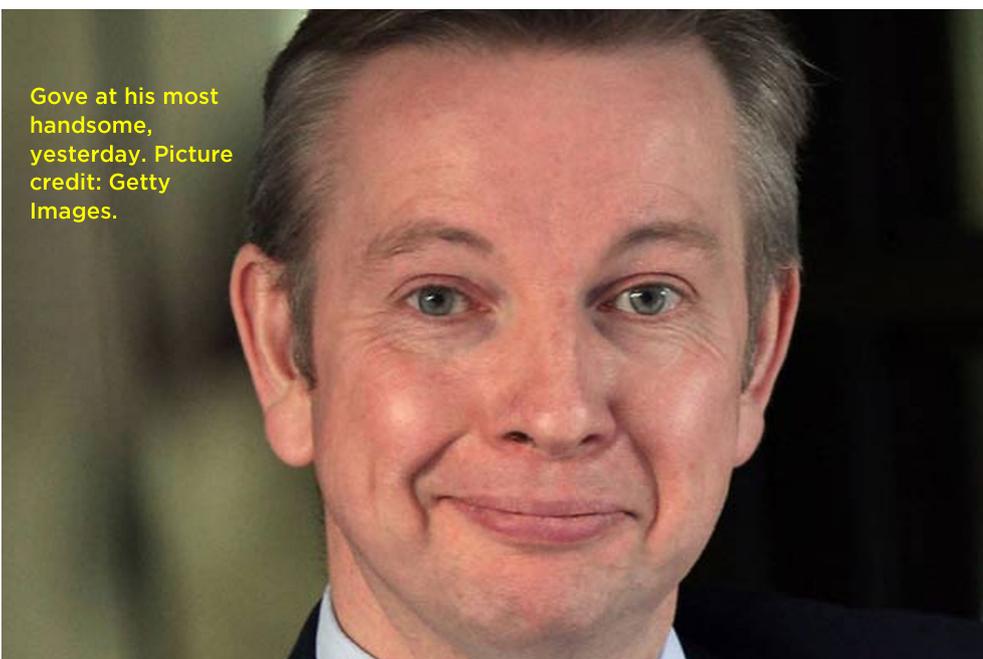
Gove trying for the traditional
"Satanic Tory" look, yesterday.
Picture credit: Press Association.



As if the policies weren't harsh enough to set his popularity plummeting, Gove compounded his pariah status by revealing all this without actually discussing it with anyone besides David Cameron himself. In fact, his entire tenure at the D of E has been characterised by a disturbing Messiah complex: Gove appears to have confused the title of "Secretary of State" with that of "Despot". Consulting academic experts about his visionary ideas is an interesting notion, but obviously he's far too brilliant to need to do more than pay them lip service, if that. Inevitably, many of those experts came out en masse to criticise his reforms package for, variously, being a throwback to Victorian values; completely ignoring great works on the basis that they weren't written by Dickens or Hardy; being entirely ideologically driven with no concession given to how (or even if) any of his ideas could actually work in practice; assuming the support of the likes of Simon Schama (who actually told the Hay Festival the whole proposal was shit and awful); adding and changing aspects of the proposals apparently on a whim (because he's the Emperor); and offering absolutely no consideration whatsoever to the children — treating them, in fact, as raw materials to be ground correctly through the sausage machine so they all come out more or less identical. That's right, Michael Gove wanted to turn the feverish metaphors of the 1960s counter-culture into a literal reality. When he started muttering darkly about for-profit schools as if they'd be a good thing, people started to panic.

Gove was so certain of his brilliance and the rightness of his visionary ideas that intimidation was the only logical response

Faced with appalled reactions from absolutely everyone in Britain, Gove summoned up all the diplomatic and rhetorical talent that had served him so well in his television and radio career. He labelled the critics "Marxists". He literally branded them "enemies of promise" (not the only quasi-Soviet rhetoric to come out of Gove's orbit — his staff apparently have the motto "purges work"). Surprisingly, this just made the "enemies" angrier. Primary schools expert Rick Alexander wondered aloud if bluntly insulting your critics was a terribly good idea, poet laureate Carol Ann Duffy and plum enthusiast Michael Rosen wrote excoriating articles about him. Horror stories started to leak out about Gove creating a climate of fear, running British education like an enforcer; so certain of his brilliance and the rightness of his visionary ideas that intimidation was the only logical response to people insane or twisted enough to oppose them. Outside of his own narcissistic bubble, it was all increasingly depressing, not to say frightening.



Gove at his most handsome, yesterday. Picture credit: Getty Images.

2013 was the year it became clear that Gove was going to be a liability, when the Blackboard Spring saw him explicitly condemned by almost every education professional in the land. First, in March, the National Association of Headteachers passed a motion of no confidence in him and his policies and his ugly face. In April, Association of Teachers and Lecturers followed suit, with the NUT hot on their heels — the first time they'd

ever taken such an action. Finally, in May, not to be outdone, the NASUWT confirmed their own complete lack of confidence in his policies and called for his immediate resignation in the wake of absolutely every teacher's union taking it in turns to call him a cunt. The upside was that the summer holidays were almost upon them by then, so they couldn't go on strike for a change.

Gove didn't resign, remaining convinced that he was right and his reforms would make Britain great again, and quite prepared to assume that the entire population world bar himself was wrong if need be. But David Cameron did notice. With his own Government already a patchwork of ideological opposites and Labour fairly consistently leading the Tories in the polls (dipping in and out of the margin of error) for the next election, he needed all the help he could get. Andrew Lansley, the butcher of the NHS, was moved out of the Department for Health once he'd become too much of a straightforward villain for the Cabinet to support him. Gove passed that point much sooner, but was so determined to reform Britain's education system it was almost impossible to move him until the last possible minute, which turned out to be a year before the election. Moved to a backroom role, where he can use his media experience and bullying expertise for the good of the party, without showing his ugly face so often.

There are still some in the party who tip him for the leadership when it becomes vacant, which it inevitably will if Cameron doesn't win next year's election. Gove, for his part, has always demurred at this, saying that to lead a party you need to have a certain something which he doesn't possess. He doesn't specify what it is. Charisma, maybe? The ability to actually make allies? A face even a mother could love? It's hard to see who in the party would honestly vote for him; he's like John Redwood in that he's got friends and all, but not among the really smart politicians — the ones who want the Party to be in power more often than not. He's more likely to throw his light weight behind his great mate Boris, who (in the run-up to his return to parliament and inevitable leadership bid) has never missed an opportunity to lavish Gove with praise for his visionary ideas about, like, education and shit yeah? For which Boris will reward him with the job of Home Secretary, giving him the chance to fuck up the *entire nation*, not just teachers. Voters of Britain: do your duty. Fear this.



Gove where he deserves to be yesterday. Picture credit: Green Party.



THE WAR CABINET

These are the biggest names in the new, improved cabinet. This is the team that Cameron's taking with him to the election, the people you're supposed to want to vote for. Words by Willard van Ommonom Quine.

The biggest change in the reshuffle, and indeed the first change to any of the Great Offices since the Coalition began. The previous incumbent, William Hague, is somewhat surprisingly leaving politics after the election. Having spent the past four years as an avuncular Cheney to Cameron's Bush, his appetite appears to have been sated. Either that or there's some delicious and nutritious blackmail material floating about. He's moved on to a co-ordinating position as Leader of the Commons, while his old job of Foreign Secretary is to be

occupied by sad-eyed, lopsided middle-aged white man Phillip Hammond. He's been in and around the Tory cabinet since 2002, when he shadowed John Prescott. In Government, he started out as transport secretary, where he did well enough to be given the Defence brief. That obviously gave him the requisite experience to enter the cabinet's inner circle for the first time. At least that's the theory; some people think it might be a case of too much too soon, especially given the international climate at the moment. With Russia almost causing World War III and Israel finally starting to lose the world's support in Gaza, this might not have been the best time in the world to change foreign secretaries. He's tried to stamp his authority on the role already by openly bemoaning the situation in Gaza — albeit without actively criticising Israel in so many words. He's not *daft*.



PHILLIP HAMMOND
FOREIGN SECRETARY

Replacing Gove is a middle-aged white woman and 2010 newbie MP who was already, and remains, Minister for Women and Equalities. She is an interesting choice for the latter, since she's one of the leading cabinet voices against same-sex marriage. Still, it's too

late for her to do anything about that now. Besides, the Tories anticipated the problem and managed to find a gay Tory to head up that whole area of her department. For what it's worth, she supports civil partnerships, just don't let the fags call it "marriage" because God is anal about semantics. As for her education brief, she's basically kept her head down so far, waiting for the Gove backwash to make its way through her system. It helps that she took the job at the start of the summer holidays. We'll see.



NICKY MORGAN
EDUCATION SECRETARY

Wales has new representation in middle-aged white man Steven Crabb, who is actually half-Scottish and was born in Inverness. His mam was Welsh, however, so there's obviously no debate whatsoever; she brought him up in Pembrokeshire, on a council estate — making him another of those working-class people who missed the point completely. He remains in Pembrokeshire to this day, where he serves as the Conservative Party's few Welsh MPs (having replaced his Labour predecessor soon after the Iraq war started). To be fair to him, he does seem to give a fuck about Wales and has put in some genuine hard work at the Welsh office over the past couple of years (he was effectively the last guy's deputy). His main weakness is his tendency to come across as instantly hateful in photographs, thanks to his apparent attempts at a sexy boy-band image, complete with calculatedly half-arsed facial hair, despite being 41 years old and with a face (beneath the fuzz) like Nick Frost playing a Welsh farmhand.



STEVEN CRABB
WELSH SECRETARY

Replacing Hammond in defence is aging white man Michael Fallon, a rarity in that he was a Tory elected in 1997—although only in Sevenoaks, where they'd elect Dennis Nilsen if he ran on the Tory ticket. He's actually a veteran of the Thatcher years, having represented Darlington from 1983 to 1992, and as such is a big fan of the late Evil Edna. Despite his vintage, this is the first full cabinet position, having been a departmental journeyman under Thatcher and Major (mostly in the treasury) and subsequently rediscovered by David Cameron, who made him vice-Chairman of the party, a high-ranking energy minister, and the very first Minister for Portsmouth, and that's not us trying to be funny Now he has the defence brief, just in time for Vladimir Putin to start World War III. Good luck to him.



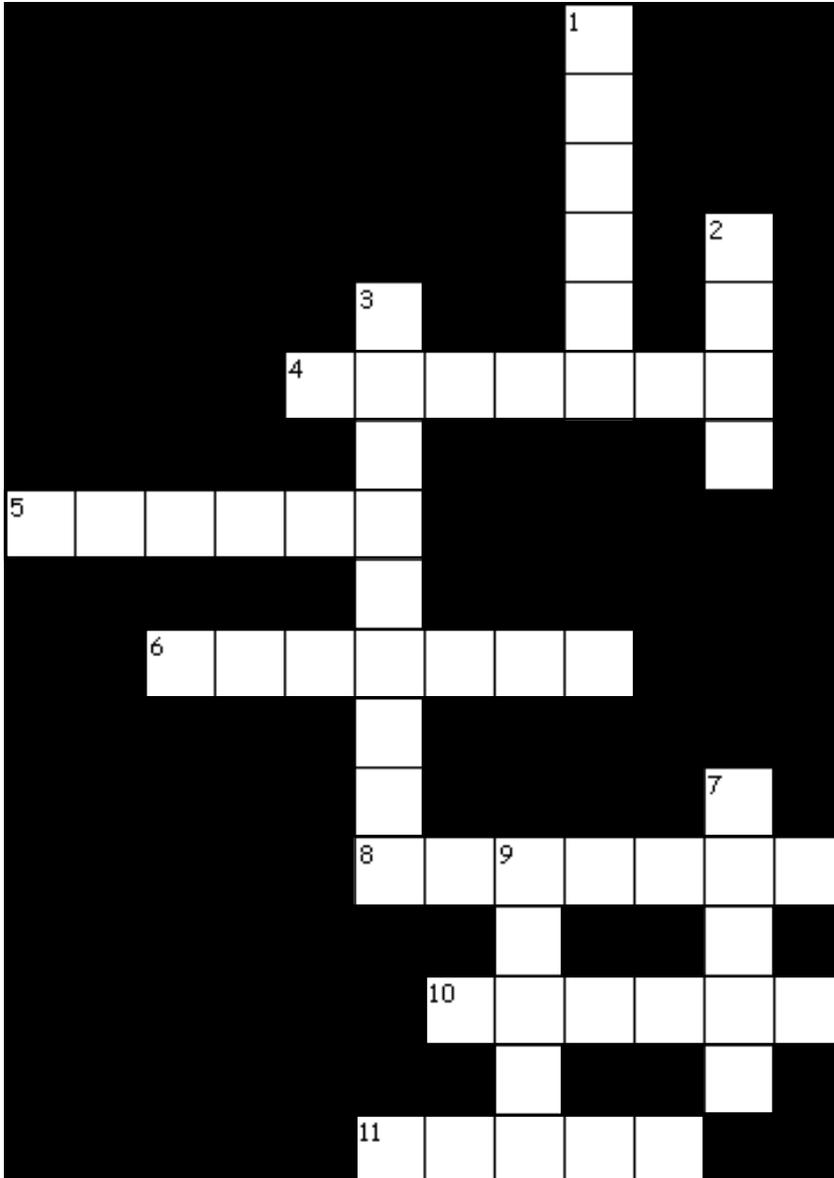
MICHAEL FALLON
DEFENCE SECRETARY

The closest Cameron can get to a “hot chick” (after Louise Mensch pulled a Sarah Palin), almost-middle aged white woman Liz Truss takes over as Secretary of State for Reinstating Fox-Hunting (as David Cameron doubtlessly thinks of it). She seems to be a Tory just to irritate her Anglo-Scottish family, which otherwise consists entirely of solid, traditional CND-member socialists. Before heading DEFRA, she was a minister in Gove's Department for Education, with a childcare portfolio. Her main achievement here was to annoy Polly Toynbee (which isn't exactly difficult) with her childcare reforms, which basically amounted to “cuts, again”. Her new job is the result of several factors: the position was vacant (because her predecessor had a bad eye and also was shit); she's an MP for a rural constituency (South West Norfolk), although she doesn't always live there; and she's a youngish, attractiveish lady-type, which (theoretically) makes the cabinet seem less like an Eton 20-year school reunion. Who exactly is likely to vote Tory at the next election just because they've got a blonde in the cabinet is a moot point.



ELIZABETH TRUSS
DEFRA SECRETARY

Three! Anyone actually bother with these? Please let us know, it's the only way we'll learn.



(we kind of hope no-one is bothering with these, because we've lost the answers to the last one, like the massive bastards we are. We apologise for the inconvenience. If it matters to you, please contact us and we'll try and reconstruct what the fuck we were on about from memory and/or Wikipedia)

Across

- 4. Only Hamas PM of Palestine (surname)
- 5. Current Israeli Opposition leader (surname)
- 6. Oblast where MH17 came down
- 8. Alex Salmond's successor and predecessor as SNP leader (surname)
- 10. Hamas' preferred brand of rocket
- 11. Final goalscorer in insane Brazil Germany World Cup semi

Down

- 1. Boris Johnson's old seat
- 2. Alex Salmond's successor and predecessor as SNP leader (first name)
- 3. New American owners of Boots
- 7. Donald _____, first First Minister
- 9. Current Israeli Opposition leader (first name)

1995: THE **BLUE** AND THE GREY

The post-1992 Major administration was a Government dying slowly, not to mention a Tory Party at its least united, even for them. Then, the stooge-gone-rogue they'd put in charge suddenly grew some balls—and quit.

Words: [Sampford Courtenay](#)



OUR PLAYERS

JOHN MAJOR



JOHN REDWOOD



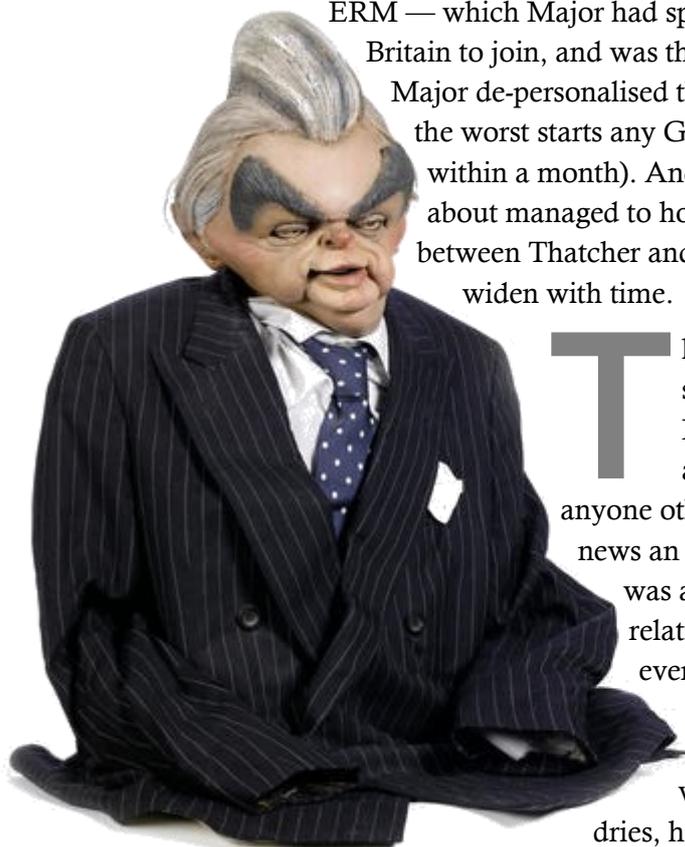
Maybe it's because of their inherently selfish ideology. Maybe it's just because they're all complete and

total bastards by definition. Maybe it's because it's just how politics works. Whatever the reason, Tories have never got on with other Tories. All parties have their factions, but you can count the periods of genuine unity within the British Conservative Party on the fingers of half a hand. There was Thatcher's golden age in the first half of the eighties, when they were so dazzled by their success and the leader that brought it to them it never occurred to most of them to rebel, but by the end of the decade they were turning on themselves just as they had before. Macmillan had a similar but shorter grace period in the late fifties, as had Churchill the other end of the decade, but both had the ambitious likes of Rab Butler to fend off. The Conservative Party has almost never had a leader that they weren't actively plotting against at some stage. Even now, magic circles are gathering to decide who should replace Cameron, and when.

Even by their standards, however, the early to mid nineties was a fractious period. John Major had somehow risen without trace to occupy three of the Great Offices inside 16 months — finishing up as Prime Minister. After two years as Chief Treasury Secretary — effectively deputy Chancellor of the Exchequer — he was picked almost at random by Thatcher to succeed Geoffrey Howe as Foreign Secretary. Three months later Nigel Lawson resigned as Chancellor, and his former deputy took over. A year later, the Tories had ousted their most successful leader, and Major, to the surprise of many, was chosen to replace her over Douglas Hurd and, more importantly, Michael Heseltine, the leader of the Wets and a man whose desire to be Prime Minister was almost palpable.

Major got off to a decent start, restabilising the party and its Government, scrapping the Poll Tax, winning the Gulf War and negotiating the early part of the recession reasonably well, culminating in a shock victory (almost by default) at the 1992 Election, when an electorate that seemed all but certain to finally give in and vote Labour got cold feet at the last minute. They paid for that with interest over the next five years. Just months after the Major government was returned, the pound imploded and Britain was ejected out of the ERM — which Major had spent his relatively brief tenure as Chancellor trying to get Britain to join, and was therefore inseparably associated with the Prime Minister.

Major de-personalised the crisis a little by firing Norman Lamont, but it was among the worst starts any Government has ever got (ahead of Heath losing his Chancellor within a month). And almost immediately, the party — which Major had just about managed to hold together through sheer willpower in the 18 months between Thatcher and Election — developed a massive fracture that would only widen with time.



The other marquee achievement of the first Major year was the signing of the Treaty of Maastricht, which saw the EC evolve, Pokémon-like, into the European Union. The treaty was almost as important as it was boring and meaningless (to anyone other than true politics junkies and made sitting through the news an ordeal for much of 1991. This is a shame, because it really was a big thing. It established a framework for the previously relatively loose European Community, with a parliament and everything, all built on three common policies: economic, home affairs and foreign affairs. It also established the European Court of Human Rights and, most importantly, paved the way for a single European currency. Thatcher, and her loyal dries, had deplored the whole thing from top to bottom as an attempt at stealth conquest, never bothering to question why anyone in

Black Wednesday's fall guy Norman Lamont yesterday.

Europe would particularly want to conquer Britain, especially since she'd shut down almost all its industry. Major and the pro-European wing of the party saw it as something they'd benefit more within than without, although they still didn't like it much and spent months bickering with both themselves and the treaty's architect Jaques Delors, until they got a version that more people were happy with than not, and the poxy thing was signed shortly before the election in 1992. Because it was so boring and impenetrable, it's unlikely that it swung it for the Tories, but that didn't stop parts of the pro-Europe wing from taking credit. Major claimed to have won "game, set and match" for Britain, with the endless negotiations having resulted in a clause allowing them to opt-out of the Euro and the overt federalist language toned right down. The Eurosceptics, meanwhile, never forgave Major for signing the damn thing in the first place, concessions or no concessions. And unfortunately for those members of the population who were sick of the word "Maastricht", they weren't done with it yet. Major and his fellow European heads of Government had successfully signed the damn thing, but it still needed ratifying by each member state to actually come into effect. The method was up to the states themselves; while the likes of Denmark and France risked public referenda (which the Treaty almost lost both times), in Britain it was out of the public's hands, probably because the public were already bored to tears of the whole thing and didn't know what any of it meant in the first place. Meanwhile the country had become a disintegrating chalk sculpture of Thatcher, while Parliament squabbled over Europe.

The Tories had won 1992 with a majority of just 21. There have been Governments before and since with weaker positions, but it was still pretty marginal. By the time Maastricht came up for ratification it was down to 19 — and that became 18 when the Lib Dems won the Christchurch by-election in the middle of the squabbling. By



the summer of 1993, Major had a full-blown rebellion on his hands, and while it only consisted of a couple of handfuls of MPs, that was at least half a handful more than his majority. More to the point, some of them were in the Cabinet, such as Home Secretary Michael Howard, Chief Secretary to the Treasury Michael Portillo and Social Security Secretary Peter Lilley.

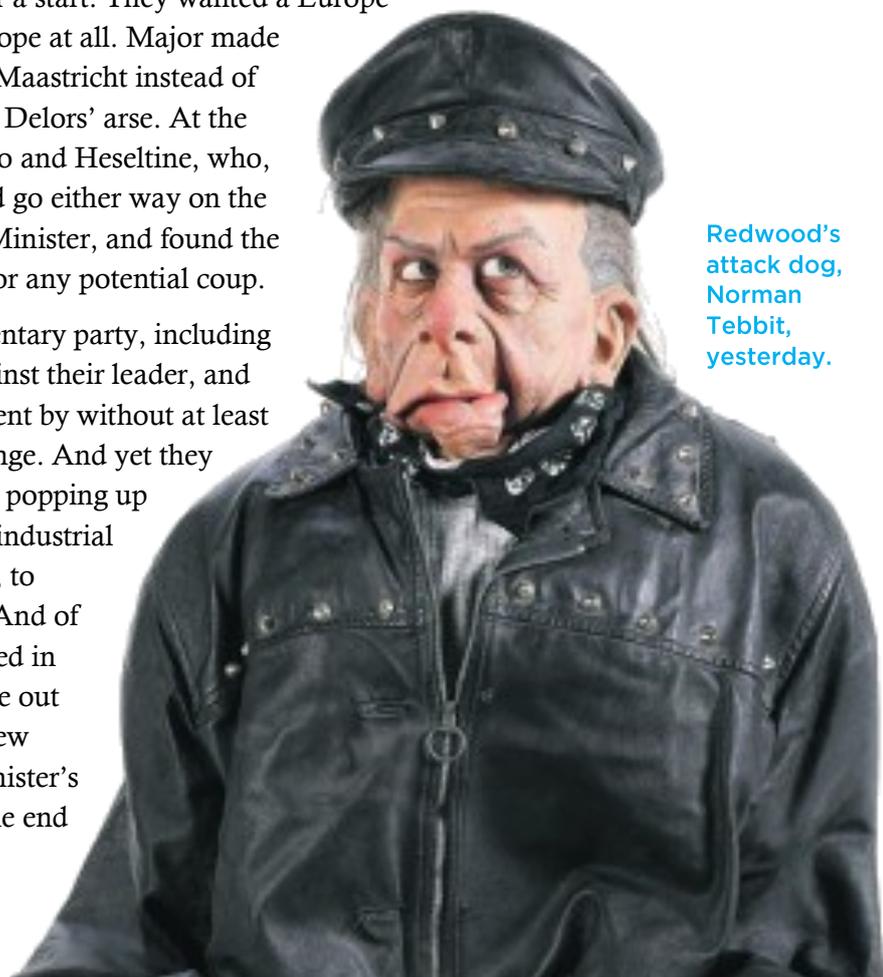
Labour rubbed their hands with glee. They were now led by John Smith (played by Anton Rodgers), a man much more capable of exploiting this kind of thing than Neil Kinnock (who couldn't even turn the Westland affair into a single lousy vote). Though they supported Maastricht, they were happy to act the enabler for the rebels while there was a real chance of bringing the Government down. The party whips worked into overdrive as the vote tightened. Both parties were reduced to bringing in the "stretcher vote" - elderly, infirm and unwell MPs, bussed in and forced to vote at gunpoint. Major threatened the rebels with losing the whip, being deselected at the next election, even a shockingly early new election that he and they knew the Tories would inevitably lose. Initial votes didn't go his way. A draw. A defeat. After a month of sweating blood, the deciding vote came on the 23rd of July. Major himself had called it a "vote of confidence". Fortunately for him, finished in the Government's favour. Maastricht had been successfully ratified and no-one in Britain would have to hear about it again.

Shortly after the vote, an exhausted Major sat down for an interview with ITN's Martin Brunson. Major knew perfectly well that Maastricht was only part of the battle as far as these rebels were concerned. They weren't going to go away now the Treaty was done and dusted, and their allies in the Cabinet were going to be empowered by the damage to his authority this had done. In the middle of the interview, when Major thought the cameras were off, Brunson asked him why he didn't just sack said Cabinet rebels. Major's answer was honest: *"Just think it through from my perspective. You are the prime minister, with a majority of 18... where do you think most of the poison is coming from? From the dispossessed and the never-possessed. Do we want three more of the bastards out there? What's Lyndon B. Johnson's maxim?"*

This seems reasonable enough, to be honest, and evidence for those in doubt that Major was a smarter politician than the comedy nerd exterior might have suggested. Incidentally, the maxim he was thinking of regarded J. Edgar Hoover: "better to have him inside the tent pissing out than outside pissing in". Keep your enemies close, in other words. Unfortunately for Major, the cameras *were* on, and it soon leaked to the press and led to further embarrassment, not to mention no end of speculation as to exactly which three bastards he was referring (Major claimed the number was arbitrary, and given that there were at least four bastards he could have meant, it's entirely possible).

Europe continued to weigh heavily on Major and his Government. When Delors, the mastermind of Maastricht, stepped down as EC President after three terms, Major decided to make a statement by vetoing his preferred successor, recently deceased Belgian Eric Pickles lookalike Jean-Luc Dehane — only to end up with the ideologically identical Jacques Santer instead. He unwisely made demands of the EU, that they make it easier for Britain to block Federalist legislation. They told him to fuck off, leading to a speech from an obscure backbencher named Tony Marlow demanding Major's resignation. And in the background, the EU continued to work on their single currency. Major never made a definitive statement in support of or against what would become the Euro, reflecting the position of his party: either broadly in favour or incandescent with rage over the very notion. Though Major kept it calculatedly wishy-washy, everyone knew he was mostly pro-Europe, and would seek some kind of compromise with the EU in all cases. The Eurosceptic wing would have preferred him to have Jacques Santer exiled to Elba. For a start. They wanted a Europe centred around Britain or no contact with Europe at all. Major made himself their enemy when he negotiated over Maastricht instead of scrunching it into a tiny ball and shoving it up Delors' arse. At the forefront were the likes of the Michaels Portillo and Heseltine, who, while they had Opinions and all, frankly could go either way on the Europe thing as long as they got to be Prime Minister, and found the more ideological Eurosceptics a useful army for any potential coup.

So throughout Major's term, half the parliamentary party, including large swathes of the Cabinet, was plotting against their leader, and increasingly openly. In 1994, barely a week went by without at least one rumour of an upcoming leadership challenge. And yet they never materialised. Meanwhile, scandals were popping up left, right and centre: from gruesome military-industrial complex plots such as the Arms for Iraq affair, to everyday corruption like Cash for Questions. And of course there was barely a Tory MP not involved in some extramarital fumbling (including, it came out later, Major himself). Every day, something new seemed to appear to undermine the Prime Minister's authority. Finally, in June 1995, he reached the end of his personal tether. So he resigned.



Redwood's attack dog, Norman Tebbit, yesterday.

It's a relative rarity, resignation as a positive action, but that's what Major managed to pull off on June 22nd, 1995. Finally sick to the back arse of the Bastards constantly threatening but never actually doing anything, like circling sharks with their teeth removed, he took to the garden of 10 Downing Street and announced his resignation from the role of Leader of the Conservative Party — though not as Prime Minister. Since it appeared no-one was going to actively challenge him, he forced the issue—effectively challenging himself. As he put it himself, “Put up or shut up.” Ready or not, a leadership election was happening.

Or was it? Most of the Cabinet assured Major that none of them would stand against him. In the first round, anyway. Heseltine, in particular, took the opportunity to ingratiate himself with Major as if he was trying to osmose them into a single two-headed being. It took four days for a contest to be assured. The man who stepped forward: John Redwood. “Who?” cried Britain as one. He was best known at the time for being the Secretary of State for Wales who didn't know word one of Land of Our Fathers, and instead of just keeping his mouth shut and keeping his dignity while it was playing (or better yet, learning it), was filmed comically opening and closing his mouth at random instead. In other words, he was best known for a brief video clip of him looking like a twat. He wasn't the obvious choice, to say the least: he had come to the same conclusion as Major, that no-one else was going to step forward, and as one of the ideological Eurosceptics he was determined that this opportunity not pass by.

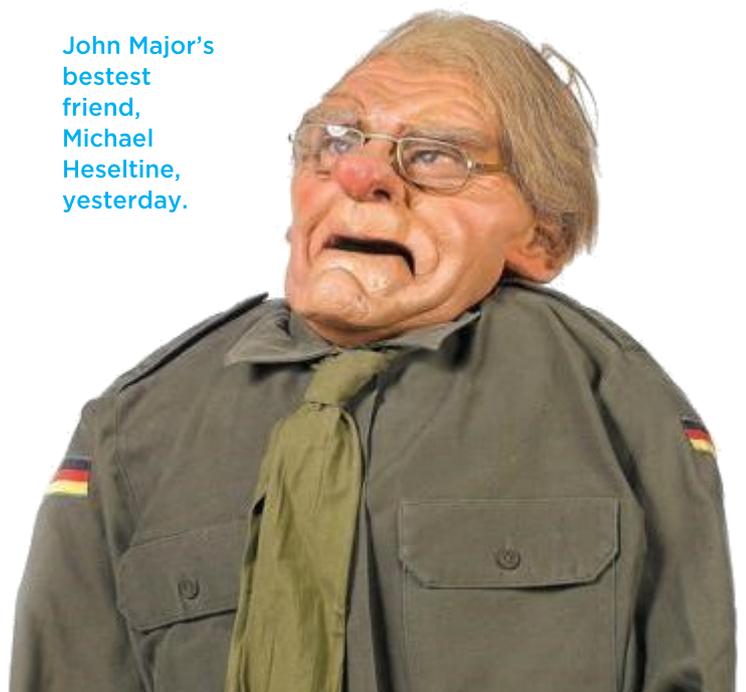
Meanwhile, the *real* candidates were playing it more cautious than Jose Mourinho on the edge of a cliff. Michael Portillo bided his time, installing extra telephone lines in his offices in preparation for the second round of voting. Heseltine did the same. Other prominent figures, such as Ken Clarke, demurred on the whole issue (although had Major been defeated, Clarke probably would have stepped in to take his place). Norman Lamont, widely expected to run, instead threw his eyebrows behind Redwood. And so the battle was set: on July 4th, the Tories would celebrate Independence Day — either from Major, or just from all the speculation.

It was also something of an ideological struggle between the extreme right of the party — no-one admitted to the left of Thatcher — and the more moderate, pragmatic side, exemplified by Clarke and Major, who weren't fond of Europe but didn't chafe at the notion of working with them. Major's side consisted of most of the Cabinet, including several of the Bastards. Major had expected to be faced with at least one of the main Bastards in the leadership contest; instead they were behind him. Caressing knives, but still behind him.

Redwood's campaign was fronted by rabid bull terrier and monstrous far-right activist Norman Tebbit, now a Lord, who had masterminded at least two General Election victories for Thatcher. Managing his campaign was the delightful David Evans, who would go on to nihilistically detonate his own career in an interview with, effectively, the *Junior Gazette*, in which he claimed the Birmingham Six were guilty and sin and mass-murderers to boot, and asked the Sarah Jackson analogue how she would feel if her mother were raped by “some black bastard”. With allies like that running his campaign, how could Redwood go wrong?

The slogan they went with was “No Change, No Chance” — playing on the Tories' plummeting ratings with the electorate in the wake of the rise of Tony Blair. With two years to go until an election, and the Tories already resigned to losing, this was a pretty good angle for a leadership campaign, except that John Redwood was, and is, a terrifyingly regressive post-Thatcherite, only slightly to the left of Iain Duncan-Smith and more or less level with his mentor, Tebbit. If there was

John Major's
bestest
friend,
Michael
Heseltine,
yesterday.



one thing less popular than John Major's Tories come 1997, it was Margaret Thatcher's Tories. Redwood is to the right of even them. Of his three most prominent supporters, Norman Lamont was the most moderate. That sums his career up, really.

He is also famously uncharismatic to the point where he comes across as some sort of confused visitor from space, learning how everything on Earth works (national anthems, for example) as he goes. He was known as "the Vulcan" within Parliament even before his attempt to become Prime Minister. A brief poster campaign and a pamphlet sent to everyone in the parliamentary party explained how Redwood differed from Major and what he'd do to make Britain great again: telling Europe to go fuck themselves, bringing back hanging, and massive spending cuts all around. He did succeed in gaining the support of the Sun (REDWOOD V. DEADWOOD) and the Daily Mail ("woo, hanging!"), and that might have helped him greatly were this a public vote, but it wasn't. Strictly limited to the parliamentary Conservative Party alone — that is to say, people who had met him. Darn.

On the day of the vote, absolutely no-one was surprised when John Major won the day by 218 votes to 89 (although the four spoiled papers rose a few eyebrows with their sheer childishness). The majority of 129 was easily vast enough to make a second round unnecessary, and Major was duly re-elected as leader of the Conservative Party, and remained Prime Minister. The sound of Michael Portillo kicking himself in the face was heard as far away as Croydon. He would never have as good a chance again, although he didn't know that at the time. He probably thought the telephone lines would come in handy for his bid to replace Major in 1997. Still, his failure to step up to the plate when challenged definitely harmed his image within the party, which had previously been that of a Prime Minister in waiting, heir to Thatcher and right-wing demigod. By effectively pussing out when his chance finally came, he found himself suddenly looking less of a man than John Redwood.

Heseltine, meanwhile, probably knew perfectly well his last chance had come and gone. His unexpected failure to make a move in 1995 may have had something to do with the heart trouble he had started to experience; with that in mind, he settled for the role of Deputy Prime Minister, where he remained for the rest of the administration, as a reward for his sucking up during the leadership contest. With his heart disease worsening, he kept his nose out when Major stood down for good in 1997, and retired in 2001. Redwood made another bid after the disastrous 1997 General Election, failed to get anywhere, and after briefly hovering around William Hague's shadow cabinet, disappeared to the Tory backbenches where he's been ever since, a faintly sinister presence whispering far-right rhetoric long into the night.

As for Major, he'd succeeded in reuniting the Conservative Party, which was some achievement, even though the divisions inevitably reasserted themselves within minutes. It wasn't enough to save the party from humiliation at the election, but at least he'd demonstrated, if only once, just who was Prime Minister around here.

WHAT THE PRESS ARE SAYING

The Times:

"John Redwood has galvanised tired Tory hearts. Mr Redwood's certitude provides a welcome respite from the evasions, uncertainties and shifts in position that have become the hallmark of this government."

The Daily Mail:

He would keep open well-loved local hospitals which health officials want to close for reasons of administrative convenience.

Extreme?

He would divert funds to popular schools so that they could expand.

Wild?

He believes we can afford to recruit more medical staff by freezing management costs.

Crazy?

He would seek to accommodate in hostels - or provide medical treatment for - those sleeping rough on the streets.

Doctrinaire?

He wants old people to be given more practical help and subjected to less bureaucratic fuss.

Heartless?

He favours the return of the death penalty.

Out of touch?

"The big issue on Europe, taxation and the conduct of government will now be debated in public rather than around the cabinet table."

THE REDWOOD PROGRAMME

On Europe:

"We should clarify our policy on Europe. The government's stated position has been rightly based on the idea that we should trade in Europe and co-operate with our friends and partners, but not build the superstructure of a superstate.

To put this into action in the few years requires that we **say no to abolishing the pound** - a single currency would transfer many of our economic powers from Parliament to the European institutions; **try to negotiate and limit the powers of the court** which makes laws for the UK without reference to Parliament; **transfer more powers of European government** to national and local government or to people."

On taxation:

"The Conservative Party is the Party of low taxation or it is nothing. We stormed the country with that message at three general elections and won a fourth term despite the odds on the same platform. It is time to deliver. We should show greater support for the traditional family, the prudent pensioner and small business through tax reduction."

WHAT THE PRESS ARE SAYING

The Sun:

"Like a voice from the wilderness, John Redwood delivers the message millions want to hear.

It's time for a change - starting with tax cuts.

With down-to-earth common sense Redwood speaks up for the family, for home-owners, for wage-earners, for pensioners, for small businesses and for Britain.

And he boldly goes where Major dare not tread: NO single currency.

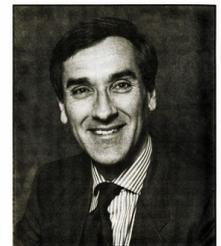
NO more powers handed to Europe.

NO political surrender without a referendum.

And best of all, no waffle, no maybes, no sitting on the fence."

RE-INTRODUCING

JOHN REDWOOD



John Redwood, who is challenging for the Leadership of the Conservative Party, is married to Gail and has two children.

Before entering the House, John worked in finance (Rothchilds) and industry (Chairman of Norcross Plc). He was a pioneer of the idea of privatisation in the seventies and head of Margaret Thatcher's Policy Unit in the eighties.

On Britain's industrial future:

"We have to raise the sights of school-leavers to see an engineer as the man in the Armani suit, not the boiler suit: to see the engineer as the woman designing the products of the future, as well as the man with the monkey wrench repairing the machines of the past."

On defence:

"Our security comes first - it is a dangerous world. No more regiments should go. We should strengthen our reserves and ensure we maintain sufficient force to defend Britain and our interests. Tories keep Royal yachts not scrap them."

On leadership:

"If the team is doing badly, the captain has to do something about it. He has to lead, encourage, tell them how they can do it. The Tory team has been losing too many elections. We must change before it is too late."

That Redwood pamphlet in full. Source: [Scottish Political Archive](#).

Now
there
are
2ways
to
support
2Suns

#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 and if it's even semi-coherent it will almost certainly be printed. We mean, 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 for more information on what this is and how it works, because it won't fit in this space. But it's a really good idea invented by a walrus and you should definitely do it.





2SUNS

SPECIAL EDITION #3

SCOTTISH REFERENDUM SPECTACULARITY

This September*

*assuming there is one

You have been reading 2SUNS #23, August 2014.