

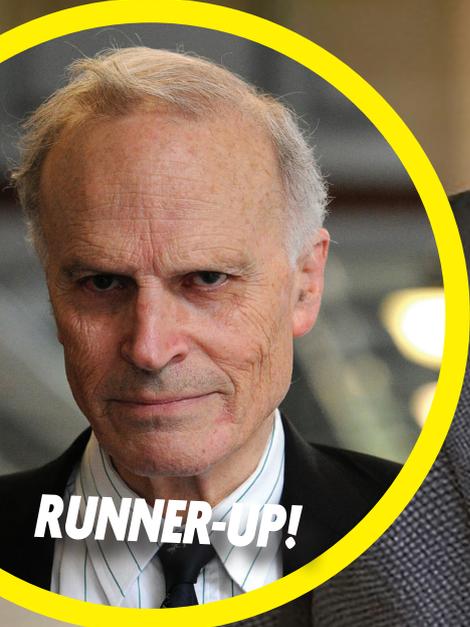


ABBEY'S TOP STOCK TIPS \$50K GUARANTEED!

FREE POSTER AND STICKERS INSIDE!

WEEK 12, 2020

Who? Weekly



RUNNER-UP!



MAOIST SPECIAL

WORLD EXCLUSIVE FOOTAGE



EXPLOSIVE RECORDINGS!

HARRY STYLES' FINAL ACT
A HERO AND REVOLUTIONARY MARTYR!

MICHAEL SPENCE: SEXIEST MAN ALIVE



DOON SPOTTED PREGGERS!

BUT WHO IS THE FATHER?



FASHION SPECIAL

FOUR TRENDY LOOKS FOR LESS THAN \$50!



PREMIER GLADYS TELLS ALL 'HIS D*CK WAS SIMPLY TOO B*MB'

AUST \$4.99, straight from your SSAF
HOWI SOLIT



I'M A

HACK

GET ME OUT OF HERE!



*with special judge
Alisha Aitken Radburne!*



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Nov. 17 2020 Issue 1312

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Find all 80 hidden RBGs in this edition to win a HUGE cash prize!

Who Weekly exclusives!

Harry Styles fan fic (p. 6) Top 5 USyd nip slips (p. 8), confessions of a "college shitter" (p. 9) and USU in-camera orgy revealed (p. 17).

*Do you have a story?
Call us on 0422 549 166. Just call
us. Any time you want. Really.*

Editorial

All year, USyd students have been complaining about our trash journalism. There was our terribly researched, poorly executed and misleading St Andrew's investigation, and of course criticising the girlies who wear Gorman. We pit women in stupor against each other, and Jews and Catholics too, reigniting a centuries old feud, and singlehandedly reversing the vote of the Second Vatican Council. We pissed off North Shore DJs whose only crime was trying to make people dance during lockdown, triggered students as we mocked content warnings and wrote too biased takedowns of the USU.

As an over ninety year old institution founded on the principles of: journalistic integrity, fact-checking, feminism, religious pluralism, good times and objectivity we have failed to uphold the values of *Honi Soit* that we once held so dearly. We've broken the solemn oath to protect *Honi's* stellar reputation we made when we began our terms on December 1 last year,

with a hand-on-paper oath on that day's Sydney Morning Herald. This left us no choice but to cease publication of this once venerated, increasingly virulent student newspaper. The *Honi* you once knew, with its hard hitting news and comedy that punched up, not down will live only in memories, under beds and in the Fisher Library archives. As of this week, we officially became unincorporated from our previous publishers — the SRC — , are no longer subject to the whims of our overlord, SRC President Liam Donohoe, and are hereby unaccountable to the student body who elected us. Look, nobody reads *Honi* anyway (p/ 32) so who cares?

As of today we are officially *Who? Weekly* and we'll write, photoshop and publish whatever the fuck we want to.

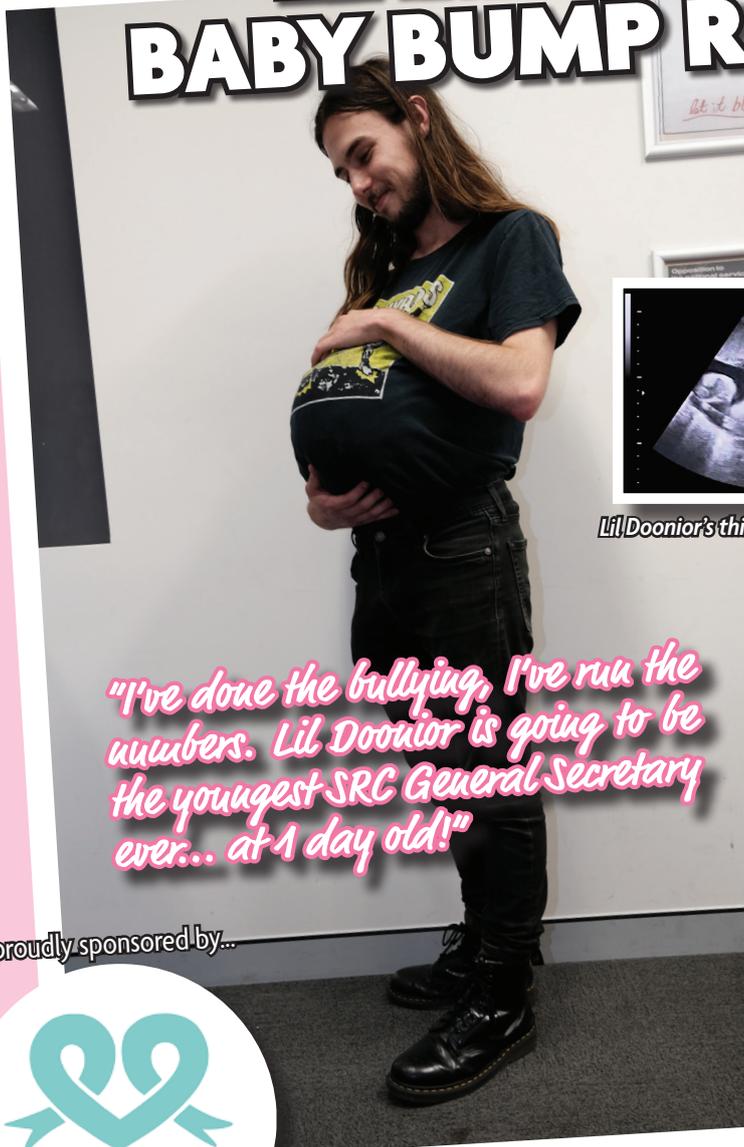
Shame upon those who think evil of it.

In scandal,
Who?

Stupol
Paparazzi!

SRC PRESIDENT LIAM DONOHOE BABY BUMP REVEALED!

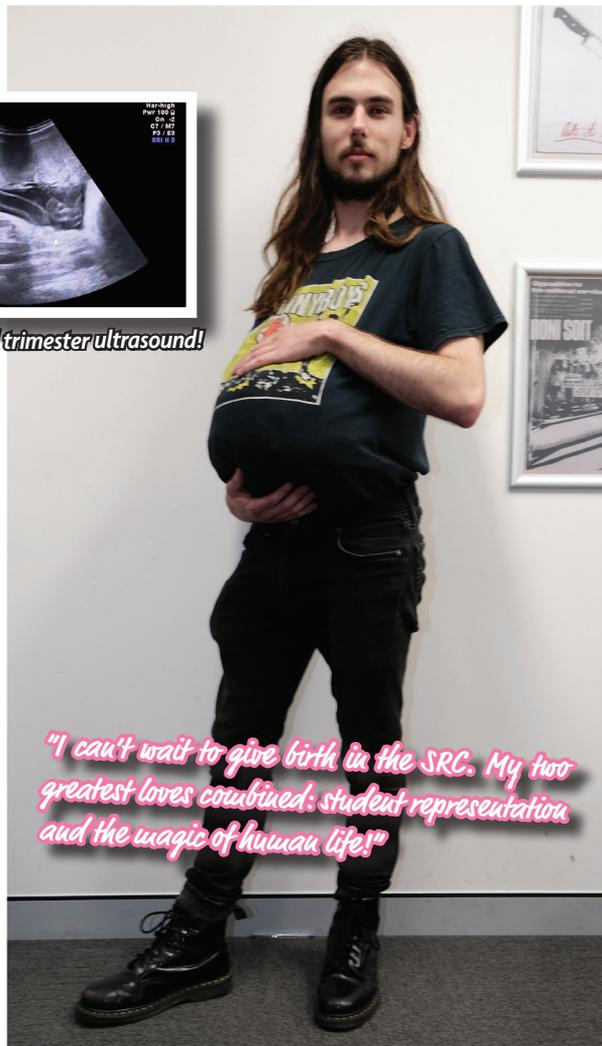
Doon rides solo!



Lil Doonior's third trimester ultrasound!

"I've done the bullying, I've run the numbers. Lil Doonior is going to be the youngest SRC General Secretary ever... at 1 day old!"

proudly sponsored by...



"I can't wait to give birth in the SRC. My two greatest loves combined: student representation and the magic of human life!"



Our resident baby experts assure us that this picture of Lil Doonior is 90% accurate. They also predict that Doonior will be the 2021 SRC General Secretary, following pre-selection by Grassroots in an uncontested election, after his father dug up dirt on other potential candidates and ran the numbers on an Excel spreadsheet. However, in a departure from tradition, he will not be splitting the position with a co-office bearer, carrying out the responsibilities himself as the youngest ever to hold the position, succeeding Liam Thomas and Abbey Shi at one day old.

"I'm doing this alone" says SRC President Liam 'Doon' Donohoe, cradling his growing bump.

Liam is 8 months pregnant, completing his final month in office as he prepares for the birth. "I'm not afraid to raise this baby by myself. I feel brave, strong and empowered."

It all started 10 months ago, when Donohoe met Bir Khan, known Love Rat, at O-Week. "We locked eyes across the SRC stall, and I couldn't help myself. Before I knew it we were on the SRC couch, and Doon "Lil Doonior" Junior was conceived."

Bir Khan is no longer in the picture, abandoning Liam to single fatherhood. "Lesser men would be intimidated by the prospect of single fatherhood, but I have never been more prepared. I intend to give birth on the morning of the 30th of November, making me the first SRC President to give birth whilst in office.

Those close to Donohoe say he is actually due on the 30th of December, but is planning on inducing labour a month early. "He doesn't care about the risks. He wants to be the first SRC president to give birth while in office — the only SRC president to give birth while in office," says an unnamed SRC insider.

DATING... OR SIBLINGS?



"We literally can't tell! Like, please: tell us."



A new trend has hit the Camperdown campus this year, with look-a-like pairings appearing everywhere — from holding hands on Eastern Avenue to fraternising in the Fisher Library stacks — duos that make you go: “Are they dating...or are they siblings?” are all the rage.

1. Gabi and Lachlan: Finch and Stricker-Phelps ran a joint senate campaign, but they share more than policy. Whether that’s bodily fluids or a genome sequence is up to you to decide.

2. Ellie and Swapnik: That’s right! The esteemed Pulp Editor and President elect (unopposed) could have been a presidential power couple, until Ellie lost her shot at General Secretary. With Ellie’s electoral prospects on the rocks, will their relationship survive? Or is blood thicker than water?

3. Deandre and Jeffrey: Locked in for a year of editing campus rag *Honi Soit*, these lovely lads have their work cut out for them. Does their literary bent run in the family?

ULTIMATE #GIRLBOSS REVEALED!



"I got pretty worried when at the last bracket I had to demonstrate my girlboss skills against Cady Brown. She's pretty girly and pretty bossy, so I didn't think I stood much of a chance. But here we are!"

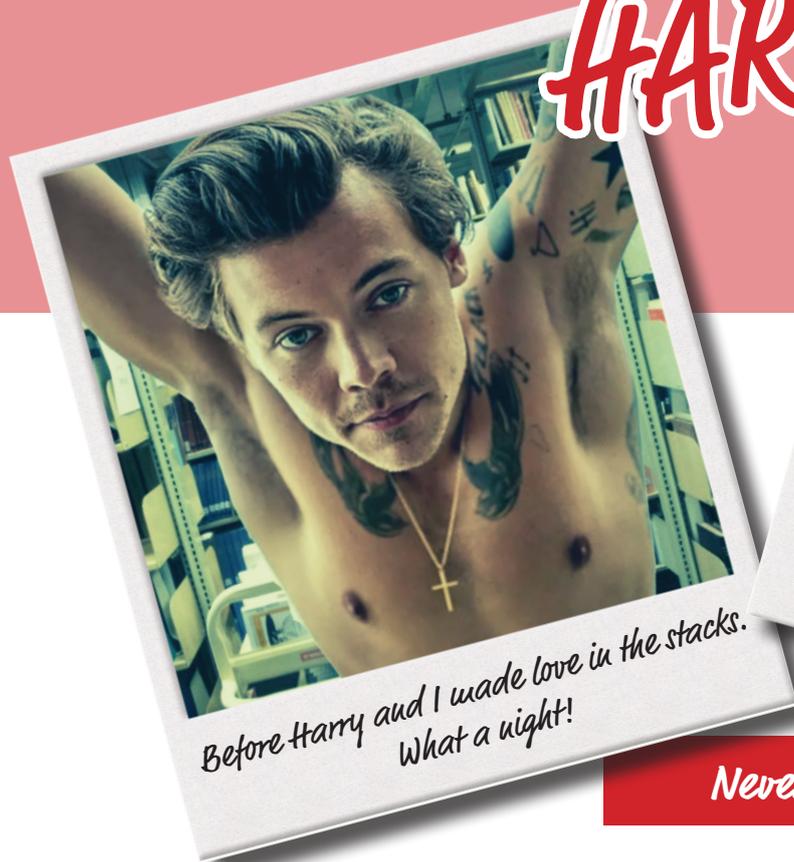
"When I was pitted against so many amazing women, I told myself I didn't want to be there, but who was I kidding. Being #ultimategirlboss is a dream I've had since I went to my first pageant."



Abbey Shi has veritably crushed the opposition, becoming the Ultimate #GirlBoss after her stunning move at RepsElect 2020 where she donated 50 Gs to the USyd SRC. Flashing this kind of cash around is the ultimate power move, rocketing her up in the bracket without any real competition. Shi stared down her detractors as she redeemed herself in an instant: we can't even remember what her previous misdemeanours were. Who cares, we say! All those nit-pickers are just jealous that Audacious Abbey has serious bank, which she earned all herself through stocks. We love a girlie who's financially independent!

MY ROMANCE WITH HEROIC MARTYR

HARRY STYLES



*Before Harry and I made love in the stacks.
What a night!*



*Harry with his favourite automatic:
the AK-47!*

Never-before seen photos!

It was in the bathrooms of the New Law building that [y/n] first met Harry Styles, then Socialist Alternative candidate for USU Board, now known to most as the courageous paladin that suicide bombed the F23 Admin Building.

“It was like love at first sight. I walked out of that bathroom and ran straight into him. I’ll never forget it.” [Y/n] tells Who Weekly.

What followed was a 9 month affair, a secret to everyone but [y/n] and Styles. They met in a number of campus locations — from the library, to the Anderson Stuart Courtyard, Courtyard, and Hermanns bar. [Y/n] says that although she enjoyed talking to Harry, what really had her hooked was what they got up to afterwards. “I couldn’t stop myself. He talked about Marx a lot, and Trotsky, but he would always shut up after a while, and that’s when the magic would really happen. The things he would do with his hands ...” A blush creeps up [y/n]’s cheeks as she recalls the intimate happenings of their weekly meet-ups, almost all too explicit to publish.

“He would **** my ***** and then ***** in my *****. He’d ***** my ***** with Mark Fisher’s *Capitalist Realism*, and then we would *****.”

After a few months of saucy meet-ups and rendezvous, [y/n] experienced a shift in the way she viewed the world, and her politics as a result. “When I met Harry, I was so naive. I thought everyone was in SASS just to make friends! He really opened my eyes to the reality of campus politics.”

As [y/n] fell deeper under the spell of Styles, she began to reconsider the friendships she had first made at University. “I was friends with lots of people in SASS — Melinda, Conrad (former University of Sydney Union President Conrad Ferret) but as Harry educated me further on the teachings of Marx and Trotsky, I realised I just wasn’t compatible with those people any more”

[Y/n] eventually joined the Women’s Collective, and became friends with what Harry described as “petit bourgeois Grassroots scum”. Harry demanded that



REVEALED: MAOIST WEAPONS CACHE UNDER THE QUADRANGLE!

they continue to keep their relationship a secret, and [y/n] reluctantly agreed. “Although it was hard....not being open with my friends about him. The secrecy actually made it hotter.”

They hit a stumbling block when Harry dropped a bombshell. “He told me he was joining Solidarity, and running for SRC president. I was shocked. I tried to reconnect with him after that happened, and then he asked me to ask Grassroots to support him for president. I couldn’t take it. This wasn’t the man I knew. We didn’t talk for a month.” In the end, Harry didn’t run for president.

It wasn’t long until they reconnected. A traumatic event, which [y/n] is unable to disclose, brought them back to each-other. “We were in the tunnels under the quadrangle, when I fell back into Harry’s arms again. We made love by candlelight, and when we finished we looked up, and realised where we were. We were in the weapons cache.”

It was this experience that ultimately caused both [y/n] and Styles to further flirt with revolutionary ideology, namely Maoism. “I was interested in Maoist ideology, but Harry was really invested. His commitment to Mao Zedong thought was

unparalleled.”

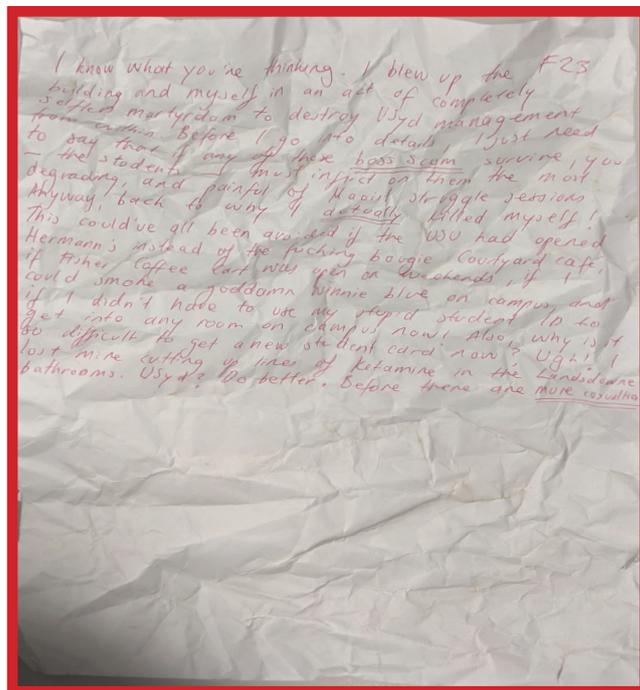
Harry and [y/n] resumed their dalliance, meeting almost daily in the tunnels. It wasn’t long until [y/n] realised that the store of weapons were slowly depleting. “I asked him about it, but he avoided my questions. I felt him slowly pulling away from me, becoming more and more distant.”

Eventually, Harry stopped returning [y/n]’s calls. “I was so worried about him. I hadn’t heard from him in weeks. Then one day he called me, and told me to meet him in our usual place.”

It was there that she heard a loud boom, and the tunnel walls began to shake. “I knew before I saw what had happened that he had done it. Harry had bombed the F23 Admin building. It wasn’t until I got closer that I realised he had blown himself up in the process, in an ultimate act of martyrdom.”

Several weeks later, [y/n] returned to their tunnel. It was there she found a note in Harry’s handwriting,

written in what looked like blood. “It was strange — I expected it to be about Mao, but it also contained a list of minor grievances and gripes with campus operations. There was a lot that Harry was angry about.”



EXCLUSIVE: "The Note"

TOP FIVE USYD NIP-SLIPS

OUR TOP PROCTORS PROUDLY SAY:
"FREE THE NIPPLE!"

brought to you by proctoru

440,000 ProctorU user titties, including Sydney Uni student nips, have been EXPOSED by notorious hackers CURVYNERDYS. Who? Weekly has obtained footage of all 440,000 boobies, hand delivered by these naughty balaclavad perverts to our basement office, escaping CCTV detection. Our best breast consultant, Feoffrey Gields has spent the last week staring, perering and trawling through all melons, and we can now #exclusively REVEAL THE TOP 5! BUOYANT SCHOOL GIRL BOSOMS! We also contacted Feoff's shortlisted ladies for a short statement.

The winner!



Lawyer girlie!

"I couldn't help it. The Evidence Act just turns me on!"



Queen girlie!

"I read poru, but I never thought I'd become it!"



Shocked girlie!

"Why does this keep happening to me?!"



Hungry girlie!

"Mangos are in season, and so am I!"



Leftist girlie!

"Do you like my hat?"

CONFESSIONS OF A 'COLLEGE SHITTER'

"I shit the halls for a damn good reason."

When the liberal circlejerk publication *Honi Soit* released their "investigation" into "hazing" at St. Andrew's College earlier in the year, they made a big deal out of uncovering the presence of a supposed "indiscriminate" hallway bowel-mover.

I was not only upset that they construed the shitting in a negative light — after all, a man has the right to defecate anywhere on his property so long as it does not impose on the individual freedoms of his neighbours (read some Nozick please) — but they did not once reach out to the shitter to try to contextualise or understand the poeing! So much for "lived experience" and the tolerant left!

Well, I'll tell you what: all this lack of representation tickles my large intestine. And thank the Christian God this fine magazine has given me a voice to lay bare and expose my inner workings.

To preface my manifesto, I have an admission to make: my digestive manoeuvres extend far beyond Drews' residential hallways. As a matter of fact, I've shit far and wide across the entire college. I've even gone so far as to leave my calling card in other colleges.

My reasons are simple. And if *Honi* had bothered to contact me at the time, they might have even found a philosopher in their midst.

WHY I SHIT:

As my Grade 11 PDHPE teacher taught me at Shore School, defecation is one of the most fundamental human needs, according to Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs. Yet, at Drews, all my physiological needs are met without effort: meals are paid for, my room is cleaned and I have a fresh supply of bottled water coming from the taps. Survival poses no challenges. Evolution has effectively paused. We have, as it were, lost touch with the entire human project.

But to shit the halls, where there is no luxury of a flushing toilet or seemingly endless 4-ply toilet paper, is an effective method of shocking the ego back to consciousness. It reconnects us with those baser parts of ourselves that we lost so long ago with the advent of technology.

When I pass a turd through my cheeks and onto the carpet, it is not a turd I see, but a mark of our animality and our naturalism.

My best college shits - a photo essay:



St. Andrew's dining hall

"Unlike the common saying, I do shit where I eat."



St. Andrew's street sign

"Go hard or go home. Loud and proud poos!"



St. Paul's quadrangle

"The smell of shit and misogyny in the air!"



St. Andrew's main building

"There's nothing like poeing in a historical building."



St. Andrew's beer garden

"Crack open a cold one; take a dump."



St. John's front lawns

"I feel like the grass recognises me by now."



Who? Weekly presents:

MICHAEL SPENCE: SEXIE

You know him as your favourite campus figure, but now, outgoing Vice-Chancellor Michael Spence has been named *Who? Weekly's* Sexiest Man Alive 2020! Sexiest Man Alive is just one of many accolades for the popular VC, who won the Best Boss Award from the NTEU in 2014 and the Thales Sydney Peace Prize in 2016.

So what did Spence think when he first heard about his latest title? "I was like, 'Come on, no way. Really?'" the VC tells *Who? Weekly*. "Looked in the mirror, I checked myself out. I was like, 'Yeah, you are kind of sexy today.' But to be honest, it was just a nice feeling. It was a nice surprise — an ego boost for sure."

Spence is *Who? Weekly's* 33rd Sexiest Man Alive, joining a long list of Australia's hottest, starting with a then-29-year-old Mel Gibson in 1985.

Though he was an athlete through his school days at Knox, playing first-string football, basketball, cricket, hockey and rugby, the VC insists he went through an awkward phase first. "I was very tall and skinny," says the 6'3" Spence. "But as soon as I could grow a mustache, I was the coolest kid on the block. Grew a mustache, had some muscles, bonkers."

When he's not being one of Sydney Uni's brightest stars, Spence might be djing in Ibiza, kickboxing in Thailand, or designing his own clothing line, he's

performing beachside shirtless marriage ceremonies as an ordained Anglican minister. But picking the happiest moment of his life is easy.

"I'm not sure what I'd do without being able to jet-off at the semester, and hit the decks. When I get the crowd going at an Ibiza club I really come alive."

"Being witness to the birth of my children is the biggest and best thing ever," says Spence. "I'm super doting, big hugs, kisses, lots of love-yous. I'm sure my daughter's like, 'All right Dad,

"Lil ol' me?"

BEST MAN ALIVE!

chill out.' My son is still at that age where he loves a cuddle."

"That, or cutting heaps of staff."

But staff aren't the only thing that's cut for the VC, who sticks to a strict gain, shred, lift, smash, fast, purge diet. Spence denies allegations of roiding, however.

That's left the VC looking absolutely tanked.

"I don't want to look like someone that the Big Guy can just walk all over," Spence laughs. "I mean of course everyone in government or with a sizeable endowment on offer can, and does."

"But I like to feel like I can stand up for myself."

As for making a connection, Spence has learned the importance of "eye contact and empathy. You know, sort of reading someone's vibe," he says. "I love being confident, but also I know when to rein it in and just stay humble and grounded."

For now, the VC strives to live with as few regrets as possible. "Life isn't about thinking about what you should have done," adds Spence. "I think everyone should adopt the philosophy that tomorrow is not promised so just go for it today, man. You might as well do it to your heart's content."

Fuck we're gonna miss him. What a hunk!

Our favourite Spence memories

1. This sexy bearded look



Did someone say daddy? No? Sorry I must have misheard.

2. Standing up for staff



Placeholder image

3. Speaking truth to power

Spence has never been one to say no to a fight. "I've fought a lot of people in my time at USyd," Spence says. "Staff, unions, a group of 13 year olds at the park who made fun of my beard." Our favourite moment was when Spence bravely faced off against a radical cabal of students outside the Royal this year.



Quiet hippy! Your flower power is no match for Spence's glower power!

U HACK
SWEAT POO

*The more you know:
Sex with Dyson Heydon
is the only legal form of
necrophilia in Australia!*

What do we like more than a man in uniform? Now we've seen what lies beneath NSW Police Commissioner Mick Fuller, we can tell you: a man out of one! The thin blue line isn't the only thin line we're thankful for this year. We wish he'd rub his hands over us, just like police have run their hands over dozens of children this year. We're tired of cop-phobia that's been rampant this year. Let's get that animal off that horse and into our bedrooms!

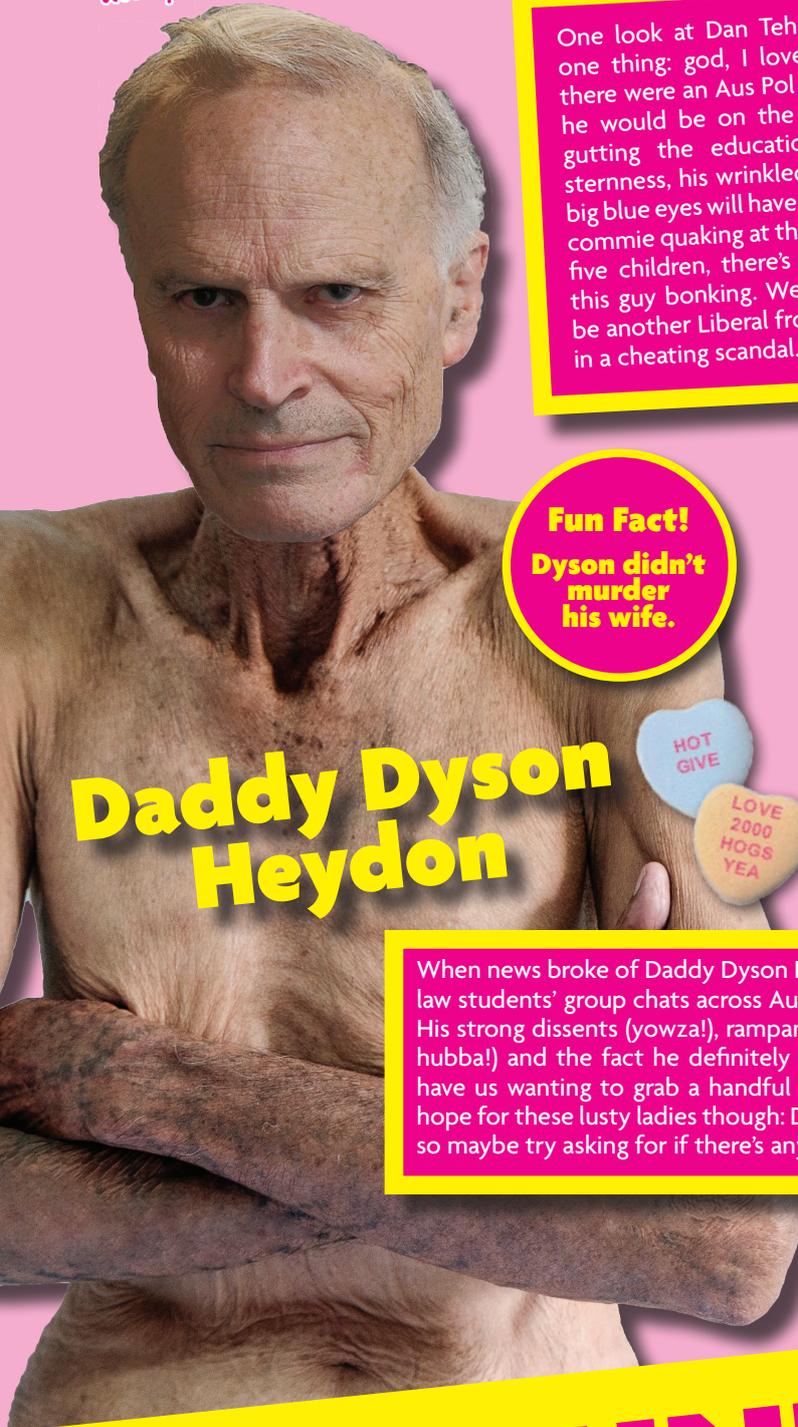


STANK LOVE

Manly Mick Fuller

One look at Dan Tehan and you know one thing: god, I love country boys. If there were an Aus Pol Shirtless Calendar, he would be on the front. Even when gutting the education sector, Tehan's sternness, his wrinkled eyebrows and his big blue eyes will have the most hardened commie quaking at the knees. A father to five children, there's clearly no banning this guy bonking. We're just hoping he'll be another Liberal front benched caught in a cheating scandal...with us!

*Mighty Mick has us
standing to attention!
And by us, we mean our
penises!*



Daddy Dyson Heydon

Fun Fact!
Dyson didn't
murder
his wife.

HOT GIVE
LOVE 2000 HOGS YEA



HOLE

Dirty Dan Tehan

DanTeh(hau)'s inferno

HEAT TEAM

When news broke of Daddy Dyson Heydon's alleged sexual harassment this year, lady law students' group chats across Australia lit up with one question: "Why not me????". His strong dissents (yowza!), rampant disregard of women's bodily autonomy (hubba hubba!) and the fact he definitely didn't murder his wife (*motor boting motion*) have us wanting to grab a handful of his ancient, shrivelled up dick. There remains hope for these lusty ladies though: Daddy Dyson is still an Emeritus Professor at USyd, so maybe try asking for if there's anything you could do for some extra credit?

THE RUNNERS UP!

These hunky pieces of man meat are all winners in our eyes!

54 million people have what?!

WHAT IS THE

CORONAVIRUS?

EXCLUSIVE!

Coronavirus fact sheet:

- Coronavirus is sometimes also called COVID-19. The 19 means it's the 19th strand of coronavirus this year.
- It is believed that sneezing causes coronavirus.
- Scientists say that particles of the deadly coronavirus are stored in the balls.
- If a dog barks at you, it means it can smell coronavirus on you, and it enjoys the fragrant scent.
- Cornettovirus is the name of a legendary Japanese samurai sword from 8th century feudal Nippon. The WHO acquired the sword earlier in the year, and named the new disease after it.
- If you were born with a naturally blue penis, it is impossible to contract colonelviro.
- In France, it is against the law to catch connievovo.
- In order to stop strangers from stealing your precious cornvineyes, remember to wear a surgical mask on public transport.
- What would happen if coonovarshas died? Who's to say.

DID YOU KNOW?

The coronavirus originated from Wuhan. *Who?* Weekly's investigators believe Wuhan is the name of a city in China. China is a country.

Who? Weekly's guide to social distancing

Deadly scared of the chronotrigger? Follow our simple guide to social distancing to protect yourself from coomervargas.



Tick = Green!
Gross = Red!

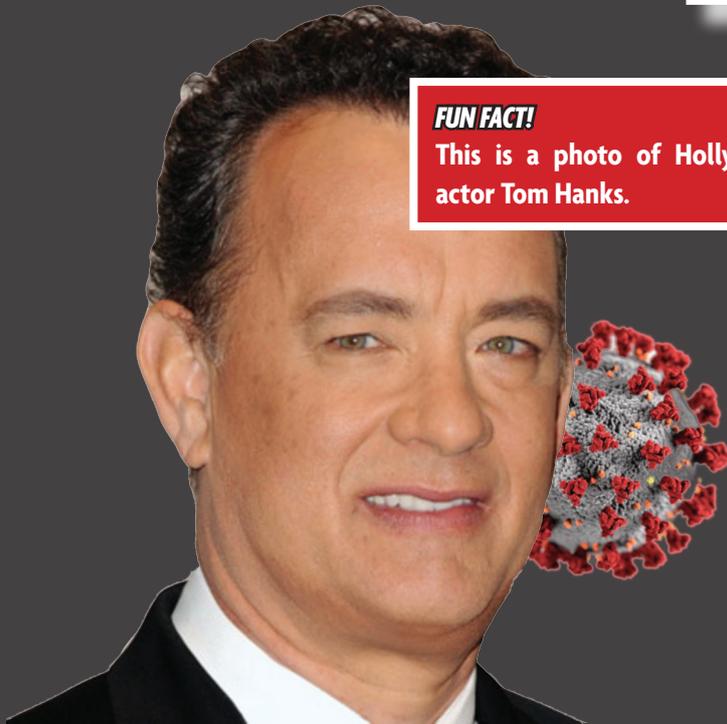
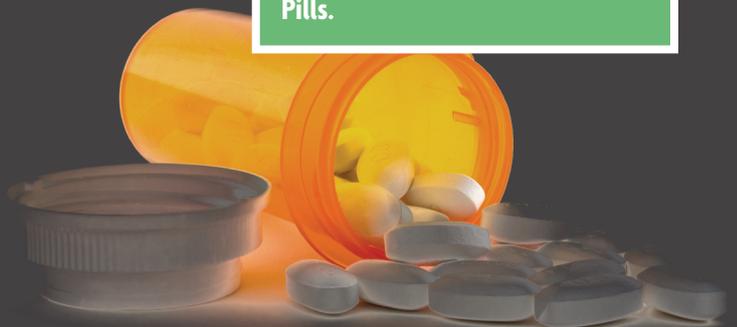


FUN FACT!

This is a photo of Hollywood actor Tom Hanks.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

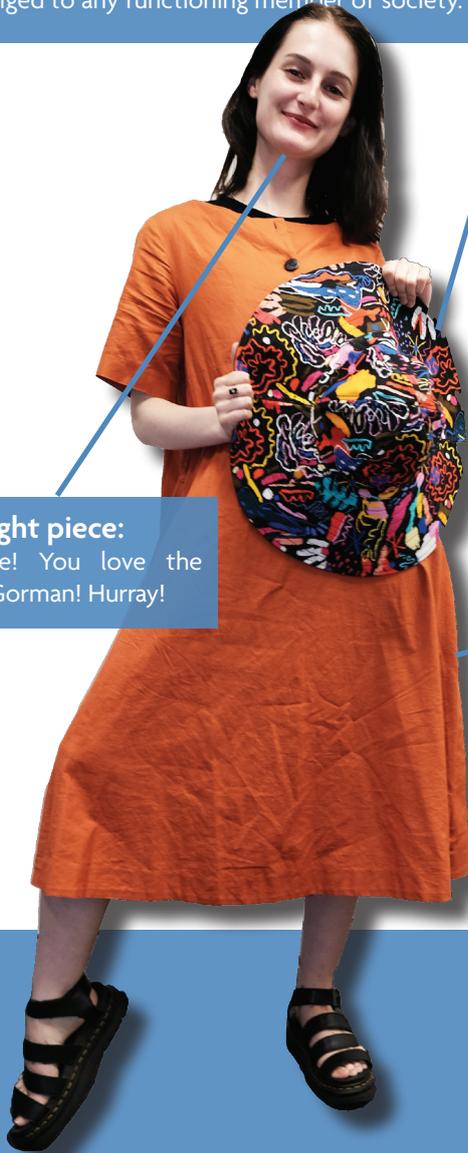
Pills.



Who? Weekly's 2020 Style Guide

Highlight piece:

Perfect camouflage to hide from anyone tripping their face off on a couple of tabs! Alternatively, you can look deranged to any functioning member of society.



Highlight piece:

A smile! You love the brand Gorman! Hurray!

Highlight piece:

Frumpy! What more could you ask for in a dress?

Highlight piece:

Cool socks! Kids love cool socks. Pickle Rick.

“Full Gorman”

The queens of outlandish fashion are one of our favourites: Gorman. Renowned for their ability to match absolutely antithetical patterns and colours, the Gorman style is the fashion of the modern women (peacock). Suited to all body shapes and innerwest-virtuesignalling-trendy-socially-conscious-young professionals, Gorman is perfect for the ultimate girlboss.

“Hip with the kids”

Almost as garish as Ms. Full Gorman, the undercover cop's desperate attempts to remain inconspicuous give rise to a motley collection of patterns, shapes and colour blocking that would make the most experimental of designers at NYFW quake in their boots! Mixing and matching Shia Labeouf levels of normcore (New Balance Shoes, speed-dealers) with the on-point maximalism of Vetements, when not trying to strip search or frisk you for some sweeeeet drugs, these “mature-age students” are trailblazing a haphazard, off-duty style. Barely hidden earpiece essential.

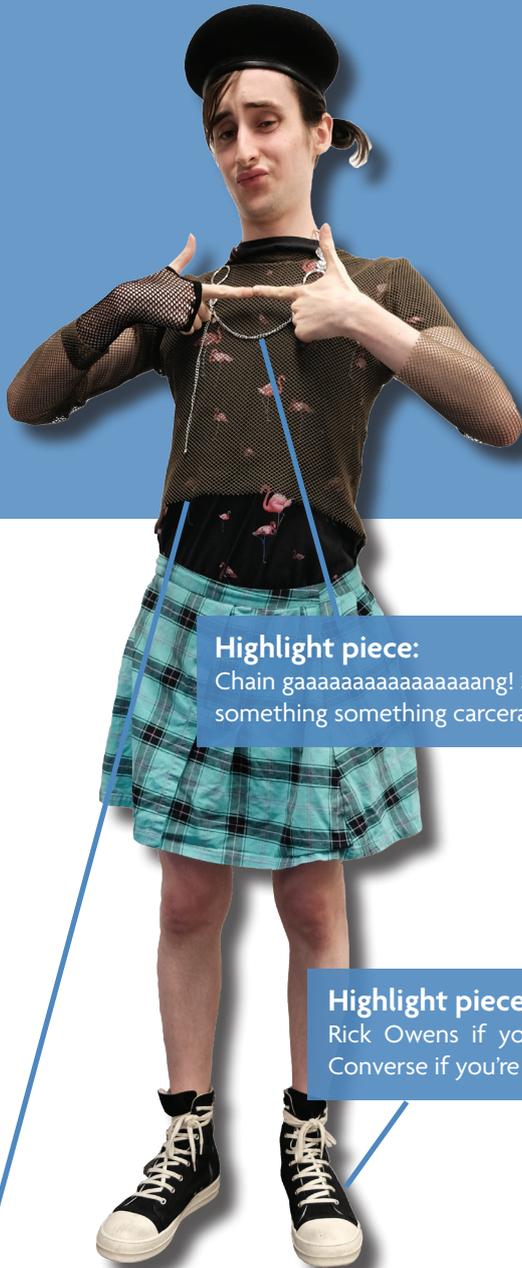


Highlight piece:

A bum bag keeps all your confiscated drugs, handcuffs and walkie talkie in easy reaching distance, in case you need to strip search a minor in a dash.

“Very online girl”

You thought girls like her only existed on OnlyFans or in the tweets you keep seeing your boyfriend replying to. But there she is, in reality, toking a juul at the back of your ECOP class. Her shoes? Huge. Her skirt? Jiggling schoolgirl-short. Her hat? A black-panther-meets-French-toddler beret. The e-girl has ventured from sexy-baby TikToks out into reality, and she's sporting the hottest look for summer. Recreate yourself with platform Docs, coloured hairclips and a deep self-hatred your sexy baby facade will never, ever, hide.



Highlight piece:

Chain gaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaang! Something something something carceral justice?

Highlight piece:

Rick Owens if you're rich. Converse if you're not.

Highlight piece:

A mesh top so people see into your soul, or lack thereof.

Highlight piece:

A University of Sydney Security jacket, which a guard gave you because you had a fat yarn about your shared homophobia.

Highlight piece:

Hide your disdain for the great unwashed with a pair of aviators.

Highlight piece:

An elegant timepiece easily obscures any misogyny. Such refined style, such clean taste: you *must* respect women!



“Grose until close?”

Our favourite rugby short, sandal-socks wearing resident college students are also as easily distinguishable in their more smart casual wear. With a shiny black or chestnut pair of RMs, you'll see these big boys strutting through the Sals or the Marly on any night (or morning) of the week, with varying degrees of vomit staining their collars. Watch out also for the pair of sunglasses hiding some saucy dinner plate pupils and a baseball cap turned backwards to cover up a receding hairline!



An excerpt from...

The Heart Gallops On

...a brand new erotic novel by Stephanie Steel!

Deputy Jock Neighborne awoke happy. He peeked past the curtain and saw little droplets of dew humming atop freshly mown grass. The smell of the earth teased him, lulled him from the bed. In the past few weeks he'd awoken despondently – the burden of unrequited love was seeping through his bones, slowing him down, filtering all parts of the world that he usually found beautiful with a burdensome sepia glow. That morning however, was different. He was delirious. An energy coursed through his body, and from every direction. It flowed powerfully to one spot – his heart.

What beauty, Jock thought to himself, as he reached over the pepper-spray on his bedside table and pressed play on the speakers. The dulcet piano chords of Daryl Braithwaite's classic *Horses* emanated through the room. He stretched his neck and sensually massaged the base of his spine – it was painful that morning but the pain was worth it. As Daryl's sultry voice whispered it away, Jock smiled with the wry smile of nostalgia. He remembered it like it was yesterday, that first night after being inducted into the police academy. He and his comrades were at the pub, wielding their big black batons and singing, baton-in-baton, the chorus of *Horses* at the tops of their lungs. They were forming transcendental bonds not only with the men in the room, but with policemen all over the world, united in their purpose to dick-swing, boot-lick and sublimate childhood trauma into unrestrained aggression towards Aboriginal kids and queers. But, as Deputy Jock Neighborne knew, nostalgia was just that, nostalgia – a relic of the past, a reminder of good times. But now happy Deputy Jock Neighborne had finally discovered something to smile about; who needed nostalgia when you had the love of a beautiful companion to walk through life with?

Jock had been admiring him for months. He was imposing. His skin seemed as if it were crafted by hands that were out of this world; his hair was dark and had the metallic sheen of a raven's coat. He had chiselled muscles like a marble Achilles. Jock had seen him chase down and trample many a Docs-wearing, petit bourgeois, uni student, fast like a jaguar and with the power of a semi-trailer. Jock craved the day he might experience such power. Oh, Beefcake, be mine. Take me to the Hershey Highway.

But this was Jock's dirty, guilty secret. See: Jock's worst nightmare was his work colleagues finding out about this secret crush. He'd seen how they mocked the gays in Newtown. This was a game of furtive glances, blushes and joyous winks – "just going for a cig" – in bathroom stalls at the Redfern cop shop.

The issue was that Jock was still a lowly Deputy. He paled in comparison to those other men who'd dedicated their lives to the force, loved the force and caressed the force, as if all the boys in blue were one big biological family. The other lads and girls had proven their credentials. They were battle-hardened and scarred from beating the shit out of 40 kilo queer activists and emaciated crackheads. Beefcake barely noticed him.

So accustomed to dominating civilians and writing out tickets, Jock's sexual fantasy, his kink, was something different to his everyday experiences. He salivated for something new. He himself wanted to see what it was like to be penetrated and dominated. And so, when others left to go home, he stayed back. Beefcake didn't talk much. He was staunch and all business. But he listened and that's what Jock loved the most. Jock told him about his love for all the finer things in life – a Dare iced coffee in the morning, JPS Gold (only tailors) and Oakley sunglasses. He was silently in awe of Jock's passion for Sudoku, which he'd spent hours on alongside his morning glass of whiskey. Jock told him about the beach that had been a formative part of his childhood – the rolling waves, the calming coalesce of kids frolicking on the beach, the birds chirping, the thrill he got making sandcastles.

He told him about his first wife, who didn't like being second fiddle to his first love – the force – and how lonely he'd been since then. He even told him about all the kids who used to make fun of him at school, the steroid addiction he developed as a result and how he struggled to get his cock up for his wife. But Jock assured him he'd be able to do it for him. He imbibed it all, all his imperfections and all his eccentricities but at no point did he, like so many others before, say "you're a fucking loser".

Despite all the time they spent together, Jock knew someone like him couldn't hold his attention for long. Beefcake needed a spectacle, a Hollywood-esque display of love, to be convinced that Jock was the one.

It was a balmy evening, and they were all returning after a long day of brutalising some uni student fuckheads. One of Jock's comrades asked him if he would be joining them for beers, but one look into Beefcake's dark, cosmic eyes forced him to reject the kind offer. He guided Beefcake into the stable and nestled his head within Beefcake's rippling muscles. Jock caressed him softly. He grunted in pleasure. Jock looked him square in the eye and as they stared at each other, time slowed to a drawl, and the tick tock of the clock was replaced with the protracted beats of his heart, thumping and heavy, oozing out from his swelling body. He gave him a peck on the cheek and moved around toward his back. Jock's fingers traced abstract across Beefcake's body and they carefully, agonisingly, moved further down. He felt around and to his surprise, felt something not soft and wet, but firm, thick and pulsing. He looked down and a giant horse cock stared him in the face. Is this me? he asked himself. Trust your heart Jock, trust it. He got onto his knees and moved into his best downward dog. Jock reached behind him and put his hand around the horse's penis, clenched his jaw and with one swift movement, he felt a rush, unlike nothing he'd ever felt before – all the stars on in the sky burst, all the birds in the world chirped and all the other compartments of the earth spiralled and self-immolated, channelling all their energy to the powerful fusion of Jock and his saviour, the police horse.



USU

In-Camera Sex Cult REVEALED!

USU Board Meetings? More like USU Butt Meat-ings! That's right - those notorious 'in-camera' sessions during Board Meetings are just a front for the Board Directors' secret sex society: U.R.E.T.H.R.A. (Union Recreational Ejactulation, Tickling, Heavy Rimming and Anal).

A Union worker tells us that, while "the Pulp cucks" wait patiently in a Zoom breakout room for the Board to finish their 'confidential business', the Directors head to Manning Bar, don their robes and penis masks, and commence the ritual they refer to as 'The Big Fuck'.

As part of this, the Directors use their "sacred names. These include:

I Rim Ma (Hole), Cady Bound, Bendy Schlong, Ben Hymen, Quicky In, Boobies(?) Lots(!), Dick Jiggly, Blow In Da Bomb Ass, Pullout Willy-Weak, Cummer Wet, and Nick Forbutt.

The Senate Appointed Directors, who are referred to as Stained Bummond and Many Leaks, are apparently the leaders of this cult, and participate in an infrequent ceremony known as 'The Senate Suck-and-Fuck'.

The unfortunate staff members who have witnessed the society's rituals have all been fired this year under the guise of "financial constraints". More like staff un-cuts!

Unfortunately, invites are closed.



New U.R.E.T.H.R.A
Managing Director

Following the widespread reactions of disappointment after the closure of historic student venue Manning Bar earlier in the year, the USU is proud to announce its return at last: as the new location of the gates to the underworld! Come on in and meet all your favourite hell denizens: past board directors, pro-abortion activists, fired CEOs, religious heretics, casual workers and of course, Hitler. ACCESS discounts apply!



USU

WELCOME TO HELL FESTIVAL

sponsored by...



SHOCKING REVELATION: MOST PEOPLE DON'T READ HONI SOIT!

Every week, *Who? Weekly* sends out its crack team of investigators, detectives and statisticians to get to the bottom of our readers' most burning mysteries. This week, we set them loose on a quest to find out, at long last, whether anyone actually reads the USyd student newspaper *Honi Soit*. Their conclusion? No, not really. We can't say we're surprised. Join us next week as we reveal who really did 9/11!

The overwhelming majority of people don't read *Honi*, the casual observer will note. *Honi* editors might trounce around campus, thinking they're important, but they're really not. Indeed, few students at USyd will ever pick up a copy of the storied newspaper. Few people alive even attend USyd. And that's just the living people. Most people are not alive. Most people are dead.

This poses, to us investigators, two questions:

(1) What portion of people have ever read *Honi Soit*? And

(2) What portion of people are current readers of *Honi Soit*?

We would note that the latter question is the more important, at least if we are primarily concerned with the question of whether *Honi* editors are justified with feeling uppity about themselves. There is, from the editors' perspective, a perverse incentive to have a very low portion to be the answer to the first question, as it would indicate that their current team, as particularly talented and populist writers, have reached a wider reach than their (we assume) largely-dead predecessors.

An estimated 107 billion people exist in the world. Most of them are corpses. Imagine things like this: if they were all alive, there would be a war. Terrible war. Many of them would eat us. We would win through superior technology, but at what cost?

We digress. They are not alive (phew! I'm sure you're thinking), but that doesn't mean they are not people, and not relevant to this calculation.

This year, *Honi's* weekly distribution was about 1000: decreased due to a campus closure, with reduced student numbers in general owing to

COVID-19. But many more people read *Honi* online.

At this moment, hacking into the *Honi* WordPress account tells us that the site has been seen an estimated 60,000 times this month. At different times of year though, that number was more than 120,000. Most of those are apparently new viewers. To be honest, we don't believe WordPress. So let's say, by compromise, about 50,000 different people have read *Honi* this year at least once (a generous estimate, we would venture). That's 69% (lol) of the student population at USyd. A solid credit.

But of the world's live population, it's not much at all. 0.000641% to be exact.

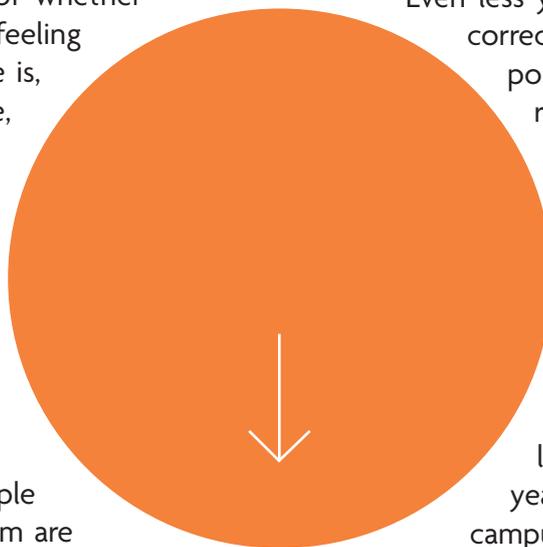
If you think that's bad though, what of the world's total 170 billion people who have ever lived?

Even less you might think! You would be correct: 0.000000294% of the world's population, dead and alive, have read *Honi* this year. Not a number to be proud of, to be honest, and certainly not enough to constitute being a BNOC.

But what of the number of people who have ever read *Honi* — higher, you would think? You would also be correct. We would assume less people read *Honi* in its early years because less people were on campus and it was only available in limited numbers in print. We'll just assume 25,000 people read *Honi* every year on average, then over it's 91 years of publication: a total of 2,275,000 (91 times 25000 equals that number). Wowza!

But even so, that remains a very small portion of the world's population (and remember, we're counting dead people too): only 0.00134%.

In conclusion, get off your high horses *Honi* editors! Most people don't read your newspaper. Most people are dead!



WHAAAAA?!

What did I do with my \$12k? Bought 400 bags of Tel Aviv's finest coke!

Sorry Liz!
You should've tried cyanide!

Get your own poppers, bitch!



FOUND ALIVE...IN ISRAEL?

In truly astonishing news for fans of law, sport, monarchy, embezzling, revolution, panthers, sex offending, cars, fashion and deejaying the world over, assumed-to-be-dead celebrities Ruth Bader Ginsberg, Kobe Bryant, Princess Diana, Tina Lee, Qasem Suleimani, Chadwick Boseman, Karl Lagerfeld, Paul Walker and Avicii, have been discovered living a luxurious, drug-fuelled existence in Tel Aviv, Israel.

The motley gang were discovered this week after passersby heard strange sniffing noises and groans coming from a seemingly innocuous underground bunker, previously assumed an abandoned military shelter for decades. Turning a blind eye at first, the neighbours attempted to go about their daily business.

However, they soon found the commotion too much, and their curiosity overwhelmed them. With skyrocketing coronavirus cases in the country, and threats of a third lockdown, they knew something wasn't quite right, and went in to investigate the problem for themselves.

What came next was... inconceivable! Hands wielding glowsticks circled the air as the uplifting trance of Avicii's "Wake Me Up" permeated the room, the Swedish DJ riling up the crowd below him. Smoke machines began wooshing, as people's bodies — as if possessed by the Party Phantom — began contorting in anticipation of the drop.

RGB threw her head back and began to sing along:

*So wake me up when it's all over
When I'm wiser and I'm older
All this time I was finding myself
And I didn't know I was lost.*

Consumed, she took out her Zap aMyl, huffing heavily three times in each nostril, before attempting to pass it to Kobe behind her. Failing to meet his hands in the heaving chaos, Kobe turned her around and picked her up by her ass cheeks, wrapping his big hands around her tiny waist. She thrust the bottle to his nose as he inhaled deeply. As the dissociation hit, he plunged his tongue down her throat, kissing her passionately.

Above, a revolving disco ball — shaped like a coronavirus molecule — lit up the dance floor in neon pink, purple and blue hues. As it swirled, different scenes began to emerge.

Outside the bathroom, Paul Walker was fucking Princess Di up the ass, yelling "Vroom Vroom!", as she swallowed four MDMA pills.

As one neighbour told *Who? Weekly*: "She's my idol, Princess Di is, and to find out she's alive after all this time, only to be hiding away and involved in such debauchery has got me questioning so much about her that I'd always taken for granted."

In another corner, Epstein was snorting a line off a supine Karl Lagerfeld, dressed only in his signature thick black sunglasses, his Chanel face mask submerged in a bowl of GHB-induced punch.

Whilst others were finding their

partners for the night, Chadwick (with a bleeding nose) was bounding across the space, wall-to-wall, growling like a panther, as he shoved swabs of speed up the noses of unsuspecting dancers. Leaping over to Tina Lee to give her a bump, Lee declined, pushing him away and said: "Goodness me! It's Tina Lee, and Tina Lee only does the finest cocaine!"

After snorting a line, she picked up a bottle of Veuve, shook it and then sprayed it all over the crowd. Everyone cheered loudly as hysteria engulfed the room.

Qasem, a gram of 2cb in hand, approached the decks. "Avicii, my man! You know what'll really get me going?"

"What do you want, you Sulei-Man?"

"Levels. You know, I'll let you in on a secret. It was the Guard's hype song," he said as he motioned zipping his lips. This was, after all, his biggest secret.

The disco ball began to slow down, as the music began to transition, the crowd waiting in expectation.

A euphoric pulse started to fill the room.

A crack appeared and confetti slowly fell from the roof. Then, a beaming light shone on Qasem's face, who stood with his arms outstretched and smiled with pink powder all over his teeth.

This was their safe haven, their escape from all the haters outside. They had found their wonderland, in the Holy Land.

Parents corner!



TIP #1:
Tell Drew to shut
the fuck up!

FOUR TIPS FOR KEEPING YOUR DREW PAVLOU OCCUPIED OVER THE SUMMER BREAK!

TIP #2:
Tell Drew to shut
the fuck up!

Life with your Drew Pavlou can be filled with countless joyous moments, from taking him home after he is expelled from your uterus, to watching him grow the first strands of his Jersey Shore-esque haircut. But

any parent will tell you that raising a child is a demanding and stressful task, especially when that child is an anti-CCP student activist. To help out, we've put together a list of our top tips for taking care of your Drew!

Attention!

A Drew Pavlou requires constant attention. It is important that you are watching him at all times and validating his various achievements, from hanging upside down on the monkeybars to receiving national media attention for his aggressive criticism of the CCP.

Playdates!

Keeping up an active social life for your Drew Pavlou is incredibly important. Organise social activities with everyone from your neighborhood fascists to his CIA handler.

Grooming!

That luscious crest of hair on top of his huge head is where he stores all his power. Keep it silky and strong with a consistent hair care regimen.

Twitter!

Too much Twitter can result in little Drew accidentally stumbling across something called Criticism, which his brain is much too small to handle. Make sure to limit screen time to a healthy 8 hours daily.

NEXT WEEK!
proud shore Mums
Tell All!

KEEPING UP WITH THE BEREJKLIANS



The Slut

The Premier

The Other One

TIPS FOR *Love*

Ladies! There's a new famous Armenian family in town with a name you can't pronounce or spell — the Berejklians! Whilst Gladys showed us that "someone with a long surname and a woman can be Premier of NSW," it was only when her story of heartbreak with Daryl Maguire burst into our newspapers and onto our newsfeeds that we began to recognise her true star power. But Gladys isn't the only hairy-legged heartthrob out there, her sisters Mary and Rita are getting ready to piggyback off her new-found fame. Rita Berejklian-Odom has a lot to handle with a bub on the way and her heroin-addicted hoop-shooting hubby philandering around. Mary Berejklian-Disick doesn't have it any easier though, she has bubs number trois on the way and her ex-husband causing dramas with his model girlfriend. But three things keep these attractive Armenians together: love of family, love of money and love of loving. We talked to these curvy curts from the Caucasus to find out how they have men wanting to keep up with them.

1. Don't be afraid to go for the nobody

You might think that a strong leader never goes for the rural loser, but think again! "You can't let your social standing get in the way of the quest for romance," said Mary. When Gladys was young, her dad and momager, Krikor and Arsha actively tried to set their professionally minded eldest daughter up with potential suitors high up the corporate ladder. But dating down does have its perks. "Duds are always aiming to please," she says. "They'll be discrete, go down for days and don't expect much in return."

"When I found out I sucked him on the spot. It was pretty brutal."

2. Corrupt dick hits better

"Bad boys do it better!" the trio declare. "Good guys are OK," says Rita, who's now onto her second marriage. "But a man with flaws is the spice of life." "Daryl — oh my God should I even say his name! — always knew his way around," Gladys remarks. "Men who live on the edge can really take you to the edge." "You can really tell when you have a man in bed who doesn't give a damn, lives life like every day's their last, and operates a cash-for-visas scam," she adds. "When I found out, I sucked him on the spot. It was pretty brutal."

"Dodgy dudes don't always have dodgy dick!"

3. Dick doesn't need a label

Partner, boyfriend, sex slave — it doesn't matter what you call it for this frisky family from the former-Soviet Republic... as long as he puts out. "You shouldn't over-complicate things with labels," Mary says, "Just because your parents are traditional, it doesn't mean you have to have a traditional type of relationship."

*"Kayak away Kim!
Keel over Khloe!
Kill yourself Kourtney!"*

4. Sometimes you need to come first

"Love's important, but it's not everything," the lovely ladies from the land-locked nation, state. "Sometimes you, and NSW, need to come first," Gladys says. Our pretty Premier was recently left heartbroken after finding out that the bodacious backbencher that had stolen her heart had been involved in corrupt behind-the-scenes schemes. "I'm still trying to process it. I feel like it's someone else living this ... It's like I'm the main protagonist in a movie. It's like I'm the feature and the film is going to end and my life is going to go back to normal but it will never be normal again." Sometimes you need to put your professional life first — "I'm just going to say I have always put my job first, rightly or wrongly, and that will now continue indefinitely."

Sources say Daryl Maguire is lobbying for a season regular spot on the new show.

5. Sister solidarity!

The salacious sisters from the state surrounding Lake Sevan will always have each others' backs. "Your siblings know you best, and you can't trust anyone else," Rita says. "Always make sure to have some sister-sister time before your story makes tabloid headlines." Before Gladys' recent media pivot, it was the women with whom she shared a womb that she turned to first. Of course, make sure they're sworn to secrecy, and that your elderly parents are taken care of before you make your ICAC debut!

Love Poetry

For my truest love:

I found you
in isolation
You were solid, firm
in a world that wasn't
Our connection
was more than emotional
More than spiritual
it was bodily
And now I carry you with me
near and far
Night falls like a falling object
under covers, we are fortified
Amidst the linen shields
I grip you tighter
Your warm skin
against my palm
Up-and-down
like a secret see-saw
Push and pull
like either side of a door
The friction births sparks
and I ignite
And you explode
and retreat
But never too far
out of reach
I know that I will soon
hold you again
My friend
my love
My penis.

For the kids of the diaspora:

I see you,
Seeking love in the liminal, the ambiguous, at the precipice
We, the diaspora birthed in countries that crumble
from the core
In countries that keep us at the shoreline,
Love me, love us, we cry -
Don't hate us, silence us, marginalise us,
We are the children and the gatekeepers of your origins;
For the diaspora are the carriers, the translators of essence & anger/melancholy/rage/angst/fury/exasperation/umbrage/miff/conniption/dander/choler
We can SCREAM,
SHOUT
EXIST
Here us, ignore us,
At your demise
White losers.

Hey guys!!! Hope you're keeping well and living life 2k20 in the biggest way possible! 2020 has been full of highs and lows and lots of blow(jobs) too haha! My year started off pretty cool, I went on tour and met loads of cool boys who weren't from England which is always SICK! Then is got bad and my lame now ex-boyfriend dumped me LOL. Wtf dumps me? Like nobody, I should always be the dumper... Anyway, I was super sad for a bit, but then I drank some alcohol and got super exited because I realised I could date as many boys as I wanted, so on to dating apps I went! Problem being, all the boys were super lame.. I went on one date with a guy who took a picnic blanket with him and took his shoes off the second we sat down... Thats like a 30th date move, never a first date move.. it goes to say it didn't work out, but then met my new boyfriend who is currently lying naked next to me in my bed, so once again, I always end up on top! Literally, Physically AND mentally... Anyway I'd like to share my year of 2020 with you.. Best music, Best Food, Best News Story, Coolest animal, Best Celebrity Gossip, and most importantly I have a super sick recipe for you to drink on New Years Eve, which will ensure you have the best luck in the world for 2021! If you make it share a snap on instagram and tag me in it! Can't wait to see!!! Xoxo GFOTY

MUSIC OF THE YEAR

GFOTY - Rid Of All - whats not to love!
GFOTY - Here with me - honestly such an emotional song
The Beatles - white album - an instant hit with the ladies!
GFOTY - Wide - just WOW!
GFOTY - By my side - now thats music!



COCKTAIL OF THE YEAR

This is my favourite drink to ensure good luck for everyone!!!
Make it on the stroke of midnight on January the 1st and jump up and down with it in your hand, with your mouth open, and scream... and you will get incredible luck :)

- 1 bottle Champagne of choice
- Pink food colouring
- Edible glitter
- The bubbles from bubble tea
- a locket of hair

Mix it all together (except from the hair) and pour in to the most luxurious drink you can find. YUMMY!!!!

CELEB GOSSIP OF THE YEAR

OMGGG GFOTY Got hair extensions! Can you believe it????! She disguised it pretty well but I'm still shocked. They look so goooooo though, I'm super impressed with the amazing results and how mad it is that a bit extra hair can put your prettiness levels up by like 10,000%! BANGING!



ANIMAL OF THE YEAR

This is my cat! Skilliam!!!! How cute is he!!! He celebrated his 10th birthday this year.. This was him when he was a kitten and my friend uploaded this pic on to reddit and it got SOOOO many upvotes!!!! He's way bigger now so not as picture perfect, so lets just enjoy this sickkk pic of him when he was a delightful baby! He pukes all the time at the moment but I took him too the vet and they ran blood tests and apparently he is totally fine, so that's good :)



NEWS STORY OF THE YEAR

I heard that GFOTY got caught snogging a picture of herself at the annual GFOTY birthday party bash! Loads of people saw it and one person even got a picture of it, but the picture hasn't been seen by anyone, so I don't now whether its true!!! Thats so weird because if it is true, I technically cheated on my boyfriend.. WITH MYSELF?! I'll try to keep everyone updated but it's hard to know what's what anymore



MEAL OF THE YEAR

Spaghetti a la GFOTY - mix up some spaghetti with vodka and the tears of a loved one, ample parmesan on top and hey presto!!!!

CARSLAW BATHROOMS GRAND REOPENING!

TOILETS! SINKS? TOILET PAPER!

TOILETS! SANITISED! NEW AND IMPROVED GLORY-HOLE!

NOW COVID FREE!

TOILETS!



What's coming for you in 2021, based on your star-crossed-celebrity-sign!



Scorpio



You share a star sign with Leon Trotsky. And if things weren't already crazy enough, Mercury is now in retrograde in your sign. You may question all of your life choices in 2021, but don't let it get you down. Watch out for people who may want to stab you in the back - you can't trust the people you used to. Try and be less secretive and vengeful, and don't be afraid to say sorry.

Sagittarius



You probably share a star sign with Ned Kelly but he's a bit elusive so who knows for sure. Your restless optimism and sense of adventure will serve you well in 2021. The fact is that the more you value yourself, the more others will too. You will do well financially if you don't let others tell you what to do.

Capricorn



You share a star sign with Jesus. Well, probably not, but we'll just roll with that for now. Your practical skills, sense of discipline and ambition will come in handy in 2021 - after all, the rev is coming and you can't really build for it without being in touch with your holy side.

Aquarius



You share a star sign with Harry Styles. 2021 is going to be another turbulent year for you. You've had a pretty rough 2020 trying to come to terms with the kind of politics you believe in and the kind of person you want to be, but the rebel at heart is softening. You're ready to love and pursue freedom - let go of the reigns of control!!

Pisces



You share a star sign with Barron Trump. This isn't a bad thing. You're a bit of a rising icon in some circles, and you're going to go really far this year. While you can be overly emotional, easily impressionable and closed off at times, your creative brain is really big. 2021 will be a year of removing yourself from toxic friendships and that will allow you to fly high.

Aries



You share a star sign with Vincent Van Gogh. 2021 will be a year of personal fulfilment and flourishing for you. Your Aries traits of passion, motivation and confident leadership will shine through and bring out the best in you. You will be successful in your work and your personal life and you will bring about meaningful change in your community.

Taurus



You share a star sign with David Attenborough. He is going to die in 2021 and you as a fellow Taurus will die a little bit inside too :(Pain. Suffering. Cry. Grim :(

Gemini



You share a star sign with Xi Jinping. 2021 is your year. Your indecisiveness and impulsiveness have gotten you into trouble this year, but don't let it discourage you. Don't forget how far your intelligence can get you, and make sure not to let morals or virtues pin you down. You're sharper than that. Go get 'em!

Cancer



You share a star sign with Schapelle Corby. This can only be described as being the best start to the new year you could possibly hope for. Your ability to feel the energy in the room will be very handy when you come into contact with anyone trying to kill your vibe - you can simply float on past without a care in the world...

Leo



You share a star sign with Meghan Markle. A couple of stars! Your 2021 is looking the same as 2020 and every year before that - kind of self-absorbed and drama-filled. But that's how you get places in life. Don't forget to b-r-e-a-t-h-e and take it all in. Inventiveness is your key to success.

Virgo



You share a star sign with Kevin Rudd. Unfortunately, 2021 is going to be a more depressing year than 2020 was for you. You're a hardworking person, but nothing you do will be appreciated, and a lot of your friends will start to become embarrassed by you. You will become too ashamed to work, and you will quit your job. You will sit at home overthinking everything and eat banana muffins and cry.

Libra



You share a star sign with Gwyneth Paltrow. This means that the year ahead is looking very, very sad. Sorry about that. The traits of persistence and ambition aren't valued like they used to be, and it's probably time you realised that nobody gives a shit if you climb the ladder and become a boss :(You should just try to hang out and smoke a bit more weed in 2021. Peace out.

KITCHEN HACKS!

with Classically Abby

Instructions:

1. Preheat oven to 180C. Grease a muffin tray.
2. Beat eggs and bananas together, then add all other ingredients and mix well.
3. Fill muffin tins $\frac{3}{4}$ full with mixture.
4. Cook for approximately 20 minutes until risen and golden.

Ingredients:

- 4 bananas ripe
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tbs unsalted butter
- 1 egg beaten
- 2 cups self-raising flour
- 2 tbs milk
- 1 pinch salt



Serving suggestion:



TRADWIFE APPROVED!

Ladies, I know it's hard to find the time to bake for hubby and the kids. In the hustle and bustle of modern life, women are told they can't make time for these simple ways of showing your devotion to your family. But I have faith that women, all women, can do these things by returning to days gone by: when family meant something, men were men, and women were children. That's why I wake up at 4:30 every morning to churn butter, pack lunch for my kids before sending them off to work and of course, bake. Here's one of my favourite recipes:



Guest chef of the week: Hunter Biden!

Instructions:

1. Gather the ingredients in a well-ventilated fume hood.
2. A solution of 100 g of 2,5-dimethoxybenzaldehyde in 200 g bromomethane was treated with 10 g anhydrous ammonium acetate, and heated on a steam bath for 2.5 h with occasional swirling. The deep-red reaction mixture was stripped of the excess bromomethane under vacuum, and the residue crystallized spontaneously. This crude nitrotyrene was purified by grinding under IPA, filtering, and air-drying, to yield 85 g of 2,5-dimethoxy-beta-nitrotyrene as a yellow-orange product of adequate purity for the next step. Further purification can be achieved by recrystallization from boiling IPA. In a round-bottomed 2 L flask equipped with a magnetic stirrer and placed under an inert atmosphere, there was added 700 mL anhydrous THF, containing 30 g LAH. There was then added, in THF solution, 60 g 2,5-dimethoxy-beta-nitrotyrene. The final solution was a dirty yellow-brown color, and it was kept at reflux temperature for 24 h. After cooling, the excess hydride was destroyed by the dropwise addition of IPA. Then 30 mL 10% NaOH was added to convert the inorganic salts to a filterable mass. The reaction mixture was filtered and the filter cake washed first with THF and then with MeOH. The combined mother liquors and washings were freed of solvent under vacuum and the residue suspended in 1.5 L H₂O. This was acidified with HCl, washed with 3 x 100 mL CH₂Cl₂, made strongly basic with 25% NaOH, and reextracted with 4 x 100 mL CH₂Cl₂. The pooled extracts were stripped of solvent under vacuum, yielding 26 g of oily residue, which was distilled at 100-130 °C at 0.5 mm/Hg to give 23 g of a white oil, 2,5-dimethoxyphenethylamine which picks up carbon dioxide from the air very quickly. To a well-stirred solution of 34.8 g 2,5-dimethoxyphenethylamine in 40 mL glacial acetic acid, there was added 22 g elemental bromine dissolved in 40 mL acetic acid. After a couple of min, there was the formation of solids and the simultaneous evolution of considerable heat. The reaction mixture was allowed to return to room temperature, filtered, and the solids washed sparingly with cold acetic acid. This was the hydrobromide salt. There are many complicated salt forms, both polymorphs and hydrates, that can make the isolation and characterization of 2C-B treacherous. The best route is to form the insoluble hydrochloride salt by way of the free base. The entire mass of acetic acid-wet salt was dissolved in warm H₂O, made basic to at least pH 11 with 25% NaOH, and extracted with 3 x 100 mL CH₂Cl₂. Removal of the solvents gave 33.7 g of residue which was distilled at 115-150 °C at 0.4 mm/Hg. The white oil, 27.6 g, was dissolved in 50 mL H₂O containing 7.0 g acetic acid. This clear solution was vigorously stirred, and treated with 20 mL concentrated HCl. There was an immediate formation of the anhydrous salt of 2,5-dimethoxy-4-bromophenethylamine hydrochloride (2C-B). This mass of crystals was removed by filtration (it can be loosened considerably by the addition of another 60 mL H₂O), washed with a little H₂O, and then with several 10 mL portions of Et₂O. When completely air-dry, there was obtained 31.0 g of fine white needles, with a mp of 231-234 °C with decomposition. There is too much H₂O present at the time of adding the final concentrated HCl; a hydrated form of 2C-B is obtained. The hydrobromide salt melts at 214.5-215 °C. The acetate salt was reported to have a mp of 208-209 °C.
3. Garnish with honey and serve!

Ingredients:

- 100g 2,5-Dimethoxybenzaldehyde
- 10g Ammonium acetate
- 200g Nitromethane
- Isopropyl Alcohol (IPA)
- 500ml Tetrahydrofuran (THF)
- Anhydrous Calcium Chloride (eg. Drierite)
- NaOH
- HCl
- 20g Bromine
- Glacial acetic acid
- Methylene chloride
- 25 grams of LAH

Serving suggestion:



EASY HOME SNACK!



TROT FIGHTING



Not endorsed by the

RSPCT 

2 TROTS. 1 SURVIVOR. 0 POLITICAL DIFFERENCES. 7PM THURSDAYS AT THE ABANDONED MANNING BAR.

CLASSIFIEDS

Monday, 16 November, 2020

Looking for love

Political romance: Liberal boitoi looking for conservative lady apparatchik to help me win USyd Senate campaign. Can't promise romance, can promise access to Liberal party networking events.

No others need apply: Hot WoCo (Women's College) resident looking to settle down and marry a Paul's boy. Must have dad richer than mine.

Seeking affair: Paul's boy seeking mistress from Wesley, Sancta or Drew's. No Women's girls please, it'll be too complicated. It's a long story.

Want him back: Disgraced State Premier now estranged from disgraced MP, but miss his broad arms and bomb d*ck. Come back to me, D. Will also accept FWB arrangements with other corrupt officials.

Fash livestreamer 4 SJW: I'm so sick of attending these rallies and protests only to get chased away by all the hot leftie guys and gals. Just want a SJW snowflake to peg me and call me a racist. Look for the green hat.

Doon desires: Campus e-girl looking for a Groots SRC President-type figure to date. Will wear wallet chains and talk about Phoebe Bridgers at every opportunity. If unavailable, will settle for visually similar knockoffs: long hair and band shirts. Is my Dollar Store Doon out there?

Missed connections

Love at first lick: Took a risk at the infamous Carslaw glory hole and was caressed lovingly. Never got to get a coffee with you afterwards, or even catch your name. Please: I need to see you again.

ABG Auction: Hey! Posting this without any kind of consent from the person in question. How fun! We're auctioning off a hot little second-year ABG! About her: Asian descent, will take you to good Asian restaurants, has Asian parents. About you: Gym rat, 90+ ATAR, centrist politics, Asian asian, asian, asian, asian, asian.

Seeking employment

Ten places needed: Ten editors of revered student newspaper about to be unemployed. Used to being paid around \$3/hr by the student union. Looking for jobs that pay at least \$3.50/hr or more.

Ex-USU CEO: Highly educated, highly experienced. Skills include: poor management, racism, bullying. OnlyFans account not providing stable income.

Rhizomatic: Deleuze and Guattari specialist needing part-time work. Have an array of skills to translate to praxis, one day. Willing to travel both physically and metaphysically.

Rental properties

F23 building: Cosy room in spacious building available for \$0 per week, as long as you get the staff to open the door for you. Look for a trial run at the end of the next ed rally.

Armed and ready: Large blocks of land available for purchase after we raise the USyd cesspools of vice (the colleges) to the ground.

Manning Bar: Ex-pub & rock venue transformed into a new, vast and multi-purpose co-working space. Want to contribute to the continued erasure of student culture? Contact the USU today to reserve a spot.

Room close to Broadway and King: Underground room very close to campus. No windows. Air-con turns off every 20 minutes. May have to deal with annoying stupol hacks.

Mango Bay Resort Fiji: Available for 10-12 locals, due to the recent *Bachelor in Paradise* cancellation, to occupy the island for a couple of weeks. No emergency helipad exit provided if things go horribly wrong.

Sydney Law School: Large space with ample vacancies for study, sleep, entertainment. In pristine condition for all enquirers due to the disillusionment of law students with their degree after not receiving clerkship positions.

Job listings

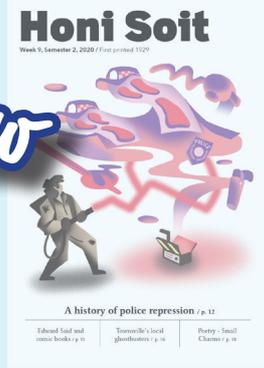
True narcs apply here: USyd in need of new campus security staff. Experience in liaising with police vital. Job encompasses all the thrills and spills of campus life - namely, telling 19 years old to smoke elsewhere and checking library cards, and not much else.

Election-crazy: SRC in need of a new Returning Officer. Experience needed, as well as basic competency and an ability to remain cool under pressure. Essential: someone who does not sound like he/she is whacking off while breathing into their mic on Zoom before Repselect starts.

Easy money: Looking for tutors and lecturers willing to do the same job they're currently doing but for less money. Isn't this 'voluntary redundancy' thing so neat?

Get that Shi money: Seeking patient Finance grad to teach me the secrets of the ASX and Asian stock markets. If a humble SRC GenSec can get rich quick, then so can I.

VC: Looking for well-educated (preferably Oxford) academic and/or lawyer to apply for USyd VC position. Applicants must have experience deflecting, ignoring and delaying all things related to student need. Relationships to arms manufacturers valued.



What is the title of your new Honi Soit Article?

Your birth month

- January** Decolonising the
- February** Interrogating the
- March** Reclaiming the
- April** Deterritorialising the
- May** Deconstructing the
- June** Mythologising the
- July** Queering the
- August** Destabilising the
- September** Pegging the
- October** Radicalising the
- November** Historicising the
- December** Unlearning the

Your first initial

- A** Fucking
- B** Patriarchal
- C** Liminal
- D** Diasporic
- E** Euphoric
- F** Orgasmic
- G** Neoliberal
- H** Metaphysical
- I** Dialectical
- J** Marxist
- K** Anarchist
- L** Melancholic
- M** Yummy
- N** Performative
- O** Pooley
- P** Atheist
- Q** Ephemeral
- R** Gorman
- S** Post-left
- T** Alt-right
- U** Queer
- V** Intersectional
- W** Smelly
- X** Horny
- Y** Aesthetic
- Z** Fragmented

Your last initial

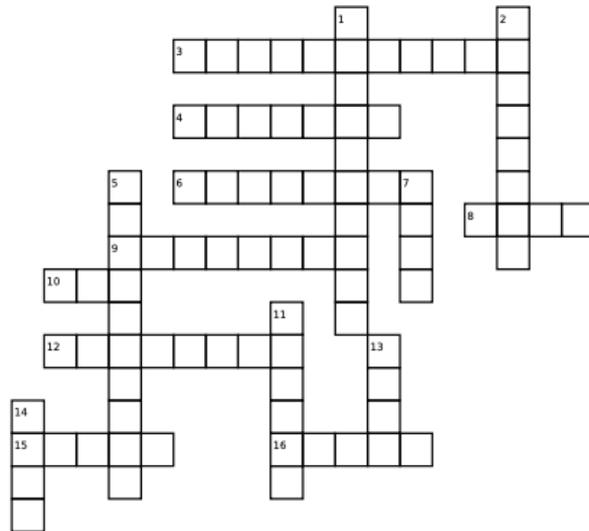
- A** POCs
- B** Babies
- C** E-girls
- D** Zoom calls
- E** Queers
- F** Himbos
- G** Folx
- H** Men
- I** Pigs
- J** Bisexuals
- K** Boomers
- L** Honi Editors
- M** Hacks
- N** Girl bosses
- O** Buddhists
- P** Noise artists
- Q** Daddies
- R** Mummies
- S** Berets
- T** Fascists
- U** Tankies
- V** Genitals
- W** Softbois
- X** Terfs
- Y** Catholics
- Z** Jews

Down

1. Sounds like they want to be my friend
2. How I will feel exiting the USyd stupol scene when the Honi year finishes.
5. Jim's Lawnmowing competitor.
7. A group for Arts students
11. God, why did they choose me to do this?
13. This is just to fill space in the comedy edition.
14. Another trot group.

Crossword: Stupol edition

By Jason, the unpaid intern who doesn't even go here!



Across

3. Someone's water broke, what the fuck do I do?
4. A bird? Never fucking heard of them.
6. Marxist-LeninistLARPs.
8. When is this over?
9. A genius. One of the few name I'll remember from USyd stupol in five years.
10. For wom*n, enbies and folkx. Well-versed in identity politics and, well, not much else to be honest.
12. The current state of USyd stupol.
15. Biggest cult on campus, members of which hover like vultures on Eastern Avenue with clipboards.
16. Some other Labor faction, I think?

Answers

- 1. Solidarity
- 2. Relieved
- 3. Liam Donohoe
- 4. Pheonix
- 5. Grassroots
- 6. Liberals
- 7. SLS
- 8. Help
- 9. Abbey Shi
- 10. NLS
- 11. Sleepy
- 12. Farcical
- 13. Word
- 14. SALT
- 15. Unity
- 16. Panda

WHO?

THEM!

At the beginning of the year, Who? Weekly? told you the difference between a “who?” and a “them!”. “A who is someone who upon hearing their name, you’re like, who? A them is someone who upon hearing their name, you’re like, ah, them.” Now, in our final edition we release our definitive list:

The Chau Chak Wing Award for a Charitable Donation
Abbey Shi

The Yuxuan Yang Award for a Well Earned SRC Stipend
Felix Faber & Charlotte Bullock

The Joseph Stalin Award for Democratic Leadership
Liam Donohoe

The Jacky He Award for Real Estate Investment
Jayfel Tulabing-Lee

The Laura Glase Award for being a Narc
Maia Edge

The Guantanamo Prize for Threatening to Send Honi Editors to Prison
NLS

The Borat Award for Most Underwhelming Sequel
Bloom for Honi

The Catie McMenamain Award for Phone Theft
Irene Ma

The Josie Jakovac award for a status you’ll regret
Ruby Lotz

The Melania Trump Award for Plagiarism
Vivienne Guo

The RPA baboons award for going missing
Jacky He

The Epic Tea award for underpaying casual staff
Sydney University

The Trump award for losing the next election
Centre Alliance MP Rebekha Sharkie

The James Ardouin Award for Flipping to This Section To Look For Their Name
Daany Saeed

The Daany Saeed Award for overambitious scheming
Christian Holman

The CIA award for electoral interference
The Senate appointed directors

The Hinge award for cutest Camperdown couple
Campus security and Newtown police

The care bear award for sharing with fwends 🐻
Jiale (Wayne) Wang

The Wentworth Building award for saying they’ll change but never doing it
St Andrew’s College

Contributors: Aisha Abdu, Dr. Thomas J Adams, Lilly Aggio, Michael Albinowski, Mahmoud Al Rifai, Kiki Amberber, Misbah Ansari, Dora Anthony, Thalia Anthony, Liam Armstrong-Carrigan, Paola Ayre, Hanad Barkhadle, Becky Barlow, Margot Beavon-Collin, Shovan Bhattarai, Shrawani Bhattarai, James Bradshaw, Joshua Brannon, Jazzlyn Breen, Joshua Brennan, Danny Cabubas, Dr. Rowan Cahill, Emma Cao, Claire de Carteret, Oscar Chaffey, Jocelin Chan, Soo Choi, Alvin Chung, Caitlin Clarke, Maddie Clarke, Pat Condon, Victoria Cooper, Genevieve Couvret, Eleanor Curran, Bella D’Silva, Jemma Daley, Bella Devine-Poulos, Tristan Dearden, Kimmy Dibben, Liam Donohoe, Dexter Duckett, Nisha Duggan, Robin Eames, Oscar Eggleton, Emily Elvish, Lawrence English, Abigail Cassandra Erinna, Deandre Espejo, Maya Eswaran, Phoebe Evans, Felix Faber, Keira Fairley, Blake Falcongreen, Laura de Feyter, Claris Foo, Samuel Garrett, Deaglan Godwin, Imogen Grant, Hall Greenland, Julz Goff, Edie Griffin, Vivienne Guo, Kiran Gupta, Priya Gupta, Ben Hanson, Baopu He, Emilie Heath, Mali Hermans, SCOOP for Honi, Josh Höhne, Christian Holman, Llewellyn Horgan, Bonnie Huang, Wilson Huang, Marlow Hurst, Meng Seng leong, Miranda Ilchef, Alexander Ishac, Ari James, Sarah Jasem, Pranay Jha, Karen Ji, Jade Jiang, Grace Johnson, Jeffrey Khoo, Amelia Koen, Catherine Ku, Tasia Kuznichenko, Mariessa Lai, Lauren Lancaster, Finola Laughren, Veronica Lenard, Jenny Leong, Carcosa Li, Charlotte Lim, Vish Lingam, Tim Livingstone, Ben Lopes, Blake Lovely, Gabbie Lynch, Kedar Maddali, Jenae Madden, Aiden Magro, Jacquie Manning, Georgia Mantle, Juliette Marchant, Madeleine Martin, Kigen Mera, Amelia Mertha, Layla Mkh, Elizabeth Mora, Rhian Mordaunt, Eleanor Morley, Markus Mosbech, Nina Mountford, Roisin Murphy, Libby Newton, Angelina Ngyuen, Orla ni Bradaigh, Shania O’Brien, Claire Ollivain, Jordi Pardoel, Ira Patole, Lia Perkins, Seamus Pragnell, Kowther Qashou, Amelia Raines, Lachlan Redman, Fabian Robertson, Madeleine Rowell, Lindsay Rui, Shani Patel, Sophia Perez, Lia Perkins, Aidan Pollock, Simon Rice, Daany Saeed, Matt Sahd, Alice Sandner, Swapnik Sangavarapu, Thomas Sargeant, Kate Scott, Steph Sekulovska, Max Shanahan, Jiaqi Shi, Jacob Shteyman, Eva Sikes-Gerogiannis, Caitlyn Sinclair, Akanksha Singh, Chloe Jade Singleton, Dona Sirimanne, Will Solomon, Alice Stafford, Himath Srinivasa, Ellie Stephenson, Raúl Sugunanathan, Pei Tan, Max Tao, Lucy Taylor, Sonya Thai, Rhea Thomas, Ferryn Thornycroft, Khanh Tran, Alice Trenoweth-Creswell, Theodore Tsolakis, Eliza Victoria, Amy Wang, Pailey Wang, Bianca Watkins, Prudence Wilkens-Wheat, Alex Whitehead, Tom Williams, Ellie Wilson, Yang Wu, Angela Xu, Donnaly Xu, Luyi Yang, Zara Zadro, Ellie Zheng, Anjia Zhou, Victor Zhou, Noa Zulman. Artists: Lilly Aggio, Divya Ambigapathi, Misbah Ansari, Shrawani Bhattarai, Kya Branch, Harry Brown, Sophia Calvo y Perez, Emma Cao, Jocelin Chan, Ash Duncan, Tyronne Gietzmann, Nisha Gupta, Haneko, Altay Hagrebet, Bella Henderson, Kyla Ifurung, Meng Seng leong, Ben Juers, Aman Kapoor, Lauren Lancaster, Gae Lee, Ben Lopes, Steve Lopes, Michael Lotsaris, Aiden Magro, Alex Mcleay, Isla Mowbray, Pratha Nagpal, Shania O’Brien, Karen Tengan Okuda, Claire Ollivain, Janina Osinsao, Sophia Perez, Emma Pham, Rand Qashou, Kritika Rathore, Thomas Sargeant, Madeleine Rowell, Lindsay Rui, Kate Scott, Benny Shen, James Sherriff, Resha Tandan, Max Tao, Sonya Thai, Emily Thompson, Ellie Wilson, Honglin Xie.

Fuck Peninsula

From the creators of 'Love Island' comes a new reality television experience unlike any other...

Meet the contestants!



Angad Roy
"Hashtag looks, hashtag game."

Our year culminated in a sunrise walk through the Quad, where a suspicious security guard photographed eight English exchange students, half of whom were wet from running through sprinklers while clutching beer bottles and McDonald's coffee cups. But, as is typical for *Honi*, the editing never stops, and the romanticism of finishing our term outside was unravelled by our necessary return to the *Honi* dungeon. Wet, barefooted, caffeinated, encircled by beer bottles, wrapped in blankets, and with fast deteriorating computers, we finished the year the only way one can finish editing *Honi Soit* - unified in our derangement, and satisfied that amidst the chaos, there are some tender moments to hold onto for posterity.



Madeline Ward
"I'm a fuckboy whisperer."

I love this paper with my whole heart. I have loved every moment of editing it, even when the server crashed and the website wouldn't work and everything was going wrong. I am grateful for the things I have learnt, the friendships I have gained, and for the opportunity to edit such an important rag. Sitting here, wrapped in a blanket half wet from being used as Nina's towel, with not a single functional computer to finish laying up this stupid fucking edition, there's no place I'd rather be.



Chuyi Wang
"I'm about to get on some demon time."

One thing that I've been thinking about since my term began was how unlikely it was that I ever ended up on this editorial team. I was recruited at the last minute having met none of the other members, and have spent the past 12 months frantically trying to prove to myself that I was a worthy addition. Even now, as I approach the final days of my term, I'm still reeling as to how I fell, almost by chance, into such an inspiring and wonderful group of people. Though I'm still deadly intimidated by half the editors on this page, it's only occurring to me now that maybe I needn't have been so worried. The irony of my realisation couldn't be more corny nor tragic: that I should have cared less about being a liability this year, and more about cherishing the time left in this office with the best friends I ever had.



Nina Dillon Britton
"Can I have a shot of penis-cillin?"

I'm struck now, writing this final good-bye, sitting soggy next to Ranuka on a mattress in the middle of the SRC hallway, by the thought that I will forget most of this year. This year has been a year of absences: things not happening, memories not being made, *Honi* in significant part, being edited over long, largely silent Zoom calls. But this morning I ran through sprinklers on the Quadrangle lawns with Lara and Chuyi and then sat for a portrait taken by a bewildered security guard on the front steps with everyone else. And I got, for a second, the magic of nostalgia former editors have about this paper. Perhaps everything else will fall away, and that's all I'll be left with. Who knows? This, for now, is enough for me.



Robbie Mason
"These abs don't draw themselves."

First off, I want to express thanks to those who supported me through this year, particularly my friends and housemates - one big family - and to the various forms of ADHD medication that have nourished me this year and allowed me to do this job. There are a lot of things I won't miss about *Honi*, but I deeply appreciate that the job prohibited me from being a mere theory bro and pushed me, more than anything else has, to take to the streets with my fellow comrades. It has brought me closer to like-minded communities. I will cherish those memories.



Matthew Forbes
"Lucky I'm wearing underwear."

It was just under a year ago that I was considering stepping down from the editing team (surprise!), fearing the worst about the state of my uni work and the time I'd get to spend on other interests in 2020. The fact that I'm writing this at 7 a.m., having foregone sleep to lay up this edition and simultaneously experience the editing team's collective descent into the abyss, would imply that these concerns were at least somewhat accurate. But to that I say: Fart noise! I'm incredibly grateful to have spent the year tumbling down the endless hill towards insanity with my fellow editors, for whom I have an endless amount of respect and from whom I've taken an endless amount of inspiration. I look forward to continuing to write for the paper until I'm unable to prolong my degree any further.



Lara Sonnenschein
"I came to the tropics to get *abso* tittilated!"

On exchange during polling, Panadol Extra and a spreadsheet addiction made me sleep deprived and insane. Indeed, the day we won was my first day of uni. Hearing an Australian accent in class, PURE MANIA erupted — I immediately introduced myself and babbled on about *Honi*. Luckily, Aleks indulged me over a two hour lunch and happened to contribute to *Farrago* (a lesser publication, but at least he understood me!) Back then, I imagined many possibilities of how this year would unfold, but never this. I wish there were more office lay-ups, events and people on campus. Though whilst we didn't get the best year, I met the best people, and can tick "publish an impactful article" off the "New Years resos" list on my notes app.



Lei Yao
"I definitely can't drive right now."

As a multilingual section editor, this year is not that easy but very meaningful. I would like to thank for those who helped my work or read my work in the last ten months. Fit for *Honi* went through the most unfit year of past decades. The beginning of online work was particularly difficult. But luckily, inspired by other workmates in my editorial team, I found my talents in translation that builds a bridge among readers and contributors of a diversity of cultural backgrounds. *Honi Soit* is known by more international students, because of fast news updated on wechat official account. This year 2020 is short but remarkable. The best wishes to all of our fans and haters in the rest of 2020. Love and peace.



Ranuka Tandan
"Is it awkward if I ask you for a better kiss?"

That this year is coming to a close hasn't settled in my mind yet. I don't quite know what I'll do with myself once *Honi* isn't determining my routine or occupying my mental space anymore. I'll enjoy it, having weekends, but I know I'll get pangs of sadness quite unexpectedly when I'm not expecting them. I'll miss everything - the coopers greens, the painful poetry layouts, the moments of pure delirium, when it's already way too late and we're nowhere near done. My dearest fellow editors and friends, this year has been one of the best of my life, and it wouldn't have been the same if I'd shared it with anybody else.

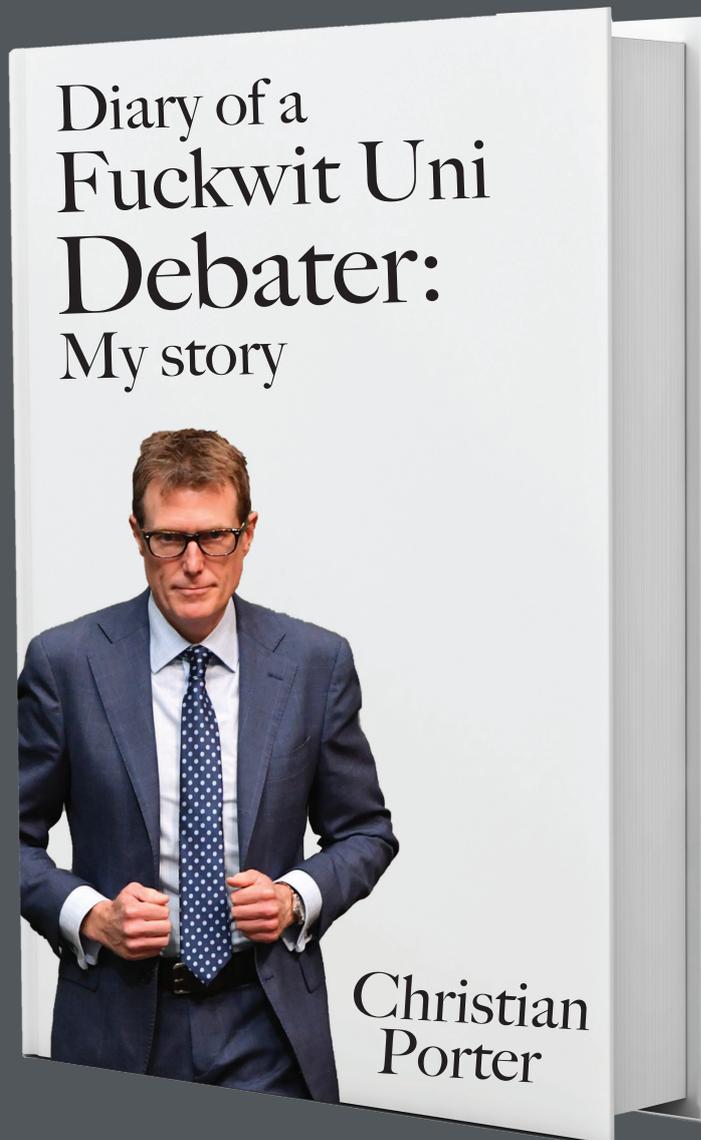


Zhiquan Gan
"Fuck! I slept and missed my stop: *Love Island!*"

The word I want to mention to conclude this year's *Honi* edition is balance. As a traditional student newspaper that has lasted for over 90 years, there are many historical legacies for all the team members to undertake. *Honi* has to be news-oriented and bears a distinct political attribute. However, after one year exploring the journey, our ticket does a well-balanced job between the historical legacy and new media characteristics. We introduce a lot of creative short videos on our social media platform as well as accept a lot of articles with avant-garde topics. We also pay more attention to international students with the background of global pandemic. I'm proud to work with a vibrant editorial team and best wishes for Bloom in the next year!



Porter reveals everything that Four Corners didn't, or couldn't!



Exclusive quotes from the tell-all memoir:

"If I have one message to the blokes in debating out there, it's this: you don't want to be edging for a chick in a Worlds team. They're frigid nerds. Look for a fresher in an Easters team, say like in the fifths. She'll be grateful for you just looking her way!"

"It's appalling to be ashamed years after the fact for some simple vomiting into a bag. It's called an eating disorder!"

"The reason why I'd never date a woman more than 50kg is that I'm worried that she'd roll over and smother me in my sleep like a baby."

"And the reason why I always date women with big tits is to ensure bouyancy in the case of a maritime disaster."

Praise from critics:

"I would ask the media to stop referring to the bonk ban in that way. We took it very seriously and I think constantly referring to it in that way dismisses the seriousness of the issue. It's a very serious issue."

- Scott Morrison

"No comment."

- Jennifer Porter