

Hilary 2020

THE TERM OF THE ~~TORTOISE~~

MOUSE



Notes from the Editor

Hello and welcome to my first edition of The Imp. It would be remiss of me at this stage not to thank you all for entrusting me with this position, I intend to let all of you down in spectacular fashion. A few things to note first...

Firstly, I hope you're ready for a wild ride. Louis challenged me with the aim of making this publication a saner and more coherent piece of student journalism, which is a task I have failed at with great enthusiasm. There really is all sorts within these pages, hopefully enough to amuse every member of the JCR.

Please do bear in mind that almost everything beyond this first page is written as satire and is done so with the appropriate level of respect for its various subjects. If you do find yourself offended by an article in this magazine, please stop reading and go for a nice relaxing walk.

Finally, and most importantly, thank you especially for picking this magazine up and opening it at least to this very first page. It's taken me a lot of time and effort to put this all together and I'm very grateful that you're taking the time to give it a read. I really do hope you enjoy at least some of it.

LTID etc.
Jacob x

With Thanks to the Contributors

JB, NA, SC, LT, LRT, JS, LR, MH, ERJ, AT, AM, CO

The Term in Three Words

'Brunch not booked'

- Tom Hazell, PPE

Not Another One!

Fury as women host third drinking event

Outrage abound this term as the Ladies of Lincoln organized yet more exclusive drinking events. Whilst many have praised the evenings for levelling the playing field of socials in college, some have objected to their inherent elitism in inviting a mere 50% of JCR members.

A large deal of criticism was directed towards Gender Reps Margot Harvey and Olivia de Csillery, who were accused of failing to represent men, the most underprivileged group of all, in their work.

A point of discussion was raised at a JCR meeting, however onlookers were shocked when the only thing brought for discussion was the lack of forum for discussion.



Editor's Note: Since this article, a fourth event was held. When will this end?

Welfare Dog Solves Mental Health Crisis

All peer support sessions cancelled until further notice

Colleges across Oxford have been shocked to discover that fifteen minutes spent with a dog in the JCR is just as beneficial as robust pastoral support, an accessible college counsellor, and emotionally intelligent tutors.

'I previously felt low and anxious as a result of my unsustainably high academic workload but, after stroking Willow for a bit, that's all sorted', marveled one satisfied student.

One fellow, interviewed by this publication, remarked that the findings 'confirm our suspicions that mental health is an ongoing conspiracy created by China to sell stress balls'.

The Oxford University Counselling Service were contacted for comment but were unfortunately unable to respond in time due to chronic underfunding.

The View From the Barricades

Scrawlings from the hand of War Minister Samuel Christmas

Dear Compatriots,

I would like to be able to speak of peace in our time, of war being outlawed, and of Oxfordwide disarmament.

To strengthen our College, I was involved in some regrettable misdeeds. My dear Lincolmites, I was apprehended by our enemies. I have been warned. However, I will fight on with the power of rhetoric, on Facebook rather than the field of war.

We have enemies acting from all sides. Rival colleges are jealous of our exploits such as our rank in the Norrington Table, our victories in Rugby, or our hall food. These enemies will not rest until our standing in the city of dreaming spires is undermined. And, ladies and gentlemen, the chips are down - they are truly down.

Fear not. I will protect you all. I am the sword in the darkness, I shield our dominions from Turl Street to Mus Road. As your War Minister, I will not allow the scourges of Oxford to deprive us of our right to defend ourselves.

Yours in martial indignation,

SRAC, esq.

Live Album of the Month

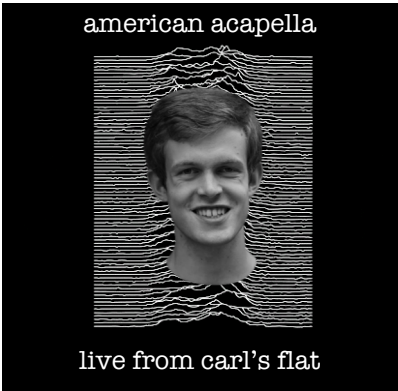
American Acapella : Live From Carl's Flat

Carl Olavesen shocked critics this term with a rousing return to the live music circuit for one night only, commemorated by this special album.

Hear the crowd roar ‘Shut the fuck up’ and ‘Please be quiet, it’s gone midnight’ as Carl and his band jam their way through hit after hit.

The album even features a special guest appearance from Liv de Csillery whose violent door knocking adds verve to the closing number.

Keep an ear out for more performances next term.



Festival Review — Lincoln Diversity Week

An Entirely Second-Hand Review by the Editor

Having attended none of the Lincoln Diversity Week events, I am arguably the worst placed member of the JCR to write this review, but here we are.

Some words that have been used to describe the events to me are ‘multi-faceted’, ‘uplifting’, and ‘united’, all of which are positive and only some of which were provided by Lucy Tirahan.

I look forward to next year’s events, which I will definitely click ‘Interested’ in on Facebook.



Prestigious club seeks poor person

College-based dining group, currently battling accusations of elitism, wishes to recruit member of the working class to balance books.

Grammar school education essential, first-gen students need not apply.

*Contact club diversity rep on
(01865) 666 666*

Email Course Provided by
JCR Wider Committee – 8th
week

Sick of writing boring emails?

Come along to our course and find out how to add **stupid colours** and **pointless caps**!

We get great results! 3% of JCR members read our inane weekly ramblings!

Spaces limited! Book now!

Want to advertise in this space?

Why on earth would you want to do that? Honestly?

A maximum of four people read this magazine and even they probably stopped reading halfway through the bit about welfare dogs.

You'd get more ad reach by shouting out of your bedroom window.

Sodden furniture - Free to a good home

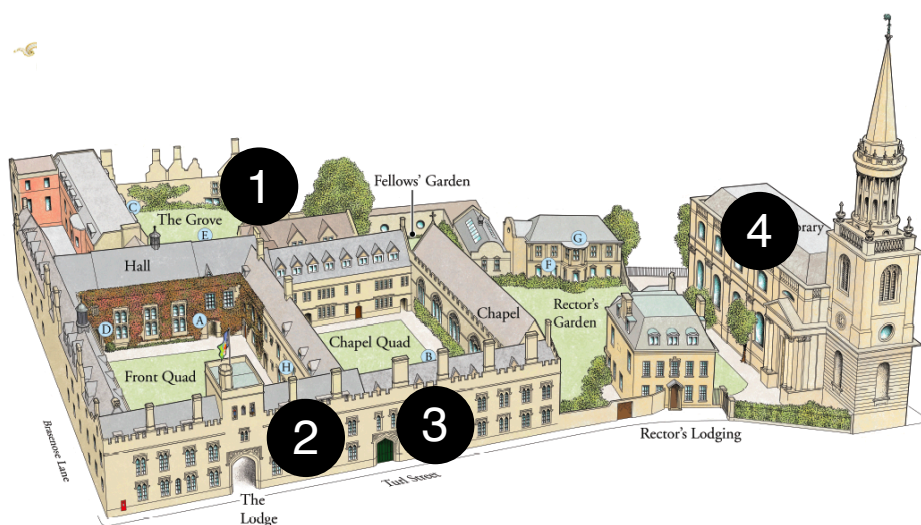
Bedside chest of drawers and stretch of carpet available. Slight odor and visible staining.

Collection only, no timewasters

01865 720 823

The Best Spots to Cry in College

Presented by Margot Harvey, Chief Crying Correspondent



4 – Back-Left Cubby in the Upper Library

No judgement here over a good sob but do consider that silence is (supposedly) sacred in the lib. Sniffle quietly and out of sight please.

3 - JCR Kitchen

Ensure you are prepared for the surprise entry of one of the 300 people you share this 2m² room with.

2 – Lodge Toilet

A trusty steed. Plenty of room to wallow and you will generally be left alone. Perks include central location and an only slightly horrible smell.

1 - *That* Bench in Grove

This one snags the top spot based principally on its picturesque location and the fact it is far enough from other humans that you can ring your mum and whine about your inability to pull in the Bridge smoking area in peace.

---In Memoriam---

Tributes from an Anonymous Mourner

Formal Hall

I never thought that I would witness the demise of such a veritable institution. Nothing says "Oxford" like "Formal Hall" but, then again, nothing says Lincoln Formal like "potatoes and cabbage". Apparently, the younger members of the JCR have never even experienced having to eat in the Buttery. A single cause of death has been difficult to diagnose, but we all have our theories. Rest assured, however, that Hall With Cheese lives on.

Lincoln College Boat Club

It can hardly be said that Oxford's Premier College Sport™ had ever enjoyed particularly good health within the JCR but, sadly, all that remained of Lincoln's rowing heritage passed away this term. Reports suggest it sank after getting into difficulty on the Isis, but I personally believe it just gave up. Lincoln College Boat Club's passing will be noticed by few, and it will be missed by fewer.

Lincoln College Basketball Club

I didn't know that Lincoln even had a Basketball Club. Rumour has it that their recruitment policy fell afoul of newly introduced College regulations, but I have equally heard that they lost their star (only?) player to the Blues. It will be missed, by someone at least.

Lincoln College Politics Society

Only the good die young, but at the age of 2 months this one hardly counts. Laid low by lack of interest, poor quality contribution and minimal turnout (and this was just the organisers), Lincoln College Politics Society was ultimately yet another victim of the new College regulations. Or at least that's what Jacob told himself.

JCR Democracy

They day I learnt what 'quorum' meant was the day I learnt that JCR Democracy was dead. Even the life support machine of free Dominoes was not enough to save it. Ironically, it died of starvation, although I personally don't think that endless bickering about the Goblins was a healthy diet to begin with. I'm sure we will all mourn its passing, despite no-one having ever experienced it. Then again, why not just rant on Oxfess instead?

Your Subject as Hall Food

Created by Lily-Rose Tebbutt, Avid Hall Attendee

Supreme of Chicken

It's pretty common, reliable, and you know what you're signing up for. It's also called 'supreme', indicating a sense of self-inflation. It can, however, be a little dry, and frankly underwhelming. This would be the Oxford classic, PPE. All round, it's not too bad.

The Salmon

You all know the one I mean; the meal which genuinely evokes a smile as people walk into hall (assuming you're not vegetarian). Salmon is nutritious, tasty, and sort of exotic. This is languages. It can be pure, or with sauce, such as French and Philosophy. This elite degree gives you a year abroad, as well as actual useful skills when you come out the other side. The omega 3 rich salmon gives you employment prospects and practical abilities.

Great Hall

Its regular hall, just with cheese. Just like CAAH is regular history, just ancient. No one ever goes, and its old. When you do go, you actually have quite a good time. Ultimately, however, you always end up remembering, it's just regular hall, with cheese.

Lentil Pie

History must be the lentil pie. Its hard to fuck up, but also hard to make really, really tasty. It's also pretty comforting, and fairly similar to the one you used to have at home, the portion size is just a lot bigger here.

The Breadbasket

Bread. Everyone needs it, it's a staple food and structurally sound. It can be pretty bland and difficult to digest: engineering.

That Chocolate Rectangular Caramel Dessert

This is, of course, medicine. You pick it up with optimism: its sweet, its chocolaty and you're feeling hungry. You want to do good, so to speak, by indulging yourself and reducing food wastage - such pure intentions. But you just can't finish it. Half-way through the chocolate slab, you try to take another mouthful, but admit defeat; it's too much to handle.

Potatoes & Anything

Hall's iconic speciality. These can be boiled new potatoes, the heavenly wedges, or the crispy cubes which are equally as tasty. This miscellaneous variety mirrors that of the chemistry, biochemistry and biomedical mish mash of science degrees. The internal ranking can be discretionary.

Hassans

Sweet, sweet Hassans. Always seems like a good idea when you're drunk, but the harsh reality of sobriety wrenches away your dreams: rustication. That silver foil wrapper in the bin mocks you, as does the scent of old falafels, as you imagine what could have been.

A Day in the Life — Ed Rhys Jones

As imagined by the Editor.

- 07:00 Rise.
- 08:15 Shower and listen to Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau.
- 08:30 Decide on 7:30am on a Sunday for wider committee time
- 09:00 Wake up Amy and help her to get dressed and eat breakfast.
- 10:00 Send wider committee first reminder about meeting time.
- 10:30 Dispel fears of another VP running away to Europe.
- 11:00 Fly to Eastern Europe.
- 11:15 Post various Instagram stories of Eastern European country.
- 12:00 Fly home from Eastern Europe.
- 12:15 A light lunch whilst looking for cheap flights to Eastern Europe.
- 12:30 Send wider committee second reminder about meeting time.
- 13:00 Suspend disbelief when people can't come to wider committee.
- 14:00 Send out 492-page room ballot guide.
- 15:00 ~~Flee~~ Fly to Nordic country.
- 18:00 Return home just in time for dinner.
- 19:00 Tweak email signatures.
- 21:00 Fall asleep to vintage Eurovision hits compilation.

A Closing Poem

Oh, What I Would Do For Some Fruit— Submitted by The Fruitcake

| | | |
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| How far I would go, For a sweet mango, What depths I would plumb, For a great big plum I'D DEFY THE ALMIGHTY'S PLEA AND EAT THE APPLE FROM THE TREEEEEE | SEARCHING FOR LOST SLICES OF MELON Oh, that's what I'd do for some fruit I'll do what it takes When dates are at stake Pollute the planet For pomegranate I'D RUN THROUGH A SEWER DESPITE THE SLIME TO GET MY HANDS ON THE ELUSIVE LIIIMMEEEE | I'D CLIMB THE EIFFEL TOWER NO LESS TO RESCUE A DAMSON IN DISTRESSSSSSSS Oh that's what I'd do for some fruit The poor shrinks I'd scare With my lust for pears Oh, the necks I'd wring For a nectarine AM I TO BE CALLED A DANGEROUS LOON FOR SIMPLY WANTING THE PERFECT PRUNE |
| Oh, that's what I'd do for some fruit I'd tell a few fibs To get a few figs Swim up the Yangtze Just for a lychee I'D EXPLORE THE WORLD LIKE MAGELLAN | Oh, That's what I'd do for some fruit | Oh, get that man away from fruit |



And through it all she offers me protection, a lot of love and affection
 Whether I'm right or wrong, and down the waterfall
 Wherever it may take me, I know that life won't break me
 When I come to call, she won't forsake me
 I'm loving angels instead