

Michaelmas Term 2019

“Oh, that isn’t smoke. It’s steam!”

Brought to you by:

Political neutrality

The Goblins, may they rest in peace

Steamed hams

The encroaching darkness of winter, whom I love

“Christmas spirit”, whatever that is

My deeply insane English coursework

Baby Yoda, my wonderful son

The need to fill this front page with something

Please, I need to fill this front page

There’s so much space left!!

But less now!

I feel like I’m doing it!

And there we go, out of room

I win!

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Right. Last one.

There are a lot of new people reading this. I hope the Improduction thing, and the husts, helped you with the general concept, but this is the Imp in practice. It's honestly mostly just this.

Fun story: I took over the Imp editorship unopposed. 50% of my manifesto was dedicated to talking about my desire for unlimited power, and that didn't stop me, because my opposition was RON. Truth be told, I've edited the Imp a little bit like somebody who was elected unopposed this past year.

And yet, in the hustings this term, three (3) people stood up and ran for Imp editor. I don't mean to brag (I kind of do), but that was more for anything else. Despite the fact that I've described my job as Imp editor as 'advanced shitposting' to anybody, the entirety of Lincoln (I assume) ended up collectively deciding that the Imp editor was the most desirable position possible. I assume, again.

They were pretty good husts, too. I mean, it's not the most memorable election of late 2019, but here were three smart and funny people who all cared enough about the art of advanced shitposting to offer their own version of it to the college. I know I've established a kind of baseline of knee-jerk cynicism here, but that was pretty cool to see.

The necessity of (some!!) elections means that one person won, and you'll see a very serious profile of the new guy (I mean, it's not a mystery, it's Jacob Kelly, but forgive me for trying to build up some false suspense) in the pages below. But any one of the three would be taking the Imp into a new, exciting and, probably, less existentially nightmarish place in 2020. I like that you all applied, so shoutout to Jude Willoughby and Daisy Birch. You're all obligated to contribute to the next Imps.

Anyway, enough sentimentality. You're all stupid and I'm smart, or whatever. My reign as Imp editor has ended, and all of you will be the poorer for it. What will you read now? Books? Hah. Books are for nerds, and the Imp under me was for the kind of nerd who'd never volunteer to spend nearly £40,000 in tuition fees to read them.

I hope you enjoy this last Imp under me. Things can only get better/worse/about the same from here.

LINCOLN'S COMPLIMENTS

In a desperate bid to counteract the entirely justified view that the Imp has become overly cynical and ironic, the Imp put out the call for Lincoln's students to nominate their pals/buddies/amigos for compliments. The response was aggressively kind, and represented a real challenge to this entirely artificial wall of irony thing I have going on. Here is my best attempt to keep that wall up.

Margot Harvey

The clear impression here is that you do a lot of stuff. Honestly, you appear to do more stuff than I thought a person could do at university, but maybe I'm just lazy. In any case, keep up the altruism! But also don't explode, because other people will help you with stuff if you ask.

Marcus Hensher

You're a good friend, you really care, and you make my day better! Not my day, though. I mean, you could do. It's fully possible. I don't know you personally, though, so it's someone else's day you're making better. That's alright too.



Chris Grassick

You are "pretty okay at tennis". That's either a backhanded compliment or a generous understatement! We're being nice here, so let's assume it's the latter, and that you're a young Federer.

Issy Fleming

What is "Russian around?". I don't know, but you're good at it! Make sure not to be "Russian around" everywhere though! Slow down and look at life's beautiful small things, or something.

Anna Gunstone

Hey, you're directing the college musical this term! Those always look very elaborate and exhausting to manage, and as the director, you're dealing with the massive egos of student actors as well as logistics. Props.

Oli Stevenson

I was told to "just look at that blond hair". So I did, and it's good hair. Congrats. It's hard not to sound sarcastic here, but honestly, your hair is good, and it clearly has fans.



Andrew Martin

What's up, male welfare rep? Your unpaid job is to look after students and help keep them happy, which you (a chose to do voluntarily and (b seem to be doing extremely well at. You'll go far.

Charlie Rogers

This was not a descriptive compliment, but someone took the time to put your name in. That's a lot of muscle movements, and brain

power that could have been used on a problem sheet. Every little helps.

Jake Diprose

You got a ring for your college marriage? Huh. I didn't think they were that involved. You're clearly doing a good job as fake husband, and that's without the top Movember work you're doing.

Rey Svensson

You're an "all round top lad". Not to get all male mental health on you all, but that's actually the highest compliment certain emotionally repressed men can pay. People like you! Not limited to emotionally repressed men, but clearly including them.

Bruce Parris

“This needs no explanation. Bruce is a legend.” The compliment doesn’t need any explanation either. We all know it to be true.

John Sheridan

People say that you can’t do all four: general life organisation, work, relationships and rowing. From the sounds of it, though, you’re managing. You’re either a high-achiever, or you’re using clones. Both deserve praise.

Hannah Wilson

You’re “the most patient human I’ve ever met”, and you have “endless faith and optimism”. Aww! This won’t be the last “aww” on the list, for the record, but it’s definitely the first.

Ima Silva

You’re “an absolute ray of sunshine 24/7”. Do you know how hard it is to be that? The sun gets beaten by clouds most of the time here, and the sun doesn’t need to sleep. Keep spreading the positivity, and keep generating clean energy for all of us!



Maryann Pierse

I can testify to this one! You’re “CRAZILY clever”. Readers, it’s true. She’s studying Old Irish right now. She is very, very smart.

Matt Emmerson

You’re the sports rep, and somebody enjoyed the sports day enough to say it was “#lit”. I guess that means you’re #lit too. I hope that this is a compliment to you.

Maia Salmon

You are “entz chair queen”. That seems a tiny bit problematic to me – the entz team is a democratic institution and there’s no place for monarchy or dictatorship within it – but clearly, you have worked extremely hard following your anti-democratic coup, and people would like to give you credit for it. That’s my autocrat!

Aisling Passmore

You “deserve all the praise and the world”. That’s great for you! Hard for me, though. I don’t really know what “all the praise” looks like. Is it enough to know that you deserve it, rather than to actually receive it? Questions.

James Hughes

Many people on this list have been called “the best friend”, which not everyone can be. But you? You’re “the best neighbour”, which is a title you have all to yourself. That’s pretty good going! Also, you have a “superhuman ability of always getting your work done”. Technically, humans can do that too, but I’m not going to be that much of a dick about it. You have nice neighbours.

Matilda Houston-Brown



Okay, this one is just straight-up very nice, and I feel like I’d ruin it, so here’s the compliment in full: “She’s very stressed at the moment because a lot is going on in her life, but her stress means she doesn’t realise how brilliant she is! She’s the bestest friend, always making everything feel better and cheering them up, and making them feel loved and supported. She’s also co-directing our Cuppers entry this year and has stepped in LAST LAST MINUTE to take on one of the roles because another member dropped out! She’s honestly a Wonder Woman and she

doesn’t even realise it so please make her feel the looveeeee (she’s a - VERY TALENTED - poet so the more literary the compliment the better!!!!!!!)”

Phew. That’s a long un.

Hannah Gardiner

We’ve got a philanthropist right here. You’re working as E&E rep, and on VacProj, and succeeding at both of them? That’s a lot of good person brownie points. If I was a worse person, I’d be jealous.

Jacob Kelly

Your compliment was simply “angel amongst men”. Good job being God’s holy emissary! Keep it up.

Rosie Evelyn

You are “ever so fragrant and lovey”. Lovely? Are you very loving, or are you lovely? Either’s pretty good, but I like specifics.

Candy Yuan, Alexia Benchimol, Emma Lalande, Maryn Brown

A group compliment! Spreading the love, just like Marmite (#rep). You cleaned the kitchen after my party while I was at fever even though they really didn’t have to because it was totally my mess to deal with they’re such sweethearts and I love them. Not me, obviously. “I”, as in anonymous compliment person.



Amy Dunning

#thatsmypres, apparently. It’s true. That’s #mypres, too. You’re JCR president, after all. You’re “doing a pretty good job of doing your job”. JCR presidency seems so exhausting that to succeed at it pretty well is to succeed at it very well. If that makes any sense.

Grace O’Mara

“No matter what you are always talkative and in the greatest mood! You are truly a sunshine and bright up my day! <3”. N’aw. Sorry, there have been a lot of these. The effort has to run low at some point.

Sam Townsend

You’re “an awesome person who is far too hard on himself”. I hope this Imp compliment helps with that. Don’t be so hard on yourself! Be soft. That’s the opposite of hard.

Niccolo Aylward

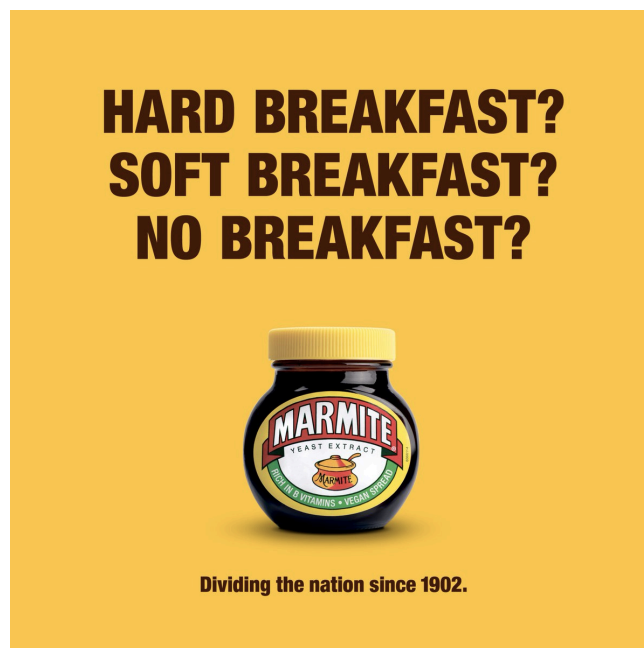
You're "generally just a massive sweetheart, talking to him always cheers me up".

Tofi Omisore

This is a tough one, because the compliment has asked for me to express what the compliment can't. What the compliment is trying to express is "an undying love and gratitude". Hey, that kind of expresses itself! I think my job is done here, which is convenient for both me, and you.

You're all frustratingly nice people.

And now, a message from our sponsors.



THE FINAL MISERY MAN

Misery Man is the Imp's resident Agony Aunt. For two agonising years, he has contributed sincere advice to Imp residents in need. He's going to go away now, and his only last wish was to answer more random stuff Lincolnites wanted to ask him, because, quite frankly, what else is he going to do?

Why can't you write your own content, Louis? (jk you've done an amazing job love you)

Ha. Piss off. Write my own content? I *am* writing my own content, right here, right now. Honestly, I'm putting a lot more effort in than you guys are. You should see the questions below. "am I preganut"? I have to come up with 'funny' answers to this stuff. Being the Imp editor and content creator is a burden, and anybody who accuses me of laziness or of outsourcing it to other people can kindly go jump in a ditch which they should, frankly, dig themselves. Ugh. Christ.

What will misery man do when the human flesh sack that carries his essence leaves Lincoln?

Firstly, thanks for identifying me as a "human flesh sack" – you're absolutely correct. Second, I don't have an essence. There's nothing inside! But that's a common misconception, so no blame here. What will I do? I guess I'll be happier now that I'm done with your lot, but then again, the world is filled with monsters, and I am free nowhere. I'm probably going to stay miserable.

why do I hate myself at night even when everything in life is perfect?

Why do people keep mistaking me for a therapist? I'm not a therapist! I've been *to* therapy, but that doesn't qualify me. I haven't telepathed therapeutic insight. I don't know how to help with your cognitive issues. Why do you hate yourself? Maybe you live in a university that fosters imposter syndrome and fetishizes a lifestyle of constant anxiety. Either way, it's not my job.

Deal or No Deal?

Ugh. Brexit. If I had to pick, 'deal'. If given a third option, I'd walk off a cliff.

What if the imp behind bars in Deepers escapes?

Dark, terrible things. There's a reason that he's in prison, and in solitary confinement no less. God help us all if he ever makes it out.

How do I divorce my college spouse?

Just pretend you were never married. There's no way to prove otherwise.

how to write essay real fast real quick

Knock your head against the keyboard.

am i preganut?

Sanitary supplies are available in most laundry rooms. Contact your gender reps for more information.

When I was saying goodbye to the imp editor earlier I began to say "I'll see you later," but switched to "have a nice day" halfway through and ended up saying "I'll have a nice day." Do you think he noticed?

Of course he didn't! The Imp editor is way too busy noticing his own social problems to notice other people's.

Is there a review system for the Imp, how do you know if anyone finds your commentary funny given you do most of it. (do actually enjoy your work) ive even laughter rather than just breath air out my nose faster than normal

No review system. I write what's funny to me, with my deviant nightmare sense of warped nightmare humour, and then I inflict it on others. If I've made you laughter, then that's good! I also monitor my pidge for any anonymous death threats, and I haven't received a single one. For the shite I've gotten away with, I consider that a huge success.

What is your favourite flower?

A crushed one.

Why?

This is the second time I've been asked as Misery Man, "why?". I mean, I get it. That's my usual Oxford mood, followed by "How?". I guess I have to interpret this somehow, right? Are you asking me why I'm still here? I have a three year degree, and I fell upwards into doing three issues of the Imp, so I'm just fulfilling contracts there. Are you asking me why I do anything? Hate, mostly. Sometimes guilt, but mostly hate. Are you asking me why you do anything? I don't know, I don't know you, and I definitely don't care. Stop asking me these vague questions. Give me something easy. Please.

Is humanity doomed?

Probably. The climate crisis does look pretty sticky, and there's a lot of geopolitical stuff to worry about, even if Trump is voted out of office next year. It's not doomed for a beat, but that means we'll have more time to see our civilisation collapse in slow motion, and with it, the dreams of a stable future that were denied to us by the generations that managed that same stable future. But I don't want to get too dark here. That's not my department.

does sonic the hedgehog is gay

No, of course not! Sonic is bi. He splits his time between Amy Rose, Tails and fellow chaotic bisexual, Shadow.

SERVICE JOURNALISM: THE DEFINITIVE RANKING OF MOST OF OXFORD'S CITY CENTRE STREETS

Market Street

A hell on Earth. A pure construction of chaos. Even before Jesus college knocked half of it down for construction, Market Street was a road of disasters. With a tiny strip of pavement, a small section of road that motorbikes really gun down at full speed, and a massive amount of tourist foot traffic, it's a wonder that there aren't accidents here all the time.

Cornmarket Street

Oxford's Oxford street. An overstuffed, gaudy concourse that houses all of Oxford's worst tourist trap shops, and despite being the widest pedestrian street in the whole city, it still feels like you're having to navigate a succession of tight spaces with precision. Also, what's up with the two Prets?



High Street

Great for bus services (so many of them, so often!), bad for everything else. Suffers from Oxford's classic tiny pavement problem, combined with the nightmare renegade bikes that often make it impossible to leave the pavement. It's also simply too long, in a way that always feels surprising when you're trying to get to Exam Schools or something.

Magdalen Street

It's only this high because Tesco and Sainsbury's are here, and they're important. Otherwise, this is Oxford chaos distilled onto an impressively small strip of tarmac: bus queues and tourist groups combining to create a constant wall of people. Never, ever try to run here. I've tried.

George Street

Boosted by a general lack of car traffic, so you can cross the road easily, and Spoons is here, which is nice. I mean, it's okay. There's not a lot to say about George Street. Sorry.

Turl Street

Controversial? Look, Lincoln's here, and that's cool. Turl Street is also very pretty and Instagrammable. But as a street to walk on, it is difficult difficult

lemon difficult. The pavements here are still tiny, and with three colleges that always have vans and activity outside of them, alongside the dreaded blind turn onto Market Street (of nightmares), it is an acutely stressful street. It does have the Missing Bean, though, and that's dope.

South Parks Road

Good road, this. It won't win any 'road awards', but it's got some nice foliage, a handful of useful libraries (big up Vere Harmsworth) and it ends at University Parks. Plus, it's pretty relaxing to stroll down without worrying about hitting pedestrians, cars or bikes. To not worry about death is good.

Parks Road

South Parks Road's unruly older brother. Pluses: it's an extremely pretty road, looks great in autumn, and it's the place where you can really feel yourself escaping the rush of central Oxford. Minuses: can turn into a chaos road for pedestrians when it's busy. Win some, lose some.

Broad Street

There are aspects of Broad St which are bad: where does everything go? What's pedestrian and what is bike? But on the whole, look at all the cool stuff here – Blackwell's! The Sheldonian! The Weston library! The King's Arms! It's the most Oxford looking street in Oxford, and not even that terrible Harry Potter gift shop can bring it down.

St Giles

Majorly underrated street, but those who know, know. St Giles has tons of room for pedestrians, lots of nice trees, and takes you on the way to Jericho, Port Meadow and University Parks. It has two colleges, and it doesn't suffer a bit for it.. You go, St Giles.

Little Clarendon St

The best. It's the start of Jericho, "the Brooklyn of Oxford", and it's a welcome break from the stresses of the centre. It has Common Ground Workspace, G&Ds, several bars and restaurants, and cool lights which aren't just for Christmas. Move over Turl Street, this one makes better Instagrams.

A SOMBRE REFLECTION ON AGEING

It's not easy being old.

I'm sure you wouldn't get it. Few of you can understand the burden of ageing in the way that I do. You might say, "shut up! You're 20! There are second years older than you!". That'd be cute. But it'd be wrong.

You see, ageing is not merely a physical process. As a third year, I have aged beyond my youthful appearance. My two years and spare change at Oxford thus far have hardened me into a seasoned adult male, careworn and calloused by the stresses of the real world. I may look 20, but I feel 35, or maybe



36. Often, my mind turns to adult concerns, such as those that younger readers – most of you – wouldn't understand. I do not ask for this. I merely understand that Mother Nature's insatiable demands cannot be refused.

I enter the Halloween bop, and I feel my age. Kids and teens bop and groove upon the dance floor. I ponder their carefree enjoyment of life. I reach out to it, but find myself blocked by a wall of ageing. I remember, distantly, enjoying that same youthful bliss myself. Yet, of course, it is in the past. The present is a time of ageing, for I am old. All I may do now is watch and witness.

“Old man, take a look at my life, I'm a lot like you.” Briefly, those lyrics spring to mind, but they flutter away upon the wind as soon as I reach for them. These memory lapses have become more common recently. I suppose it is natural for an aged brain to forget such things. I am snapped from my reverie as a thunder bolt of pain shoots from my knee. I grit my teeth and emit a manly, aged grunt. My joints, of course. I am not the young and supple man I used to be. The body crumbles like a cake in the wind, I think. Such metaphors did not caress my careworn mind when I was but a boy of youth.

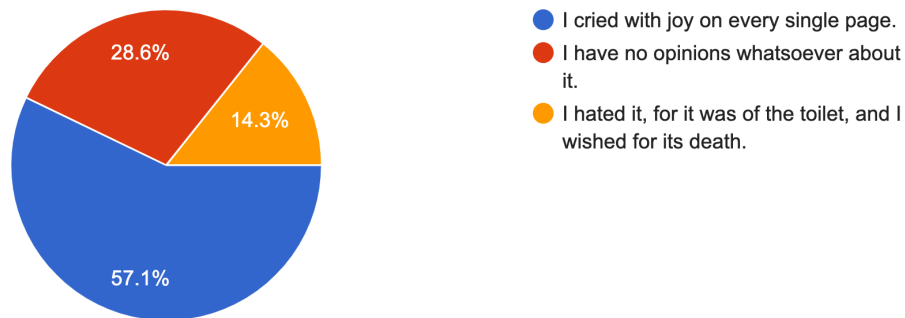
Naturally, my mind turns to that of death, that which the philosophers – Aristotle, Plato, Nietzsche – term the end of life. It may come to us all. I myself tilt upon the arc of destruction further towards the obsolescence of death. I flick out a crusted lighter, rusted with age and years. My wrinkled fingers shake with old as I light the flame. All flames burn out, of course.

I hope only that my life has been lived for a purpose, as the snow-capped mountains of aged minds prepare their warm and cold embrace for me. I am but a third year student upon the precipice of his own mortality. I wouldn't expect you to understand. You have the arc of your life ahead of you. Not me. The bell? The bell, it tolls for me.

THE OFFICIAL 2019 IMP FEEDBACK SURVEY OF ALL YOUR HOPES AND DREAMS

How satisfied were you with the Imp this year?

7 responses

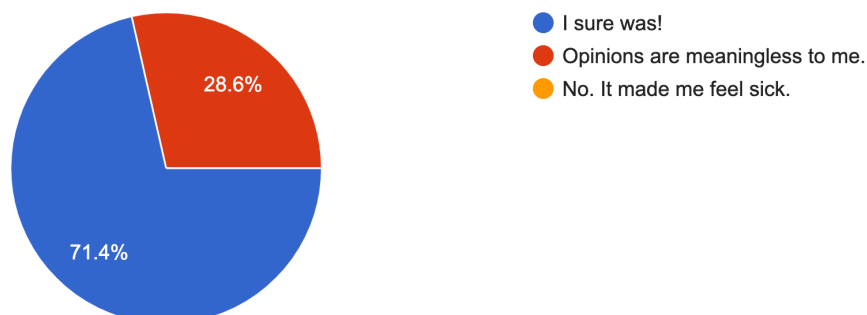


What was your favourite feature?

- **The pret section at the beginning of this year**
- **Pret tour**
- **the regular appearances of the library gate**
- **I can't pretend to remember specifics but please don't let that invalidate all the opinions to follow.**
- **The Election hustling (ouch)**

Seriously, please be honest, were you satisfied?

7 responses



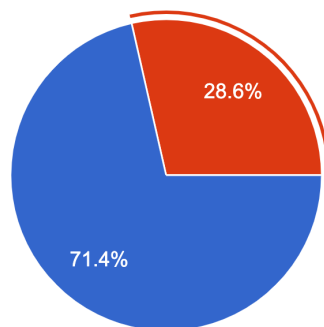
What would you like to see more of next year?

- College related content

- Hilarity, student goss (with said student's permission of course),
- Agony Aunt
- louis' opinions on pret
- Yet more satire. Please.
- sErIoUs StUff
- Girls

Please, God, tell the truth. I need to know. I'm nothing without this. Please tell me you liked the Imp this year!

7 responses



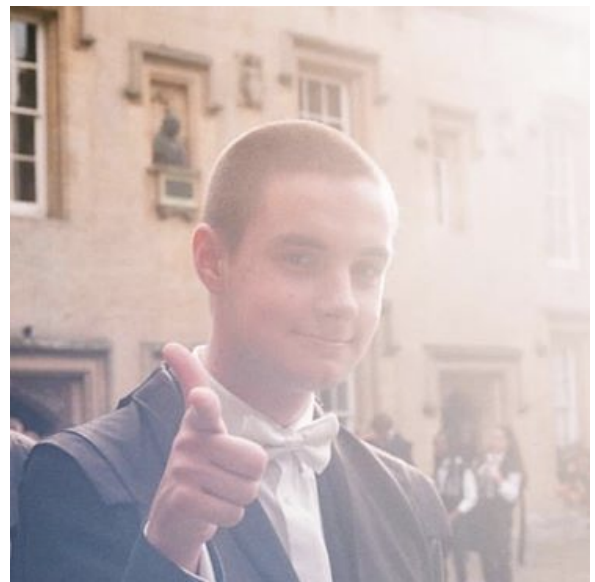
- I really did. Pinky swear!
- Beep boop. I am an opinionless robot.
- No. Your worst fears are true. The Imp was bad, and your time has been wasted. You fool.

MEET THE NEW GUY

In 2020, the Imp will be given over to a safer and saner piece of hands. Those hands belong to Jacob Kelly. He's a 2nd year PPEist, and he is my usurper. These are the questions I asked him.

What made you want to be Imp editor?

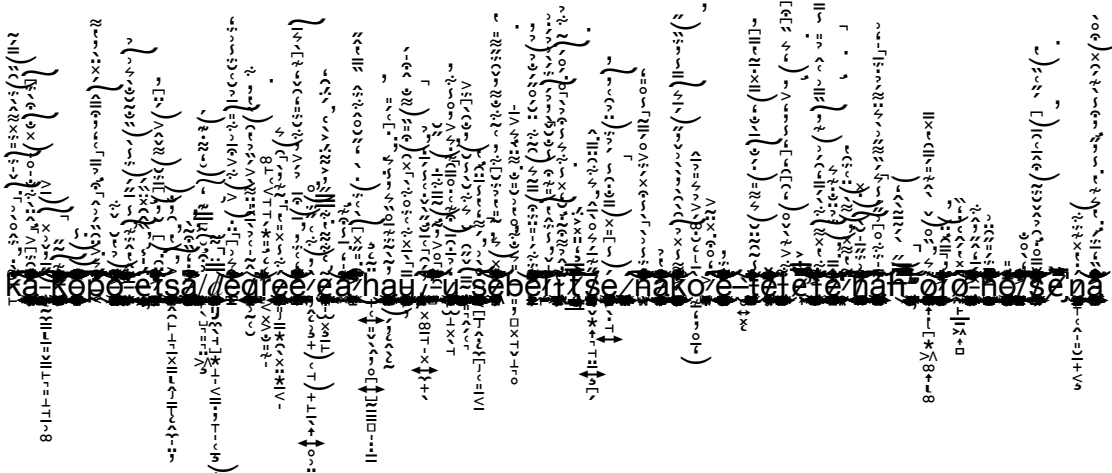
I was initially inspired by a picture I found shared by my conspiracy theorist Uncle on Facebook which carried the line 'Whoever controls the media, controls the mind', an oft penned quote from Jim Morrison, founder of the popular supermarket chain and semi-successful band 'The Doors'. It is with this idea that I set out on my quest for editorial stardom, eager to shape the whole of the Lincoln JCR community into a homogenous and angry mass ready to follow my bidding which will largely consist of warding off particularly overzealous salespeople on Cornmarket Street.



What will you do during your reign of terror?

Come back and insert wide-ranging and exciting proposed changes here that amount to more than just switching the font and adding saucy investigative journalism

Recite the chant of the holy guilt of Google forms.



Who do you think would win in a fight – the old Imp editor (me), or the new Imp editor (you)?

This question is flawed as it negates the involvement of the old^{old} Imp editor Abigail Merchant who would, one can presume, wipe the floor with both of us.

Anything more?

Not yet. Keep your eyes peeled folks, the HT edition of the Imp will be here before you know it. Also, if anyone has seen the jacket I lost at Brasenose Ball in Trinity then now would be a good time to let me know.

SOME FINAL REFLECTIONS, AT THE END OF MY LIFE

Hey, it's all done. That's the Imp for you, and that's the Imp for me. Congrats for reaching the end, if you have.

When I became Imp editor last year, I'd never have dreamed... no, actually, I'd have dreamed that I would have done the three issues I've signed up for. But there's been surprises. People really took to the Pret jokes in the last mini-issue, which means I'm not alone in my confusion about why there are two of them on the same street. There really just needs to be one, at most.

Obviously, being the Imp editor has meant nothing to me emotionally. It'd be weird if it did. But it's been fun. Thank you for indulging me and reading my dumb magazine this year. Don't stop believing, hold onto that feeling, etc.