



No.1
Hilary Term 2023

£time-that-could-be-better-spent

THE IMP



Imp vies for JCR presidency





Full disclosure.



What to expect:

You're much better off expecting very little. As a general principle when engaging with me.

3 - all the hot-off-the-press, exclusive Lincolnite news you can dream of.

5 - introducing Lincoln's cultural expert, incognito "John the Edge" bringing you all the highlights of the term.

6 - in the name of balance, some number crunching. *The Imp's* view of business and economics.

7 - notices and important reflections on Hilary.

8 - classifieds. You'll have to read them to know what they're all about.

Dearest Lincolnites,

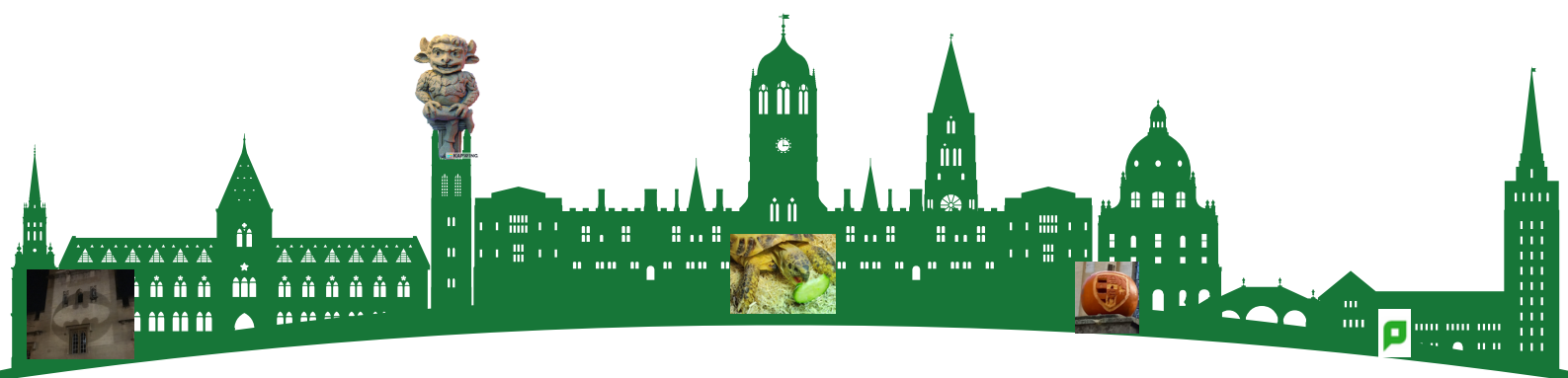
Wowee. What an issue *The Imp* has in store for you. You'll notice the stylistic revamp. That's right, a new Editor is in town. Though I expect I'll be asked to leave fairly promptly.

As a first-year English student, I feel fully qualified to comment on collegiate gossip, mishap, and politics. My editorial style's overwhelming sense of maturity, reliability, and firm authority, I'm sure, is evident in this edition. I hope you will finish reading it with a trusted and refreshed perspective on life at Lincoln.

So, here it is, an Impish take on Hilary to send you into Trinity skipping and blissfully happy. If you'll have me back, I'll see you again in June.

Signed,

The Imp Editor incumbent.





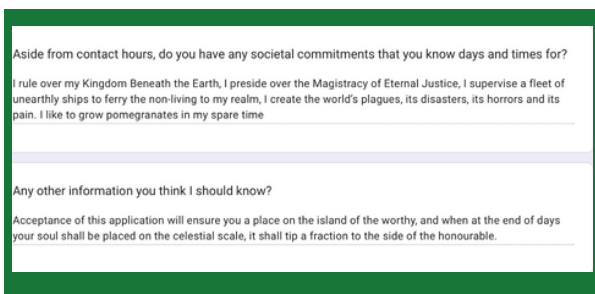
The Imp Breaks the News



Don't worry, I don't have opinions, I have no comments to make. I'm sticking to the BBC's rule book. The following news is *completely* impartial.

Tortilla in grave danger

The Imp can exclusively reveal that in Michaelmas Term, Tortilla's security was severely compromised. The Tortoise Keeper told *The Imp* of worrying threats sent to the reptile. There have been concerns that Tortilla has been cooperating with the underworld as earlier this year, "Beelzebub, destroyer of tortoises, destroyer of worlds" made contact with the JCR. As a medium, Tortilla is in a dangerous position so this development puts future college tortoises in the same danger. Beezelbub has stated that they "will always be, for the start of days did not create me and the end of days shall not destroy me".



The Death and Destruction Studies student has since remained distant from the JCR but their plans continue to cause distress. The self-proclaimed 'Bane of Tortoises' has made disturbing claims that they "would like to watch intently as the

light in the eyes of the last specimen of that horrible species slowly dims, then flickers, then finally, with a last pathetic splutter, vanishes, never to be seen again. I would like to oversee a whirlwind of destruction, a tsunami of hatred, a storm of death that shall overcome this criminal, traitor, horror and open up a chasm so deep it shall swallow it straight into the open jaws of Tartarus."

The Imp has reason to believe that this student has "a three-headed dog that's kinda cool but also high maintenance" which currently remains a threat to the rest of the college. The relevant authorities have been made aware. For now, the Tortoise Keeper, whose identity is being withheld for security reasons, continues to support Tortilla through this testing time.

If you have any information that might lead us to Beelzebub - an address, a phone number - please get in touch. The Tortoise Keeper told *The Imp* that not a day goes by that doesn't involve constant fear for Tortilla's safety. As it stands, Beelzebub is still at large.



The Imp Breaks the News



JCR dogged by infighting

This term saw the JCR heat up to the semblance of a coup d'état. A motion to rewrite the college's constitution moved the JCR's president to such an impassioned fury that JCR members began to worry that he might actually explode. One member, with the gusto of Union speakers who know they're causing trouble (think provocation through platforming Peter Thiel), initiated the motion to simplify the age-old JCR rule book. Compelling arguments were made on both sides but, ultimately, tradition had it and the President restored calm.

The Imp was lucky enough to catch a few words from the steaming president. "We have battled the threat of usurpation, and the constitution remains as intact as my cast-iron grip on power." Traditional JCR equilibrium has been restored but, with presidential elections coming up next term, who knows which maverick vigilante might take up the top job?

Lincoln rows to glory

Lycra-clad red faces lept with enthused joy as the Lincoln rowing team sailed across the finish line in first place. At last, Deepers can be freshly adorned with another painted oar that, after a Bop, becomes the most enviable gossip-monger. This is just as well as one rower told *The Imp*: "team spirit is great; I'm set up for a life of community-building regattas. But, the blades are the best bit. I've always been in it for the wood."

Congratulations to Lincoln rowers. I'm glad it's you rowers - not me - that wake up at ungodly hours.

Rector resigning

It has been announced that the college Rector, Prof. Henry Woudhuysen will resign in 2024. The job could be yours if you have a niche knowledge of Samuel Pepys to throw at baffled Freshers and you can put up with the din of termly Black Tie Drinks.

Who will be the next Rector?



Tortilla



Turner



Imp



Sunak



Woudhuysen (again)



Getting around

with Lincoln's Culture correspondent, John the Edge



Reviewing LDS's *Witness for the Prosecution*

After weeks of badgering from members of the cast and the expert marketing team, the day had arrived to watch what was being billed as the show of the term. Upon arrival, we were ushered to the balcony by the friendly front of house staff. Unfortunately, the expert marketing team had spent too much of the term chatting in Grove, so the programmes did not quite materialise. However, the safety information was definitely not ignored as we were informed where the emergency exits were and how to operate the life jackets under the seats should the show crash.

Fortunately, it did not. Instead the audience became veritable Poirots as they tried to work out who had committed the murder if it wasn't the lovely, albeit naïve, Leonard Vole (Ben Wormald). The costumes were of such high standard that one would be forgiven for not recognising Fi Townsley as Janet McKenzie. She was uncannily good at playing an 80-year-old woman, with the cardigan providing the finishing touch on the convincing outfit.

The barristers for both sides of the case were truly exceptional. Although Thomas Britton's feisty Mr Myers was somewhat reminiscent of a certain JCR motion earlier this term.

The emotive language, creative arguments and passion could have earned him a place at the Oscars (though admittedly, as a celebration of cinema, this would be odd), and his performance in *Witness for the Prosecution* was no different.

The defence council Sir Wilfred Robarts (Ava Balaji) played the brilliant and impossible job of tearing up the prosecution's watertight arguments, which was performed with both emotion and ruthlessness, and like the whole audience, was convinced of the deceptive Ben Wormald's innocence. However, when the plot began to completely unravel, Sir Wilfred was convincingly unaware of what was about to happen even though the play's standard implied hours upon hours of rehearsal.

All in all, expertly directed by Hannah Newman and produced by Jamie Butler, *Witness for the Prosecution* had the whole audience hooked on every word and the standard of the acting was truly worthy of Oscars attendance. I look forward to seeing the likes of Ardal Rooney (DI, Hearne), Flora Symington (Romaine), and their fellow thespians in the West End soon.

POETRY CORNER

Ode to a Chemical Fallout

Boom boom, bang bang,
Yellow flames fly;
The lab explodes
And all the freshers die.



For the numberphiles



Rishi Sunak returns to Lincoln to look at its numbers.



Hello all! I haven't been back for a while. I've been far too busy making working class friends. Well, not working class. But I promise I have been busy. Anyway, I've taken time out of my schedule - because, thankfully, there isn't much to do at the moment - to see what my Alma Mater is up to and offer some advice. I've been having a laugh-riot down in the old Commons so feel my mental agility is at its finest.

Teasing your brains with Rishi Sunak's



maths puzzles



Q1) If I'm married to a billionaire and I'm one of the wealthiest PMs to have been in office, how much of a pay rise should overworked nurses get?

Q2) If I'm married to a billionaire and I'm one of the wealthiest PMs to have been in office, how much money should be going into underfunded schools?

Q3) If I'm married to a billionaire and I'm one of the wealthiest PMs to have been in office, why shouldn't I ignore an entire country sinking to the poverty line?

Answers to be revealed when workers stop being lazy and do their jobs.



Hilary's Diary



Life in Tortilla's fast lane



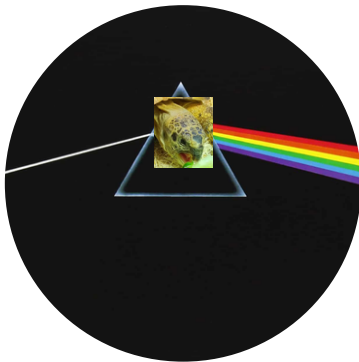
Week 1: received first worrying threats.



Week 5: this time received a rose and went boozing.



Week 6: reclaimed Lincoln Lane for art's sake and was reminded of the threat of digital Nazis.



Week 7: remember very little but Linc Floyd were unforgettable.



Week 8: went into hibernation, the snow was too much for me. Still safe, mostly untouched by Beelzebub.



Obituaries

- The pair of socks that didn't make it to staircase 8 so soaked up all seventh- and eighth-week misery on the table in Grove.
- The fine art of food fact distribution.
- JCR-based reform.
- The quality of The Imp.

Notice: Campaign launch

This term brought unexpected injustice as rooms were robbed of their plug-in fairy lights. Lincoln College has a reckless attitude to fire safety anyway; the SCR went up in flames last term; a fire extinguisher was rightly stolen from Grove Quad this term. So why start with fairy lights? A number of freshers are outraged and are launching a campaign for the protection of their inalienable right to bear fairy lights. Campaigning will begin with lobbying at JCR meetings until justice is served.



The Imp advertises

Want to make your entrepreneurship known? *The Imp* admiringly follows our beloved alumnus, Mr Sunak and turns blind eyes to embezzlement, incessant self-service, and fascism. It's free rein. Send in your proposition to wewon'tlistenanyway@gov.uk. Cost: your vote.



LincMart

The tortoise neck is in. *The Imp* is a big fan of the tortoise. Share the love with your very own nod to Lincoln's finest reptile.



Price: £as-much-as-you're-willing-to-give-for-a-brilliant-pun

LincServices

Book writing seminar

Degree in Classics? Like to make bizarre cultural references to children's television? Recently out of a job? Then you should write a book about Shakespeare. If it gets too tricky, you can always pay someone to write it for you.

Speech writing

Spending too much time at the Union? Fret not. We will write your speeches. We will continue to churn out inadequate politicians. We will keep writing your speeches. Contact: send Carrier pigeon to St Michael's Street.

LincLove

Desperately seeking reptilian companion. 12-years-old, looking for a shelled being of similar maturity. Preferred penchant for grass, slow perambulation, and an unquenchable desire to win races. Run away with me.

Original Imp, unique, demonic. If you like insidious blue cocktails and getting caught in the rain, if you're not into standing in a circle singing 90s pop, if you have half a stone brain, write to me and please help me escape the frankly cruel but probably necessary cage I currently live in.



LincLife

Just a friendly reminder to refrain from spitting. Please restrain yourselves.



Horoscopes

What cosmic beauty does Trinity term hold for

you?

0th week - you will get that vac work in at least an hour before the Friday deadline.

1st week - the stars will align, Oxfesses will roll in from your caffeinated thrill of a Rad Cam study session.

2nd week - a comfortably ordinary week.

3rd week - moons and stars start to shift about.

4th week - you'll have a creative epiphany for your Imp submission and feel on top of the world.

5th week - will only be blue because you'll have had your fourth "Imp cocktail" by Tuesday lunch.

6th week - an average week.

7th week - simmering upset due to satire-sized absence.

8th week - an intense, unbearable yearning to read the year's final *Imp*. Nothing else will happen.

9th week - you will read a magazine so well put together and so full of JCR contributions that you will rejuvenate spiritually.



Contributors

John the Edge

The Tortoise Keeper

Those who took pity on the futile plight of
a college satire magazine editor and
proposed ideas over the term.

Cheers.