

**EXTRA:** JCR budget revealed, where is our money going??

# the IMP

HILARY 22 EDITION

**EXCLUSIVE JCR INFORMATION!**



(Lincoln crest, LTID and all that)

**AN IMPERVIEW WITH A \*VERY\* SPECIAL GUEST**

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**A HOROSCOPE! TAKE A LOOK INTO YOUR FUTURE, IF YOU DARE...**

Edited by the one, the only,  
Amelia H. Kopacz



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# EDITOR'S NOTE

Hello hello!

How exciting is this? My very first proper Imp! A new era rushes in, no more Will Brill, but you already knew that. Or you would, if you read my emails. Anyways, I digress. With this Imp, I had many big decisions to make – how would it look? What would I write? Would \*I\* write any of it? (Of course not! Not sober anyway...) What to allow in, what to edit out, you get the gist. Hopefully, as you read this Imp you will see the immense amounts of effort I put into it. It's there. I promise. You just have to squint from really far away.

SO, before I write pages and pages on the rigorous editing process I have here at the Imp, allow me to present the new (but not necessarily improved) issue for Hilary term! I am proud to present to you a complete overhaul of the Imp so far. With fun and exciting pieces like 'Overheard at Lincoln', a very special day in the life, as well as – you guessed it – an Imperview! There's even a nod to Valentine's day.

Now I know that's an awful lot of excitement for one little Imp issue, but I am pleased to present the crowning achievement of this edition, our very own, 'Keeping up with the JCR'. What have momager Jamie Butler and his JCR committee been up to? Read on to find out...

Hope you enjoy,

Or not, I'm not responsible for your happiness,

Amelia

# CONTRIBUTORS

*This page is dedicated to those members of the JCR who read my emails and responded, both those who want a mention, as well as those who did not want to be associated with the Imp. I understand.*

Alex Baker

Natasha Birch

Lucy Bull

Jamie Butler

Marianne Cross

The Editor's Crystal Ball

The Editor's Third Eye

Alex Trew

Sebastien Roberts

George Ramsey

Ben Wormald

Et al.

Thank you kindly for your contribution to this term's Imp, and I look forward to working with you all again :)  
(This is not an offer, this is a promise ☺)

# A TUESDAY IN THE LIFE OF A PHYSICIST\*

Courtesy of George Ramsey

**8:30.** It's too late to eat breakfast in hall and get to lectures at 9:00.

**8:31:** Hope you went to Tesco the previous night for some breakfast: That is, unless you have the luxury of enough room for a fridge. Oh a fridge. If only I had a fridge. At least I'm in College. So I'll be in Bear Lane next year? Its 8:45. No more time for an existential crisis.

Hurry getting ready? 10 minutes to the Physics department. Lectures start 5 mins late: Loads of time!

Once ready, meet other dazed physicists in the middle of Turl Street: "Late night?"

"Not too bad – got the sheet done. You?"

"Yeh. Just handing it in now."

[Wait as Lincoln House Physicist walks *back* into college to hand the Problem Sheet in]

Maybe Bear Lane won't be so bad?

**9:05 – 1:00:** LECTURES. It's worse than Monday's 4 hours, because it's Tuesday; concentration slump in lecture three. Clock-watching began at 11:48.

**Lunch.** A Meal! No work needs to be done at this time of day. Except discussing the next problem sheet. And maybe dinner: will it be mushrooms? As dessert is washed down by another glass of water\*\* we ask the eternal question: library, or in our rooms?

**2:00:** Tutorials and *more* problem sheets.



You would think that a personal grilling about your last problem sheet by an Oxford Tutor would be the worst part (of this section!) of the day, but not by a long stretch. This is far more enjoyable than murdering another Redwood's worth of paper, with incoherent scribbles, to finally realise the solution was trivial and required three small angle approximations – but I digress. It's dinner time. Where did 4 and a half hours go?

**6:00:** After waiting in line I finally discover the inevitable for a vegetarian: another day, another mushroom.

6:10: Walking to the hall with my tray of mushrooms and squinting for seat, I think: at least I'm not having to work now though? Except, I have to finish that ODE's\*\*\* sheet. And Optics. And there is the computing we were set in first week. And Friday's labs loom closer. Where even is Bear Lane?

**6:13:** Problem sheets, Round 2. More paper, more scribbling, more books, more stress. Successful session nonetheless: ODE's completed.

**8:00:** Breakfast (and late-night snack) Tesco trip. Tescalator ridden. Catch up with opinions on how fast I ate dinner - apparently last Sunday was faster.

**9:00:** Problem sheets, Round 3. Starting Optics. More paper, more stress.

**12:00:** The last 3 hours have been less successful. Change of scenery. Back to our rooms.

**12:00 – 1:00:** Where did that hour go? Oh look, it's tomorrow.

**1:00 - ?:** The goal is to finish the Optics sheet. No matter the cost. Intermittent longing gazes at the bed are a welcome momentary interruption...

It's **8:30**. Again. Wait. This actually happened last night too. And I've got another 9:00 Lecture. It's only for 8 weeks at a time...?

We interrupt this Day in the Life to bring you a message from our sponsor,

## The Mitre Water



### Footnotes

\*Of course there are footnotes with essential parts of the syllabus, I'm a physicist. And a vegetarian. I live in staircase 10. My room is: *smaller than I'd hoped*. I need more sleep.

\*\*Why is there only water at lunch in hall? Some mysteries are beyond science.

\*\*\*Too many times has *The Editor* thought I'm talking about overdosing. Maybe she's right? Maybe if I had said nothing, and then she didn't question it, I wouldn't now be obliged to write this? (*Editor's note: Incorrect, I'm very ~~pushy~~ persuasive*) Physics fresher top tip: stay as unsociable as everyone thinks we are.



(*Editor's note: Couldn't find an image of a happy physicist, but to fill the space, this will have to do*)

# INTRODUCING....

KEEPING UP WITH THE

JCR



With momager Jamie Butler and his VP Archie Turner, what have the goings on at the Junior Common Room been this term? Keep reading to find out, as we have a message from "Jamie", an expose on the secretary, and many more all lined up...



# MESSAGE FROM THE JCR MAILING LIST

Dear JCR,



I hope you had a good week because I sure as hell didn't. Not that you can be bothered to take the time to read this email anyway.

Notices this week:

- There's
- No
- Point
- In
- Saying
- Since
- They
- Don't
- Change

This term sucks. I'm dealing with it by ignoring my workload and you probably are too, as your tutors may be.

Best,  
Jamie

## Covid update

Just keep testing I guess idk wtf is happening anymore.

## Random item no1

I copy and pasted this from an email I didn't read. Don't follow the link, it probably will give your laptop a virus.

## JCR meeting

Submit things to Marianne but keep it short and relevant. And Seb, if you're reading this, you're not allowed another kettle.

## Other things

You have had emails (that you also probably ignored) on this all already, so I have helpfully summarised it for you. Not that you care anyway.

# OVERHEARD AT LINCOLN



Can I  
have a  
personality  
?

"I can't  
read Latin"  
"It's in  
English"

If he was a  
powder, I'd  
snort him

How can you  
be 25%  
vegetarian?  
That's just a  
balanced diet!

You look  
lovely, but I  
don't have  
my glasses on

Cosmopolitan  
? I thought  
that was an  
ice cream  
flavour  
- A third year  
chemist

You can always have an affair, just make sure there's no pre-nup

Elderflower fanta...  
Ugh... Have my kids

Yeah a fifty is basically a hundred

I like having a crush on my tutor, it makes me work more

We all become eventually, some of us are just ahead of the curve

(After showing photo of entrance to home)  
No that's not a chair that's a futon

I always find I concentrate better with something in my mouth



# COMING LIVE FROM AN ANONYMOUS SOURCE:

## A Transparent Breakdown of Lincoln Entz Budget

Since the JCR website finance document has not been updated since November of 2020, an anonymous source has provided a CLEAR and SIMPLE and OPAQUE breakdown of our finances.

The budget was slashed from 20,000 Great British Pounds to a mere 1,100 per term since the JCR members are such entitled brats.

Breakdown of Finances (per term):

- £200 Special K (cereal)
- £69 Condoms
- £600 Cheapest Wine Possible
- £0 PR Training
- £150 Porter Bribes
- £499 Easter Eggs
- £250 Big Boy Rishi Donation

Subtotal : Yes





# JCR GUESS WHO



DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN?  
If you do, please contact the Imp Editor for  
a prize



# ON THE BEHAVIOUR OF THE JCR SECRETARY

By Ben Wormald

On the afternoon of 15 February 2022, an individual - male, dark hair, glasses, was spotted midway in an act of self-adfenestration (inserting himself through the window of the JCR) by an unsuspecting Rector on his daily constitutional. After a period of intense investigation, the figure was identified as none other than newly appointed secretary for the JCR Thomas Britton. Mr Britton, a once well-respected member of the college and Union mass-debater, was then involved in an epic pursuit, entailing an on-foot chase, the assault and commandeering of a Deliverooman and his bike respectively, consumption of said worker's precious cargo, the usurpation of not one but two bollards, the abandonment of the bike (now confiscated for auction), and another act of fenestral violation, before being apprehended by the porters.

We contacted Mr Britton regarding the incident and received the following response: 'I've done it before and I'll do it again,' along with a string of expletives too ghastly to repeat, resulting in an email a good 3,000 words over the acceptable limit.

Not more than a week later, the notorious treasurer took further turns for the worse, blatantly refusing yet again to acknowledge the ridiculous luxury of his room, which we, hardworking battel-paying JCR members, paid for.

How much more will we allow this crook to get away with?

In the meantime, I urge each and every one of you to please secure your windows. No one is safe.





KEEPING UP WITH THE

JCR



THAT'S ALL FOLKS, BUT BEFORE WE RETURN TO OUR REGULARLY SCHEDULED MAGAZINE...

...A MESSAGE FROM OUR SPONSOR,  
**THE MITRE FIRE ALARM:**



# THE STAGES OF LOVE

From a single's perspective

1. Try to think about how you want to be perceived, and act on it (obviously be realistic, I don't think wanting to be perceived as Ryan Reynolds would help me much)
2. Try to feel more comfortable giving people genuine compliments
3. Don't be a member of certain societies, which shall remain nameless
4. Be confident in yourself – remember, everyone will find love (well, except those who don't)
5. Be sociable – if you're in your room all the time, nobody will see you, even if they may want to
6. Meet as many people as you can – statistically, at least one of them might like you
7. Remember a social faux-pas you made when you were 17
8. Realise that your desired image is never going to work (I will never be Ryan Reynolds, much to my distress)



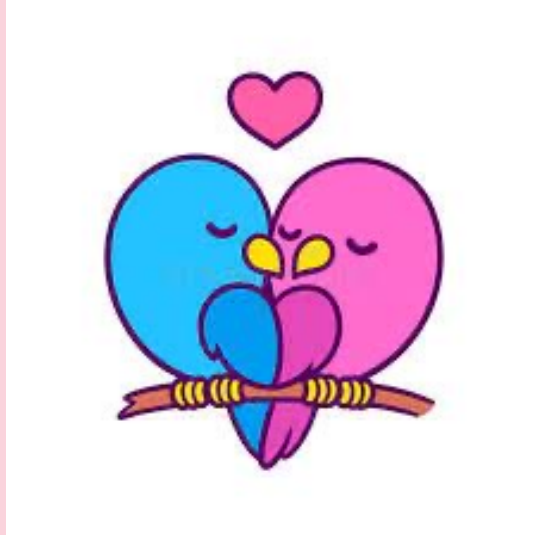
9. Accept that you'll die alone, in a cruel, unfeeling world that never cared about you at all

10. Cry

11. Cry

12. Cry

13. Cry



14. Get hot chocolate and see happy couples there

15. Cry

16. Cry



17. Realise that many people are going through this as well, and accept that love will eventually come to you, even if it isn't romantic. Your friends love you, and there is no reason for their love to be considered less valuable than that of a romantic partner. Even though Valentine's Day is a difficult day for a lot of people, try to remember that it is, in fact, an opportunity to be grateful for all the forms of love you have in your life.

# WHAT'S YOUR...

Bio-anything (even med, there's biochem right?)

Anything that integrates (basically non-bio STEM)

Music

Other (sorry, my memory is finite)

Year 1

Great things await you, you just have to know where to find them.

The numbers will continue to be bad.

Don't go for the toast at breakfast. You don't know the bread.

Love is right around the corner. Or hate. Idk how to tell.

Year 2

There is more to fashion than the black puffer.

Stop looking so hopeful, it's unbecoming. You still do maths.

Watch your back.

You will not find your soulmate in Pret. Keep looking.

Year 3

Open your third eye and experiences will follow.

Avoid humanities students at all costs, they've been scheming.

Strive to be an influence, and you never know what'll happen.

Avoid STEM students, just in general they're bad for you.

Year 4

You will write for the Imp next term.

I'm so sorry, I did everything I could.

What went wrong?

Don't look inside your closet next week. Do not.

	History (All flavours, I don't have time for all of you individually)	Law	Languages (if it's spoken, it's in here, yes, English too)	PPE
Year 1	Try not to dwell on what has been, but instead look at what will be.	Don't sleep with your light off next term.	Your auras are misaligned. You should fix that before it's too late.	Next year you'll either be a PP or a PE. Choose wisely.
Year 2	That hat is not the one babes. Put it away. Please.	You have upset the cows in Christ Church meadows. Beware.	You'll continue to have a ball abroad. Unless you're still in England, sucks to suck bro.	My guy, it is never that deep.
Year 3	Take it easy. Or else.	Soon they will come to visit, and you won't be able to leave.	You will get extra chips and fewer vegetables in hall.	Simply being in the libaray does not an essay make.
Year 4	Really? Like, willingly?	Good news is, it only gets worse from here :)	They know what you did.	Still here? Why?

*...HOROSCOPE?*

# IMPERVIEW

From the Editor herself

*The Imp Editor crosses the treacherous paving of main quad, making sure to avoid the precious grass as the watchful Porters stare at her. She very carefully examines all the life choices that have led her to this moment, but braves the gale force winds of storm Eunice to conduct a once-in-a-lifetime interview with a living legend of Lincoln college. A BNOOC, if you will. She walks up to the darkest corner of the quad, takes out her notepad, and begins to question the intimidating presence above her, the patron of this paper, the Imp himself.*

**So, hello, um, I guess I'll start off with an easy one, how are things going up there? How's the weather?**

*The Imp's stone-cold demeanour does not change. Immovable, unchanging, deeply unnerving, he stares into the distance, not even acknowledging the fact the Imp Editor just addressed him. Quite rude if we're being honest. Undeterred, she continues.*

**Okay, well moving on, what are your thoughts on the current Lincoln Hall menu?**

*Once again, no response. The wind does seem to pick up though, with the cold starting to bite just a little more than it did a second ago. Surely, that's just a coincidence and not anger at the idea of hall food? These questions aren't that invasive, right? Dedicated to having \*something\* to write, the Imp editor tries again.*





**Out of all the years you've been in Lincoln, what is the most interesting thing you've seen happen on the main quad grass?**

*Despite already knowing the answer – it's going to be a particularly intense game of croquet – this is a desperate attempt to get the interviewee to say anything at all. You'd think that if someone finally took the time of day to speak to him, the Imp in all his mightiness would at least grace them with a hello, but alas, no response. However, it does start to drizzle. Bizarre. Coincidental, the Imp Editor assures herself.*

**Right, sure, last one I promise, why are you attached to that wall? Like, just come down?**

*A last-ditch attempt to elicit any response at all. A clap of lightning strikes somewhere in the distance. The wind picks up. The rain gets heavier. The Imp Editor knows this is all just nature doing its thing, surely? Can't possibly be because of what she's said, surely not. Lightning flashes, getting closer to the Imp editor. Thunder rumbles around her, and she's unsure if it's the chronic exhaustion, or did the Imp's eyes just flash red? "Right, that's enough for today." The Imp editor mumbles to herself, turning on her heel and leaving rather swiftly. Now, we can't be sure, but as she disappears from main quad, something resembling a smug grin crosses the Imp's face, but alas, the Imp editor is too pissed off at him to see it. It's as if this is what he intended all along.*

# MOVIE REVIEW

Alex Trew

## **Moonfall**



“Moonfall! Moonfall! Moonfall!”: the children’s chants ring through the streets. Tickets are purchased, hats and scarves are donned, eager queuers pack onto narrow pavements, the cinema heaves with excited anticipation as the lights dim and the film begins.

Except none of this happens.

Instead, when I and a friend stroll leisurely through the foyer of the George Street Odeon, after a walk bereft of anything but a man seemingly confusing walls for urinals, the sole other occupant of the room is an employee forced to be there by the capitalist menace. After we have bought the requisite popcorn (do not get regular: it turns out to be tiny) and sugared beverages, we stumble hurriedly into the cinema to ensure the crowds can’t beat us to our seats.

We then discover ourselves to have been yet more mistaken. The hordes who surround us consist of two irony-drenched twenty-somethings planning to watch the film for entertainment, when in fact, as the 1-star Guardian review tells me, it is intended to be a serious ‘disaster movie’ (and no, the irony was not lost on me either).

Adding to their already distressingly buoyant ranks is an angry bald man who clearly came expecting something more; as it is, he leaves with 10 minutes to go, perhaps missing the best part of a rollercoaster experience north of two hours (he had some patience then, at least).

How can I fully extoll the virtues of this film? Perhaps by using some of its noted dexterity, especially vis-à-vis product placement.

Which brings me (swivelling head to camera as in the film) to how I can save the planet: a ride in my Lexus GX luxury SUV, available *to you* today for only \$56,700.

If you are now questioning my integrity as a reviewer, and quite possibly a writer as well, I admit I have probably gone overboard. At least the character in Moonfall didn't tell us the price; that would have been far too gauche for such a work of art (where the Lexus flies across a several-hundred metre ravine whilst bits of the moon fall around it – I am not making this up).

Perhaps I can convey the sense of religious ecstasy aroused in the viewer through simply placing down some of the dialogue. Verbatim.

“You're part of the moon now”.

“We're going to nuke the moon”.

“Stop it, Fuzz Aldrin”.

As you can tell, director Roland Emmerich is on for a blockbuster hit. In fact, he knew this in advance, which is why he left teasers for a sequel in the film (a cunning trick used by equally successful filmmakers like Marvel).



This brings us (finally) to my 5 stars that I have awarded the film. I do this for two reasons, the first hopefully having been obvious from the start of this review; the film is fantastic. The second is that I fear Roland Emmerich's masterpiece of visual entertainment is not being appreciated by the ungrateful general public; of the near \$150 million lavished on this munificent offering, only \$27 million has been recouped thus far. Worldwide. That means either (as I suspect) people aren't paying for tickets and are sneaking in to watch this dream for free, or they aren't watching it. Which would be a real shame.

I want a Moonfall 2. Help me get it. Watch this film.

Maybe you can be a little part of the moon then too.

And now a message from our (final)

Sponsor...

## **THE MITRE HEATING**





# The Back Page

AKA the(in)coheren thought of the term

Traditionally, the back page has been many things – the Editor’s thoughts on what has come to pass in the past term, a pretty picture of Lincoln, a meme perhaps even. In deciding what to do with it myself, I consulted the manifesto I made when running for this position, realising that I had not fulfilled arguably my most important promise; to share my coherent thought of the term with the JCR. So, here it is folks:

*“Life does in fact go on,  
world does indeed keep  
spinning”*



Can we pretend that  
airplanes  
In the night sky are like  
shootin' stars?  
I could really use a wish  
right now  
Wish right now, wish right  
now



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