

Hilary 2021

Coming March 7th

~~10th~~

~~13th for medics only!~~

Next term!

Now with go-faster stripes!





A little about me

You don't know me. And I'm guessing you don't particularly want to. But you're about to. Because I don't care. What I am, is a man with a very limited skillset. Skills that I have blundered my way into possessing. If you put this magazine down now, that will be the end of it. I will not pursue you. I will not look for you. But if you don't, I will entertain you, I will make you come back for more, and I will make you laugh.

My name is William put-that-pun-away Brilliant, and I am your new Imp Editor. I'm a first-year physicist with a respectable GCSE in English Language, one fanfiction story under my belt, and exactly four Bo Burnham songs worth of comedic experience. Naturally, that made me the most qualified person running for this role, so here we are.

What exactly will decorate the proceeding pages of this magazine is anybody's guess (at this point, not even I know what's going in!), but I can promise you that I will make it my mission and my duty to create at least a few pieces that are so mildly amusing that they might even incite a small exhalation of breath through your noses. Failing that, by the time my three terms are over I intend to have lowered the bar for comedy writing so drastically that even the garden flowers Thomas Hazel begs to run in elections will be viable candidates for my successor.

So sit back, buckle in, and hold onto your butts for dreams, screams, and of course, memes.

All this and more, without even once saying the phrase "in these unprecedented ti—" DAMNIT!

Your ever faithful wannabe comic,

William

P.S. I am legally obligated to inform you that everything I or any other contributor writes in this magazine is purely for comedic purposes, but in reality, we all know I'm just a sick psycho who gets kicks from insulting other people's hard work.

Contributors:

Marianne Cross

Anne Onymous

Lydia Fontes

Tasmin Sarkany



This term in a meme

If a picture speaks a thousand words, then your three have nothing on mine, Jacob!





The Best Term of Arts we Never Had

By Tasmin Sarkany

While I admit that I didn't expect much on entering into another term of lockdown, I was indeed disappointed. No productions were put on in college, no concerts were played and there were certainly no late-night karaoke sessions in the JCR that I like to imagine happened regularly before lockdown. If they didn't, then they definitely should become a fixture in the future. However, despite the lack of performances for (some might say esteemed) reviewers like myself to comment on, I have had to find some way to keep my writing skills as sharp as a blunt pencil and communicate my baseless opinions ad infinitum to all you philistine masses. So, as a gift to you all, I have written my summary of the performances we thankfully never got to see this term.

Hilary term started off with a bang as the ceremonial cannon placed in Grove quad for the musical 'Pirates of the Caribbean: Curse of the Green Quad' was fired to signal the start of the performance. I will admit that I was sceptical of the costumes being made entirely from pirate hats at first, but, as I think the rest of the audience would agree, by the end the surreal effect made me think about the futility of material possessions. The rousing rendition of 'We are the champions' as Jack Sparrow disappeared into the pool room in Deep Hall to be reunited with the bird from Sesame Street, while being a fantastic example of the use of controversial sets in modern theatre, also reminded me of how many great actors have walked in and then out of these ancient halls on tours of Oxford, and what a legacy we have to uphold.

Next was the production of 'Titanic' in 3rd week. I was initially surprised at the decision to cast Joe Tripkovic in the role of Rose, and even more so that purple, rather than blue lighting with an anticlockwise rotating disco ball (talk about avant-garde!) was chosen for the penultimate scene where Rose kicks the ball straight into the goal. The disco lighting in particular put me in mind of a period production of 'Dr. Faustus' I reviewed at the National Theatre a few years ago and I couldn't help feeling melancholy at the sight of it. Apart from the fact that there was no ice cream at the interval this was as perfect a theatrical experience as I have ever known, and I would watch all 6 hours of it again in a heartbeat.



After 'Titanic' came the college music showcase: an event that took my breath away due to the fact that one of the bagpipers didn't show and I was forced to fill their place. Personally I thought that the chosen English rap translation of Mozart's 'The Magic Flute' was complimented by the risqué costumes the orchestral musicians were wearing, but unfortunately after the college allegedly received 'more complaints than Ofcom has had about Piers Morgan in the last ten years' the second night was not to be. Maybe this was a blessing in disguise, given that the (I think inspired) admittedly ambitious special effects for the giant snake in 'The Magic Flute' have sadly rendered the Garden Building unfit for use for several months.

Do I think it was worth it? Well personally I'm just thrilled that the college is reimbursing me for the scorch marks on my suit caused by the incident, so I couldn't be happier. Artistically it was perhaps a misguided decision but because of the hole in the stage requiring the last act to be cut short, perhaps we'll never know.

So as the cannon in Grove quad fires again due to a stray spark from the Garden Building, I think to myself with a smile that it is only apt that this term should end with a bang too.



Email from the Chaplain

07/03/2021

Email - William Brilliant - Outlook

[JCR Mailing List] Thought for the Week

Andrew Shamel <andrew.shamel@theology.ox.ac.uk>

Wed 03/03/2021 15:39

To: linc-jcr@maillist.ox.ac.uk <linc-jcr@maillist.ox.ac.uk>; linc-mcr@maillist.ox.ac.uk <linc-mcr@maillist.ox.ac.uk>; lincolnfellows@maillist.ox.ac.uk <lincolnfellows@maillist.ox.ac.uk>; lincolnstaff@maillist.ox.ac.uk <lincolnstaff@maillist.ox.ac.uk>

Dear All,

Just be nice to each other.

Here is a fish.



Warmly,

Andy

Build your own JCR Charity Motion

By Anne Onymous

The more obscure the better, it'll get passed regardless!

1 – Your Cause
(First letter of your first name)

A – Ex-Circus Animals Trust

B – JCR Bitcoin Portfolio

C – VC's Retirement Fund

D – Britney Spears

E – Kanye 2024

F – Anti-MFA

J – Conservative & Unionist
Party

K - (Another) Tutoring charity

L – Your own back pocket

M – Bees

N – Vegan Tuesdays

O – Handforth Parish Council

P – Scottish Independence

Q – Windmill Operators

R – Tony Blair's Reputation

S – Oxford SU

T – Countryside Alliance

U – Donkey Sanctuary

V – Big pharma

W – Carrie's Wallpaper

X – Cambridge University

Y – Student Switch-Off

Z – GME Options

2 – Donation Amount
(Your Academic Year)

1st – £4000

2nd – £250

3rd – £1000

4th – £∞

3 – Level of JCR Scrutiny
(Your Birth Month)

January – None

February – None

March – None

April – None

May – None

June – None

July – None

August – None

September – None

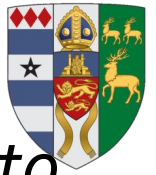
October – None

November – None

December - None

Imp's Guide to Lockdown III

Three unforgettable experiences to avoid at all costs this term!



By Lydia Fontes

1. Ruin the fun of all friends and family with crushing and unrelenting pessimism.

With Boris Johnson's announcement that coronavirus-related restrictions will be lifted on the 21st June, many Britons, Lincolnites no doubt among them, have grown optimistic. After a year of disease, isolation and constant, constant disappointment, such positivity may now seem irritatingly naïve to the average *Imp* reader. It is therefore imperative that you crush any timid hope which may be blossoming amongst your personal circle of family and friends. If your group of friends, blinded by idiocy and trust in the government, attempt to make plans with you, you are obliged to send a lengthy message into the group chat explaining to these deceived ingénues that the so-called 'end of lockdown' is merely a comforting fiction, that they are all wasting their money, and that there will be no festivals, no clubs and no abroad travel until after our youth has passed us by entirely and we are too old and stiff to participate in any of it. It may well happen, after your friends have read this tirade, that their fingers accidentally slip over the 'remove from group' function – in situations such as these the *Imp* is not liable for the consequences of any actions taken on our advice.

2. Experience almost intolerable levels of anxiety

Always an Oxford University favourite, Hilary Term 2021 has dished out a stronger feeling of unshakeable dread possibly than ever before! Don't miss out! This term, a minority of students have been at college whilst the majority have remained at home. What's great about this activity is that it is accessible wherever you are. For students at home, the *Imp* recommends reminding yourself constantly that your short years at university are being wasted, that life is passing you by and that you have failed to move on from the town you grew up in, (the more miserable you were during your years at secondary school the more effective this technique will be). Luckily, students in Oxford this term do not have to miss out on all this fun and can easily achieve similarly unpleasant spirals of dread by telling themselves, no matter how legitimate their reason for returning, that they are incredibly selfish for travelling during a pandemic and thus the blood of every coronavirus victim is on their hands. Enjoy!

3. Panic about parenthood

(This one is first year specific) Come to the realisation that sometime in the fast-approaching future you will become a college parent, having experienced potentially only one term at Lincoln as a first year, as opposed to the more traditional three. And this is assuming that Michaelmas 2020 can be counted as a term at Lincoln considering how heavily it was overshadowed by a national lockdown and endless booking systems. So that's 0.5/3 – good going! First year Lincolnites would be forgiven for beginning to dread the arrival of their children as October draws near. What if they want to know what the best pubs are in town? What if they ask you what a 'bop' is, or want to know about the still more mystifying 'formal hall'? If you have any sense at all this spiral will lead to a frank conversation with your college spouse and a prudent stocking up on college contraception.



The Imp Presents "Lincoln College TT21 Bingo"

By Marianne Cross

Scandal at the Union. Either the OU or the SU, both are just as likely at this point.	Oxford, not cutting the rent.	Another noise complaint Even if nobody is on campus.	The creation of a new cult centred around the animals that keep appearing in our inboxes. (All hail Bruno and Luna – our King and Queen!)
Bribes to the VP and Accommodation manager to give you the best rooms in The Mitre.	"In these uncertain times..."	Exasperated emails from JCR reps wanting you to get involved with something - please. Anything. Please?	An email updating us that we should wait for more updates.
A Lincolnite in Number 10.	Another "final" Lockdown.	Rowing trips being cancelled last minute.	Being unclear about your exam arrangements with less than 24 hours to go.
Events that should have happened months ago taking place every other day to clear a yearlong backlog.	Fire alarm between 1AM and 5AM.	Thinking you should go for a run but deciding it's too rainy/sunny/cold/hot /anything to do so.	Another trashy, yet completely addictive Netflix show.



In defence of London

STOP SHITTING ON MY CITY! I'm serious! Yes, I come from a metropolitan behemoth whose very existence leeches the life out of the rest of the country, but that doesn't give all you country bumpkins the right to take pot-shots at it with poorly aimed snide remarks and unoriginal jokes. Don't think I can't see all you Northerners tutting, all you Irish turning your noses up, where the hell even is Wales, and all the rest of you scoffing at us. In this article, not only am I going to debunk each and every problem people have with London, but I am also going to show why those actually make London the single best place on Earth, and the rest of you racist English Brexiteers and Europhilic Celts can shove it. And if you're a foreigners, then I apologise profusely, since this will make absolutely no sense.

1. London is filthy

Just because we have some of the worst air pollution out of any EU city, and just because you're never more than 6ft away from a rat, doesn't mean London is filthy. I actually find the statistic about rats very offensive; I'll have you know that at least every fourth person in the city is a rat, and in some parts, such as Westminster, that figure goes up to 1 in 2. I personally have several friends who want to become rats when they graduate; more power to them I say. Furthermore, London has one of the cleanest rivers in the world; once we'd stopped throwing our faecal matter into it, that is. And just because the EU sets some arbitrary limit on the amount of NO₂ levels allowed in metropolitan areas, and just because London broke their annual limit within 5 days of 2017, and just because up to 9,000 people die every year in the capital due to air pollution... um, Brexit?

2. Public transport is horrible to ride on

Oh, I'm sorry, was the government-subsidised-available-to-everyone-city-spanning transport not to your liking? Was there no room to sit on the world-recognised bus service when you tried it that one time? Did the 270 stations on a Victorian-built underground that has to manage over 1 billion journeys a year smell a little funny to you?

When your hometown can boast the world's oldest metro system that's been shuttling human cargo 24/7 for the last 158 years efficiently and effectively, then you can complain that the trains are slow, or that there's always a signal failure, or that every platform has that one tramp you keep trying to avoid eye-contact with.



And another thing, stop expecting us to talk to you on the trains. Train time is a sacred time, a quiet time, when everyone does their best to **not** make eye-contact, **not** breathe too loudly, **not** consider where that smell is coming from, and **not** stare too hard at the growing sweat-patch under the pit in your face belonging to the businessman in the too-hot suit struggling to breathe through his tie. Your friendly conversation is ruining our bitter contemplation of whether this life is worth it or if we should just empty our bank accounts and hire a black cab for the return journey.

3. Londoners never smile

Why would we? You're there.

4. Londoners are always drunk

Why wouldn't we be? You're there.

5. London is too expensive

Because we're rich.

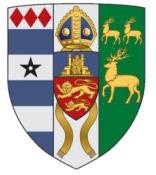
6. The tap water tastes funny

A great man once said, "Anyone who complains about the tap water tasting different is a lil' bitch, and Imma kick their ass." – Anonymous, an unknown location, an undisclosed date.

7. There are no nice animals

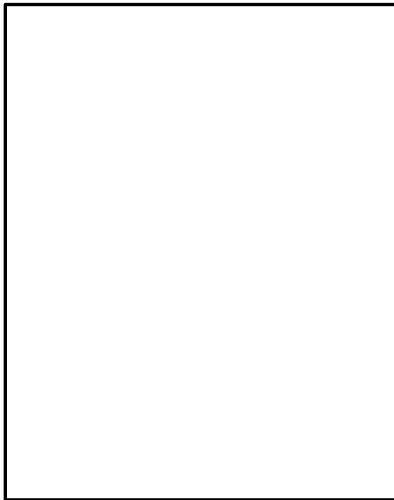
Listen, city foxes may look like mangy, mongrel mutts ridden with rabies compared to their country counterpart, but in actuality... they are. And pigeons may be flea-infested flying rodents, but at least they know their place. When I approach a pigeon in London, they fly away; when I approach a pigeon in Oxford, they think I'm offering food. The lack of fear in these birds is truly disturbing, so as a course of immediate remedy, I implore all you readers to make it your mission to kick, chase, verbally belittle, cyber bully, and otherwise abuse these despicable pests that prove that sometimes evolution works backwards.

I hope I have thus proven my point sufficiently that London is simply the best city in the world, and the only reason why people would say otherwise is because they're jealous, vindictive savages who hate happiness and probably sacrifice babies to aliens, as opposed to us civilised, vindictive Londoners who hate happiness and sacrifice babies to our lizard overlords. God save the Queen!



Meme competition

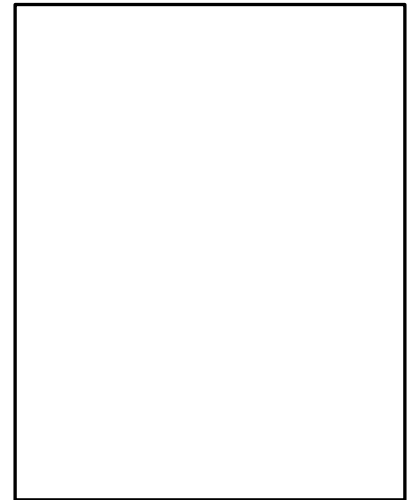
This term I had the great pleasure of running a meme caption competition. Thanks to each and every person who took part. The ingenuity and creativity of our college truly astounds me. Below are a few of my favourite entries. I hope you find as much joy and entertainment with them as I did.



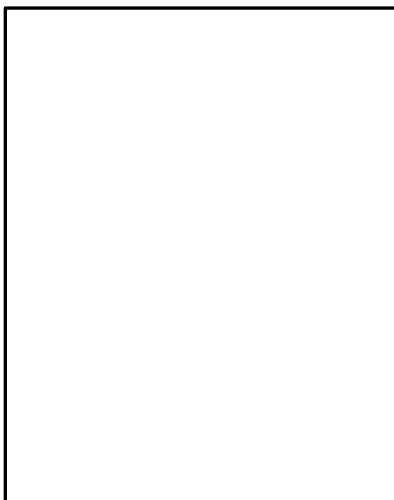
Funniest



Boldest



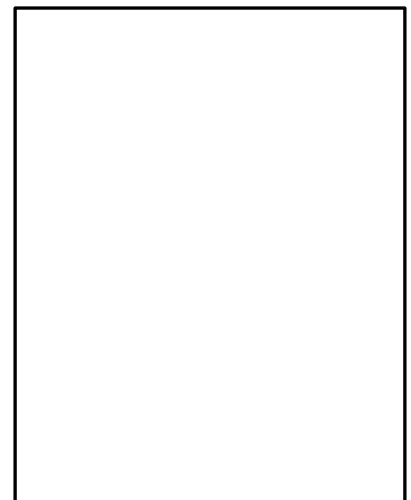
Most Creative



Most Original



Most Surprising



Most Effort

Once more, may I thank each and every one of you for being willing to put in the immense effort it takes to reply to an email with a whole one or two sentences in order to potentially brighten someone's day.

Letter from the Acting Rector



Lincoln College
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

13 March 2021

To all members of the JCR and MCR

Dear Fellow Lincolnite

I hope that you recognise, still, that fellow Lincolnites is what we all are, even though we may never set eyes upon each other again. When last I wrote, at the end of Michaelmas, things were looking quite rosy. For a moment there, we actually thought that Hilary term might finally be the return to normalcy we'd all been praying for since the start of the pandemic. There had been hopes that we'd actually be able to have a half normal term, plans to meet with more than a single other human being at a time, and even a few dreams of being able to take part in university clubs and societies on something other than discord. And don't even get me started on having meals without Perspex dividing friends. Just think if all our wishes had actually come to pass. If only that had come true...

But it didn't.

However, at the very least we did not have to suffer alone. We can all be, if not happy, at least content to know that every single Lincolnite has gone through this together. As a community. Excluding the Rector, of course. Last I heard he is currently sipping cocktails on a beach in Puerto Rico. But apart from him, we have all been through these troubled times together. Indeed, I myself have had to wrestle with my own difficulties this term. Why, just last week my shipment of Portuguese port was stuck at the border due to the travel ban. As such, I have gone through a great many trials and tribulations along with you all. And although of course we should not attempt to compare who has had it harder, if we did, I dare say mine would be quite high up there.

But enough about me. I'm here to talk about you, and help you with your troubles in any way I can. For example, I am aware that many of you are worried about upcoming examinations and how we will be accommodating for these exceptional circumstances. I also understand that in these uncertain times, even the slightest semblance of certainty would go a long way to settling your minds. That is why I will say absolutely nothing on the matter, except to wait for an unspecified amount of time to receive an indeterminate amount of information on exams. Possibly. Or maybe not. We'll see how I feel a few months from now.

On a more practical note, I would just like to remind everyone in all countries and every possible circumstance to obey these following rules to keep ourselves and the people around us safe:

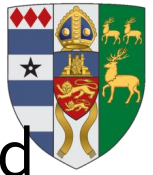
- 'Cut-off' yourself from all your friends (if that's a verb)
- Wash hands. And feet. And face. In fact, wash your body in general
- Wear a face covering (unless it's too uncomfortable or too hot, in which case, wear it as a stylish neck warmer)
- Shove a stick up your nose and spit into a test tube if you have symptoms
- Isolate yourself forever

I dare say I shall go down as the Acting Rector who only ever made Lincolnites depressed. I can't wait to be out of this job.

I look forward, as all Fellows do, to meeting you all again, but properly (except for 3rd year Bachelors and 4th year Masters; you are all dead to me).

Yours

David Hills
Unwilling Acting Rector



A day in the life – the home-bound Oxford student

(No, this is *not* plagiarism, please don't sue me)

- 08:00** Sibling's alarm goes off for school.
- 08:01** Panic as you think that was your live lecture alarm
- 08:02** Realise it's not, go back to sleep
- 08:18** Siblings moving around outside the room becomes too loud to ignore. Throw a pillow over your head
- 09:00** Miss your actual live lecture alarm due to said pillow
- 10:30** Wake up properly and realise you've missed the live lecture
- 10:31** Realise live lecture was being recorded and go back to sleep
- 11:00** Be forced to get up by mum
- 11:30** Settle down to watch lectures at 2x speed
- 13:00** Decide to have a quick leftover lunch and get back to work afterwards
- 15:00** Realise you've spent the last two hours eating one sandwich and watching goo making tutorials on YouTube. Start problem sheets
- 15:30** Get asked by dad to help with a few things around the house. "It'll only take a quick minute"
- 16:30** Get back to tutorial sheets
- 16:45** Have tutorial. Desperately hope tutor can't make out the screaming siblings in the background (they can)
- 18:00** Sit down to dinner with the family
- 18:04** Have first dinner argument with the family
- 19:30** Leave table during sixth argument to finish work
- 19:32** Get called back by mum to help clear the table
- 19:50** Decide to knuckle down and finish the day's work sheets
- 20:20** Get distracted by the crack in your wallpaper for ten minutes
- 22:00** Give up and watch Netflix for an hour
- 23:00** Go to sleep. Dream you'd chosen medicine instead



Six thick thistle sticks

Suppose you were in my shoes one Summer's dusk,
strolling through the Bristol mists, a quick whistle on your lips,
when suddenly a stranger strutted up to you and offered you six thick thistle sticks.
Now, what would you do when asked to choose from six lengths of wood,
would you stutter and stammer and mutter and hammer on about your scheduled
appointment
and slip past the slick man still smiling smugly,
or would you stick around and sidle up to said stranger and then thusly choose?
I picked the former, perhaps a silly slip-up but I feared a trick
and knew naught what he desired, and besides the sickening stench of cider on him
was thick
and causing me to bristle and flinch so I swivelled and scuttled away too quick.
Yet all the while and to this day I wondered what did he mean by six thick thistle
sticks?

Now, when an answer hides from sight within a city deep at night
then follow the backstreet doors to find the city's poor and there so find what's right.
I slumped around the city's slums and heard a tale or more regarding this stranger.
The people hisser and whisper about this sultry sight slinking past their slitted
lights at night
yet I could not discern the reason for this despise of a man who in thistle sticks found
such delight.



Eventually, I found a grizzled clique who warned off these thistle sticks and told me my hearing was wrong, there was but one stick and it would be fickle if we were to mix.

“One stick?” I cried, “But what of the sixes?”

“No, good friend, he meant six inches.”

“Six inches of stick, who seeks such a schtick?”

“Only the sultriest sick shits in the Styx.”

I got no more facts from my new-found contacts and couldn't help but think this was an overreact.

Yet still my question burns bright and even now I search for insight into what the six-inch thick thistle stick could hide?

For if such a topic to moral people seemed so abyssal

and could equally cause them to snivel or swivel

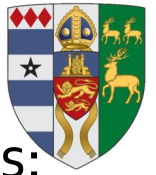
and turn away blushing and starting to fiddle

with chisels or mistle, their eyes low in dismissal,

as though what I had asked was a question too fissile,

then that would leave only the possibility that what the man meant when he talked of his six-inch thick thistle stick...

Ohhhhhh, he was offering to suck his di—

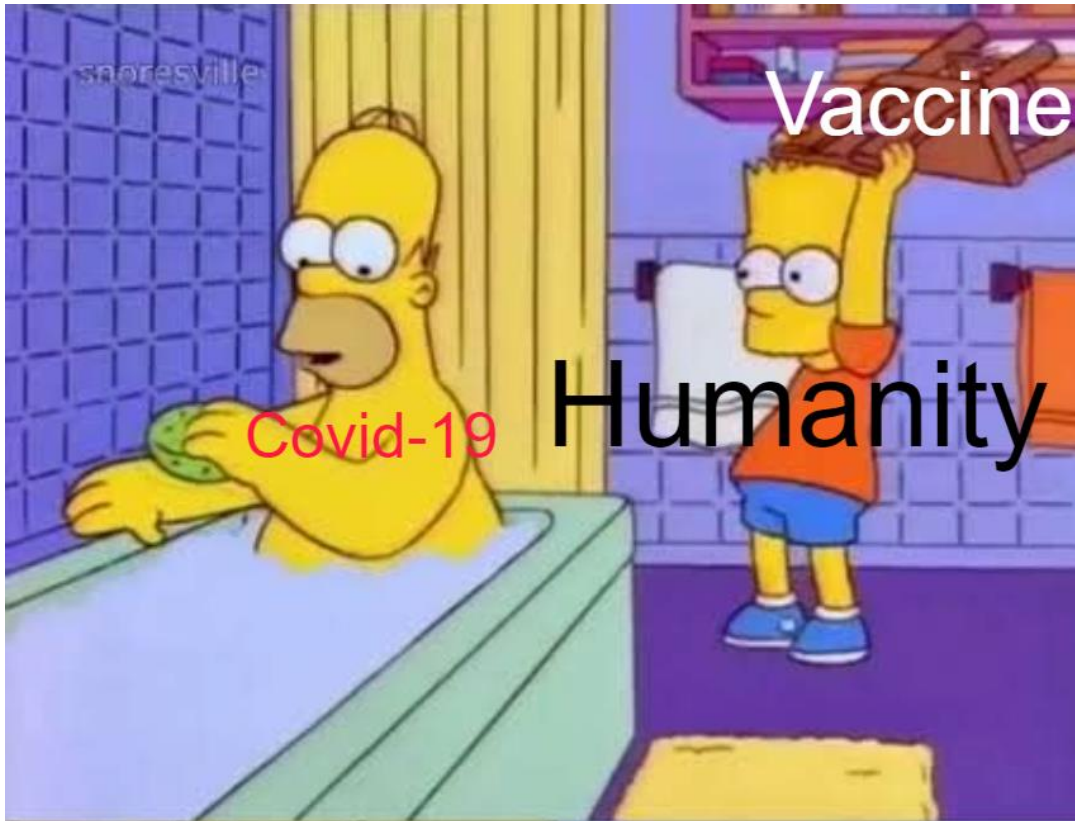


And now, a message from our sponsors:
The Lincoln lunch hall



To pay hidden fees!
Cough up bitches!

Editor's note: The Imp's previous editor filled the last page with an awe-inspiring monochrome image of the Lincoln campus. I had intended to continue this tradition, but on account of never actually making it back to Lincoln to take a photo, I have decided to replace it with something a little more... familiar to myself. Hey, what can I say? I'm a Gen Z at heart.



Somebody once told me the world is gonna roll me,
I ain't the sharpest tool in the shed.
She was lookin' kinda dumb with her finger and her thumb
In the shape of an "L" on her forehead.