

**THE**  **MP**

HT18

# CONTENTS

META 3

TSAF REVIEW 4

TRIP ADVISOR 5

MISERY MAN 6

A POEM, AND A  
DIARY 8

HOT DAIM! 9

STORY TIME 10

LIBRARY GATE 12

OPINIONS 13

SPORTS 14

FILM CORNER 16

FRIEND OF FOES 18

CROSSWORD 19

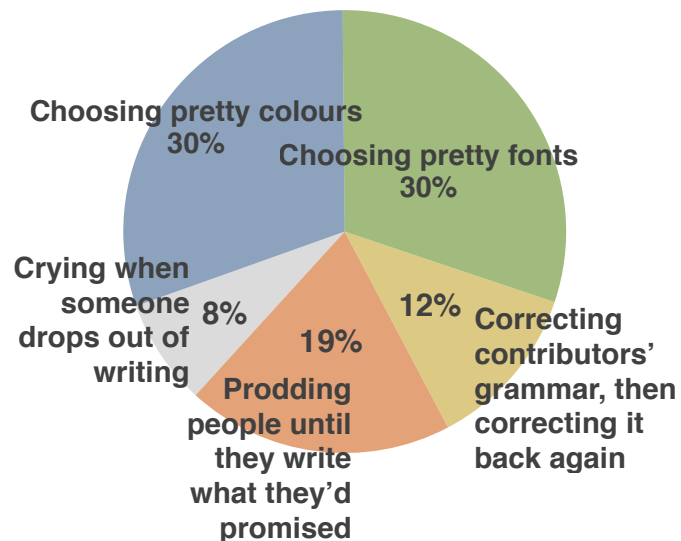
# A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

As Editor of this, my first issue of 'The Imp', I would like to write a disclaimer on everything that is between these covers. I didn't write any of it\* —I didn't even read some of it—and if it is not up to standard you can blame the people who have claimed authorship. Their names are printed for your convenience.

Now, you may be wondering what I have contributed to this issue. Does an Editor actually *do* anything? This is a question I have been attempting to answer ever since I was voted into this role—an event, I might add, that was wholly unintended.\*\*

In the spirit of putting my degree into practical use, I would like to present a brief analysis of how my time in editorial activity has been spent. After identification of the different categories for time spent, which you can see in my beautiful pie chart below, I will proceed to evaluate the usefulness of these various activities, leading me to an analysis of my success as an Editor. I shall, of course, conclude that, overall, I have done a splendid job.

*How an Editor Spends her Time*



On second thoughts, however, my time might be better spent actually doing these things I claim to have done. As I type this, my job as Editor is still unfinished. I'll admit that my writing this note is a way of productively procrastinating from chasing people up on their promises.

That's all from me for now, then. You can await my thrilling thesis in the next issue.

—Abigail Merchant

\* Alright, that's not strictly true, but we can brush over that fact.

\*\*I applied to the role for a laugh, and ended up actually having to do extra work. Whoops.

# META

Hi. It's me, your friendly Imp content producer. As my role implies, I'm here today to produce content for you. What content? It's interesting you should ask, as I don't know yet. I'm just trying to freestyle here. The inspiration lightning will strike eventually if I stand under the correct inspiration cloud. But inspiration clouds have to form through inspiration precipitation, and there's not enough inspiration moisture in the inspiration atmosphere right now. So I'll wait.

To be clear, these are just my notes. I wouldn't submit these. That would be unprofessional.

Or would it? Maybe there's value in showing the Imp readers my creative process. It's a peek under the hood, so to speak. Behind the scenes of how content gets done. I think people might like that.

Nah. It's too obvious. Writing about writing? Been done before. I'm an original content producer. Originality is my MO, my USP, my... I dunno, I can't think of a third acronym.

What if... what if I go a step further, and write about the act of writing about my creative process? That might be interesting. It's clever. Slightly meta. Thinking outside the box. There's potential there.

Or is that still too simple? The only way to do this might just to be to go big or go home. I could write about writing about writing about my creative process. Boom. That's a whole new box I just thought outside of. Creative game-changer.

Hmm. Too many layers. It's getting silly now. Adding layer upon layer of meta, at a certain point, becomes overly self-referential and needlessly convoluted.

Maybe I could write about myself as if I were an entirely different person. I would become fictional. I would become the pen name. The creation of another man entirely. I would be ink on a computer screen. I would be nothing but a heap of broken images. I would be nothing but a handful of dust.

What is consciousness, anyway? If I were to become this fictional version of myself, would that be me? Am I merely the contents of my soul inside a disposable meat sack? If I transplanted my brain into that of a 36-year-old woman, would I still be me? Are we merely the essence of our impact on the world? Do our actions matter if no one is there to see them?

Got it.

I'll just write some gibberish off the top of my head, and call it a parody. The Imp readers will love it.

—Louis Rabinowitz



## “RAINBOW DIARRHEA”: REVIEWS OF THE ‘TURL STREET ARTS FESTIVAL’, 2018

—James Burns



Imagination. The source of all art. Regrettably, however, it was absent from that act of pseudo-cultured middle-class masturbation which dares to call itself the ‘Turl Streets Arts Festival’. For a fortnight, purple, red and yellow sprayed everywhere, but amounted only to a motley stain on the trousers of the Turl. Given the kind of people who organised it, do not pretend you’re surprised. It was a ‘Turl Street Farts Festival’, designed by talentless privileged hippies, for talentless privileged hippies. So, its art stinks. But what of the TSAF’s activities? Well, they smeared a wall with excrement and called it a mural. And if you missed any of its opportunities for you to draw and paint, fear not. You can make an ‘artwork’ of similar merit by gorging on a chicken vindaloo and vomiting, violently. You can also recreate the experience of watching the ‘acting’ in *Punk Rock* by tuning in to *Mrs Brown’s Boys*. The TSAF’s highlight was the Jazz Ball: intimate crowds, screeching imitations of African-American music, an orgy of the woke. You see, what the Festival organisers do not understand is that a lot of bright pretty colours does not, by itself, constitute a painting. They fail to realise that performing a play someone else wrote is not ‘inspired’, but rather betrays a lack of creativity. The artists of the ‘Turl Street Arts Festival’ would be more at home in Hebden Bridge than in Renaissance Florence. Or maybe not, given the yuppies at least have the excuse of drugs for their garbage art. These might seem like harsh words. Indeed, the ‘Turl Streets Arts Festival’ was certainly colourful. But only in the sense that it defecated rainbow diarrhea.

—Jonathan Jones, Christchurch College, Oxford.



I will not be attending the ‘Turl Street Arts Festival’ next year. It was boring. It was dull. It was dreary. Its problem, fundamentally, was that there was too much art. Because the source of all art is ignorance. For two whole weeks, the students of Turl Street surrendered to their most basic instincts and became pretentious arseholes. For them, Science and knowledge are not enough. Like children, they prefer to indulge their passions. We should not be encouraging such distractions for the dumb. Rather, we should be advancing our faculties of Reason and analysing the real challenges of the modern world. Besides, what is Michelangelo compared to Maths? What is Picasso when measured against Physics? What is Dante compared to Dentistry? Love of art over Science is a sign of low-intelligence. ‘Creativity’, ‘diversity’, ‘culture’: these are meaningless terms. So, as I say every year, the ‘Turl Streets Arts Festival’ should be cancelled. But, given that Lincoln, Exeter and Jesus continue to repeat their mistake of not doing this (their student brains made stupid by art), you may have to settle for avoiding it, like I do.

—Philip Stein, Churchill College, Cambridge.

# THE TRIP-ADVISOR ADVISOR, A CRITICAL REVIEW REVIEW OF TRIP-ADVISOR'S LINCOLN COLLEGE COMMENTS

I wish to begin this foray into the entangled opinions of this esteemed college's visitors by first dispelling an urban myth: that "this is one of Oxford's smaller collages"; in fact, a dictionary definition for collage reads: a patchwork art piece combining various components not normally associated with each other – and I hardly agree the garden building supports this definition! Contrarily, Chatham's Victorian crenellations, William's vulgarly oversized festoons adorning the Chapel vault, and Crewe's lewd, and frankly phallic, Hall columns (I presuppose only to laud the mono-genitallic portraiture) complement each other more fairly than Mary Shelley's creation: not an ugly conglomerate but any organism: breathing, struggling, and futilely pursuing a career in writing.

To avoid dwelling on my highly regarded opinions of the college any further than necessary, I present the next heinous act that condemns these imperposturous so-called critics: the personal touch. While perhaps over the plastic rim of cheap white with your school acquaintances, the words "my husband and I had one night in Oxford in September," or "my sister studied at Lincoln for the summer so I went to visit" seem like idle chat, one can easily overlook the incurable harm to my precious time these niceties can cause. Imagine, for a second if you can, my eyebrows - barely visible over the thick, black frame of my spectacles that reflect, with inanimate ferocity, ferrous autumn hues of Front Quad's vinery as I scroll down the Trip Advisor page - irately knitting together when your negligent waffle affronts my gaze. Despite the brief respites of "Lincoln, Oxford, free and open between 2:00 pm and 4:30 pm, small groups only", I quickly dry these shallow oases, before continuing my wander through this desert parched of meaningful discussion. Even if your purpose is to bore, one should tiptoe around personal anecdotes or forever embarrass oneself in type, consider the cautionary extract: "the gardens weren't open to the public although one could see, through a passageway, students relaxing in the small area"; your voyeurism is now immortalised!

I read lots of simple sentences. "The porter was helpful" is one example. "The grass is indeed green" is another. I dislike simple sentences. However, there are graver sins than stylistic illiteracy exhibited here; I pity the trampled remnants of journalistic virtues that have been exhumed at my feet: the gross evidence of the authors' murder; with rapacious gusto they have violated the sacred womb of our profession...I read articles where basic research had not been completed. I refrain from repeating such falsehoods, but with reluctant compulsion it is to your vitriolic and disgusted dissection I offer "try the underground bar with cheap whiskies and an exceptional bartender" and "take a look at the dining hall then finish it all up with a pint served to you by Simon if he's still bartending"; only my restraint halts the vomit that tickles my throat! Should you be unaware of the fault: Simon is not a bartender, but a bar manager! A review ultimately succeeds or fails as entertainment as well as information; it is with sadistically feigned displeasure that I pronounce these reviews as failures on both accounts, and specifically to the author of "because I felt that visitors weren't really welcome, this is not my favourite college", retort that yours was my least favourite review.

And also you are my least favourite person.

—Josh Wrigley

# Misery Man

Topic: Relationships

Before coming to Oxford University, Louis Rabinowitz spent six years at St Albans School, demonstrating staggering combat proficiency and tactical knowhow. After suffering the intense emotional trauma of applying and receiving a rejection from the Ghost Recon unit of the army, he hopes to plug the vacuum in his soul by spreading joy and wisdom to all *Imp* readers in need.

*How do you go about stalking a celebrity crush?*

Really go for it! As with anything in life, absolute enthusiasm is the key. Your garden variety celebrity stalker might track their social media and follow them around a city, but that's weak sauce - you can do better! There are so many brilliant ways to compromise the privacy of famous people. Have you heard of phone cloning? It's really nifty! You can receive all their calls and texts, and track all of their web searches! You'll get a powerfully intimate glimpse into the dark and seedy underbelly beneath the shiny exterior of celebrity culture!

*My boyfriend accidentally sent me a bomb threat instead of a Valentine's card. Should I dump him?*

That sounds exciting! Valentine's can be really boring. Cards, chocolates. We've seen them all before! But a bomb threat is so new, and so cool! Your boyfriend should have done that on purpose, and it would have been even more fun! Don't dump your boyfriend. Bring him closer. He's a keeper! As someone who has not felt physical intimacy for seventeen years, let alone what it would be like to get something as unpredictable as a bomb threat, I'd jump at the chance to be with such a swell guy!

*Why do I keep pulling freshers?*

Because they're fun! Take it from me, somebody who has been at this university for an undetermined number of years. It's right in the name. Fresher. They're fresh! They're peppy! They're full of life! If staying at any university slowly saps you of life until there's nothing but a husk with a painted smile left, then freshers are the happiest people here. Husk! That's a fun word! I'd never use it to describe myself!

*I've made a mistake. Am I a bad college grandfather?*

Ha! What kind of mistake would that be? You haven't specified!

I've never kissed anyone... Do I need to practise to be good, or will I just know what to do when the time comes?

*If you think about it, you use your lips all the time! You put them up to cups. You open them up to brush your teeth. You put lipstick on them, if you're so inclined! So, really, you've been practicing your whole life! That's what I tell myself, anyway! When the time comes, and it will come, no matter how alien the experience is to you, no matter how you feel that you might go your whole life without it, you'll be good to go!*

I've fallen in love with the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. Unfortunately, she's an anime character. Is it fair that my friends make fun of me?

*Anime characters are very attractive! They just look so great! Your friends just don't watch enough anime to understand that. Show some to them. They'll get it! In my view, anime is the most attractive form of animation. Wait! I just remembered clay stop motion characters. They're attractive too! That just goes to show. There are so many beautiful girls out there. You should pick the one that's good for you! Who cares if she's anime? I have so few options at this point that I would ask one out myself!*

I can't help the feelings that I have for my college brother. But it feels wrong somehow. Do you have any advice that can help me not feel so guilty?

*Guilt? There's nothing to feel guilty about! The only thing making you feel guilty is society. As Imp readers know, I'm a sex-positive agony aunt. I would always encourage you to follow your feelings, and ignore your doubts. Did the Lannister twins doubt themselves? No! They got right on with it, and they're actually blood relatives. We have to move beyond this stigma. You want my advice? Guilt is a construct. Break out of the construct. Besides, love is blind, and blind people can't see their siblings.*

Agony Aunt: Are you single? Fancy a drink with me?

*That's so very kind of you! I love drinks. I love coffee, and the caffeine buzz it gives me. I love water, and feeling hydrated. I love fizzy drinks and getting the sugar boost I need. I love alcohol, and getting all light-headed. I even love the water inside my body. I just love fluids and things that are neither solid nor gas. Sorry, you asked if I was single? Ha! Good question. Great question. Am I single? No. I'm not single because I am the sum total of all the brilliant people I've met. I'm never alone when I have my memories. That being said, I have never felt love.*

My college wife changed her relationship status from 'Married' to 'Widowed' - should I be scared?

*Fear is your brain's way of saying no to fun! I mean to say, don't be scared! There are so many reasons why she might have done that. She could actually have married someone, as we are all beyond the legal age, and recently suffered a crushing bereavement! Or she could have forgotten she was college married to you at all, and she could have gotten college married again, and then she could have fallen out with that person she was college married with! So many alternatives - none of them to do with you! That's my motto in all things, and it has served me well in more than*

## A VERY OBVIOUSLY MALE TRESPASSER

I never used to lock my door,  
Until this week; you see,  
I'm always late and it's a bore,  
To have to turn my key,

Alas! No more will I tempt fate,  
In this most dang'rous way,  
For yesternight this risky trait,  
Did make me dearly pay,

What happen'd, happen'd such as  
this:  
From Hassan's I'd returned,  
At Lincoln House—how could I miss  
Him—Freddie! Thus I learned:

"I went to see you on your floor",  
He said with impish grin,  
"And knocked and opened up your  
door,  
And saw that you weren't in."

I started my apology,  
When Freddie spake thus too:  
"So I just took the liberty,  
Of going to your loo,"

I scolded him to no avail,  
He went off through the night,  
While I escaped the midnight gale,  
And checked if he was right,

So through my door and  
flicked the light,  
And to the loo went I,  
And saw—oh, horror!  
—in my sight,  
A nettle to mine eyes.

—Abigail Merchant



## A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF AN ENGLISH STUDENT

**Sunday:** Pull all-nighter in order to meet the Monday 9AM deadline. Copy and paste semi-relevant paragraphs from a previous essay. Reference yourself because "it supports the argument". Drink a litre of milk in the JCR at 6AM.

**Monday:** Send in essay at breakfast. Go to the 9AM lecture because you're up anyway, might as well. Attend class, contribute very little. Go to sleep immediately after and wake up at 10:20PM. Get Hassan's for 'breakfast'.

**Tuesday:** Have tutorial with Dan McCann. Contemplate future as used-car salesman.

**Wednesday:** Tell the scout not to come in because you want a longer lie in. Sleep until 3PM.

**Thursday:** Weigh up the pros and cons of going to Bridge Thursday when you have another (!) essay due at midnight.

**Friday:** Another 3PM start. Regret choices made on Thursday night. Attend tutorial, and regret a bit more.

**Saturday:** Sleep, eat, Netflix. Binge-watch the entirety of 'The Office' for the fifth time in four weeks. Blame lack of productivity on "slow start to the day" around 8PM.

—Maryann Pierse

\*Disclaimer: all events recorded are accurate and have been verified by the individual to whom they pertain.



## HOT DAIM!

It has become customary among my coursemates and I that we each occasionally bring some form of nourishment to lectures—especially those lectures for which we know that we will need the energy to get through them. That is not to say that these lectures are in any way strenuous but, rather, that they are exceedingly tedious and tend to encourage lethargy among the attendees. Hence, some sugar beforehand is always a wise idea.

On this particular occasion, it was my turn. I had in my possession the remnants of a Daim Bar Cake (which is, in my opinion, one of the most luxurious chocolate cakes known to man). Now, of course, bringing half a cake to a lecture is easier said than done, and poses more than one practicality issue. However, I defied any doubts that this was a wise idea and turned up to my lecture, as promised, with said cake—alongside napkins and a knife with which to cut it.\*

I sat down in my chosen seat—the same seat I have always sat in since I first graced the lecture room with my presence—and took out the various food items and accessories required for the operation of cake-sharing. The sheer confusion on my lecturer's face as I proceeded to slice up this cake in front of him—he wasn't teaching at this point, I'm not that rude—was quite a spectacle. I have no doubt that most lecturers have seen an awful lot in their careers, but perhaps even this was a first for him.

As I shared the cake with my associates, I got much praise for the quality of the snack which, naturally, I revelled in. However, I feel that this may not be something I repeat. The humble Custard Cream is a much simpler affair and a whole lot easier to share with those in the row behind, who frequently exaggerate their friendship with us when there is good food on offer in the row in front.

—I.M. Poster



\*Not that this utensil really deserved the title 'knife', for it was a kitchen knife more blunt than those plastic camping knives from my Boy Scouts history. The cake cutting was never going to be perfect...

# THE IMPOSSIBLE ADVENTURES OF AN ADVENTUROUS IMP

Once upon a time, there lived a little imp. He lived in a secluded cavern that was comfortable and well-ventilated and protected by a watchful guardian.



But the little imp was very sad because even though he was often entertained by the comings and goings just beyond his cavern in the domain of the guardian, he was prone to existential crises: why he here? Why was he an imp? What was the purpose of an imp? These and other such pressing questions weighted on his mind, so he decided to do something about his melancholic state. He decided to go on a life-affirming adventure.

Unfortunately, being made of stone, he couldn't move. It seemed as though he would have to linger on forever in his depressed state of solipsism...



Until one night, after the guardian had closed his domain to visitors, a mysterious figure entered the cavern.

The little imp was very scared and alone. The mysterious figure approached the imp and began to murmur strange words. The imp felt a tingling in his little stone legs and then: lo and behold: he could walk!

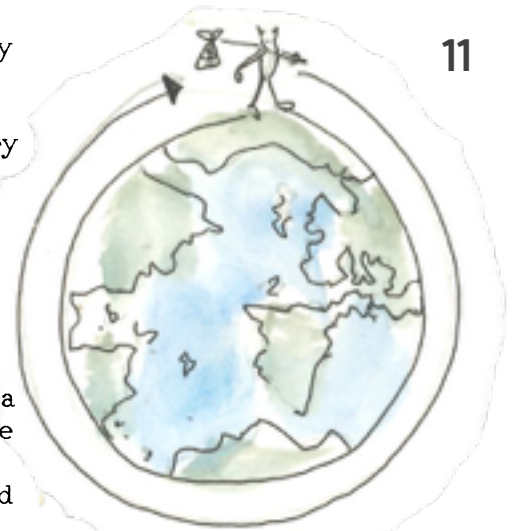
The mysterious figure warned the little imp that he must use his newfound mobility wisely for it would cease if ever the imp misused the gift.

With this in mind, the imp set off to discover the world and, with any luck, himself. In all his travels, he was most intrigued by the many churches and cathedrals he visited and the gargoyles that guarded them. At every stop, he would speak to some of the gargoyles and they all expressed their utmost astonishment that he lived in a cavern, hidden beneath the ground instead of protecting great towers and spires: for that, after all, was the purpose of an imp.



The imp was very concerned that he had wasted so much time, and immediately took up a position as a gargoyle atop a beautiful cathedral and settled there indefinitely.

However, he soon began to petrify, and he lost the ability to move at all. It was even worse than when he had lived in the cavern because now he could not find comfort in the antics of human beings, for they looked like mere ants from his high perch. There were not even any threats to protect the cathedral from. He was sobbing quietly to himself when the mysterious figure appeared again. The imp begged to be returned to his cavern and to never be dissatisfied again.



. He was sobbing quietly to himself when the mysterious figure appeared again. The imp begged to be returned to his cavern and to never be dissatisfied again.

The mysterious figure told the imp that he could either be returned to his cavern or have his mobility returned, on the condition that he pay regular visits to all of the people he had watched in the guardian's domain. They missed him and were rather worried about him, especially the guardian.

The imp asked to receive his mobility again and the first thing he did was return to the cavern and tell everyone about his adventures.



They were so happy to see him and so interested in all his stories that the imp decided to go on more adventures to gather more stories for his friends. To this day, the little imp travels the world in search of interesting stories, which are all gathered together in a paper that bears his name.

And he only very occasionally has existential crises.

The End.



# AN ARTICLE EXPRESSING CONCERN OVER THE SPEED OF THE LIBRARY GATES

It is a well documented truth that a common activity undertaken by Lincolmites is going to the library. So popular is this activity that Oxford University Press have been consulted about adding the verb “to library” into the Oxford English Dictionary for the benefit of Lincoln students.

A very brief analysis of the time Lincolmites spend in the library, however, raises a few concerns. Primarily, is all this time actually spent in the library, or is it simply spent waiting for the library gate to open? In other words, rather than saying, “I spent all day in the library”, would it, in fact, be more accurate to say, “I spent the majority of my day outside the library waiting for the gate to open, and managed to fit some work in, too”? It seems this question has been fed with much thought by philosophers throughout the ages such that I would be able to add nothing new. What I can suggest, however, is a list of alternative activities that can be completed in the time it takes for the gate to open:

- Look impatiently at your watch 1
- Have an apple (or any other food of preference) 2
- Have a deep conversation 3
- Saw the gate from its hinges 4
- Complete (and then check) the work you were intending on doing in the library 5
- Bake a selection of cakes and savoury muffins 6
- Attend a lecture series 7
- Go on an expedition to LMH 8
- Read ‘War and Peace’ 9
- Direct a feature length film 10
- Learn a foreign language 11
- Get a degree 12
- Enrol in the army and go abroad for military service 13
- Raise a family 14
- Write an article for *The Imp* (‘surely he didn’t!’) 15

—William Moore



## IT'S ONLY THE VEGANNING

Vegan Pizza. It's real and it's here, in Lincoln. Not merely tomato puree on a bit of bread. Vegan cheeeese too. Veganuary was good- Lincoln didn't come last in the 'Veggie Pledge Leaderboard' last term (take that Norrington, we love animals... so much more than exams). And Veganuary became so popular this year that most supermarkets now stock vegan brands – Wicked Kitchen anyone? So what's next?

I've been dreaming of vegan hall breakfast... not just tomatoes. And no, not mushrooms. I dream of hashbrowns, beans, and vegan sausages reserved just for those who follow this diet. No hashbrowns for meat-eaters. Nor for veggies who enjoy a bit of Lincoln's classic scrambled egg. Just for us. Alternatively, avocado toast?

And the menu, imagine the feeling of knowing what vegan meals you'd have on offer that week... (I love stuffed aubergine). But is this just a dream. I'm hoping for bigger things. Meat-free Monday going a little further in becoming animal-free, cruelty-free, Meatless Monday. They can keep the catchy name, but help out our animal friends. Especially with Spring around the corner, with little chicks and lambs frolicking around. Let this only be Lincoln's Veganning!

—Someone who is not actually a Vegan

## A CELLAR ART BOP

Where do I begin? Where do I end? Somewhere in the realm of 1:30AM on a Monday morning, filled with regrets. You climb out of the literal cellar and stumble into the warm glow of the harsh street lamps, and the silence is yet another reminder that you just spent 2 hours in Cellar, on Sunday night. This unfortunate timing of the bop may have dissuaded many rational human beings, but for a small and dedicated group, there is no obstacle big enough to prevent bop attendance. And there were perks of a Sunday night; the slightly sparse numbers meant that only *some* sweat dripped off the ceilings, and there was sufficient room to fully appreciate the art of costumes. Impressive contributions included a cardboard frame around a disembodied face, innumerate layers of tie dye, self-professed art wankers, and some genuinely impressive Dutch Golden Age artists straight out of the canals of Amsterdam.

The music started off well but perhaps the most symbolic moment of the night was when the DJ went rogue and dropped some ABBA: 'Dancing Queen', that somehow segued into Gorillaz and achieved the impressive feat of permanently tarring the memory of two bangers. Although cheese is usually a hit in the hallowed halls of Deepers, something about the Cellar ceiling, the glow in the dark murals, and ABBA, hit the wrong note.

In what could perhaps be seen as an angry protest against £8 for a watered-down vodka coke, a keen fresher decided that it was the night to live her dreams and take the reins of the Cellar bar. Unfortunately, her dreams went up in the flames when said fresher was manhandled out of Cellar —on a Sunday night.

Despite the Cellar struggle, the Hassans queue on a Sunday night is mysteriously non-existent, and so you could drown your sorrows in a sweetly familiar plastic box of carbs. In the aftermath of it all, I can only hope that this juicy Oxfess was solved and love flourished in the face of darkness.



—A.N. Observer

# LINCOLN COLLEGE FOOTBALL CLUB

LDLWLLLWLL

Ed Abbott's record as LCFC Captain.

Not. Good. Enough.

#AbbottOut banners have been displayed throughout what used to be called 'Fortress' Barties and—briefly—Abbott was subsequently removed from his tumultuous Leadership. He was replaced by Joe Tripkovic to much fanfare, with the decision that it was time Lincoln was led by experience and pedigree – not a young Essex based PPEist who will probably end up leading a fake tan company anyways. Tom Greenwood was quoted as saying, "I'm glad he's gone. His tactics and coaching are dreadful – he thinks a 5 a side kickabout can be described as training, and thinks being good on the ball entails kicking it 40 yards every time he gets it." But the upsetting lack of quality within the squad led #CoachTripkovic to decide that it was too much of an ask for even him to keep LCFC away from the clutches of a third successive relegation, so Abbott was brought back in. And we thought Biggs and Matovu were bad captains....

Ed's plight has not been helped by the incredible Freshers turnout of a grand total of 3. It's like Lincoln has been given the 'worst of the rest' in terms of their pick of freshers. A centre mid who goes by the name of Ben Lane – I've heard mice that are louder than him, and his penalty miss at Corpus will go down as the top 10 worst any of us have ever seen. And then there's Chris Bullimore, who seems more content to be doing his maths problem sheets at 3am in the library and attempting to emulate Andy Murray on the tennis court than playing for the pride of Lincoln. I'm also unsure about who has better positioning – the freshers who seem to not know where the deep hall toilets are or this Behemoth from Cheshire. Maybe it's because of that famous concussion which occurred on Varsity Ski where his already questionable chat became even worse, as someone anonymously quoted: "After the concussion he just kept repeating sentences and questions and the sort, and the worrying thing is it's not much different when he's not concussed."

Louis Wood has decided that getting drunk after 2 Coronas, and then smashing one in deep hall is more important than ruling the LCFC left wing with his countless failed nutmegs and flicks – which he blames on his lack of vision due to that mop of ginger on his head. Owen Brooks thinks that when taking corners the ball is playing limbo, as we can see from his regular failure to clear the first man. He has surprisingly, however, been available most games, although he should be for every single one: he does History, does he even know the meaning of hard work? Mind you, I don't either...

Tom Goldsworthy believes that since he is now trialling with the University 4th team he doesn't need to pass – he just needs to compete with Lincoln's other attackers for the title of worst finisher in the club. If he keeps going like this Nobel will just refuse to bring him along to training, where he looks as mediocre as his balding hairline, as weak as Abbott's leadership and as slow as Kieran 2 minutes into the game. Actually no: before the game.

However, performances have recently been on the up. There was an 8-1 demolition of Corpus where even Nobel Basser and Tom Greenwood managed to bag a goal each by showing Goldsworthy how to do it – nutmeg the defender then actually shoot into the bottom corner, or control the ball and actually hit it with power, accuracy and conviction. There was an unlucky loss to St Anne's where Lincoln actually looked defensively sound, mainly due to the presence of Biggs and Colthorpe in the back line, replacing Matovu and Greenwood. However it was made clear that Lincoln's attackers need either glasses or some new brain cells – the keeper actually finds it more difficult to save them when they're not right at him!

Put simply, Lincoln may get relegated for the third time in a row, from the top of JCR football to the bottom – an almighty fall from grace. All in the time of the third and 4th years.... I blame Biggs for starting this slump.

On the plus side, if we do get relegated, the only way is literally up - lucky Lane/Bullimore...

—Nobel Basser

## A VAGUE COMMENTARY

You know that one thing; that goes around, mostly on Tuesdays. Start of the day, you are aware of what is to come, and it keeps you in bed for a little bit longer than is probably good for you. Good for you in the long scheme-of-things sense. Because, let's be honest, a couple more minutes in bed is what you really need. But ultimately you have got to get up and face it. It'll be there on Wednesday, most likely. Thursday will be moved to Saturday, but maybe you'll be lucky and get Sunday off? Unlikely. But one can still be hopeful. For a small amount of time, you can hold solace as you shower: a few minutes of numbing warmth to soothe the cold soul you recently began to harbour. Think back on the times when it wasn't this complicated; before it all began. You brought this on yourself, really. By chasing what you thought would be healthy, you ended up dreading starting the day. It's worse when it's raining, painful when it's cold, and aggravating when it's windy, but you'll face the oncoming storm so as not to let anyone else down. Let's keep the secret that if it wasn't for worry of upsetting the people expecting to see you that day, you would make those few extra minutes a few extra hours and sleep the whole day away. But perhaps not today. Gosh, why does it have to be 6am on the water? The boats will be there later, won't they?

—Aristophanes



## A BIRTHDAY TREAT AND, A BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

One year older, one year further from the glory days of my sporting career. The prestigious MT16 Volley of the Term award, however, cannot compare to the stellar performance of Lincoln College Volleyball Team on the night of Monday 19th February. St Hugh's College is steeped in volleyball lore; for long, they have struck nothing but blind fear into the hearts of their opponents. However, while some seasoned volleyball commentators were distracted by the infectious melody of Taylor Swift's magnum opus '22', LCVC were busy savaging the weight of sporting expectation like a mighty canine tearing at the meaty contents of a now all-too-rare bucket of fried chicken.

And how well these heroes performed. Going down to defeats so narrow they would have shamed England's premier narrow-gauge railway operators, Lincoln put itself on the Oxford volleyball map on Monday night. In both games, the squad registered only a slight deficit; in particular, coming within three points of a win suggests a display of serving prowess belying the lack of formal stash which has become the trademark of the Volleybaes. Great praise must go to all members of the team who took part; some old hands, and some new blood. And to my old treasured friends, the v-ball captains, thank you for giving this old volleyball dog something to bark about. I am thrilled my dire predictions about the sad decline of LCVC in the previous issue did not come to pass.

The success on the volleyball court, however, coincided with the yearly revival of an event famed for its warm atmosphere and refined conversation. It feels hard to believe that it was already a year ago since I, your volleyball correspondent, delivered a leaver's speech of such heart-rending incoherence that it reduced the entire room to tears of indifference. Yet, the address clearly had an impact on the scheduling decisions of this year's organisers, who graciously chose the date with this in mind. I hope only that this birthday surprise did not cause any of those present to miss news of the successes being achieved out on the court!

—Annette von Bal

## A 'BLACK PANTHER' REVIEW

An esteemed Oxford Alumni is finally getting well-deserved recognition in a form of a biographical picture which was released last week after a long period of anticipation. And it has certainly been worth the wait. We cannot express how excited we are to hear these words used to describe the story of one of Oxford's own.

Born in Birnin Zana, the man who used to go by the name Luke Charles during his university days is becoming a hugely important figure in world's politics and the picture shows his rise to that status. While the picture sadly does not explore or even mention his Oxford background, we can still glow with pride when we see the very talented Chadwick Boseman portray the African native on the big screen because even though regular audiences might not be aware, we know that this man has gained a DPhil in Physics at everyone's favourite university. Instead on his student years, the picture focuses on more recent events.

Is the film truly as revolutionary as the early reviews suggest? It surely is the first of its kind to include an almost all-black cast, led by the wonderful Chadwick Boseman, who perfectly captures the essence of the king. The rest of the cast is as incredible as Boseman himself. Most notably, Michael B. Jordan flawlessly captures T'Challa's rival, Erik "Killmonger" Stevens, with as much nuance as you could wish for. The critics are loving his character and Jordan's performance and rightfully so, as Killmonger's inclusion brings a whole new level of greatness to the story the filmmakers decided to tell. His motivations are properly explored and shown to the audience so that we can understand him on a more personal level even though he is portrayed in opposition to the hero of the film.

The filmmakers also did an incredible job with the women around T'Challa. The lovely Letitia Wright's perfect portrayal of her is a total scene-stealer. The Oscar-winning actress Lupita Nyong'o plays a member of Wakandan secret services, Nakia, and is another delight to watch. Perhaps the greatest badass of the story is general Okoye, the head of Dora Milaje, the Wakandan king's personal all-female guard. Danai Gurira portrays her as the fierce warrior she is but does not limit herself to that shallow description and instead gives us a look at Okoye's cheeky personality. The great cast which brings all these people's stories onto the big screen together with the film's focus on the African country of Wakanda, its culture and the struggle of the black people, revolutionary may just be the right word to use.

In addition, the whole picture stuns you in particular with its beautiful visuals. The design of Wakanda as presented by the filmmakers who were not allowed to film in the country is as astonishing as the real place. The combination of Wakandan technology and its more traditional African motives looks otherworldly and yet wonderfully real at the same time. Same can be said about the costume design,



whether we are talking about the various traditional Wakandan outfits worn by the tribes and the Dora Milaje or about the character's personal styles. The only complaint I would have regarding the visuals is the CGI which at times does not blend well enough with the rest of the film but I did not find it too distracting either. After all, it's not like they're trying to remove a moustache, right?

The film's biggest strength, however, lies in its handling of the social issues it addresses. Prior to seeing the film, I was worried they would either play it too safe and ignore these problems or that they would try to force certain opinions onto the audience. My worries soon proved to be unfounded as Coogler is able to discuss the delicate topics of colonisation and oppression those of African origin people and manages to balance both sides of the arguments. While there naturally is an agenda the film promotes through its hero's goals, it does not force a definitive distinction between right and wrong. To me, that is a wonderful feat.

As far as action scenes are concerned, here comes my second issue with the film. While the action itself is enjoyable and has the right stakes, some of the fight scenes suffer, as many in action films do today, from the fast editing which sometimes makes what happens on the screen harder to follow. However, it is not a prominent problem and only happens occasionally. Besides that, the film also gives us a beautifully executed long shot of one of the action sequences, which more than makes up for a couple of quick cuts.

One final thing that stood out to me is the film's score composed by Ludwig Goransson. While I am no music expert, the way I saw, or better heard it, it is a perfect blend of traditional African motives and instruments with more traditional score. It is more than good enough for casual listening outside of the film. I would know, it has been playing in my room on repeat for a week now and I have not yet grown tired of it. When talking about music, I cannot forget about Kendrick Lamar's Black Panther companion album. Several of the songs are featured in the film and while I was not astonished by them when hearing them on their own, they fit really well in the film.

Is Black Panther the best picture I have ever seen? That would be hyperbole. Is it awesome nonetheless? Yes. Yes, it is. I loved every second of it. As a white girl, I can hardly guess what this film means for black people. But I felt special watching it and I felt that it was doing everything just right. From my perspective, Marvel's Black Panther IS revolutionary. And in your local cinemas, so grab your wallets and go see the film.

—Tereza Maláčová

## MAKING FRIENDS OF FOES

College Rivalries. Lincoln can't really rival any other college at the moment; we're bottom of the Norrington Table, too small to even house the whole of first year and very few tourists know we exist, with people often saying "ah yes, this is the back of Brasenose", or "Where are we? Oh right, Exeter and Jesus, this must be part of them..."

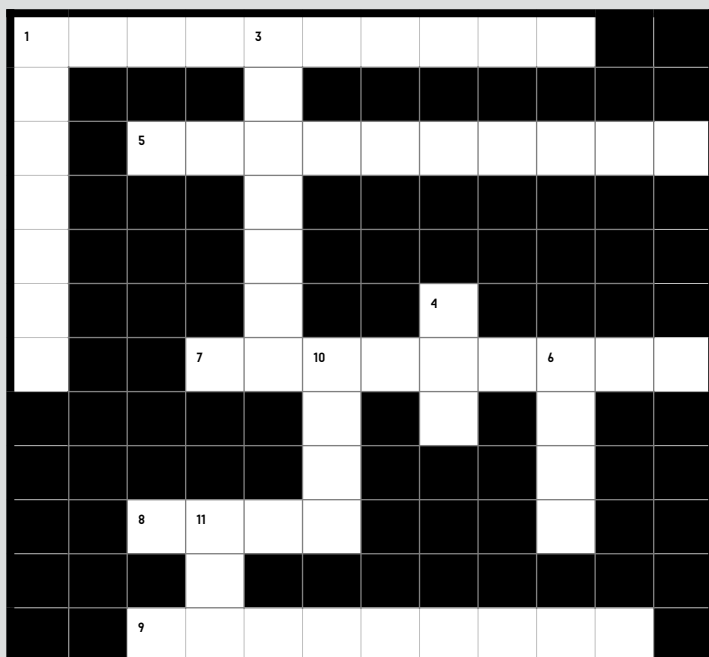
I infiltrated Lady Margaret Hall, went to the Jazz Ball in Jesus Hall, saw inside Brasenose, and went inside Mansfield in the last week. A fellow guest at LMH jokingly suggested lifting a candlestick or water bottle as a memento. I thought of our inactive War Minister (Sam Clark), and our silent but also guiltless Assassin (Yip-Shing Lee), and of PEACE. Though this is the IMP and our symbol is one of frivolity and trickery and humour, not sure that should translate to our inter-college relationships.

Lots of people who study at Lincoln applied to Brasenose. I won't name and shame (Lincoln 'Till I Die.... says the girl who applied to Corpus Christi and hadn't heard of Lincoln till she got allocated there on results day!) but we dislike them, right? Because they're bigger than us?? Is this a case of short-person syndrome, that we get particularly pissy at colleges bigger than us because we really can't beat them? Being defensive because we gotta DeFeNd ThE LiTTIE GuY! – and there were so many Lincolnites at Brasenose Ball last year, I suppose, because we all know it's the beauty we can't quite reach but are stuck on the back of...? When I went there, it was pretty. It was big too. That was it for me though. I think a college is made by its people and all colleges have merits... and not all have a view of RadCam but I get to look at Lincoln Lib. in my Mitre room and tbh going to pull the really-loyal-to-Lincoln card in saying it's a better view.

So Brasenose is ok, though I'm not sure I get the hype. Neither am I sure that they're worth our hatred, or our offering of free alcohol every summer. Mansfield, different story. There was a vegan cheese and wine night and, though I dislike cheese, I went along to be sociable and to get into the JCR of that college! It's a mix of v modern and really attractive old buildings, oddly facing perpendicular to the road, so that it has a nicely lit semi-circle of grass in front of the entrance and looks really wholesome and inviting. They had a red room, as we have our 'Smoking Room', but theirs was lit so nicely, it actually looked *a nice colour* for walls of a college room! (Shocker) (sorry Lincoln, I sort of love Mansfield).

LMH was huuuuuge. We didn't have to leave the building to get from (almost any) accommodation -> hall -> bar. A little to get to the entrance, but it was a chilly night and I was impressed. Topsy me did, voluntarily, go outside to walk around and gape at how expansive their land is. And then trekked all the way back, yay. But it's pretty, and I like it there. Also, they have lots of paintings of women on the walls, which is nice. Their food? They serve soup in a cup. It was tasty, but as part of a £15 meal I sort of hoped for a bowl-full. The main was scrummy and everyone had BYOB so my lack of alcohol was made up for by making (emergency) friends with strangers at the table. Also, their grace; gotta hear it to believe it. All in all, colleges are fun, Lincoln is great and I wonder whether our War Minister will decide to do... anything. I mean, waging war would be sort of predicable yet still hasn't happened? But imagine an extension of an olive branch- I suppose TSAF, captained by the wonderful Elena Casale, was the anti-War event of the year, with Exeter Jesus and Lincoln all being friends with one another for over a week. I think it'd be great to start an actively positive relationship with a college, with socials and swapping events and collected meals and things!

—Georgina Macrae



## ACROSS

1. One for the seasoned/aged nightlife connoisseur; before PE was Atik, it was.. (4,6)
5. If you like these, and getting caught in the rain, then write to me and escape? (4,6)
7. Very popular sport; remove the last L in order to make it fit the grid (9)
8. A welfare officer; not Sophie (4)
9. You do love to see it; recent addition to the Lincoln political scene (4,5)

## DOWN

1. College which does not presently offer geography, though one day I like to think it will have its first geography fellow (7)
3. Esteemed PPE finalist; I don't regret meat-ing this guy (7)
4. Teaching union; formed following a merger of the NUT with the smaller ATL. The former was known for its incredible conference crèche performances (3)
6. Viatores (4)
10. Pizza and \_\_\_\_; PPE tradition, from which I remain sulkily/rightfully excluded (4)
11. Number of hours it took me to produce this crossword (3)

## MUSINGS OF A RUNNING MAN

Who am I?

Are you sure you want to know? The story of my life is not for the faint of heart. If somebody said I was an average guy, not a care in the world... somebody lied.

I am more than just a university student. My life extends beyond the confines of the library, and of college accommodation. It extends all the way to areas on the outskirts of central Oxford, where I run. That's who I am. I am a runner.

I'm a ghost. A silent watcher. You'll never see me, unless I want you to see me. I am visible, yet invisible, appearing as a black and blue blur in the fringes of photos taken by unsuspecting tourists. As soon as you think I'm somewhere, I am there no longer, unless I'm stuck at a traffic light, which happens frequently when I'm running.

But sometimes, if you listen on the wind, you will hear a faint yet vaguely worrying gasping sound. Or maybe it'll be a faint snatch of a popular and mainstream hit from the 80s pumping out of headphones that have long since moved into the distance. Yes. I have a running playlist. It's available on Spotify. You might assume these sounds are merely the siren songs of Mother Nature's call. But they're not. They're from me, a runner.

I run to forget. Or maybe I run to remember. It depends upon the day. I run to escape, and I run to become. I am within, yet without. I am the day, and I am... not necessarily the night, because I dislike running in darkness. I am a walker, and yet I am a runner.

In case I hadn't mentioned it, I am a runner.

—A Runner

—Matthew Whearty

