



No.2  
Trinity Term 2023  
£a-little-bit-of-your-dignity

# THE IMP



## College band found invading others' space



This is....this is normal



# Full disclosure.



## What to expect:

*Complaints should be directed towards literally any other member of the JCR committee; it's made up of ex-Imp Editors anyway. But, as per, the less you expect, the more this will impress you to no end.*

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

4 - Into the valley of Lincoln's weird cultural pursuits.

5 - It's hard to explain.

7 - News continued.

8 - Rowers' diary.

9 - Going back in time. Fret not, it will feel familiar...I promise...

11 - Spanish diplomacy.

13 - Unsurprisingly, your fate will be decided by a statistician and a PPEist.

14 - Impish classifieds. I would tell you more but that's classified. I'd have to kill you.

## Dearest Lincolnites,

I'm still here, apparently. So, here you go, another edition.

And, no need to panic, this is the 2/3 point of my time in office. You're one edition closer to witnessing the piece-by-piece mental deterioration of the next lucky soul to be Imp Editor.

What a term, eh? And now an *Imp* accompanies it. My main observation is that Oxford has been overrun by geese. Really, honestly, think about how many geese you've seen this term. Mind you, they're not the only squawking, messy outcasts who like to dirty the rivers to have moved into Oxford recently. At least the geese are doing what they're meant to - their parties are mostly legal.

On that cheery, non-pointed note, wishing you, dear reader, a long vacation.

Signed,

The Imp Editor incumbent.





# The Imp Breaks the News



## The J.C.R. (is) run down

This term saw cabinet reshuffling. We bid adieu to Archie Turner as JCR President. It was unclear whether the tears shed (collectively by the JCR as well as by Turner) were the final throat-tightening of a tenure well-done or a little bit of joy in shedding the load. Within the term's final meeting, presidential duties were transferred to Fiona Townsley who has restored equilibrium as a PPEist with power. Albeit - if still in the safe hands of Kath Simms - leaving Lincoln's artistic legacy in limbo.

The same meeting was held together by the beautiful kit of Independent Chair, James Turvey. Who says a little bit of fear doesn't keep order?

The JCR is set to rearrange its arrangements as the final act of Turner's tenure. It is no longer controlled centrally but by boroughs of committee roles. These local authorities will be easier to manage, of course. Though nothing can

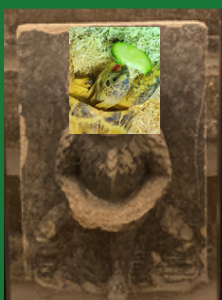
avoid the inevitable and necessary hours spent on deciding what the purpose of the War Minister really is. If all else fails, we can ask Treasurer, Jake Palmer to define it.

The 2022-3 JCR has proved that true commitment to it involves a degree of really quite forceful shouting. We shall monitor decibels to see where the new President stands.

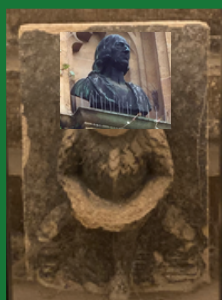
## Tortilla inspires profound emotional outpouring

The tortoise race toward a boon  
If arduous they weren't for shunning,  
Of course, 'tis hardly over soon,  
Methinks first is the Second Coming;  
Alas, my calendar had no room!  
Although we lost in all the running,  
There was tho purpose I suppose,  
When found, write in and let me know.  
- *Poet Anon.*

## Who will be the next Imp?



Tortilla



Wesley, that guy in Front Quad



JCR treasurer, nothing else to do



The pigeons who hold dominion over Front Quad



Imp (again)



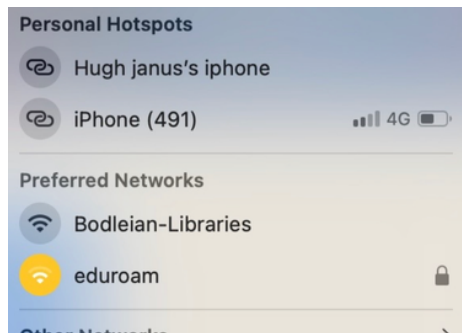
# Getting around

Lincoln's cultural correspondance



## Trinity's cultural round-up

It's probably safe to say that most people ate more burgers and astonishingly realistic veggie alternatives than anticipated at Groove Quad. The new Entz team threw caution to the wind at their first bop with an avant-garde abandonment of Angels - many didn't know whether to laugh or cry. That may well have been the end of term and the tequila talking. But the prize for the greatest comic moment goes to this act of unalloyed genius:



## Introducing Lincoln's *University Challenge* team



### Starter for ten:

*Rajan* - Name something that exists outside of Oxford.

*Frep 23, Lincoln* - Urm, I don't know where anything is beyond the Rad Cam. Has it got something to do with whether or not a Fresher brings a fridge in October?

*Rajan* - No. Just no. That's minus five points, clearly.

Thankfully there's absolutely no chance of Lincoln maintaining the trend of elitist Oxbridge dominance on the programme.

## POETRY HALF-A-PAGE

### Imp – tell me the truth.

Your eyes witness the birth of each generation  
-each little storm-  
Of us.

What do you feel when you see the late straggler run  
through front quad  
-morning hair in knots-  
For a hastily rescheduled tute?  
Or frenetic freshers tearing impatiently through grove  
once term has passed?  
How must you feel  
-year upon year-  
-season upon season-  
Witnessing lives blossoming and friendships in flight?

You have seen it all.

And in truth  
I see your mischief in the bollards that sound every  
morning  
-a brutal wake-up call-  
I feel your history in the fine roots of the Lincoln  
library  
-a late-night studier's friend-  
How many faces have you seen walk those walls of  
Oxford's  
Dreaming spires?

You  
-spying, scorning, sneering?-  
Or just simply misunderstood?  
How must it feel to be condemned to eternity beside  
the creeping vines  
-Boston Ivy, you blushed before the icy serenity of  
winter-  
Ever frustrated at the hasty decisions,  
-bonds broken, hearts sunken, opportunities missed-  
Of us?

If only I could hear you  
Speaking through the vines;  
Tell me what it is to be misunderstood.  
Does it bring you joy to know that  
those condemned to eternity will forever fill our minds?

Just tell me what it is to see the world  
-to see time and space-  
Fly before you, and yet still remain  
Silent.  
- Spending a questionable amount of time dreaming of  
the Imp, Ozzadeh Tajalli



# ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE INDEPENDENT CHAIR



As apparently I have been sending too many emails this year, I am attempting to make use of a different form of communication that is untouchable in all manifestos. With the suite of constitutional changes passed this year, and indeed especially in the last meeting, I thought it would be good practice to give you some headline changes that have been made. I have also included a couple of more personal messages because I know you all value my opinion as much as I do

Jake Palmer is now, henceforth, and forevermore, to be known as “THE ONE WHO BOUGHT THE WII” and will receive, in thanks for his service, a gold-plated Wii Remote paid for by the JCR. All new treasurers will swear an oath on the Wii to never sell the Wii or risk the wrath of THE ONE WHO BOUGHT THE WII.

Archie’s restructure of JCR committees brought a suite of changes to the way the JCR works now. One of these changes forms the new executive committee, which is like the old executive committee, but a new sleeker, slimmer model that promises high performance with an improved fuel efficiency. The new model will give you a new lease on life, allowing you to live to your fullest. Other features include greater vision when you really need it through a new and improved headlight and a faster, more responsive dashboard all thanks to the improved system architecture. The New Executive Committee™ can be yours for only the low, low price of 2805 words, and seven hours of your time.

A new quirk of Archie’s changes is that now all conversation within the bounds of the JCR must now be held only in the language of the country that he is now resident in.

Another oddity that has been implemented in the updated constitution because I slipped while typing is that the Bike Rep is now entitled to at least half of the annual budget. As such all members of the JCR will be bought toolkits to remind you of the real joy of bikes: fixing them.



After writing myself into the constitution to receive all of the benefits of the JCR exec without actually doing the exec work, I have now been targeted by persons on the far right and accused of benefits fraud. This has involved being told to ‘get a real job’ and that ‘you should’nt be allowed the FREE PIZZA that is available at each and every JCR meetings. My claims for more money from the treasurer on the grounds of my health issues has fallen on deaf ears after being told that apparently debilitating handsomeness is ‘not a real disability.’ You try looking in the mirror when you look this good in a playsuit.

In other news I would like to congratulate Archie on submitting no less than 18 motions this year as proposer or seconder. I would like to give him a prize but as he will be abroad and sadly ignorant of my incoming power grab becoming better at French I am unable to give him his well-deserved award. Instead, the prize will be going to the close runner up, Thomas Britton, who submitted 7 whole motions as proposer or seconder (and didn’t it feel like more). His prize will be given when someone submits a motion to ask the president to ask me to ask myself to have a conversation with my conscience to do it.

Furthermore, following a series of very nearly almost slightly violent protests against my authority in the last meeting I will be cracking down on dissent. By authorising myself to use force in meetings to keep order where necessary I hope to maintain a friendly atmosphere within the JCR. This will make those that would rather intimidate the JCR with threats and flagrantly criminal acts give up these false pretensions of influence. I am the supreme power in the JCR. All will submit to the power of the chair.

*continues overleaf*



Finally, I would like to express my deep disappointment in the JCR for having a consistent 100% of voters being Lincoln undergraduates. We, as a community that values diversity, have failed. So long, and thanks for all the motions,

James Turvey  
*Independent Chair and Returning Officer 2022/23*  
*Supreme Leader of the JCR*  
*Lord of all Motions*  
*Master of the Agenda*  
*The Sender of Emails*  
*The Misspeller of Names*  
*The Wearer of Wigs*  
*Rear of the Year 2022/23*  
*Perpetual Bike Rep*  
*In terms of the agenda I am good at the agenda by the grace of the SU*  
*In terms of the emails I am good at the emails by the grace of the SU*  
*In terms of the elections I am good at the elections by the grace of the SU*  
*A great god is SU, the greatest of the unions, who created this voting platform, who created yonder website, who created waiting, created happiness for man, who made James Independent Chair, one chair of many, one lord of many.*  
*I (am) James, the great chair, chair of chairs, chair of all kinds of people, chair on this earth far and wide, the successor of Marianne the chair, the Unrivalled.*  
*James the great Chair proclaims: Chair Marianne, my successor, by the favour of SU, made much that is good, and this niche she ordered to be written; as she did not have an inscription written, then I ordered that this inscription be written.*  
*Me may SU protect, together with the gods, and my kingdom and what I have done."*



**Behold the voice of  
 reason**



# The Imp Breaks the News



## POETRY TOP CORNER-OF- A-PAGE

*For the motherly relation of an unspecified  
Lincolnite*

Shall I compare thee to a younger lay?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough creaks do shake by daring thuds in hay,  
And youthful lease hath all too short a date;  
Sometime too hot the lip o' the heathen crimes,  
And powdered oft is her complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from rear sometime declines,  
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;  
But thy maternal youth love shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  
Nor neath linked sun shall thou wander'st in shade,  
When in eternal bedsheets lines thou grow'st:  
So long as tom can see the and Brits on see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

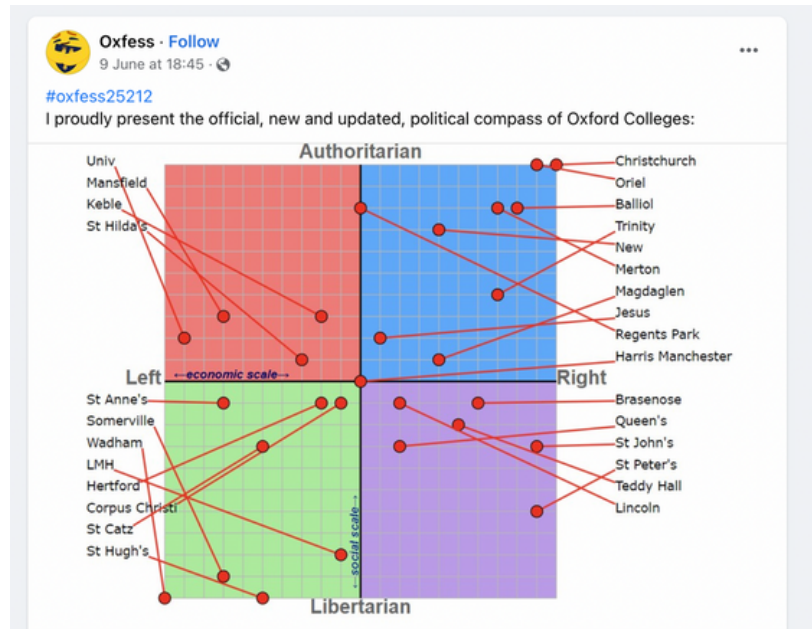
*From Shagglepeare*

**Lincoln College is  
carrying  
singlehandedly the Tory**

**heartlands** It's good news for Lincoln's PPE heritage. We've had most toxic Entz team, most baffling English fresher cohort and now, Lincoln can proudly wear the badge of ignorant honour! It looks like Mr Sunak's Tory stronghold is faring well as the college is announced neoliberalist "Centre-right-sort-of-Libertarian". Hell, at least the college can make up its mind unlike Regents Park which just toes the line

and keeps it fascistically straight.

We should have known we could never compete with Christchurch or Toriel (aghem). That is, the college's E&E got a gold award this year; as aware of the rest of the world as Lincoln purports to be, our nebulous label is all we could have hoped for. For now, we can only aspire to be as totalitarian as our hearty ChCh/Oriel competitors.



# Lincoln J.C.R. gets Wii

The JCR got a Wii this term.

That's it.

It now has a Wii.

And a fully catalogued DVD selection.



# Captains' Diary

Neurotic aggressors, kitted out in excessively tight clothes, recall Trinity's VIIIs week.



*VIIIs: Pastime with good company I love and shall, until I die.*

It's that time again, when many Lincolnites who hope to remain blissfully ignorant of the cult sport that is rowing are unwillingly (and indecently) exposed to overly tight Lycra, obscure jargon and Oxford's most obsessive athletes. That's right, it's Summer VIIIs!

Now, with an *Imp* exclusive, the incumbent captains report. The women's side continued to pull the real weight, with four boats entered to the men's two. W4 did us proud by bravely avoiding the bottom of the league table. With our third blades win of the year, W3 stormed their way to victory despite a change of cox, last minute crew substitutions, and the oldest boat in the club. They're starting to make the W2 women wish they had skipped the extra training sessions and stuck to W3... With so many wins this year for such a small college, inside sources are starting to wonder what happened to the standard of rowing on the Isis. M2 hardly got up to speed, with their whole division being such a health and safety hazard that every race was stopped just as it started. Sadly, they are now doomed to next year's qualifying race.

Rumour has it that swans are being released onto the racing line to foster anti-monarchist sentiment. W2 made a spectacular jump then fall, breaking into division three just to be kicked back into the dust by St Hilda's W1. Currently seeking out revenge plans.

Continuing their reputation of 'where fun goes to die', Merton contested M1s Saturday bump. Our suspicion is they were colluding with Hilda's, who had been tantalised by our M1 for three days straight. W1 thought they were in an episode of Suits, attempting to take Green Templeton to court for a sneaky dodge which cost W1 their blades. GTC were quickly rocketed to the top of Lincoln's undesirables list. With another (largely successful) campaign under our unisuits, the men are looking forward to starting from scratch as almost all of our male rowers leave, and the women are turning their eyes to Henley.

Most of all, we can't wait to go back to rowing in the cold and dark at 6:30am, then loudly complaining about it in the breakfast hall as if we did not choose this life.





# From the archive

What were Lincolmites making fun of in Trinity 103 years ago?

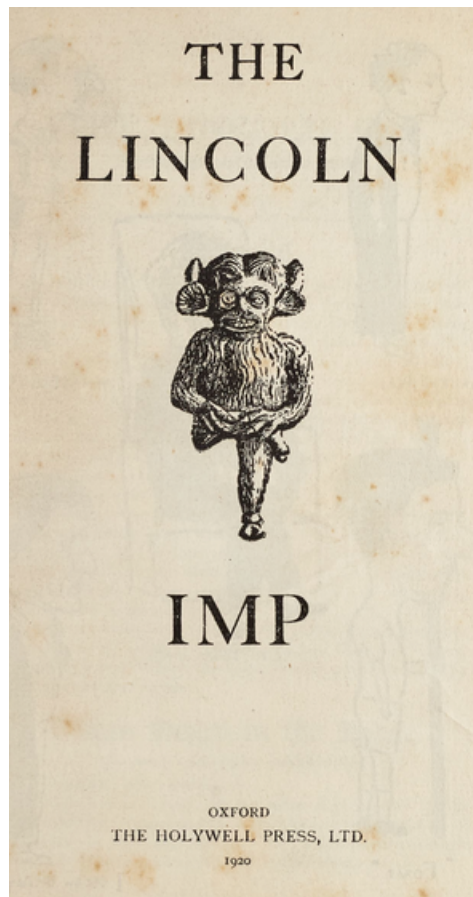


## Breaking: Lincoln literally hasn't changed since June 1920

### Aunt Susan's Corner for Freshers.

My DEAR CHUCKS,

Well, you are quite big boys now, aren't you? When you go up to Lincoln, take my advice- Don't be shy!' be friendly with the other boys. The ones that are more ready to talk to you are called 'Dons' - they are kind and nice. The others are called 'undergraduates.' The way to make friends with them is to speak their own language: add '-er' to every noun, thus: "Hullo, old chaper, come out of the Dear old Coller and have some luncher with me at the Georger.'



You are sure to make friends quickly if you talk in this way (I was at Somerville, so I know). A few moving words about 'the Dear old College,' at breakfast, will be sure to make you popular. Above all,

chum up with the elder boys (those in the long black robes with big sleeves); they are rather lonely, poor dears.

Well, that's all till next Term.

Your loving  
AUNTIE SUSAN.

### L.C.B.C. : The Eight.

Our performance in Eights' Week was poor, partly because great things had been expected from the crew, both in view of pieces of rowing against the watch in practice, and of Press reports which labelled the crew as 'promising.' In point of fact, our form in the races was disappointing; on Thursday we succumbed to Queen's (always a faster boat than we in practice), rowing to 3's slide coming off when we were within jumping distance of Pembroke. On Friday, Exeter caught us napping at the start. The following day we went away from Wadham at the start, but cracked at the Gut. On Monday we went up on New College II at the start, but again our efforts began to fail at the Green Bank, and it was only by continuous spurting up the Barges that we escaped. On Tuesday we bumped Pembroke without trouble at the Free Ferry, and on Wednesday rowed over once more, a bump having been made behind and in front of us.



# From the archive

What were Lincolnites making fun of in Trinity 103 years ago?



But, on the brightside, the executive committee can look forward to claiming their gently misogynist and antisocial inheritance.



# The Oxford Year

Visiting student, Adrian Vizquete Hernandez observes and (helpfully) grounds Oxonian life



## I'm Lincoln 'til I die

I write this back in Spain, and after finally being able to see the sun for more than 24 hours and enjoy some xurros and a hot chocolate (not that weird liquid beverage that can be found in British cafés, but a proper one), I think I'm finally prepared to debrief my year in Europe's second, only to France, least favourite country.

It seems that not so long ago I took a flight for the first time in years and arrived at the infamous United Kingdom. Unsurprisingly, it was pouring with rain as I carried my suitcases along the stony pavement of Market Street all the way to Lincoln's lodge. There I mumbled in my untrained English that I was supposed to have been granted accommodation. After making my way across High Street without being killed (I had never experienced having to dodge buses before), I arrived in my room in Bear Lane. I can now say that, after getting used to the stripper pole (see image for reference), I can call that blue house "my second home".

And so we jump to the start of the first term, or as I learned in little to no time "Michaelmas" (I must say even though the numbering system is easier to remember having names for them is much cooler, I'll give the Oxonians that).

The initiation process that Freshers Week was cannot be compared to any single experience I had had before. I attended the college alcohol speeches as a redhead Brummie walked me through Britain's

drinking culture. Even though Tesco doesn't stand a chance against Mercadona, the Meal Deal and Crunchy Rocks bags come close to my love for "fuet".

Michaelmas was the hardship of getting used to a new place with the excitement and novelty of Oxford. I lived through hours in the LincLib and experienced what a tutorial was for the first time (how do you guys do it for 3 years?). I survived the fifth week blues and freshers' flu thanks to Deepers' smoothies and frankfurters (which I still cannot order fast enough, sorry Simon). I made everyone go to formal for my birthday and even got married (safe to assume this space reserved in *The Imp* is the product of flagrant nepotism despite my wife's attempts to deny it)\*. I also learnt what the best coffee shop in Oxford is (thanks to the extremely talented Imp Editor), and after finding out that *Ben's Cookies* are the 8th wonder of the world it seemed life could not get any better.

However, Hilary came to mock me, as the term was everything a Spaniard can expect and fear of England. The sun sets at 3 pm if you are lucky enough to see it through the always-cloudy sky (in honour of my French friend, I will shamelessly plug her hashtag #BuryHilary). However not everything was so dark; I would like to thank everyone who signed my shirt during the first BOP (will be framing it in my bedroom, or whatever football fans do) and definitely have to give a shout out to the MCR's *Lincoln in Love* – best place to find out your crush is into someone else.



# The Oxford Year

Onwards



I also have to brag a bit about being allowed into MCR lunches on high table and doing a day trip to Lincoln City (feels like a betrayal that the imp is not the college's own invention). I would recommend a hundred times doing formal exchanges where one can go from hearing Magdalen's choir sing to completely ignoring the high table in Wadham. MCR BOPs in Magdalen have proven to be a cool place to meet new people.

It is also good to see there are other places in England apart from Oxford. Bath is a (really small) hidden gem an hour away and London is not so bad when one keeps one's phone physically tied to oneself.

But an Oxford year is not over without jolly Trinity, in which the sun finally shows itself more than once a month and it's only dark after 8. Who would have guessed that British people can actually club after 2am? They just need the incentive to hear a choir sing at 6am at the top of a tower. I recommend sneaking into random college bars with your college wife and proceeding to get kicked out of Teddy Hall at least once in your life. Trinity is definitely the highlight of the year; enjoying Pimm's in garden parties, punting in Magdalen and photobombing *Observingoxford* definitely make up for the crushing pressure of upcoming exams. It's even better if you get to work in a College ball (I can't really come up with a Spanish alternative for bartending for people dressed up in gowns).

And without further ado I will proceed to conclude this summary. I would like to share with you all that the best library rotation is Radcam –Humphrey's – Linclib - Radcam – Linclib (try it and thank me later). There is a bizarre but common understanding that Oxford works in its own time and place, a small, bubble isolated from the rest of the world, in which days pass like hours while weeks seem months. I have spent almost a year in this overly hated country in which things turn out so well that one may even doubt the existence of free will. I have stayed until Angels in every single BOP and sung "I'm Lincoln 'til I die" at the top of my lungs. However hard this experience is academically, it has also been truly rewarding thanks to being put in the best college in this crazy town.

Farewell, Oxford. It's been a pleasure.

P.S. For the love of god, start going to the Oxford Retreat instead of Atik



\*no comment



# Horoscopes - new term...sturdy, reliable fortunes



A mathematician and a PPEist walk into a bar to deliver the tail-end of a bad joke

## History (CAAH, History of Art and all you lot)

After one too many heated tutorials, you will experience an enemies to lovers arc with a tute partner. Please write a watsapp about this.

## Biochem

You will be banished from the JCR. Crime: Brasenose affiliation. Should've remembered that it's called Lincoln Lane.

## Biomed

You meet the love of your life on the tescalator. But you're going down and they're going up. Now you spend half of your days in Tesco hoping to run into them again. Will you?

## Chemistry

You wake up after a crewdate with no recollection of the previous night. Turns out you started a new college rivalry. Now someone has stolen Tortilla (again) and you need to fix it.

## Engineering

At a society election you are accused of electoral malpractice. It is not a false accusation, let's be honest. All your friends turn against you. How could you commit such a vile crime?

## English

You will have a spiritual awakening in the Glink. Somehow water is involved. Remember what you need to do.

## Hispol

You will have a new, inexplicably close bond with someone. Turns out they were just union hacking you. Shouldn't have bought the £300 membership...

## Law

You will be mistaken for a fresher Multiple times. That doesn't excuse the sharking. But hey, at least your skincare routine is working.

## Maths

You get locked into your department. You spend the night there, you don't shower, but that's nothing new for a mathematician. Maybe find some new hobbies.

## Medicine

Your practicals are usually already disgusting, but one has been particularly bad (the subject was supposed to be dead). You should've just told someone instead of doing what you did...

## Languages

You go punting, but spend most of the time in the water (unwillingly). But you manage to steal a duck. College accommodation is angry.

## Music

An Oxfess gets written about you. You try to defend yourself but the keyboard warriors rush to the comment section. You have been admin blocked out of Oxfess.

## PPE

Switch degrees. This is not a fortune, this is a plea. Switch immediately. Also, watch out for E&M students. I will not elaborate.

## Physics

You finally get caught for your food truck adultery. Hassan's is not happy with you. Neither are we. You will have to face the consequences.



### The Imp advertises

Want to rewrite the JCR's constitution? It's free rein and about time this place proclaimed to be revolting. Send in your radical propositions to [studentpoliticsdefinitelydoesn'ttakeitselftoo seriously@esepicallynotatoxford.com](mailto:studentpoliticsdefinitelydoesn'ttakeitselftoo seriously@esepicallynotatoxford.com). Cost: actually, we'll pay you.



### LincMart

**Branching out.** Lincoln does cuddly Imps, Port, keepcups. It's about time it did fancy dress too. Get your replica of independence from the Lodge now. Price: invaluable, couldn't possibly name one.



### LincServices

#### Personal Oxfess reader

Lincoln College has many a virtual identity crisis. *The Imp* can guide you through it to help you find the labels that fit best. The service has been known to provide solutions such as: "pictorial ersatz realism (entirely irrelevant)" (#oxfess25034 ), "Supply Chain Economics - Often overlooked, but is always part of the big picture." (#oxfess25113), "JP Morgan Chase" (#oxfess25015). T&Cs: we do not accept responsibility for the emotional trauma caused by excessive dependence on PPEist contribution to Oxfess.

### LincLove

**Zadok the Priest seeks companion.** Known to frequent Lincoln College bops. Ride away with me on an OxBike into the sunset; we can share the Handel bar.

#### Trespassing feline.

Looking for an adventure. I *sigh* with the claustrophobia of



Hertford. I think I'm much better suited to the slower life anyway. Lincoln, help me find taboo-breaking love?

### LincLife

**Thermometers** are on offer around the college. Take one, decorate your room. As always, the University has been extremely benevolent. It manages to solve the climate crisis and the thermometer's rainbow ticks HR's "have we supported the LGBTQIA+ community?" box too!

### Letters

Madam,  
It has come to my attention that the terror breeding, havok wrecker bears resemblance to the stony-faced, heartless creature straight out of the Gothic era.



Braverman

Imp

Madam,  
There was a spelling mistake in the last edition. I take it you left it there to edify your readership's intellectual capability but please refrain. You might next time prefer 'epiphany' to 'epiphony' or else, you will be found out as a fraudulent grammarian. Sincerely,  
The £27,750 of your English degree\*

\*This is *not* a phony letter



## *Editorial Committee*

Lincoln's soothsayers, Binti and Georgi

Poet Anon.

Shagglespeare

The Independent Chair, blonde wig and all

The guy with better taste in coffee than in music, Adri

The precocious and definitely democratically earned rowing  
captaincy, Sophie and Zeb

She knows almost as much about bikes as she does the Imp,  
Ozzadeh

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

Ta.