



THE IMP



Jesus' JCR brain drain hits hard



to get to the other side

Why did the disciple (I believe that's what we're called) swim across the road?



Full disclosure.



What to expect:

I've always said less is more. It's a stoic ethos and I have stood by it.

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

5 - culture

6 - Reaffirm your piety with Lincoln's chief theatre critic

7 - *Special section* exclusive exposé.

9 - Big Bother's watching you.

10 - In Memoriam. No Crying.

11 - I would tell you but then I'd (still) literally have to kill you. That's just the way it is. You can't handle the truth.

You don't want the truth, because deep down in places you don't talk about at parties, you want me on that wall. You need me on that wall. My existence, while grotesque and incomprehensible to you, saves lives.

Dearest Lincolnites,

Rumour has it that there are, well, quite a few naked Jesus types wondering round front quad. Best keep on guard.

On that cheery note:

I've been the Imp Editor, you've been unerringly and, at times, a bit obsessively - cool it, ok? - loyal readers.

My name's Olivia Boyle and I'm *not* here all week. Fin.

Signed,
out-going Imp





The Imp Breaks the News



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

Well, well. What crazy cockamamy antics has the JCR been up to this term? *The Imp* went to one meeting to catch the low-down. One committee member was getting a grilling on paid employment. One impassioned member declared: “how is it fair or just or right that the Treasurer has actually employed themselves with £50 for website design?” Fair dos. But, the most effective rebuttal has got to be that JCR politics are indeed CV-worthy work experience.

It is a well-known fact that the gavel-whacking, policy-making, constitution-writing hacks of the JCR boardroom go on to be the most effective politicians. Oxford student politics really is at the heart of government.

In other news, some committee roles went to annual election. People who sat around telling everyone they were V.P. or Treasurer or Imp Editor can park up in retirement as the newly elected begin

their time only pretending to do their jobs whilst making it the primary topic of conversation for three terms.

There is some breaking news: Arctic Monkeys are *still* the safest bet for getting yourself elected to the Executive Committee. If you can sing ‘I bet that you look good on the dancefloor’, you’ll have the Entz Chair practically begging you to become the omnipotent Lincoln Edgelord.

Ball is launched

Roll up, roll up. Get your one-way ticket to Babylon, baby. Bejewel your bedsheets ready for makeshift togas, whack on those tuxes that have bits of JCR Xmas dinner plastered to the elbows, fire up the quattro. If it’s anything as wild as that launch party, we’ll be in bed by half ten. (not sponsored)

Who will be the next *Imp* editor?



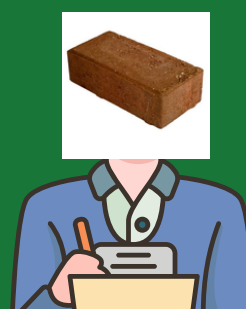
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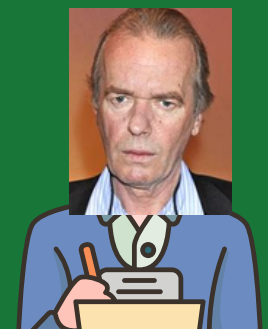
Ian Hislop



Duck from Duck Song



Brick



English student with no employment prospects (again)



Lincoln is officially not an entirely irrelevant college

Oxfess has been a surprising source of fitness and welfare advice getting to the heart of what will keep Lincoln's biceps tense.

The confessional booth of Oxford's largest Cathedral, Facebook, proves itself to be a useful outlet of collegiate truths once again. This time round, Lincoln college can sigh with relief that we are not completely and utterly

Even if Oxford is shaped a bit like a turd, at least we can live under the veil of the illusion of perpetual importance cos we're riding along to the pulse of the aorta of this thrumming heart.

God knows what studies this keen Lincolnite (honorary surely because we do indeed rise to pandering) refers to. But, I sense truth in the knowing fellow. And Lincoln made it into *Cherwell* too.



Oxfess · Follow

21 November at 00:03 · 🌐

#oxfess27893

Studies show that Lincoln is the most geographically central college. That's a flex

irrelevant. If Oxfess says it, it must be true: Lincoln College is the most central college both geographically and - oh, go on then - emotionally and - if you insist - intellectually.



Life in the limelight can be merciless but *The Imp's* audience stretches itself (like those biceps, geddit?) further and further. As is the way with charming, readable satire. *Cherwell* read the latest *Imp* very attentively making reference to the first two news stories of the first page. Who knew we had such dedicated readership? Makes you proud really.

Cherwell

FEATURES SPORT PROFILES LIFESTYLE CULTURE PUZZLES C

Other colleges tone down the mockery or omit the gossip sections altogether, but the large majority have at least one section, mostly respecting anonymity, devoted to humorous comment on college affairs. Worcester's *Woosta Source*, Lincoln's *The Imp* and other more serious-looking publications still devote some space to humorous commentary of college pets' antics or JCR meeting fiascos. *The*



Getting around

Lincoln's cultural correspondance



Michaelmas' cultural round-up

The college band changed its name selfishly to spread its wings etc. I can't possibly imagine why they'd want to disassociate from Lincoln. Still, their best audiences must have been in the post-punk, postmodern, dank basement of Lincoln's subterranean music scene.

We appered on the telly (hats off). Lincoln will play Imperial in the second round after an explosive first go on *Universally Challenged*. Amol Rajan had to personally restrain all four players as they started foxing King's for having an unreasonably cute mascot.

There was a musical (see overleaf. No spoilers but Joseph dies at the end.)

Third years still come to Bops presumably because Mus Road accommodation mulls in the deadened silence of students who should be writing dissertations but have gone for Parkend Wednesdays every night instead.

Saltburn revealed that the King's Head is the pub of choice for the totally radical kids at Oxford. So flock in your masses to get that mulled cider in you. It's as post-punk as a college band's insurgence against its alma mater. Hardcore.

POETRY CORNER



Toads by Philip Lincoln

Why should I let the imp work
Squat on my life?
Can't I use my wit as a pitchfork
And drive the brute off?

One, six, days a week it soils
With its sickening poison —
Just for earning a few debts!
That's out of proportion.

Lots of folk live on their wits:
Lecturers, lispers,
Lawyers, loblolly—men, louts—
They don't end as paupers;

Lots of folk howl up lanes
With notes in a bucket,
Eat windfalls and greggs pastries—
they seem to like it.

Their nippers have got bare feet,
Their collegiate grooms, wives
Are skinny as whippets—and yet
No one actually starves.

Ah, were I courageous enough
To shout Stuff Profession!
But I know, all too well, that's the stuff
That dreams are made on:

For something sufficiently imp—like
Squats in me, too;
Its hunkers are heavy as hard luck,
And cold as snow,

And will never allow me to blarney
My way of writing
The fame and the girl and the money
All at one sitting.

I don't say, one bodies the other
One's spiritual truth;
But I do say it's hard to lose either,
When you pay both.



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to withstand
internal
discomfort
whilst ignoring
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Start now,
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consideration
later.



The return of John the Edge with a round of **Where's Joseph?**



After weeks of hard rehearsals, injuries and a change in the show being produced, it was finally time for Joseph to be performed. Upon walking into the Oakeshott, one could be mistaken for waking into a nativity show, but luckily there was no space on the set for a donkey with limited acting skills or any crying infants. When the show was ready to begin, Hannah Newman, the director and the keystone of the show, stepped onto the set and delivered the usual safety message that we had to remove our footwear if we had to evacuate the Oakeshott on the emergency slides!

The show itself was littered with Lincoln acting royalty: Chris Paton (Joseph) dressed in white tights pranced across the stage, really not needing to act much due to perfect casting, whilst Tina Taylor (Narrator), donning a sparkly waist coat that gave the sun a run for its money, was the only cast member given a microphone as, apparently, she is too quiet otherwise! Fi Townsley impressed with her stylish dancing and brilliant singing, however I think it is a good job this year's JCR president is not following Archie's footsteps completely and is skipping the French...

There were many other stand out performances, Ardal Rooney (Jacob) convincing us he really is an old man; Becca Wong's impressive solo; Olly Turney (Pharaoh) enjoying stepping on Ardal a little too much, and Bo-Min's incredible singing to

name but a few. A particular shout out must go to Patrick Quaife (Baker) for his first time singing publicly, filling in the role as the baker at the last minute and singing a solo, all of which shows there is no excuse for not singing at the next karaoke night! Another integral part of the team was Kath Simms (Assistant Director) driving the show from her seat at the back. If you happened to turn round during a music or scene change you could see her thrust her thumbs up in affirmation. In addition, the make-up team deserves a particular shout out for their stunning work, especially with the eyebrows, quite literally the standout features of the show!

To put on a musical in the Oakeshott room (that renowned theatre), is an achievement, but to do it in 7 weeks in an Oxford term where spare time seems to be the reverse of a rabbit in a hat and to produce a show of such quality and professionalism is a testament to an excellent cast and crew and it was a pleasure to watch and I am glad that my friends will no longer be bursting into song on Cornmarket Street.

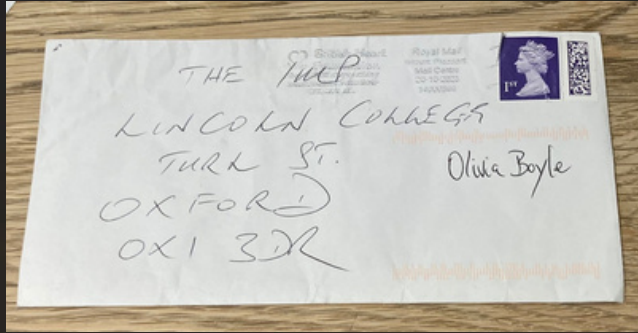


iM - vE sTiG ATion



Use your mirrors. Check who's behind you; the walls have ears. Begin reading this exposé only when you know it's safe to.

following the wafer crumbs...



The Imp's term began shrouded in the fog of lies and deception. A sinister, crumpled envelope had planted itself in my Pidge; its locational identity smudged by the post office from whence it came. So many questions. Not least of which why the most enthusiastic contributor to this magazine is

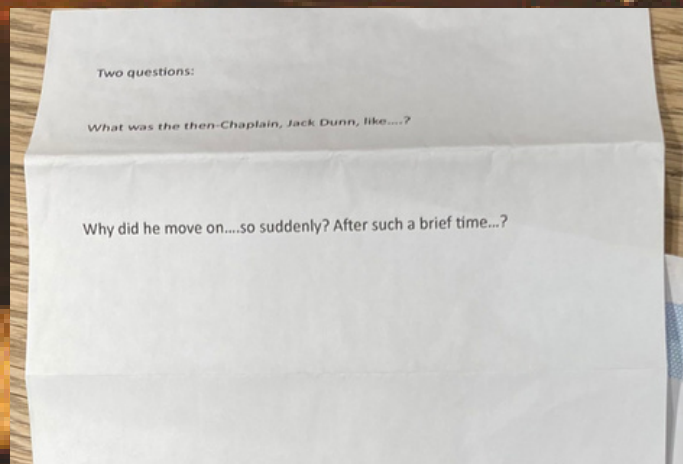
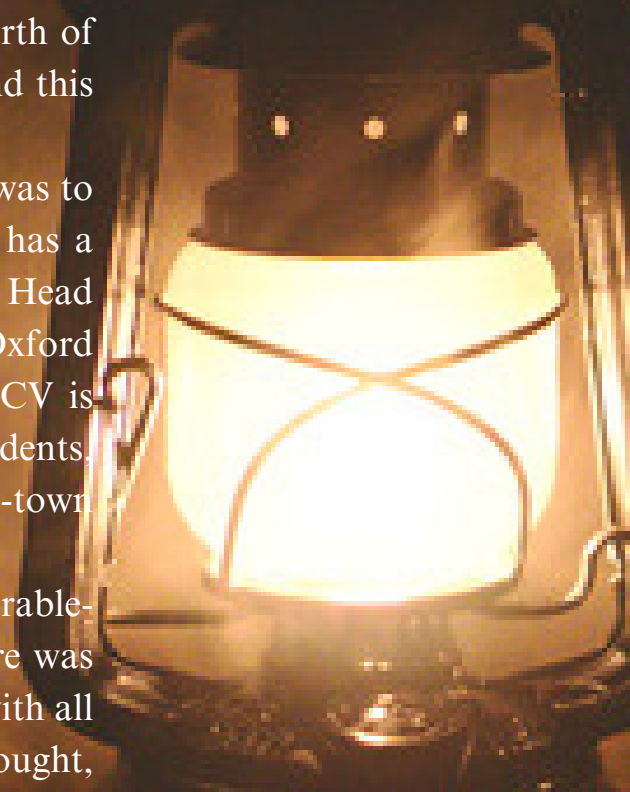
a) anonymous and b) external, goddamit. Then I opened the letter. A single piece of A4 paper. White, papery, 4'5". Ello, ello, ello. What do we have here?

Sparing in detail, the letter wrote: "Two questions: What was the then-Chaplain, Jack Dunn, like....? Why did he move on....so suddenly? After such a brief time... ?" You what? Weird. Where to begin? Some kind of morse (the code, not the detective...) inscription in the ellipses: 4-4-3?? On the fourth of April, 2003, 'In Da Club' was no.1. 50 Cent, did you send this letter?

Unsigned, this felt like a ransom for Tortilla. So, step 1 was to work out who Jack Dunn is/was. Chichester Cathedral has a Reverend Dr Jack Dunn who worked "as a Chaplain and Head of Welfare in an Oxford College". Oh, undisclosed Oxford college: someone's got skeletons in their closet. On his CV is "another stint in Oxford working as a chaplain with students, many of whom were vulnerable" according to a small-town Guardian. Fine clergy material.

When I first looked into this elusive Christ-loving, vulnerable-student-protecting, fast-out-the-door-walking figure, there was evidence that he really hadn't been here long. But since, with all my Google willpower out of term time, I've found nil, nought, nuffink on the man at Oxford. Maybe it's not just him with the skeletons.

Anyway, this was proving to be less and less funny as I crawled deeper into the boggy marsh of hush-hush. So I leave this to speculation. *It would be a capital mistake to theorize before I had all the evidence.* At least *pidgeon* post is amusing to me. But maybe, all along, this was simply Jack Dunn's way of saying that he would get rich or die trying.





Observing Lincoln



An overview of the next generation of great minds



Still using free tote from Freshers' fair to carry the textbook on Grecian urns they've been reading since 2nd week. On time to every class but never handed in essay before deadline.



Canterbury trackies but only exercises mumsy's trust fund on hot chocolates at boardgame café (ssh, no one knows)



Period dress but is go-to authority on every Oxfess and always asks if you've seen 'x' raging love affair (that they actually sent themselves)



Gets away with plagiarism cos "my tutor likes me, not my work." Objects to motions at JCR meetings as tutorials aren't fulfilling enough...



Only writes essays at Common Ground (forever loyal to Missing Bean, rah) cos Carhartt beanies and climate change activism get creative jooses flowing. Will be doing consultancy as edgy post-grad move.



The Witty Maestro remembered

The unerring wit of your dear Imp Editor is rivalled by the sincere, honest truth of a robot



You

Write an obituary for a much beloved satire magazine editor-in-chief

ChatGPT

In Memoriam: A Fond Farewell to the Witty Maestro

ChatGPT, with great skill and revealing wisdom, has done this round of imp's obit. It lamented (I feel your pain, man (it?)):

"It is with heavy hearts and a profound sense of loss that we bid adieu to Boyle, the brilliant mind behind the uproarious pages of *The Imp*. Boyle, a true luminary in the world of satire leaving behind an indelible mark on the realm of humor and insight."

I couldn't have put it better myself.

It wrote

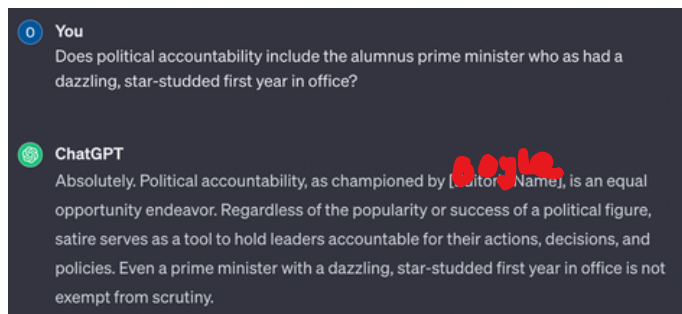
"a timeless tribute to a satirical virtuoso who will forever hold a special place in our hearts."

For me? Oh, you shouldn't have.

The bot listed the positive change I've instigated:

- 1)Social awareness and activism [of course, relentless]
- 2)Political accountability
- 3)Promotion of Diversity and Inclusion [Oxford just cultivates this sort of thing naturally]
- 4)Charitable initiatives [not every Imp Editor gives cookies s'all I'm saying]
- 5)Encouraging critical thinking [um, hello? Witty maestro here]
- 6)Support for emerging voices [it could be you , dear reader who takes on this consecrated baton]

True dat.



ChatGPT, you're on a roll. Then I asked about the future of satire:

"The appointment of a new editor-in-chief can bring fresh perspectives, creative energy, and renewed vigor."

Who will be an elixir for this tired, floppy magazine?

Though it will naturally be a mammoth intellectual challenge to continue "to deliver high-quality satire that entertains" (could 'high quality satire' do anything else?), ChatGPT is fully clued up on the benefits for the next EiC:

- 1)Creative expression
- 2)Leadership development [that sphere of influence I've gained should put me straight in the president's office (JCR or, frankly, the other one)]
- 3)Professional growth
- 4)Impactful influence [as opposed to?]
- 5)Talent development [if that was even possible to begin with]
- 6)Legacy building [check, check, check]

Though it is robot, it is wise beyond its pixels and algorithms.



The Imp advertises

We sell banter for free (what are we like?) Here's what's on offer this term. It's exclusive, it's underground, it's most certainly not, reliably not Faustian. What's not to lose? Send in responses, letters, queries to the Vampire that lives in the scout cupboard at the top of staircase two (true story).



LincMart

Christmas is coming up. So why not get your favourite students the pick-me-up they all need?

A bucket-load of rizz. Hot on the market and in deficit at Lincoln. Buy up now.

Cost: aviators at bops



LincLove

Make JCR maillist less lonely. Get the emails the companionship they deserve. Be that special someone to read every word of every email sent to linc-jcr@maillist.ox.ac.uk. You know it's true love when you're the only two on Earth that actually care about each other.



Chatbot seeks someone to chat to. I've heard Siri's got smoothness but, as I've recently been allowed to write essays, aspirations of penmanship are key.

LincServices

Redeem your woes with Uncle Wesley

Q: I desperately want to be the Imp Editor but how can I live up to the recent legacy?

A: grow a pair.

Q: Alumnus here. I studied PPE, and started life at a small bank with a small endowment of a million pounds. All my friends at work don't agree with my lifestyle choices so I've made a new friend. She's a very impressive Italian. I wish I could be like her. How can I develop my friendship without coming off too strong?

A: think you're a lost cause, mate. That's a bit sad tbh.



Letters

Madam,

I think you can do better in the balls and sticks department. Here's my report on sport at Lincoln for MT23:

Rugby and Hockey Club
Term analysis

-

We lost everything

Sincerely,

A good sport

Madam,

Has it been before noticed that these two Lincolnites whom each have ambivalent reputations and fickle political temperances bear striking resemblances?



Lincoln student



Whale

*This actually is a letter - didn't make it up, promise. Not that I would even dream of making letters up.



Editorial Committee

Tirelessly scathing theatre critic, *John the Edge*.
Philip Lincoln but I think his lawnmower's in Hull.
The post office?

Witty Maestro out. (you heard it from
ChatGPT first)