

The Lincoln Imp



Return to Origins

Hilary Term 2024

Editorial

The Imp is no great tragedy. It is not, and was never, confined to be a play, nor a poem, nor a piece of fiction. Rather, our eponymous hero is found everywhere. In every little thing we do in our comparatively pitiless, meaningless lives. Look out the window. What do you see? An entourage of bicycles, the occasional car, freshers pretending to enjoy the coffee they hold in their hands. Seemingly mundane, lifeless activities. Yet you must look closer. The truth is hidden in the details. The ordinary is but a disguise for the extraordinary. This is how you must truly find the Imp. You must search deeper, look closer, focus harder than ever before. And maybe, just maybe, with a little luck, you too will unlock the Imp's secrets...

The Imp has traveled far over the years. It has seen developments like no other, undergone transformations into different styles, rhythms, and appearances. It has been at the forefront of the modern English language, featuring some of the most well-known and revered literary masterpieces seen in Lincoln College history. Traditions have been revised, political correctness (at least somewhat) discovered, basic respect remotely considered. Times have clearly changed since the Lincoln Imp's first inception in 1920, but the Imp is not satisfied. It feels a longing, a yearning, a desperate hunger to return. Back to where it all began, on one bleak night...

A bleak night	Left, left, and left again,
A night of howling wind	Look up, and see alone,
A night of cutting rain,	A grotesque shape in white,
A night of slinking shadows.	Carved from meagre stone.

The gate is old,	You stare at it,
Wretched and grey,	It leers at you,
Yet it opens seamlessly,	Seeming to ask,
Urging you to stay.	What shall you do?

The Ivy is green,	Lightning flashes,
Usually lush and full,	You see it change tack,
But on this night,	And realise with horror,
It looms so cruel.	The Imp is back.

Editorial Committee

Emanuel Radici _____	Editor
Felix Cripps _____	Deputy Editor
Amelia Hope-Hawkins _____	Text Editor
Christopher Paton _____	Design Lead
Sara Kapuscinska _____	Puzzles Lead

Poems

Dr Seuss on the Loose

*What would Theodor Seuss Geisel have to say
about the current state of Lincoln?*

Across Oxford High Street
In depths of Bear Lane
A reading room waited
For books to contain.

And when Lincoln Library
Had to be closed
The reading room knew
The solution it posed.

In came the books,
On Spanish and science
And in came the students,
In grudging compliance.

Half six every morning
Until two a.m.,
Lincolnites studied their
Bio and chem.

And so this continued
For two terms (or more)
As Lincolnites went
Underground to learn Law.

For some, other libraries
Helped them to think,
The Rad Cam, or Weston,
Or even the Glink.

A long time this state of things had to go on.
But finally, after the building was done,
The library opened its slow-moving gates,
Bear Lane was abandoned by everyone.

A Very Imp-ortant Sonnet

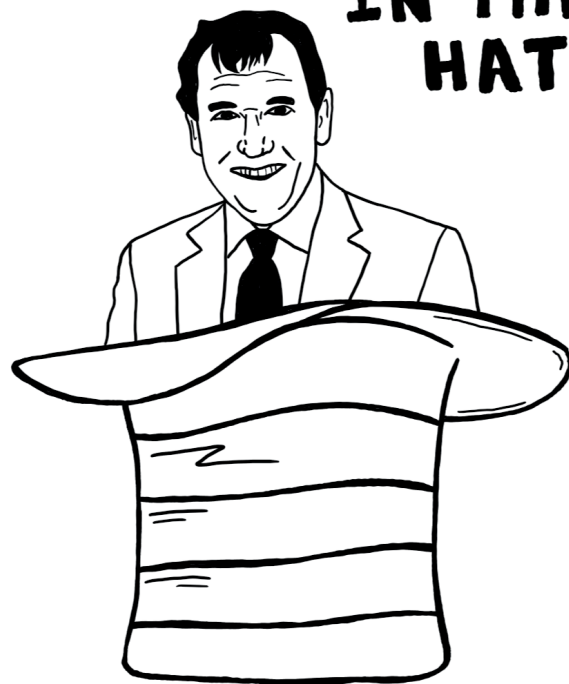
*Last night when I was lying in my bed,
Tossing and turning, snoring and sleeping,
I just couldn't expel the thought from my head
(Or perhaps it was all in my dreaming)*

*That the Lincoln college imp magazine
Did not have a sonnet to call its own.
And so that thought made me so very keen
To write a sonnet for the imp alone.*

*At first I did not know just what to write
About such an odd creature, short and stout,
Always watching us all from such a height:
The best college mascot without a doubt.*

*Well I guess I've not too much left to do
So, Mister Imp, I hope this will please you.*

**'HUYSEN
IN THE
HAT**



The Official BLRR Survival Guide



As a result of some series of unfortunate events, you've arrived at *The Bear Lane Reading Room*.

No doubt you've been forced here by a late-night essay crisis; an untouched tute sheet due in a couple of hours; or, for some concerning reason, you actually enjoy the godless place that has affectionately been named the BLRR (ironically rhyming with 'brr' despite the Saharan-level temperatures maintained at all times.) Fresher or third-year, no one is safe in Lincoln's latest challenge to our collective sanities. As if the Oxford workload wasn't brutal enough, Lincoln College has presented us with

the Squid Games equivalent of libraries, or 'Reading Rooms' as even Lincoln seems to acknowledge the blasphemy of calling the BLRR an official Oxford Library. Your palms begin to sweat, your vision blurs as you process the daunting task of enduring the next few hours. Do not panic, this guide has all the tips to ensure your survival and eventual escape: because, let's face it, the likelihood of our beloved LinLib reopening in time for Trinity exams is heartbreakingly slim...

You have managed to shamle into the BLRR entrance. A mountain of pillows and blankets welcomes you with the illusion of comfort. This will be anything but comforting...

Your first point of concern is navigation. The BLRR hosts a hierarchy of seats and where you sit is paramount to your experience. Before you dizzy yourself wandering around the BLRR in a daze, we've assembled a handy list:

Upstairs

So, you've chosen to stay upstairs. A wise enough choice. The balcony seats boast open spaces, spinny chairs, and a prime spot to people-watch how often people leave for a 'quick' break (Kath Simms and Sophie Spies are often spotted on such breaks in the Bear Lane courtyard, which somehow end up longer than their time spent in the library). Downsides include perpetual backache from the desk being too high, and bitter jealousy of the lucky buggger who managed to snag the corner desk...

The Corner Desk: Arguably one of the best seats in the house. A private sanctuary offering a luxuriously spacious workplace and a futuristic moving table. The catch? You've invaded the territory of Lincoln's most prolific solitarians: the Law Students. A sighting of this subject is rarer than Nessie so if you do come across one: do not make eye contact as this will spook them; slowly offer them a legal text; and, if this manages to win one over, pretend to laugh at whatever pitiful joke they've managed to find in a case study (Emanuel...)

I would mention the coffee table seats, but if you've sat there have you even come to work?

The Second Floor

Moving deeper within the BLRR, your next destination is the Second Floor. This is the library's bougiest floor, but snagging a seat here will either cost you an 8am wake up or your first-born child. They boast two rows of technological desks ideal for solo working, which always seem to be taken up by a PhD or STEM student. Don't let these temptations distract you from the real prize: The Table. The crown jewel of the BLRR, the table is the more-aesthetic older brother of the discussion rooms. Comfortably fitting four friends, the Table combines beauty, productivity, and social interaction all in one. What more could you ask for?

The Discussion Rooms

You've narrowly missed out on grabbing the Table, so where do you head next? Not entirely defeated, you dash to the hidden backrooms of the BLRR. A haven for social amusement, the discussion rooms promise good vibes but not a lot of working. But which one do you choose?

DR1: The less aesthetically pleasing of the two. The under-furnished landscape of peeling paint and random industrial boxes could make you believe that you've mindlessly wandered out of the BLRR into an abandoned building. Despite the annoyingly faint humming noise that will slowly make you question your sanity; DR1's upside is its frequent availability. An affectionate note to those brave students looking to complete the Lincoln Ls: positioned right next to the toilets, we've been told that DR1 is also an ideal spot to spot the suspicious influx of student traffic past its window (we weren't aware that the loos were made to fit two students at the same time...). Overall, armed with snacks (fresher's pizza party) and good friends, DR1 is an acceptable study-spot.

DR2: The prettier version of DR1. DR2 has a large table and a more civilised feel. However, the illusion of privacy is exposed by the lack of soundproofing. Many odd conversations have been broadcasted over the second floor... I'll spare you the details.

Ground Floor/The Bear Pit

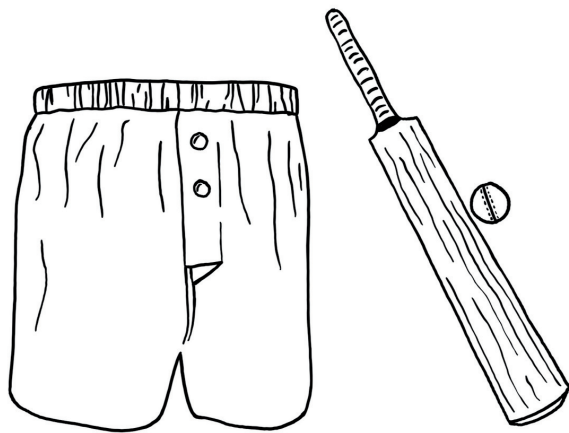
Don't. Enough said.

If you have still decided to sit downstairs, do so at your own risk. Where to start? With desks that are just a couple of inches too small, lighting just a tad too dim with the only alternative being too-bright fluorescent lightbulbs; the whole experience will make you feel like the Eleanor Mure version of Goldilocks. Though even this particularly brutal ending is preferable to studying in the Bear Pit. If you don't know what that is, search it up (STEM students) or locate your nearest English Lit friend. This floor is most commonly frequented by the freshers. Yes, we are concerned about them.

Bear Lane Beasts

You've chosen your seat and are probably feeling some semblance of safety and are ready to start work. But no! The BLRR is home to various predators prowling around the library to disrupt some poor student's productivity. Constant diligence is necessary...

The most fearsome of these threats goes by the alias of 'The Crippsy Comet': the dreaded Felix Cripps. Wanted for Extreme Distraction, this sinister specimen preys upon an unsuspecting student's workflow under the guise of social niceties. Once engaged, the Crippsy Comet will employ one of three attacks. First, gradual insanity by constant cricket updates. Any show of weakness will result in a mind-numbingly irrelevant sporting commentary every couple of



minutes. If this proves unsuccessful, the Comet will attempt to physically disarm his prey by incessantly moving the techno-tables up and down. Lethal to the humanity student in an essay grind, this will have you writing your paragraphs in an awkward half-squat position. If, by some miraculous show of mental fortitude, you manage to survive this with your productivity unscathed, the Comet will unleash his most destructive strike yet. Relentless talk about the patterns on his boxers. There have been no known survivors.

But there is hope. The Crippsy Comet has easily distinguishable features, and his biggest weakness: Gingeriness. If sighted, please adopt the brace position: headphones on, head down. If this does not deter him, grab your laptop and run.

Another key point of tension within the BLRR is that age-old war: Humanities versus STEM. While this author does not wish to take sides, it would be prudent to take notes of these handy survival tips. The rarer-spotted STEM variety is immediately discernible from your common Humanities student by the manic sense of stress and superiority. Aggravated STEM students can be distinguished by their various war-cries: notably 'STEM students do belong in the RadCam', 'We do real degrees', and 'Enjoy unemployment.' If encountered, STEM students can usually be disarmed by reading them a passage from Chaucer or asking them about the last book they read. If this does not daze them, throw said book and make a quick escape.

So, student, if you consider all this you may emerge relatively unscathed with a (hopefully) completed essay.

See you next essay crisis!

THE LINCOLN IMP

Poems

An Imp-rovisational Poem

*Ah, the Lincoln Imp!
So splendid in his mischief,
so solid in stone.*

*Imp-risoned below,
in the hallowed Deepers depths,
to prevent chaos.*

*If he were set free,
who knows what would come to pass?
Madness, most likely.*

*Would he abscond from
college and terrorise the
people of Turl Street?*

*Would he hitch a ride
on the back of Tortilla,
his young accomplice?*

*So many options
for the wicked Imp to choose
to wreak havoc.*

*Only time will tell
if he ever manages
to escape college.*

*To be honest, it's
probably for the best that
we don't find out...*

Bear Lane

*Bear Lane, you say? Watch your mouth!
I think much happens here,
Between the heavy-set doors to the south,
and the reading room to the rear.*

*Think of the midnight roars,
blasting out from Sandy's bar,
Or of the nought week hoards,
On the dance floor of Emily Carr.*

*Muse on the dear washer/dryer,
(cheap wool no match for the heat)
Or on the fortnightly threats of fire,
That spill us out onto the street.*

*Between these bricks, a home one may find,
Though not quite the sandstone we had in mind.*



YOU SHOULD BE
DRINKING



Now with
50% less ash!

- Suppresses normal immune function
- **Part of an unbalanced diet**
- Not believed to contain vitamins

Poison ivy

“The Gentle-Imp’s choice”

To the Bollard

Oh Bollard, how we hated you when you were here and miss you now you’re gone. Never again shall we have the pleasure of being woken up at 4am with your singsong voice. You guarded Turl Street bravely and never let any vehicle through who shouldn’t be there.

“Caution. Bollard in motion” will be in motion no more.

Aunty Imp

Dear Auntie, I have a crush on my college great grandchild, what are your thoughts on sharking a fresher? Sincerely, a lonely *fourth year*.

Dear lonely fourth year, your question strikes right at the heart of college life and takes on that great issue of our time: to shark or not to shark? Is it nobler to suffer the slings and arrows of loneliness or to try your charms in a sea of freshers? Well not to fear - Auntie has the answer to your lonely heart woes! What does it mean to shark? Maybe a second year takes on a fresher, or at a push a third year tries their luck. You my friend are neither! You're no shark, you have much more in common with a noncey megalodon. I suggest you take some time away and cool off! Try a holiday, I recommend Little Saint James - its lovely this time of year and you'd fit right in. *Lukewarm regards, Auntie*

Dear Auntie, I was getting with a boy and he turned around and said, "you would make a beautiful corpse". I then considered that there was a non-zero possibility that he was going to murder me and carried on getting. Was this the appropriate reaction? Sincerely, Anonymous.

Dear Anonymous, the heart may want what the heart wants but when your lover literally wants to take the heart out of your chest, that should be a sign to stop! Deadass, necrophiliacs should be avoided. They'll give you nothing but trouble in the long run. Boning might be fun until they're deboning you. *Concerned regards, Auntie.*

Dear Auntie, what should I do if I fall for my college wife? Sincerely, a despairing husband

Dear despairing husband, this is a scenario the Imp, a dear friend of your beloved Auntie, knows all too well about. So, take solace for you are not alone! The way ahead is tricky. It can be easy to despair in such a situation, and perhaps for the sake of your college children and family it is best you do. After all, no one wants to grow up in a broken college home. However, if you insist upon pursuing your wife then take heed of my advice and do it carefully. No one wants to be a college spinster. *Best of luck, Auntie.*

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Dear Auntie, every time I enter Deepers for lunch I do so in fear. Approaching the bar to order my baguette fills me with dread, it's not my fault I'm indecisive! I worry this has annoyed Simon to a point where one day he might snap, so Auntie, how do I get Simon to like me? Sincerely, an anxious sandwich lover.

Dear anxious sandwich lover, the simple answer is you can't! That is until you change your ways and order in a prompt fashion like the rest of civilised society. May I suggest that while you're queuing you stop chatting for two minutes and decide what to order. It's not hard, it's the same thing every day! So, my advice to you: sort yourself out! Then maybe, only maybe will you win Simon's very limited affection. *Lots of love, Auntie.*

Dear Auntie, every tutorial makes my heart race and my stomach drop and not for the usual reasons of late essays and collections feedback. I think I'm in love! How should I proceed? Sincerely, Anonymous.

Dear Anonymous, Romeo had his Juliet, Paris had his Hellen and Napoleon had his Josephine. What do all these great love stories have in common? Their tragic endings, perhaps, but more than anything they are remembered for the passion of their romances. To inspire the same passion in your tutor I suggest you slip some hints into your next essay. Drop a flirty comma here, a naughty metaphor, and perhaps even a sexy little semicolon. Make a mistake and invite them to correct it, pretend you don't understand, one thing leads to another, and they might just give you some private "tuition." *Best of luck, Auntie.*

Dear Auntie, I've fallen for the Imp Editor-In-Chief, what should I do? Sincerely, Anonymous.

Dear Anonymous, seek professional help and, failing that, some form of chemical castration.

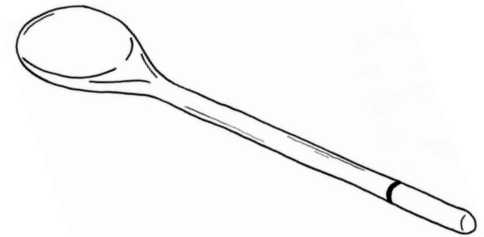
Hope this helps! Lots of love, Auntie.

Sporting Round-Up

I.C.F.C

The numbers are not great but LCFC is a team that is about more than just numbers.

Football at Lincoln was in a dire place coming into the 2023/24 season, the men in light and dark blue having finished last in the bottom division of JCR 1st team football, our only win coming in a friendly against JapanSoc. Co-captains Ardal and Zach were optimistic nonetheless – we'd recruited a strong fresher contingent and quite literally had nothing to lose.



LCFC's latest addition to their extensive trophy cabinet

The season was a mixed bag results-wise. Freshers' Week pipe dreams of things such as 'promotion' and 'a cheeky cuppers run' were forgotten by 3rd week. We shook off the cobwebs with a strong 11-1 loss to Queens in game 1 (the solitary LCFC goal scored by a Queens centre-back, charitably donated after we lost Zach to a knee injury early in the first half), and crashed out of Cuppers 8-3 against St Anne's (although it must not be forgotten that we did go one nil up). Amidst the awful conditions, heavy losses and roughly one injury sustained per game, there were some shining lights in the 2023/24 season. Foremost among them were wins in both legs of the El Sh*ttico vs Trinity, who turned out to be far better at shit talking on Instagram than they were at playing football. Stay tuned for a potential '*unfriendly*' in the summer – in the meantime, the boys in blue and blue can firmly say we are not the worst team in college football this year. Our other two 'wins' came in the form of forfeits v Univ, who fielded about 7 players total across both fixtures (the game is the game, points are points). Our best performance came in a 110-minute, hard-fought, end-to-end epic against the Old Boys, sadly ending in a 1-0 defeat despite cynical extensions of the match clock after every late chance by ref Rabbi. Ask any player where they thought post-match afters would be – a shisha bar would not be their first guess.

All in all, Captains Zach and Ardal were incredibly proud of the team's work this year. It takes a special kind of grit to keep turning out for a team that just keeps losing, and we couldn't be happier with the positivity and effort shown in every minute of every game, often in heavy rain, with essays due and the scoreline in double figures. Special mentions to Midfield maestro Sam Newman, and bang average right-back Jack Skinner, for whom this season was their last with Lincoln. Thanks also to this year's contingent of freshers, who proved – mostly - to have talent and energy in equal measure, meaning that I can confidently say that the future of the club is in very safe hands. Onward and hopefully, upward.

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L . C . H . C

Arguably LCHC's most successful season since our merger with LMH, managing to avoid defeat in all our fixtures, as well the need to play at all. Consequently, we still finished bottom of the league, partly as a goalkeeper and a maximum of two outfield players would not go down particularly well with opposition, and partly due to the captain's genius policy of rest and rotation as we prepare for mixed cuppers in Trinity. This meant our full squad could never quite be fully available and despite being one of very few teams to have a goalkeeper, we had to forfeit every game as although Harry Bridgewater is an extremely talented sportsman, the management doubted that he and Zach Tatton Brown (C) could take down a college on their own. However, the hockey sticks still found use this term for a combination of corridor cricket batting drills and carrying my coat hangers out of my room at the end of term.

Tutor Michael Willis (in charge of distributing money to sports clubs) perfectly summed up the club when he remarked that, 'it seems like LCHC has the most goal keeping pads out of any college, but that hasn't necessarily transformed into results.' The most frustrating part of the term is that, apart from myself, the college is blessed with some very talented players, but they are perhaps slightly too talented for the amateur nature of LCHC, having other commitments, mostly in the uni hockey teams. However, the star players have promised to return for the Trinity cuppers so hopefully next term the season report can contain fewer words than seconds of hockey played. Despite the lack of match practice I feel LCHC is in with a strong chance of doing the unbelievable and being a Lincoln sports team that brings home silverware. Or not, I might be doing my usual trick of being overly ambitious and forgetting we need an XI and it is not five a side.

Remarks from a lonely goalkeeper.

L . C . R . F . C

Finally, the moment had come, the moment to assess the fresh batch of LCRFC recruits, budding and bright-eyed, not yet wizened by the rigour of Oxford life. The Lincoln freshers' fair, a staple in the annual welcoming week, saw LCRFC's first encounter with these much-discussed and mysterious beings. The Imp watched over proceedings in Deep Hall, witness to the same challenges of Rugger conscription that have bedevilled this small college since the dawn of the 20th century. Between his cage and the single table manned by the co-captaincy and adorned with humble tributes to the past-season- a match shirt, the withered match ball and a team photo of not 15, but 10 dashing young men- the vestiges of times gone by hung palpably in the air; the efforts and successes of men long before and indeed after our time now rested on the ability to scout out fresh rugby talent, or, failing that, to develop it. Expectations were high. However, as soon discovered, enthusiasm was not.

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Back in the Long Vac, the co-captaincy had a feeling that troubling times were forecast. The graduation of several linchpins of the club was cause for some serious head scratching and careful planning over the summer months, coupled with the knowledge that Bridgewater would be largely unavailable on account of his commitments over at OURFC. It was therefore decided that we must cave in to the idea of a partnership with another College in order to put out a side. Owing to healthy personal links with the Worcester Rugby captaincy, an alliance was struck and the stage seemed set for a special season in the annals of LCRFC—albeit occasionally in Worcester Pink.

The first test of this new allegiance saw the boys gathered on Worcester's picturesque sports ground, located idyllically within the sanctuary of OX1, to take on Balliol x Hertford. Unfortunately, despite our best efforts (promises of Boddingtons and glory), no freshers were present. Unfortunate, that is, for them. For this was a fine display of Rugby Union. Caught off-guard at the start, the household names and heroes of LCRFC who had brought home the Sevens Plate the season before suddenly kicked into action. The strings were pulled by Bridgewater in the back line whilst our very own 'bomb squad' of Stratton, Dixon-Szul and Palmer devastated the opposition's defence. Some fine individual performances, more so a robust team spirit, produced a resounding victory that inspired much excitement and hope for the coming season, with much speculation on how far LCRFC could advance in Cuppers this year. The answer, as was soon to be found out, crackled like a broken record of previous years; not very far. At all.

Despite this emphatic win there was still no hope in coaxing the fresh youth of Lincoln into a light and dark blue shirt. Yet the numbers issue was not just endemic to this year, or even to Lincoln; Worcester too, suffered a poor recruitment drive and the season that promised much looked in serious peril; cancellation followed cancellation throughout the autumnal months, perhaps not helped by facing the might of Hughs/LMH and Saints in the league and Cuppers respectively. Off the pitch, the situation looked equally bleak, with a lack of squad unity demonstrated by the college's inability to shift enough Guest Ale and Boddingtons, the former being struck off the already austere menu. Nonetheless, perhaps spurred on by the atmosphere of Remembrance Day, which always invokes a sense of duty and respect for the past in even the most apathetic of individuals, a force was gathered to take on Oriel in Cuppers. Ten men put themselves forwards, Skipper Braybrook out having sustained a suspected broken ankle just the week before. However, ringing out deafeningly during the pre-match minutes silence was the realisation that, in absence of the hungover Worcester captain, only nine players were present. This, according to the referee, was reason for forfeit, automatically ending the Cuppers dream. Braybrook, hobbling in his managerial suit, did not hesitate to run to the kit bag and join the boys on the field. Was it the call of boys long gone, a few from the corner of some foreign field,

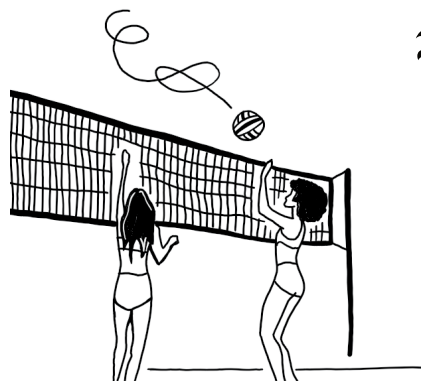
THE LINCOLN IMP

carried on the crisp morning air, mixing with the fluttering flags and booming bells, which inspired such an action? Or no, perhaps it was simply the desire to get stuck in with the fellas, the ethos that has propelled this club throughout the years and will continue to do so. Despite a narrow defeat we had put some decent rug together, with particular mention going to Sharif, who, having had little experience of the game, nobly and courageously applied himself in a way that inspired the rest of us.

Heading into the Christmas vac, having only lost one game did not sound like a bad job. One game out of two, on the other hand, did not quite have the same ring to it. Clearly there was still work to be done in amassing more numbers, yet time was running out. Hilary also presented a major event in LCRFC's 'busy' calendar; the annual Old Boys' fixture. The arrangements and 'ladmin' that goes into this game and the ensuing social requires more time and thought than all the other prior fixtures combined (yes, both of them!). Thus, with this in mind, and in light of the numbers crisis, it was decided by the captaincy that all efforts must be directed towards ensuing a pure, strong Lincoln XV (or thereabouts) was put out. No Worcester, no ringers, just 15 of the finest men 'The College of the Blessed Mary and All Saints' could cough up. It was a miracle that, on the 17th February, no fewer than twelve brave men strode out onto a boggy Bartlemas Close for the first time in the season.

Although the game ended in defeat for the current crop of LCRFC, there were nonetheless many positives to dwell on. Former Captain Dixon-Szul scored for the first time in Light and Dark Blue, Braybrook slotted all drop-kick conversions and four freshers had their first taste of College rug, with Shaw putting on a fine show at full-back and deservedly walking away with Man of the Match. The boys retired to the pav, and the rest, as they say, is history.

Next term we shall be a mighty force in the Sevens Cuppers, hoping to go further than last year when we won the Plate. History shall again be made to inspire future generations to continue this worthy cause; to end with an extract from 'The Imp' of Hilary 1928, which shows the consistency of LCRFC through the years- 'to describe the season as successful would be presumptuous. Inclement weather at the beginning of term, lack of three-quarters, and insufficiency of playing members are all elements which have helped to detract from success'. Long may it continue!



Lincoln College Netball Club (we think this is what it looks like but nobody could verify)

L . C . N . C

Despite numerous reminders, emails, frantic text messages, and even a carrier pigeon, contact was not obtained with the Lincoln College Netball Club. It may have required a trip to the netball court to coerce a player to give a commentary, however none of the editors were willing to do this.

L.C.B.C

As we have spent all term drowning in obscene amounts of rain and Hilary blues, one would think the only people happy would be the boat club, what with the Isis flooding half of Oxford. But no, it seems our boats are only for rowing gently down the stream, and not into Christ Church Meadows' cow field. So, LCBC has seen a dramatic transformation into a drinking society made up of a couple people who have never been in a boat, and far more who prefer a boat race with pints rather than oars. This year has probably seen more crewdates than actual outings, but at least that means no 6am alarms. Nonetheless, Summer is always the best time for water sports, and there is a silver lining to never rowing in sub-zero temperatures. For Trinity, we're gearing ourselves up for Summer VIIIs, where we can trade the pints in for Pimms, and hopefully get some rowing done too.

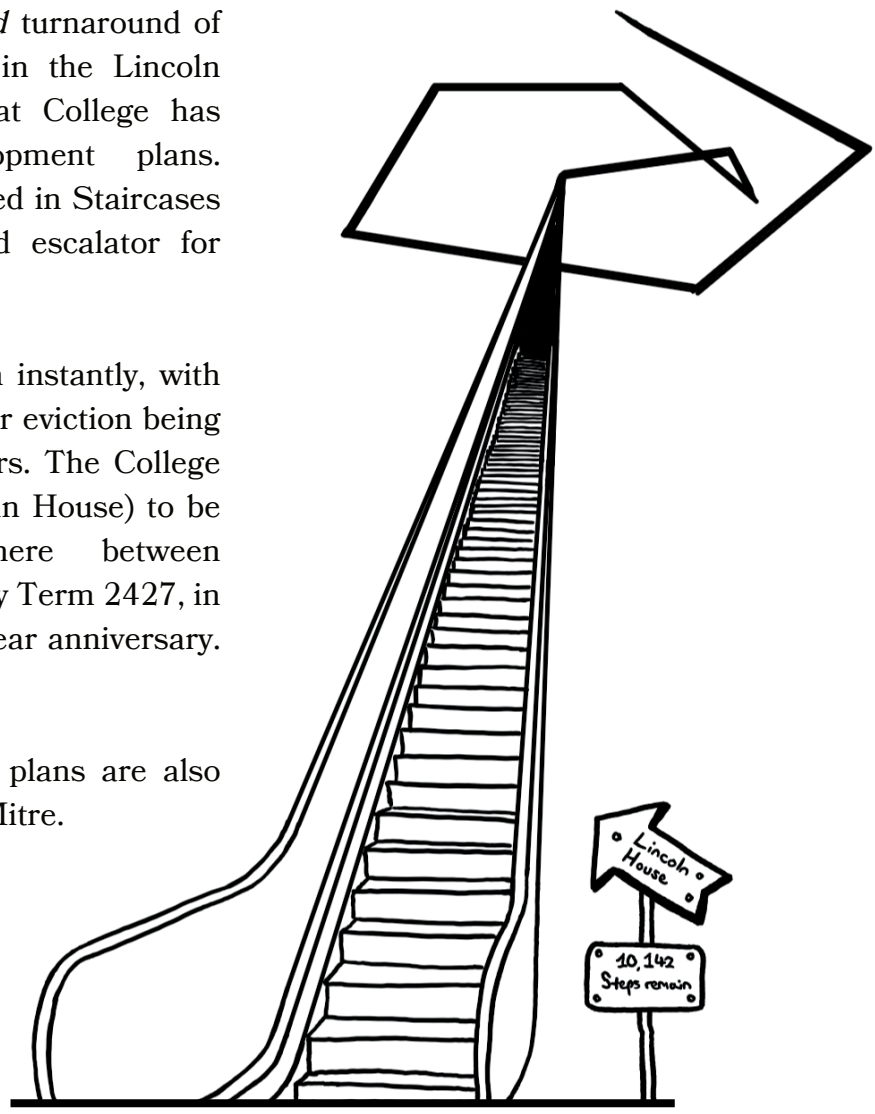
Lift-ing the Bar: News from Lincoln

Given the great success and *rapid* turnaround of implementing an accessible lift in the Lincoln Library, the Imp can reveal that College has decided upon further development plans. Accessible lifts will be implemented in Staircases 1-15, as well as a chair-lift and escalator for Lincoln House.

Construction is expected to begin instantly, with letters to students concerning their eviction being delivered in approximately 3 hours. The College expects all Staircases (and Lincoln House) to be fully accessible by somewhere between Michaelmas Term 2025 and Hilary Term 2427, in time for Lincoln College's 1000 year anniversary. This date is subject to delays.

The Imp can further report that plans are also underway for a water slide in the Mitre.

Stay tuned...



Lincoln's first (of many, hopefully) infinite escalators.

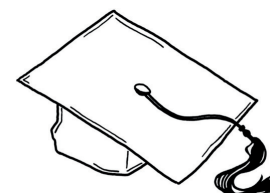
Told on the Turl

“I’m like an academic shotgun - I might eventually hit a target”

“I just won’t date anyone who didn’t go to Oxbridge. Can’t deal with stupid people.”

“I’d rather have a one hour EM tute than have sex”

“I was so disappointed when I realised the quinoa in hall wasn’t caviar”



“I want to get some training in the legs before I get smashed by some old men”

“I’m fine with being Boris Johnson’s illegitimate love child but I can’t have people thinking I dye my hair!”

“I’m wrapped around Rohit till the day I die”

“I think fire alarms are designed to work out who is sleeping with who.”

“It’s not because you are from Australia, it’s just bullying.”

“Well my memory of the night is very hazy, but there is a note on my phone saying to improve my Latin pickup lines”

“The reason I wear braces with my suits/black tie is to make it harder to take my trousers down when I’m drunk”

“At least we are flying BA home - discomfort in comfort.”

“I thought my notifications weren’t working, but just no one was messaging me.”

“The Lord’s Prayer” - 3am after Bridge Thursday on Turl Street

“Cicero is the love of my life.”

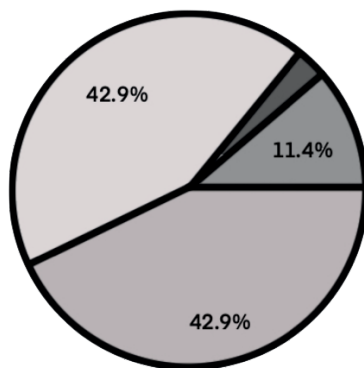
“Since when does the Imp have a board of editors? Don’t sell the Imp to Murdoch please.”

“The Imp is not Fi’s propaganda wing”

JCR Census

The Office for JCR Statistics (aka the Imp) thought it was vital to understand what matters are of most importance to the students of the college. The result? A piece of pure investigative journalism that would rival Woodward and Bernstein, Maitlis, Theroux and other titans of their world. Instead of going undercover or standing in the rain in Grove asking people's opinions, it was decided that the best option would be a truly anonymous google form so we could get completely unbiased opinions and also not get confused for geographers on a field work survey. The Imp's social media machinery flexed its muscles and of the 300 odd undergraduates studying at Lincoln, 36 filled in the meticulously designed survey whose highlights are summarised below.

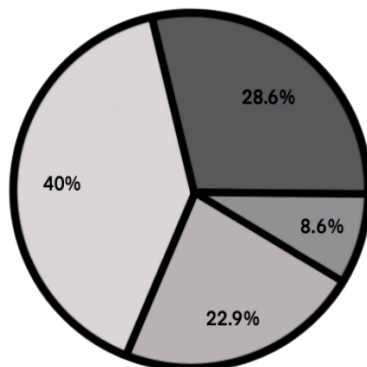
The JCR's greatest achievement this Hilary has been...



- To survive without Jake Palmer on exec
- To get through 'Hellary'
- To have a JCR meeting only containing one motion
- To claim responsibility for the Bollard no longer being in motion

When approached for comment about the tied result, Jake Palmer (the one who bought the Wii) declined to discuss the matter, further stating "I still control Lincoln College in ways even the Rector does not understand". On further investigation, this was found to be very much true.

The most irritating thing about Lincoln is...

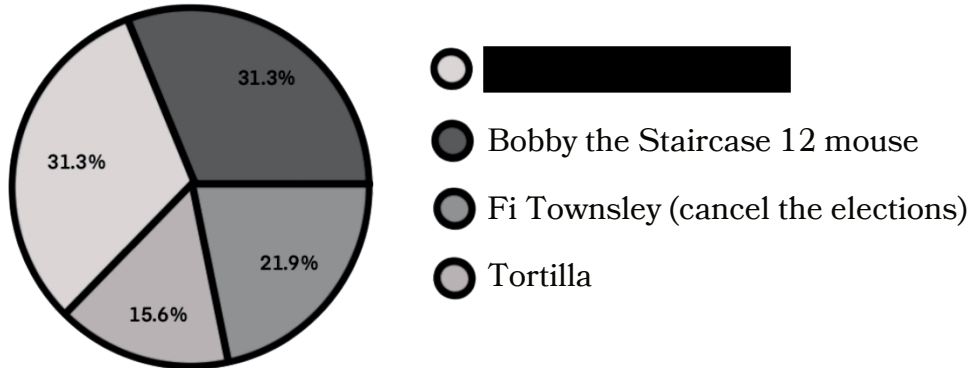


- The speed of The Mitre gate
- Not having a cat
- The smell of the JCR
- Bear Lane Reading Room

Now, to the 40% of college who think the Mitre gate is too slow... Just wait until the Library reopens and an even slower gate haunts college.

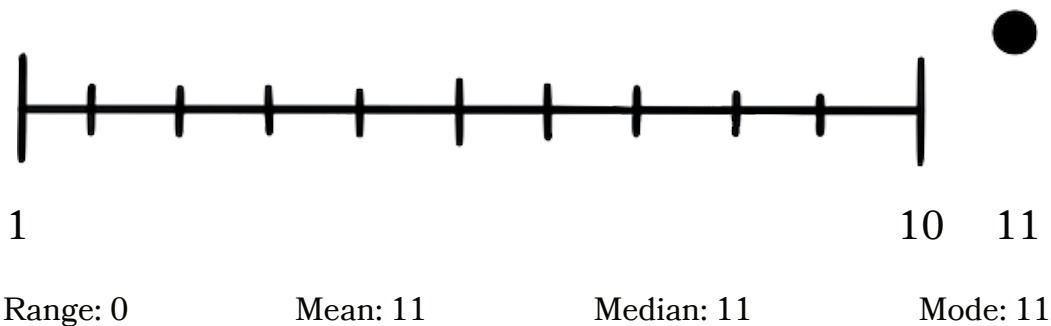
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The 2024/2025 JCR President should be...



The Imp has since been informed that, upon advice from [Redacted], Bobby the staircase mouse has been assassinated.

Remarkably, the question asking to rate the JCR President from 1-10 provided the most unity with the results showing Fi has done an incredible job this year. Truly exceptional figures, but unfortunately the graphical breakdown was unavailable due to a technical glitch. The Imp has, however, attempted to draw a box plot to display the data.



The BNOc list was dominated by the usual suspects, Hannah Edwards, Kath Simms and both welfare reps. Some surprise entries were [Redacted] (we know an avid baker suggested this) but my particular favourite was 'the whole college is literally irrelevant'. 'An Australian fresher' was also mentioned, but even after a trip to the archives, we were unable to identify this individual. The fact that I was mentioned more times than all the members of the JCR exec combined was also a slight concern...

The final question (IMPress us...) proved our main point, the college is not IMPressive enough. The modal answer for this was 'No' and our avid baker stated: 'No, I am a student of Lincoln college'. Ouch. We were also told that upon telling another student that they attended Lincoln they were met with 'A tad niche, no?'. The JCR propaganda team really needs to do some work!

The survey reveals how boring we are as a college, given lounging around in Grove was voted as more of a priority than a waterfight or installing a zip wire. Therefore, the Imp challenges you, yes reader, you, to 'TriniFun' where the library is traded for port meadow, gym trips with wild swimming and you all come watch Lincoln Cricket every week.

BBL Deep Dive

What does the Bear Lane Reading Room have in common with Andy Shamel and Professor Henry Woudhuysen? *Literally nothing*. It is neither a library, nor a single room, as the name would suggest. It is *tertium quid*. The Bear Lane Reading Room, the 'BLRR', and somehow, the 'BBL' is a definition-defying and opinion-dividing space. It is a place where empty shelves and tropical temperatures come together in a way that is perplexing, but not entirely unpleasant. It is an essay crisis venue like no other. It is a place that everyone hates to love, and a place that everyone loves to hate.

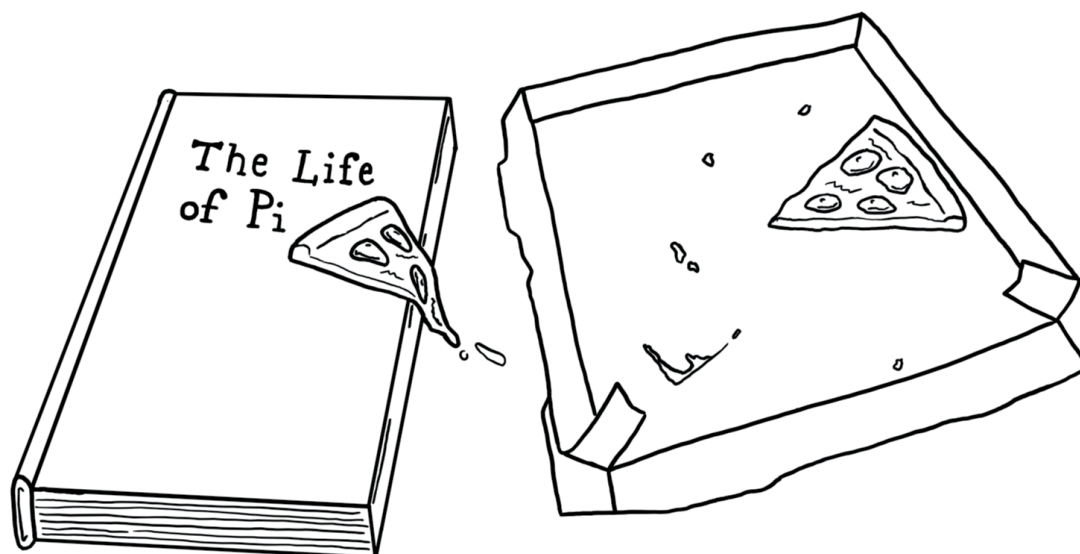
When we were promised a temporary 'reading room', surely no one thought that a subterranean concrete paradise was on the cards. *"It looks like the place they film hostage videos from"*. This was the verdict handed to the Bear Lane Reading Room by a Christ Church Student. In a way, we have all been held hostage by the BBL, because when no other library is open, is the steady march down Alfred Street really an act of free will?

Firstly, the illogical acronym 'BBL' deserves some explanation. Tripping off the tongue as it does, with such ease and grace, it is a shame that its etymology isn't more interesting. Autocorrect, apparently uncomfortable with the statement 'I am in the BLRR', found 'I am in the BBL' a more precise description of my whereabouts – thus the BBL was born. Like many great things, 'the BBL' was conceived in a group chat. As of now, we are not aware of any direct links between the Bear Lane Reading Room and the Brazilian Butt Lift procedure, though of course this is subject to change.

Imagine our surprise, and immense pride, when what started as a mildly funny spelling error started to echo around, becoming common parlance in a matter of days. Less charming are the echoes and reverberations of the voices of noisy freshers – a stalwart BBL staple. While the stale smells of the discussion rooms can be explained by the bins full of steadily decaying kebabs, there is no easy explanation for the shouting which takes place on a regular basis. The humble environs of the BBL might have nudged you into the (mistaken) belief that it is ok to use OUTSIDE voices in the discussion rooms. To be fair, the title 'discussion room' certainly seems to invite conversation. One evening, an instance of an 'acoustic leak' from one of the discussion rooms led an irritated Lincolnite to politely ask that noise levels be kept to a minimum. The tersely-worded reply was: 'we were just discussing'. Quite. This really won't fly in the ornately accoutred Lincoln Library. If you dare, then we might actually have a hostage situation on our hands. Also, 'Freshers', there is nothing fresh about eating Dominos in the BBL at 1am. You guys are CRAZY.

The BBL is to the Oxford Library scene what a leopard skin pill box hat is to a head: 'a mattress balanced on a bottle of wine.' Precarity is massaged into every inch of the BBL - where does that staircase lead? Why are the desks so narrow that touching kneecaps with the person opposite

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The average Freshers' workspace

you is inevitable? Why is there a breakfast bar set up as you walk in - are we being held hostage or just waiting for a shakshuka? Is there a difference? And just why are the desk lights so painfully bright? Must we either annihilate our retinas or squint in the dark? Sacrifices like these are at the heart of our BBL.

Also, to the people who sit at Marina's desk when she's not in - you look really powerful and dominant doing that. Keep it up!

The BBL does not do 'ifs', 'buts' or 'maybes'. It does 'absolutes'. When Kylie Jenner asked for a BBL, apparently she actually wanted her surgeon to build her a reading room. Even as the very very slow gate to Lincoln Library re-opens, we hope that the BBL will remain the place to be and the place to be seen. If loving the reading room is a crime, LOCK. US. UP.

Sincerely,
Anne Onnymuss.

Day in the Life

A Day in the Life of a Historian at Lincoln

05:00

No alarm - my body clock and circadian rhythms wake me up naturally. The number of hours of sleep can be counted on one hand. I see it as a badge of honour how little I am constrained by sleep unlike the rest of you mere mortals. Sleep is for the weak!

Go for a run around Christ Church meadows to absorb the Oxford aesthetic. Make sure it is early enough to not encounter any rowers, you don't want to suffer their rambling about erg times. DO NOT go gym - can't stand it, it's only for STEM students who need an ego boost. Besides, I'm already built from carrying around giant historical volumes every week.

05:15

06:00

Cold shower – the icy water builds discipline and mental fortitude. Meanwhile, weigh up the merits of Tacitus and Tocqueville and assess who has contributed more towards the modern historiography of their respective periods... (sorry, the Editor fell asleep here)

Reading session - cruise through Gibbon as Machiavelli just wasn't cutting it. Ignore the barrage of hack messages blowing up my phone. Never met most of these people but I'll tell each one that I am considering voting and see how far they will go to secure a single vote.

06:30

08:15

Breakfast and working in a Café – was so peaceful until a Geography undergrad came to disturb me, then I had to suffer 10 minutes of him explaining why his degree is more than colouring in. It's not.

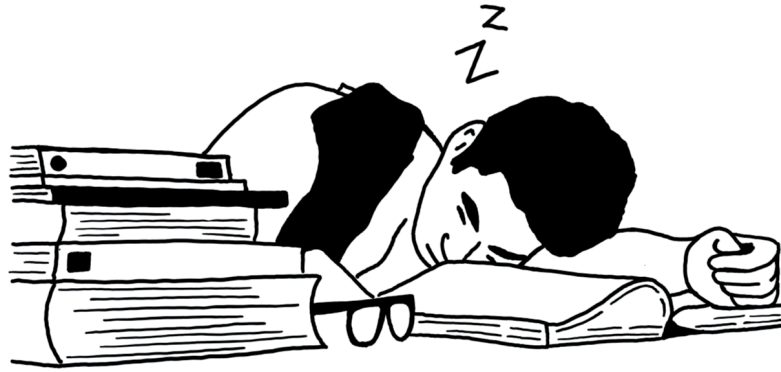
Lecture – nowhere are the difficulties of a History degree better epitomised than in the stringent and extensive constraints of contact hours. On a good day, a lecture might reach 20% attendance.

12:00

13:00

Lunch – the Covered Market is the staple of post-lecture lunches. Kept the group exclusive to humanities students only thankfully. Need not worry, STEM students are usually too busy with labs, or too busy telling everyone about how busy they are with labs.

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History student working hard in the library

Radcam session – supposed to be reading something about medieval monasteries but got bored after 3 pages. What was far more interesting was researching and planning another holiday. The options are endless, and September has a whole four weeks to fill. Currently working on Iceland, Hungary and Rio. Had a quick power-nap - not intentional, but well-deserved.

15:00

17:00

Tesco shop – quick refill on the snacks and alcohol. Ran into some lawyers who wouldn't stop yapping about Roman Law and case studies. I managed to drown out their voices whilst contemplating how they should be grateful for history as it serves as the foundation for their entire studies.

Great Hall Formal - lovely dinner topped off with cheese and port - hard to go wrong. Unfortunately, I was stuck between a PPE-ist (aka Linked-in Warrior) and English student. The English student spent most of the evening gaslighting the PPE-ist into thinking her escapades at Oxford would ruin the optics of her budding political career.

19:00

21:00

College Bar Crawl – now done with testing each College's drink, so time to move on to their challenges. Had my fair share of Cross Keys last night but didn't return with my shoes, perhaps one to come back to in the future. Tonight's exploits took me and others to Balliol and Regent's before returning to Deepers.

Left to go clubbing... Met some E&M student who asked to come back to mine. The rest is History.

00:00

Epilogue: A Day in the Life of an E&M Student at Lincoln

- 08:00** Wake up. Head is crashing harder than 2008. Where am I.
- 08:05** This is the wrong college... Again.
- 08:06** Try to remember their name.
- 08:15** Walk of shame.

Entz Improvements

It's official: another term of events is complete for Lincoln's "Entz Club 7", and we're pleased to report that, try as College might, we remain firmly in office. This term saw a new record for our team, with only 2 Freshers seriously wounded by falling lights at our events (down from 16 in Michaelmas). Despite this landmark achievement, a number of reports have come in stating that we may have "reached for our last star" with this term's events. Safe to say this couldn't be farther from the truth, and we're keen to prove this with next term's events promising far more than the usual rigmarole. We - your humbly elected Entz Team - are ~~struggling~~ striving to perform at every opportunity and are pleased to announce **three key improvements** that we hope will revive confidence in our *extraterrestrial* entertaining abilities.

01. We aim to increase Brasenose attendance at future "Lincoln X Brasenose" events by a modest 2150% bringing the number of attendees up from 2 to 45.

This comes after hearts were broken at our Valentine's speed dating event, which saw 45 Lincoln students turn up to find only a handful of Brasenose students present. Thankfully, with Exeter's keen singletons stepping in last minute, we managed to strengthen the number of non-Lincoln attendees to ~30, allowing the night to go ahead. Whilst a 1:1 ratio is typically desired for dating in polite society, the Lincoln-heavy ratio might actually have enhanced the night, with one lucky Exeter girl remarking on how excited she was to "try two Lincolnites at once".

Quotes of the Term

"Do these headphones make my butt look big?" - IMP-fluencer at the Silent disco

*"Oh for f*cks sake Felix is here"* - Someone deciding to leave a BOP

"I need a third quote, it needs to be at least three quotes" - A disgruntled Entz Chair

02. Renovations are planned to expand the pre-existing Entz Cellar located deep below Deepers.

Subject to planning approval, the team hopes to add several new rooms to the cellar, including a lounge, kitchen, gym and spa ... And some increased storage for Entz equipment. The project has been launched to address long-standing concerns surrounding the Entz facilities, with many believing they were simply too dull for such a fun team to be working in. One excited Lincolnite told The Imp they "cannot wait for Entz Spa Days" and think that the improvements will "provide a touch of elegance to college life". They were quickly reminded that only Entz members would be allowed entry to the cellar and told to dream on.

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Though initial concerns were raised about whether all Lincolnites should have to pay for a select few individuals to benefit from these new Entz facilities, they quickly subsided when students were reminded that The Monarchy still exists.

Work is scheduled to begin in July.

** Please note that next term's battels will include a mandatory "Maintenance Charge" which will help fund these vital works to College infrastructure.*

03. We aim to increase Entz's net profit next term by 44%, bringing it from £8.24 to a healthy £11.89. To fulfil this, the salary of CEO (Entz Chair) Chris Paton will be reduced from £0.00 per term to *negative* £3.65.

This is a strategic business decision made by Entz Treasurer Ella Davies in response to increasing costs of living. In an interview she stated "you wouldn't believe what an extra £3.65 per term can buy you, and who better to get it from than our wonderfully philanthropic Entz Chair". This move is a first for Lincoln, as negative salaries have, for some reason, never been considered before. The original plans to generate increased revenue included raising the price of Black Tie Drinks tickets, but this was quickly thwarted by College Officials. Originally the Entz Chair was disheartened by the news of his salary change, but reports say he's over it now - at least it's not nothing.

Lost and Found

If you happen to be (or rather used to be) the unfortunate owner of these items below, then please, for the love of God, stop bringing them to our events.

ITEM

LAST SEEN

Two Fake Toenails

The food bowls, Black Tie Drinks

Pearl Choker

Clutching Olly Turney's neck for dear life

Emanuel Radici's T-shirt

Forcefully removed at a Crewdate

Nicole and Petru

Discussion Room 2...

Katherine Simms

Leaving Casino Night with an MCR boy

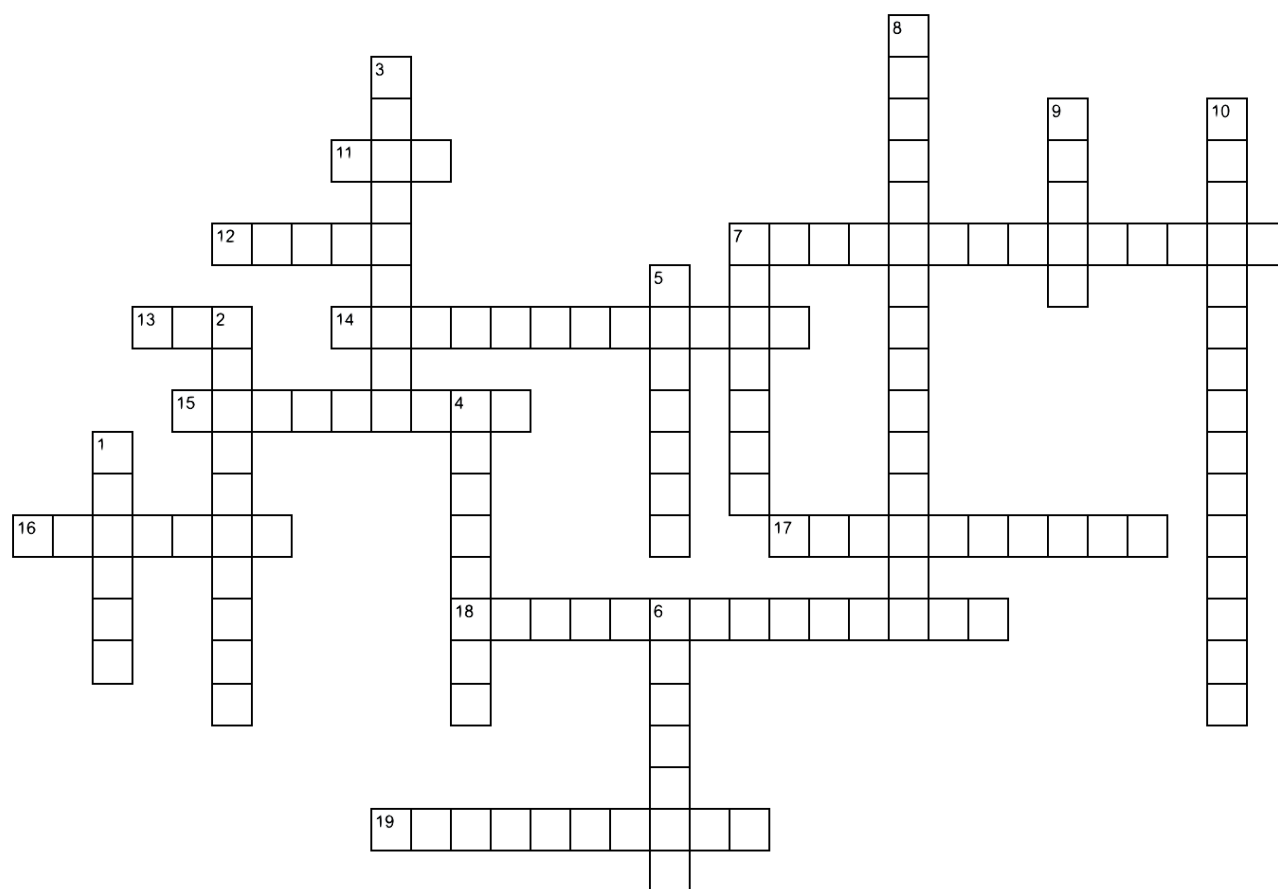
Ingrid Charbonneau

The VacProj cupboard

Chris Paton's Wagamamas

*"I swear to God why does my takeout always get binned before I can finish eating it at Entz events. I mean how hard is it to see that I'm **only half done with it** and had to stop eating because *someone* wanted me to serve them a drink? Don't bin it, just let me finish my dinner in peace for once."*

Puzzles



Across

- 7: What Cambridge college is Lincoln's sister college? (7, 7)
 11: Which subject complains the most? (3)
 12: What is the name of the inn that is now college-owned accommodation? (5)
 13: A statue of what is kept in a cage in Deepers? (3)
 14: Who helped develop the mass production of penicillin and was a fellow of Lincoln? (6, 6)
 15: What century was Lincoln founded? (9)
 16: What is the surname of Lincoln College's founder? (7)
 17: Which accommodation block is the reason STEM students choose Lincoln? (6, 4)
 18: What was the main selling point of Lincoln to Freshers and therefore extremely ironic that none of them have been able to step inside since the open days? (7, 7)
 19: Which methodist preacher was fellow of Lincoln? (4, 6)

Down

- 1: Name of the best satirical magazine (the editor forced me to write this) (no I didn't – The Editor) (3, 3)
 2: What are the carpark/bins/garden of Lincoln House affectionately known as? (6, 4)
 3: Who are our worst enemy? (9)
 4: Who was once the fastest tortoise in Oxford? (8)
 5: Which integral part of Lincoln life was lost this Hilary term much to the dismay of those living in Lincoln House and Staircase 15? (7)
 6: In which city can you find the original Imp? (7)
 7: What is the name of the best college bar in Oxford? (7)
 8: Most popular photo spot after matriculation? (9, 6)
 9: Best bartender in Oxford? (#not sponsored) (5)
 10: What plant in front quad do Lincoln students like to show off to their parents? (Just not in winter) (8, 7)

Contributors



Chris Paton



Amelia Hope-Hawkins



Emanuel Radici



Felix Cripps



Sara Kapuscinska

Name

Manuela Passman

Rory Marples

Tina Taylor

Chris Paton

Ardal Rooney

Felix Cripps

Peter Braybrook

Sophie Layden

Natalie Bate

Alasdair Shaw

Felix Cripps

Chris Paton

Natalie Bate

Sara Kapuscinska

Tara Williams

Chris Paton

Piece

A Very IMPortant Poem

Bear Lane Sonnet

BLRR Survival Guide

Drink Poison Ivy

LCFC Report

LCHC Report

LCRFC Report

LCBC Report

Bollard Tribute

Day in the Life: Historian

JCR Census

Entz Improvements

Crossword

Sudoku

An Imp-rovisational Poem

Original Sketches

We thank each and every one of you for your contributions.

Without you, the Imp would be of only slightly better quality.

