

THE POOR PRINT



Pubs to Die For

Max Benster

"We shall not cease from exploration And the end of all our exploring Will be to arrive where we started And know the place for the first time.

— T. S. Eliot

Oxford has going for it is the calibre of its pubs. I know of nowhere else that has as many incredible pubs in so small an area. Even in London, the pubs are usually a lot more spread out and, I think, not as nice. Oxford pubs are TRULY special.

I also think it is a sad truth that many Oxford students go through their degree without really exploring the different pubs the city has to offer. Oriel students are very bad when it comes to this. I love the local as much as the next person, don't get me wrong, but you're missing a trick if you don't explore all the very different pubs Oxford has to offer. As Petrarch wrote, 'Sameness is the mother of disgust, variety the cure.' Wise words, Petrarch, wise words indeed. Even if you're not big on drinking, these are still beautiful and often historic places that I think are worth seeing regardless – if only just for a can of coke and a giggle with friends.

For these two reasons, I want to draw attention to a few of the best pubs that are not frequently visited by Oriel students. Hopefully this will encourage a bit more variety (not Chequers and the Bear, again!), and inspire a few people to go exploring this term — what could possibly be a more fun activity for Hilary! In the words of Atticus Garlick (the king of Middlesbrough), 'whether you're looking for a session pub, or just a swift one', I hope this list will prove a useful reference point.

So, my list of the best pubs in Oxford, most underrated by Oriel, is as follows: (Thanks to Miranda for taking me to half of them. It is to her that I dedicate this work. *In cervisia veritas*.)

North(-ish) Oxford

The Rose and Crown (10/10) – GOATED

The Gardener's Arms – both ones: on North Parade (6/10) and Plantation Road (8/10)



Jericho

Bookbinders (10/10) – **GOATED** (more goated than the little hobbit penalty merchant)

The Rickety Press (7/10)

The Victoria (9/10)

The Harcourt Arms (8.5/10)

Jericho Tavern (4/10 most days, 10/10 on Mondays, when the Imps are there)

Cowley

The Port Mahon (8/10)

The Oxford Blue (9/10)

The Fir Tree (7/10)

The Rusty Bicycle (9/10)

The City Arms (6/10) – not anything special but close to Bartlemas and Wing Wednesday there is the archbishop of epicness

The Old Black Horse – never been but really want to go

The Chester Arms (8/10)

For the summer

The Perch (9/10)

The Medley (10/10) – **GOATED**

The Victoria Arms (7.5/10)

The Isis Farmhouse (7/10)

A bit farther out

The Red Lion (Marston) – never been but want to go

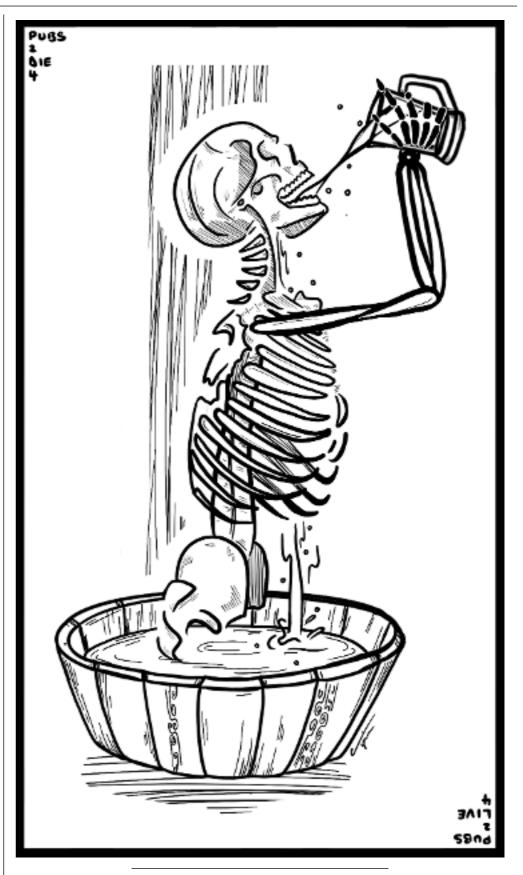
The Prince of Wales (Iffley) – never been but want to go

The William Morris (Temple Cowley) – never been but want to go

The Blackbird (Blackbird Leys) (7/10) – perfect if you've just been to watch the football or for a game of ten-pin bowling

Tap Social (Botley) (10/10) – GOATED

The Trout (Wolvercote) (8/10) — Went there today for lunch. Was fabulous. Do recommend if you get a chance. ■



Pubs 2 Die 4 by Ayomikun Bolaji

The Belbroughton Days: My Experience with Jude Bellingham

Ben Nolan

Before he played on the England team, Bellingham had to navigate the dark and dangerous world of Dudley and Bromsgrove football. Reflections based on my career as a professional footballer.

T WAS A COLD SATURDAY MORNING. I HAD been woken up at 6 am and whisked off to Belbroughton Football Club after a brief two-hour warm up. I was terrified and could barely sip at my pre-workout. Today was the big day, all eyes were on us as Belbroughton under-5s were to play the under-7s. I was to play centre-back.

To the right of me was Liam, built like a brick wall, nothing got past him or in front. We used to call him 'yellow jacket' due to the number of cards he could receive in a single season. The enemy team feared him. We were terrified.

To my left was Gareth. He was a miserable chap no matter how much Lucozade was shoved into his system. He played well enough but without any passion. In midfield lay Tim, Adam and Jarret. There wasn't much to say about them apart from their collective obsession with part time oranges.

The real star of the show lay in the two forwards. Tom was speedy and focused. Often too focused. He went entire weeks without sleep due to concentrating solely on the match. You couldn't talk to him about anything else. He was dedicated to the goal, devoted to the art of the ball and dependent on the slight chance he could be scouted by the fat cats at Stourbridge FC. Bellingham was a different breed. We all knew there was something special about him. He set up and scored most of the goals. We used to talk of our team as the Belbroughton under-5s. He was the Belbroughton under-5s.

It was a tough game. All eight of the under-7s put up a strong, stalwart defence. Yet they were no match for Bellingham. He ran circles around them, threw them off guard. Their keeper could barely contain his shock at the speed with which Bellingham was able to set up goal after goal. We simply

watched with bated breath. Then the tides turned.

Tom took an elbow to the eye and was knocked to the ground. He lay there motionless. Bellingham was pale with fear. He ran to his fellow striker with the worry pressed firmly into his heart. He turned him over so that his face gazed plainly upon the chill morning sky. His eyes were touched with a look of sweet release. Bellingham looked upon his comrade with disdain. Tom began to cough. Through bated breath his eyes penetrated deep into Bellingham's soul as he stated, 'Please ... Bellingham ... One day ... Win the World Cup for me.' His eyelids shut as the gateway to his soul came to a close. Tom was gone and Bellingham was left to reflect upon his final request.

Tom was rushed off to the hospital and diagnosed with a fatal case of dizzy head and rumbly tummy. He survived but vowed never to take up the game again. He instead placed his focus on achieving tour-guide status on Club Penguin, something he achieved with flying colours.

That same day Bellingham was scouted for Stourbridge football club. He never forgot the words of his great friend Tom.

We all moved on from that day and took it in different ways. Some of us got married. Moved into relationships of convenience to achieve the straight and narrow only to find the infirm and wobbly. Some of the midfielders used Calpol to deal with the stress of the event. They were discharged from the team for snorting a sachet before a game. Others simply forgot to remember and never talked about it again. I simply stopped playing. It became all too much for me. I wasn't made of the same stuff as Bellingham.

Whether shaking with cold in a West Midlands Calpol den, living the married life or simply existing, we were all equally Belbroughton under-5s. We all hold that moment so central to the development of the great Jude Bellingham deep in our souls.



Spotify Playlist

For more inspiration on this issue's theme, check out this deadly playlist, curated by one of our editors and featuring tracks by Kendrick Lamar, Phoebe Bridgers, and more.

To access the playlist, scan the code below using the Spotify app on your mobile device (tap the camera icon under the 'Search' tab).





Lapworth **Megaloceros**

Siddiq Islam

Lapworth. Megaloceros. Hanging on the wall like a giant freak.

There's something intense about all this debris, The coloured rocks and the dead fish in the cupboards.

I'd hate to end up like them some day. Dusty. Preserved.

Maybe I'd enjoy the attention, The little kids' fingerprints on my glass, The bright museum lights washing over me.

But I don't have antlers like Meg does, So they'd probably string me up by my limbs, Steel cord chafing my ankles and wrists, A sorry position to be in, without doubt.

Much better the comforts of a dull hole, The warm darkness and the tight, Cosy pressure of six feet of dirt, And the wooden walls of my home.

Inspired by the Megaloceros skull hanging on the wall in the Lapworth Museum at Birmingham University



Welcome back to a new term at Oxford! For many of you, this will mean catching up with friends, feverishly revising for collections or Mods (good luck, classicists and lawyers!), and thinking about how another eight weeks' worth of work will surely be the death of you, or how death will one day cause all of us (except Beary McBearface) to disappear from the face of the earth.

Stress and overwork are all too common amongst us Oxonians. But fear not! As always, The Poor Print is here to help get you through the term. This week, we have an intriguing set of submissions for you to enjoy despite the slightly morbid theme ...

Modernity: The Death of Personality

Carolina Cortés Vilaplana

HERE IS SOMETHING SO COLD ABOUT A tall, sleek, grey building with square glass windows. An urban setting, the bollards smooth all around, their shape unrelenting. The same bored poles in place of a lamppost. Flat metal rods at exactly ninety degrees that are but the skeleton of ancient bridges. There are no flourishes, no decorations, no curves except the carefully-measured-out bend of a mathematical cylinder.

There is something so empty about visiting a city and seeing the same tired walls that rise implacably from a colourless pavement. Travel is becoming superfluous. Why fly across the world to sit in a McDonald's and walk amidst brick blocks that you could encounter a few streets away from your front door?

Originality is slowly being eradicated, and we have only humanity to blame. We strive for a perfection that is unattainable, an ideal which is so smooth it erases any evidence of human traces. There is a misconception, in today's society, that beauty is flat, plain, unblemished. Beauty and life seem to be almost opposites. Architecture should soar, draw a magnificent arch that encompasses the history of humanity. Instead, it stagnates, returning to the same lifeless forms which say nothing, mean nothing, machine-made abhorrence which excludes personality from the equation. Or perhaps, you will say, modern architecture does indeed depict the state in which we live.

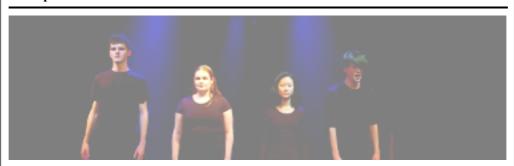
In that case, what a sorry state that is. Where are the mistakes, the asymmetry, the beautiful marks of existence that we humans are so desperate to leave in this world? For it is not the aesthetic that makes its beauty, but its organic creation as a reflection of the intricacies of human life. We remove ourselves from our work in an attempt to reach perfection, misled into thinking that perfection is the lack of that which makes us flawed, unique, and human.

But if perfection is incompatible with the essence of humanity, then why do we seek it? It is almost an evolutionary suicide. Our bodies may remain, but our souls will become extinct in the monotony of the modern. ■



Dead Man's Suitcase: A Review

Siddiq Islam



'What?! ... like ... Jesus!' 'Yes, exactly like Jesus!'

scene thriving again post-COVID. Opportunities to see fantastic productions like this regularly were not available a year ago. Dead Man's Suitcase posits the following question – is it possible for your life to have a reset button?

Vyvyan), a downbeat, disheartened obituary writer who hates his job and his wife. He de- ing this show and others has made me excited to cides to fake his own death so he can date other see more upcoming theatre at Oxford. people and follow his dreams of becoming a 'fantasy true-crime novelist for children'. The unusual setting and narrative allow for some very original and funny scenes, and the lead's songs were sung consistently and emotionally.

John's wife Mary (Eva Bailey) had a wonderful voice that really came to light in the second half of the musical, in which she mastered some really beautiful solos. Tom Freeman delivered some great comedic relief, the highlight being his short number as a Freudian psychiatrist,

T'S WONDERFUL TO SEE OXFORD'S THEATRE which had the whole audience laughing! Eliana Kwok was great in her role as John's colleague, beating him to a promotion by sucking up to their mean boss. It would, however, have been nice if the actors' voices had been a little more audible over the music.

The story tells of John (played by George Overall, the musical was well-written and authentic, and had a good balance of comedy. See-



Dead Man's Suitcase ran from Tuesday 29 November to Saturday 3 December 2022 at the Burton Taylor Studio, Oxford.

UPCOMING ISSUES AND THEMES

If you have a free moment or experience a spark of inspiration, why not turn that creativity into something all your friends and tutors can enjoy? We have an intriguing set of themes planned for this term:

ISSUE #86 – ENVY

Submissions by 1 February (Wednesday, 3rd week)

ISSUE #87 – FORBIDDEN

Submissions by 15 February (Wednesday, 5th week)

ISSUE #86 - PARADISE

Submissions by 1 March (Wednesday, 7th week)

Like the drawings and writings in this issue have done, you can interpret the upcoming themes however you like - or not at all! We're happy to publish all sorts of contributions, from deadly serious to macabrely absurd, and anything in between. We certainly look forward to seeing and showcasing Oriel's rich talents.

You can send us your submission by using the brief form available on our website (thepoorprint.com) or, if you prefer, feel free to approach one of our editors directly. We're also happy to answer any questions you have about the newspaper, so do get in touch!

'Dear Beary ...'

Beary McBearface

ELLO THERE! MY NAME'S BEARY, ONE OF the giant teddy bears who hang out in the JCR – I'm the brown one; my purple counterpart is John Henry. As The Poor Print's self-anointed agony aunt, I'm here to help you with any troubles you're facing. Please send me your college (or general) worries, and I'll help you find a solution. To submit a question, just send an email to thepoorprint@oriel.ox.ac.uk with 'Dear Beary' in the subject line.

Of course, if you'd prefer to remain anonymous - and I encourage naming no names; we don't want any beef here – just drop a note with your concern for me in one of the editors' pidges in the Porter's Lodge (names are available below). And please do: I need a nice hobby in my twilight years!

Please do remember that old Beary here has had no formal welfare training, so if you have a more serious issue to raise, please reach out to our beloved JCR Welfare Officer (Rose Hickman) and MCR Welfare Secretary (Gabe Calvo), or get in touch with the Peer Supporters, the Welfare Deans (Marta Bielinska and Dan Brennan), the Chaplain (Rob Wainwright), or the College Nurse.

And now, for the matter at hand:

1. Dear Beary, would you date me?

My standards are much too high for that, I'm afraid. Although how you'll survive this heartbreaking rejection, I don't know. Console yourself with someone more on your level. Or maybe volunteer to be a JCR Valentine's rep to provide an outlet for your romantic angst.

2. Dear Beary, what is the meaning of life?

It's a Sunday. I am not answering this question on a Sunday. Or on any other day either, for that matter. You are all going to die eventually anyway and languish underground while maggots feast on your body, so I wouldn't worry too much about it. Just try to live your life in a way that makes you happy so you don't waste the little time you have on earth, before you're trapped in it for the rest of eternity.

3. Dear Beary, how do I become immortal?

Unfortunately for you, the only one of us who will be immortal is me. I was born with the gift of an everlasting life, both in the form of an inorganic body and undecaying soul and through my captivating personality, which will live on in the memories of Orielenses until the end of time, or at least humanity. That is perhaps the only way in which anyone can live forever: in the minds of others. But you are a poor mortal soul, and can only aspire to be like me - even though we all know it is a futile aspiration to

4. Dear Beary, if you had the option to find out when and how you would die, would

I'm very comfortable in my immortal shell. If I were a human like you, I wouldn't choose to know when I die; I'd live every day like it's my last. I'd be a wildcard. I'd be audacious.

Not knowing how you will die is the most exciting part your my life! Keep guessing!

5. Dear Beary, are you taking part in hotgirl Hilary?

Every day is hot-girl Hilary for someone as good-looking as me. Case closed. ■

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