



# THE POOR PRINT



## Lonely Bean

**Anonymous**

Lo! what a life for you, little bean,  
Left upon the plate otherwise so empty.  
You are so round and your juices so sweet,  
And yet your master let you not enter his lips.

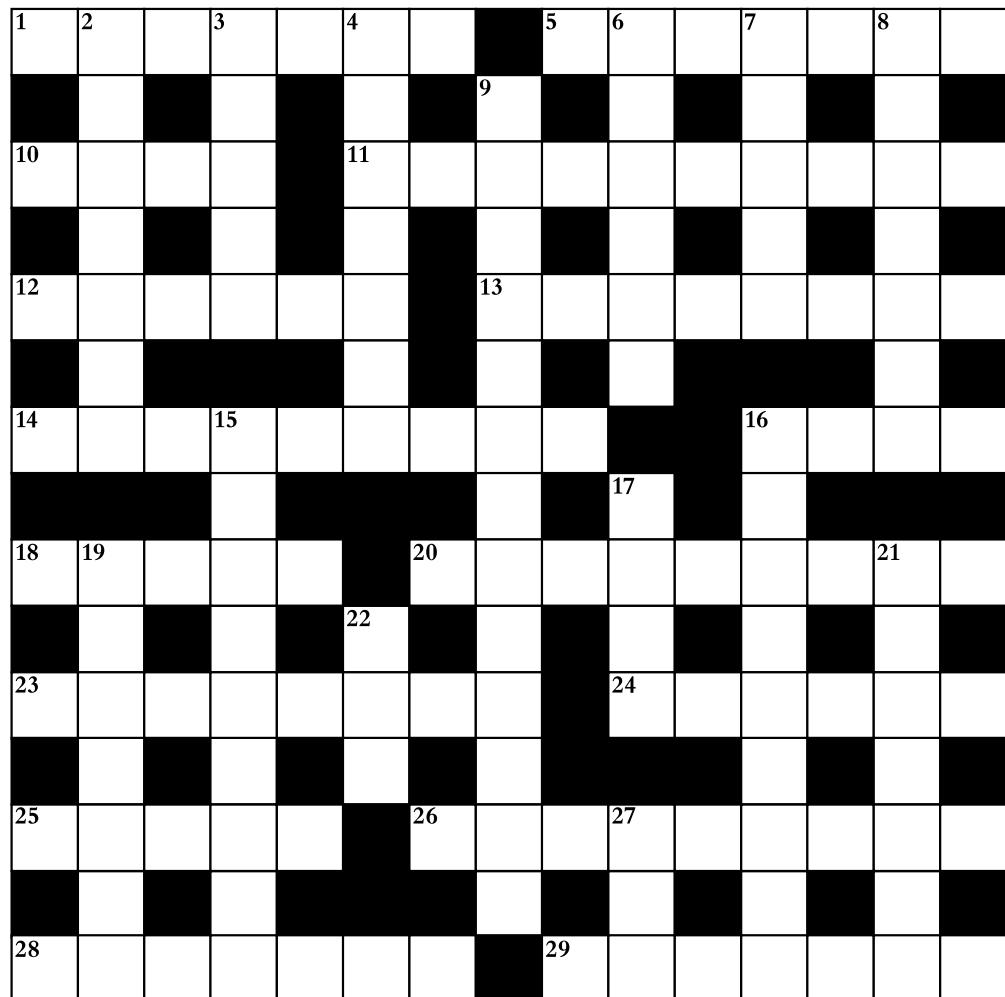
Wherefore did such a thing occur, little bean?  
Was your master in a rush for a 9am class?  
Or were you too much effort to be scooped up  
alone?  
Only he knows, my dear bean; alas we do not.

Whither now will you wander, little bean?  
Will you end up mixed among the fresh beans,  
reheated for tomorrow?  
Oh no! The thought is too much to bear –  
Would that they not mock you for being so  
abandoned.

I pray for you, little bean, that wherever you end  
up,  
In this life or the next:  
You will swift be eaten by the man who paid  
35p for the privilege.



## Cryptic Crossword

**Tom Rose**

*Editor's note: The solutions to this puzzle can be found online at [thepoorprint.com](http://thepoorprint.com).*

## Spring Awakening: A Review

**Sam Hardaker**

*A*s a fan of the show, with the Broadway album etched permanently into my brain, it is difficult to decide to see another version of something I love, knowing it will be different. But boy am I glad to have witnessed Pelican Productions' *Spring Awakening* this Hilary term.

From the first note of the song 'Mama Who Bore Me', I knew this would be an authentic yet original take on the Steven Sater and Duncan Sheik musical. It is one of the most brilliant openings to a musical, immediately engaging and revealing, yet also an accessible and understandable introduction to some of the major themes of the show and especially the main motivations and characteristics of one of the main characters, Wendla (Am Wyckoff). In fact, both her voice and that of Melchior (Sam Harper) impressed and never wavered. The live band tucked away into the nooks at the back of the stage were brilliant, especially the guitar, which was both iconic and haunting. For those who are not familiar with the music, the score does not follow the classic musical pattern of following what is happening in the scene then simply in song; the lyrics are instead much more coded, symbolic, and able to be interpreted differently. In my view, this can be much more effective, and this production certainly dove into the ambiguity, the poetry of the story, and every song was felt deeply by both the cast and audience, I'm sure.

Now, of course a show with some difficult subject material set in the late 1800s will be a tad bizarre. But I found that it was 'weird' in the best way. While *Spring Awakening* deals with the comedic side of puberty and adolescent discovery, the cast and crew worked hard to treat heavy topics such as suicide and sexual assault with care and did so incredibly effectively. By having lighter moments, sections of humour, the show allowed the darker parts, the more emotional side of the story, to be even more impactful and beautiful.

Overall, although a distinctly depressing and relatively morose story, the production took the darkness in its stride, finding humour where it was needed, but returning to a serious tone when it mattered. Not only that, all the moments of intimacy were equally balanced, with a masturbating teen on stage being a tad awkward and jarring but certainly hilarious, while Melchior and Wendla's interactions were sweet and full of longing.

However, best of all, and rather selfishly, I finally got to witness *Spring Awakening* as it should be, on stage, with young people expressing the trials and tribulations of being young (in Victorian Germany, mind you), and I adored every moment. Produced by Connor Allan and co-directed by Rei Ota and Jess Steadman, Pelican Productions pulled off a show overflowing with both teenage angst and hope, confusion and understanding, growing and rebelling. Despite, or perhaps because of, the melancholy themes, the show was full of life, a wholly enjoyable, delightful, and satisfying evening. ■

Spring Awakening ran from Wednesday 22 February to Sunday 26 February at the MBI Al Jaber Auditorium, Corpus Christi College.

**ACROSS**

- 1 Poor mark suggests something's wrong (3,4)
- 5 Fix the wizard a big cheese? (7)
- 10 Just holding one is a long way off (4)
- 11 ABBA overdo dancing, honest (5,5)
- 12 Using some incorrect or pidgin Latin is sluggish (6)
- 13 'People known to love sheep stew', His Highness inaccurately stated about the Spanish (3,5)
- 14 It makes things no greater bafflingly (9)
- 16 Long flowing hair sounds pivotal (4)
- 18 Before it reversed, craft was characteristic (5)
- 20 Made appeal then went adventuring again (9)
- 23 Pig makes fun of outdoor beds (8)
- 24 Fashionable to allow a little water flow (6)
- 25 Made it youthful to embody immortal being (5)
- 26 Creating a stone path without first requesting? This is Oscar taking control (9)
- 28 Ripped cards dishonestly rearranged? (7)
- 29 Dope for messy, grubby student delegate (4,3)

**DOWN**

- 2 While a satisfactory Shakespeare finale features Juliet, it's not taken seriously (2,1,4)
- 3 Take cover from rising rebel leader in coal mines! (5)
- 4 Great morning to reflect with relative (7)
- 6 Regularly well-fed Vienna football side (6)
- 7 'Doctor ... I ... like the queen ... talk ... monotonously?' (5)
- 8 Aims for perfect morality (5,2)
- 9 Debatable converted campervan relocations (13)
- 15 Inexplicable code idiosyncrasy (9)
- 16 Wrongly identified street; it led behind main road (9)
- 17 Never step on one's turf with shortened leg muscle (4)
- 19 A chemical substance concerning 007 (7)
- 21 Completely destroy old girlfriend with quip on lingerie midsection (7)
- 22 Powerless body found in Doll's House (3)
- 27 Building blocks without a ceiling? That's arrogance! (3)



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



*For more inspiration on this issue's theme, check out this **paradisiacal** playlist curated by one of our editors, featuring tracks by Beyoncé, Coldplay, Coolio and L.V., BTS, Sade, Guns N' Roses, Lana Del Rey, Khalid, and Bruno Mars. Why not have a listen as you peruse the contributions in the paper?*

## Paradise Playlist

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# Fermat's Last Tango: A Review

Jerric Chong

FOR MOST OF US, I suppose, the words 'maths' and 'humour' will rarely appear in the same sentence, let alone alongside each other. But not after attending *Fermat's Last Tango*, performed by a cast and crew of Oxford students at the Mathematical Institute, which despite its niche subject matter succeeds in providing splendid entertainment and comedic whimsy, and not just for the mathematicians.

Written in 2000 as an off-Broadway musical by Joshua Rosenblum and Joanne Sydney Lessner, it dramatises the true story of the British mathematician Sir Andrew Wiles, who proved Fermat's Last Theorem: a conjecture in number theory stating that no three positive whole numbers can satisfy the equation  $a^n + b^n = c^n$  if  $n$  is greater than 2. While deceptively simple, no mathematician had been able to accomplish it for 358 years since Pierre de Fermat cryptically hinted that he had a proof but the margin he was scribbling in was 'not large enough to contain' it. Here, Wiles is transformed into the bookish Professor Daniel Keane (Lois Heslop), who emerges from seven years of solitary labour on Fermat's Last Theorem and encounters none other than Pierre de Fermat (Siddiq Islam) himself. Introduced to other mathematical greats – Pythagoras, Euclid, Newton and Gauss – in a purgatory-like 'Aftermath', Keane is informed that his proof has a 'big fat hole', much to his chagrin, and of his wife Anna (Isabella Diaz Pascual), who hopes finally to return to a normal life with him.

With not infrequent mentions of 'modular forms', 'elliptic curves' and the 'Shimura-Taniyama conjecture', one might be forgiven in thinking that *Fermat's Last Tango*, like its namesake theorem, may be too abstruse to be appreciable. But that notion is quickly dispelled by the musical's emphasis on telling an exciting story involving characters with disparate personalities, with an almost entirely sung-through score and encompassing a wide array of styles from opera to blues. This production had Lois Heslop playing the role of Professor Daniel Keane with flair, adapting herself to a range of scenes, from agonising in front of a desk and answering a troupe of reporters to participating in a whimsical game show and dancing the titular three-person tango with Anne and Fermat. Isabella Diaz Pascual lent herself well to the part of a sidelined spouse seeking a mended relationship, and I found her interactions with Heslop to be broadly convincing. Her most noteworthy scene was doubtless her rage aria 'Math Widow', sung energetically with much spirit and verve – this rightly earned great plaudits from spectators. The quartet of mathematicians had nice moments as well, especially in 'The Aftermath', in which they effortlessly transitioned between hymn-like homophony to complex counterpoint. Nevertheless, I found that the pre-eminent member of the cast was indisputably Siddiq Islam (an Orielensis, and editor of this paper) as the title character, who brought exceptional panache that perfectly suited his

character's always flamboyant and occasionally derisive personality while swanning around in wig and cape – still congenial, even if eccentric. And don't just take my (unbiased, honest) word for it: he and his quips certainly got the largest audience laughs.

Unlike most student productions in Oxford, this show is uniquely performed within one of the lecture theatres in the Andrew Wiles Building – particularly appropriate given its subject matter, and it is obviously apt that it be held in the venue named after the mathematician behind the protagonist. Naturally, this presented the cast and crew with a smaller 'stage' area than might have been obtained otherwise, but they easily adapted to a variety of scenes through the use of minimal props, such as a writing desk for Keane or large polyhedra to represent the Aftermath. This was successful, but I almost wished that the moving whiteboards behind the stage could also have been used narratively, instead of statically displaying a statement of Fermat's Last Theorem. The small nine-piece band, conducted by Fred Tyrrell – who also helped to orchestrate and arrange the music for this production – was placed to the far left of the 'stage'. They are to be commended for their endurance in providing an almost continuous backdrop to the action and in handling a wide assortment of styles, moving deftly from classical to jazz and swing with agility. One quibble I noted was that the instruments were not quite well balanced with each other or the cast at times; the sound of the violin in particular often seemed to be drowned out, but this did not hamper my enjoyment of the show. The set lighting, achieved with portable equipment, was effective.

This production, the first staging of *Fermat's Last Tango* in the UK, has been eagerly anticipated among the mathematics community of Oxford, not least because Sir Andrew Wiles is a professor here. But this is not just a musical for mathematicians or STEM students. With lively acting and boisterous tunes, there is certainly something in maths humour for all to enjoy here – even if you don't know how to construct Galois representations of elliptic curves. ■

Fermat's Last Tango runs from Thursday 2 March to Sunday 5 March at the Andrew Wiles Building, Mathematical Institute.

The Poor Print would like to thank Empty Set Productions for providing a complimentary review ticket.



## REX NETTLEFORD ESSAY PRIZE

Open to all current Oxford undergraduates, this annual essay prize, named in honour of a past Orielensis and honorary fellow (whose portrait hangs in Hall behind High Table), encourages students to explore themes around colonialism and its legacies. Essays should be no more than 2500 words in length and answer one of these four questions:

1. What role do the arts play in the creation or challenging of racialized hierarchies?
2. Pick an object that you think illuminates the legacies of colonialism, and explain why and how.
3. How long do the legacies of colonialism last?
4. 'The truth is one and same, everywhere in the universe. Therefore, proposals to de-colonise academic curricula are wrong-headed.' Discuss.

Entries must be submitted to academic.registrar@oriel.ox.ac.uk by noon on 17 March (Friday, 9th week).

Further details are available on the College website.

## THANK YOU FOR THE TERM

Many thanks for all your wonderful submissions this term! It's been great to see new contributors to Oriel's best student-run publication, and we hope you've enjoyed reading all the poems, listening to all the playlists, and solving all the crosswords as much as we have done – your creativity helps brighten up college life, bit by bit.

The Poor Print will return in Trinity term, with four brand new themes to pique your interest (or not!) once more. But the vacation is always a good time to be creative anyway; try taking some time away from revision to do something more relaxing. And if you do, why not share the fruits with your fellow Orielenses?

In the meantime, we wish you a restful and peaceful Easter vac, and all the best with revision!

## YOUR FEEDBACK

We always welcome suggestions for improvement to make The Poor Print the best college paper it can be – get in touch! (thepoorprint@oriel.ox.ac.uk)

# Torpids: Travesty – or Reality?

Anonymous

Boat	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Finish	Boat	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Finish
M1	↓	↓	→	→	3rd	W1	↑	↑	→	→	3rd
M2		↑		→	37th	W2	↓↓	↓	↓	→	39th

YOU MAY HAVE SEEN ORIEL'S OFFICIAL Instagram post about our rowing crews' racing achievements this term, but we're here to give you a full, comprehensive and totally accurate account of what actually went down during Torpids (22 to 25 February) ... just in case you had the audacity to miss the events themselves.

Everyone cheer for our awesome women's first boat. Not only were they decked in hot pink caps and socks, they are also all incredibly hot ... and hot on the heels of the boat ahead of them. They started off strong with two days of over-bumps (have I mentioned they're incredible yet?) on Wadham and Wolfson. W1 for the win! Then they rowed over hot on Pembroke's tail on Friday ... a thrilling chase which continued the next day, but was denied a conclusion by the early klaxon on the last day of Torpids. Unlucky, but none the less talented for it. Pembroke will get what's coming for them next year – they can't escape us for ever.

They say it's not about the destination, but the journey on the way. So I ask: M1, M1 ... did you have fun?

Started at the head, ended up third ... not a bad outcome at all. At least you didn't go down a whole division (let me tell you, there were SEVERAL boats who did this year). That's a lifetime trying to make up for it; third is a pretty solid position to be in, in comparison.

... We still love our boys.

Now, this is where the good stuff TRULY begins, brought to you by our two second boats, M2 and W2. It was pure chaos, organised to provide you all with your Sunday morning entertainment. Honestly, I don't know who had it worse.

W2 started off strong on the comedy side on Thursday after a seat came off and the subsequent crab landed them in a tree – definitely the right place to be during a rowing race.

And if you saw any shivering rowers on Friday, it was probably one of them on their way to a warm shower and a heavy laundry load after capsizing at the landing. It's almost like they were desperate to set a new record for the most unbelievable Torpids campaign at Oriel. Almost on par with when we hit (and mutilated) a swan in 2012 Summer Eights ...

M2 ... I have no words. ■

# 'Dear Beary ...'

Beary McBearface

HELLO 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' pidgeons in the Porters' Lodge (names are available below). And please do: I need a nice hobby in my twilight years!

NB: Please 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 Officers (Ben Thomson) 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, what is paradise?

Paradise is my life. I am fortunate enough to enjoy a most blissful existence – although it is in fact no less than I deserve. But unfortunately for you, my instinct of self-preservation prevents me from sharing much more: if you knew the details, I'd be forced to live in constant fear that you would come to try and fight me for my role as the most divine entity in the Doll's House.

## 2. Dear Beary, what is Obama's last name?

WHAT are you even doing here.

## 3. Dear Beary, how can I make money as a student?

Well, the obvious answer is OnlyFans, but that's a bit basic. Try stealing some ...

Not that I endorse any of these measures – I am too privileged as the JCR mascot and divine entity of Oriel to have to worry about making money on the side. After all, if funds are a bit short one month, I can always dip my paw into my Saudi oil assets, or perhaps more conveniently the JCR budget. ■

# In Paradisum

Jerric Chong

In paradisum ducant te Angeli:

They come now, those harbingers so bright,  
In tuo adventu suscipiant te Martyres,  
Beckoning thee at the celestial gate:  
Et perducant te in civitatem sanctam Jerusalem.  
'Tis at unity with itself; gladly go thou in.

But O what glories shalt thou then behold?

Chorus Angelorum te suscipiat,  
Those who stand before the throne; thus  
Et cum Lazaro quondam paupere  
Freed from torment, thou rejoicest everlasting.  
Aeternam habeas requiem.

## THE POOR PRINT TEAM

### Executive Editors

Siddiq Islam

Jerric Chong

### Associate Editors

Ayomikun Bolaji

Sam Hardaker

Evie Sharp

Carolina Cortés Vilaplana

Claudia Hutuleac

David Akanji

thepoorprint@oriel.ox.ac.uk

