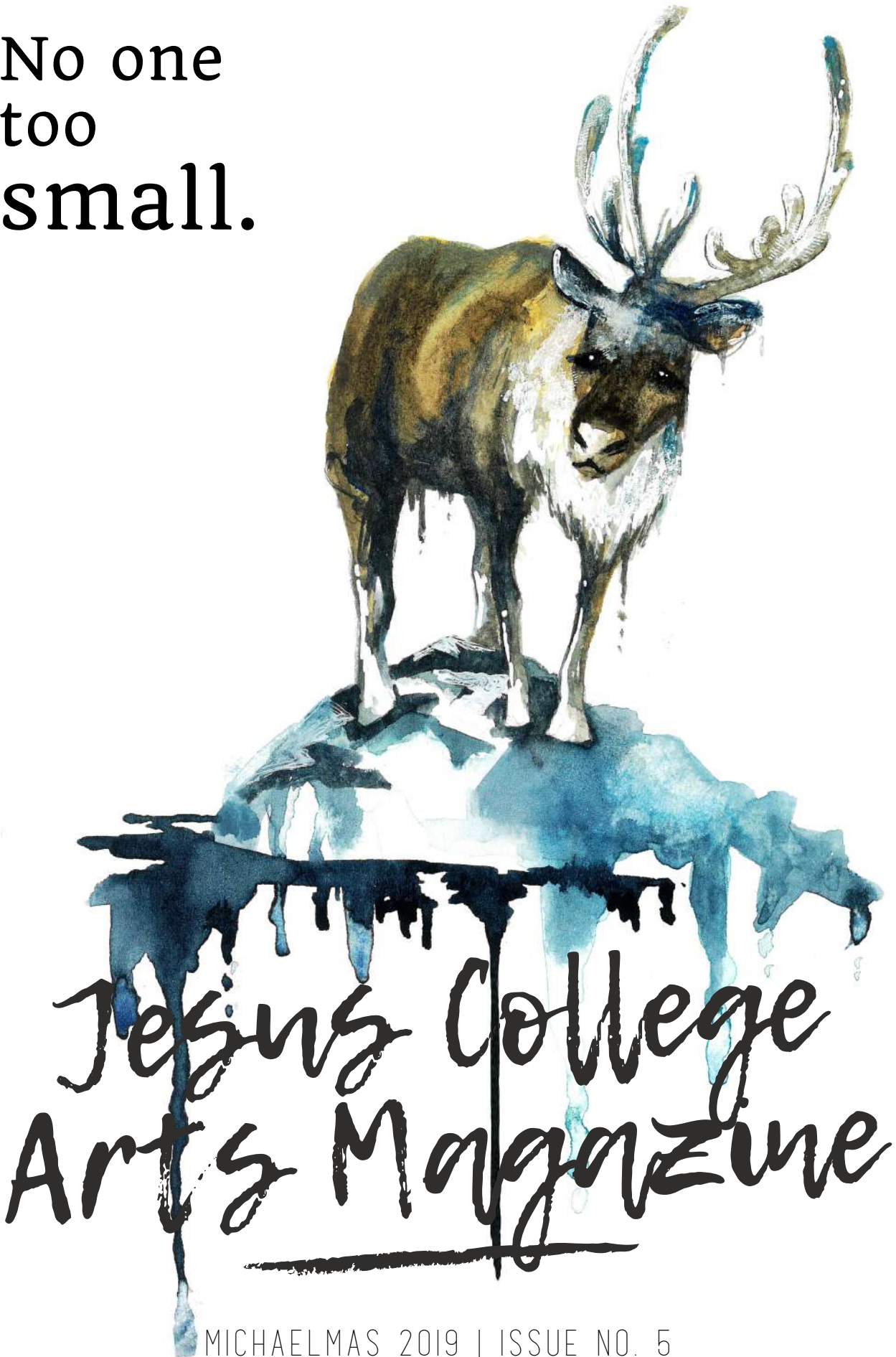


No one
too
small.



MICHAELMAS 2019 | ISSUE NO. 5

YET ANOTHER 'SHORT' EDITORIAL

NICK WONG

The topic of climate change used to be that constant humming of ventilators in the background. The monotonous buzz of the freezer in the basement. The occasional passing traffic noises in the dead of night. It was the white noise that was ubiquitous in children and adults' educational programmes alike, an easily digestible topic that is equally as easy to eject from one's daily lives.

Something has obviously changed in the past decade or so, especially in the past year. The hum has morphed into the growing voices of the concerned; in fact, it's no longer termed the 'Climate Change', with many news outlets opting for words such as the 'Climate Crisis' and 'Global Heating' in hopes of demonstrating the urgency and proximity of the issue to our daily livelihoods.

The choice of this particular theme might seem rather out of the blue, or perhaps even inappropriate for the College Arts Magazine, and one might accuse us of hopping on the bandwagon that is the Climate Crisis movement. The topic does seem to be rather trendy at the time of writing, a popularity that would likely only gain more traction in the near future. Although I am not completely guilt-free in this seemingly lazy decision, I do have a reason for the choice – the function of art as a means of triggering social change.

Before any systematic changes can take place and address this pressing issue, there must be wider social changes to our attitude towards climate change, especially as consumers. This could be achieved by having the topic as a repeated motif in our lives (apart from having a flatmate who does geography to guilt-trip you for your fast fashion lifestyle). Art is a direct and often simple way of drilling the urgency of climate change into us. News and articles on the topic could may become trite, and sometimes difficult to digest, making it much easier to disengage from the data-heavy information. However, the ubiquity and accessibility of art overcomes that issue, and as a vector disciplinarily distanced from scientific research, invoke the emotions required for changes to be made. Ed Hawkins' climate spirals aren't supposed to convey accurate scientific data, but rather demonstrate the warming of our planet in a universally understood manner. Art isn't a bridge between climate scientists and laymen; rather it is an alternative visual representation of the data.

It's never too late to hop onboard. In this issue, we explore how the Climate Crisis has influenced all disciplines of arts, and how they can respond to the imperative topic. With the not-so-subtle direct reference to Greta Thunberg's book, we try to convey the message that changes could be made by anyone, especially through the arts. A scientific journal might be informative and quantifies our concerns, but when it comes to accessibility, a symphony, a choreograph, or perhaps even an illustration of an hourglass can be far more efficient. Of course, dancing about climate change isn't going to miraculously cure the Earth's ailments, but it will once again remind its audience of the lifestyle changes they must make not for the Earth, but for their own species. And that's kind of the point.

With sincere thanks to Jesus alumnus Tom Brown (1975, Modern Languages) whose generosity helped to fund this publication.

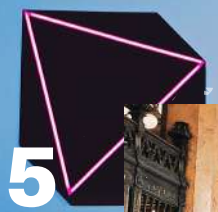
Jesus College Arts Magazine
Michaelmas 2019

Cover Illustrations & Graphics
Chloe Leong (@cocochlonut.art)

Editorial & Design
Nick Wong & Chloe Leong

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2nd week

Peter Todd and Jen Crompton acting in *Me, As A Penguin*, Tuesday – Saturday @ Keble O'Reilly

3rd week

Joe Woodman directing, and Cameron Forbes acting in *Section Two*, 29/10 – 02/11 9.30pm @ Burton Taylor Studio
 Lola Beal acting in *Life of Galileo*, 31/10 – 04/11 7.30pm @ Keble O'Reilly
 Anna Sapuntsova's photo exhibition on *the Rotherham*
 Musical Week @ Jesus College Chapel

4th week

Cameron Forbes acting in *Yerma*, 05/11 – 09/11 7.30pm @ The Pilch
 Josh Venables running Acoustic Night – 05/11 8.00pm @ Freud

5th week

Joe Woodman, Gregor Roach, Arron O'Connor and Lola Beal acting in *Hamlet*, 13/11 – 17/11 7.30pm @ Keble O'Reilly
 Jesus College Chapel Choir in the Remembrance service, 10/11 @ Chapel
 'Freshers' Cuppers Production, 14/11 7pm @ the BT

OVER AND OUT

Joe Woodman

It may seem odd to have an Arts Publication which centres around the theme of The Climate Crisis. However, this problem is perhaps one of the most important issues facing humanity in the modern era, and it requires a platform of discussion from multiple perspectives. No longer are we using the passive phrase "Climate Change" to describe the ever warming atmosphere and increase in extreme weather events, but instead terminology such as 'breakdown' and 'emergency' have become more common use. But why? Well, as a Biology student, you don't have to attend many lectures before the significance of the current Climate Crisis becomes abundantly clear from a scientific perspective. This is not simply a 'change', it's a radical, widespread, multi-layered, hard-hitting transformation of the earth system. The most basal abiotic traits of our globe are being altered at a rate never experienced before, and with this all life on earth is being forced to change at a rate that it simply cannot keep up with. This is literally tearing apart ecosystems, as the distribution of countless species' habitats and the timing of their lifecycles are no longer viable for survival, all due to the selfish behaviour of just one other species that is humanity. As Justin McBrien puts it, this is not the Sixth Great Extinction, but rather the "First Great Extermination", all because of us.

So what's the perspective from the Arts? Well, while this may not be the most pressing issue around the Climate Crisis, killing our planet is essentially killing our inspiration. Although this may sound very pretentious, it is undeniably true - where would art be without the diverse inspiration that the natural world around us supplies us with? In my first year, I was in a Biology lecture on Fungi when the lecturer had a slide on Dutch Elm Disease. This is a fungal disease spread by beetles that hit Britain in the 1960s. By the 1980s, 85% of Elm Trees were eradicated and there are



now only a handful left. Our lecturer made his point of how significant this was by showing us a modified version of John Constable's renowned *The Cornfield*, were it painted in the modern day rather than 1826. The result can be seen below:



Although this probably wasn't the point the lecturer was trying to make, to me, it highlighted an appreciation of just how much of artistic thought hinges on observation and the existence of a diverse natural world. Nature brings with it an intrinsic inspiration for us as humans, and this need not be as direct as subject matter as is in the case with Constable. It doesn't even necessarily just refer to visual art, but also literature, music and even the performing arts. I am not trying to state that the reason we should be making every effort to reduce the negative effects of the Climate Crisis is purely to save the Arts (!), but rather it is just food-for-thought, and perhaps a different view on the effects that the current Climate Crisis might have on humanity.

6th week

"Jesus Artz Bar Takeover" by Joe Woodman
Alex Marks acting in *The Crucible*, 20/11 - 23/11 @ The Pilch

7th week

Principle's Soirée, 25/11 8.00pm @ Principle's Lodgings
Lucia Svecova directing Oxford Contemporary Opera, 26/11 - 27/11 @ Jacqueline du Pre
Lucia Svecova conducting and Anton Blackburn playing in Oxford University Wind Orchestra concert, 15/11 8.00pm @ Uni Church

8th week

Tom Runciman directing, Arron O'Connor producing and Lola Beal marketing *MacBeth*, 03/12 - 07/12 @ Burton Taylor Studio
Jesus College Chapel Choir in the Welsh Carol Service, 04/12 @ Jesus College Chapel
Jesus College Chapel Choir in the Carol Service, 01/12 @ Jesus College Chapel

This is the third Arts Magazine during my term as Jesus' Arts Rep, and I thank Nick for choosing such an important (if not at first slightly surprising!) theme for the mag. I'm so happy I took on this role and have enjoyed my term hugely! There is so much going on in the Jesus Arts scene, not just this magazine's publication, but also the BOP costume workshops, our yearly theatre production, Jazzus and Jesus Acapella Choir, termly music showcases, (bi)weekly Friday@1 concerts, Turl Street Arts Festival, and hopefully the ongoing work on our establishment of an Arts Funding Body will lead to success very soon! I hope everyone will be able to join me on Friday of 6th week for my final event as Arts Rep, a Jesus College Bar Arts Takeover! Thank you to the whole college for being so artzy, Joe Woodman over and out xx



CHLOE LEONG

TSAF ORCHESTRA PRESENTS: STUDIO GHIBLI

LUCIA ŠVECOVÁ

In case you passed by chapel last term or on one of the Saturdays this term, you might have heard a lot of interesting orchestral music. Well, this was the TSAF Orchestra with its by now established place at Jesus, preparing for one of its popular performances! We are very pleased that each term we have more and more Jesus people getting involved alongside enthusiastic players from all around Oxford, and the orchestra seems to provide a friendly environment for both very experienced players as well as for players who might not have performed much recently and want to rebuild their confidence.

Last term the *Orchestra in Tango* concert attracted a full audience to the Jesus Chapel, and it was indeed a unique performance – Tomáš Valiček, the renowned accordion soloist from Slovakia travelled to Oxford for the weekend just to play with us. He most certainly showed his virtuosic playing in Astor Piazzolla's *Bandeon Concerto*, as did Emily Boyle in her violin solo in John Williams's arrangement of *Por una Cabeza*, and as did the whole orchestra not only in those two pieces but also in their exquisite performance of Arturo Marquez's *Danzon No. 2*.

The extremely positive reception of this concert enabled us to start a humble fund for sponsoring the music for future concerts and thus ensuring a stable presence of a Jesus ensemble with regular performances.

This term we are working on another creative project – this time we are going to introduce film music, specifically a collection of theme songs from six different Studio Ghibli films, and this concert is going to take place in the Jesus Hall! Jesus students now constitute a third of the orchestra, and we are very much hoping that the numbers will grow next term. Apart from players in the orchestra, we are hoping to also open Assistant Conductor auditions next term, which will only be open to Jesus students, so don't hesitate to contact me (lucia.svecova@jesus.ox.ac.uk) if you're interested in getting involved! We have already sold out tickets for this term's concert, which is amazing, but if you haven't managed to grab one and you would like to come, do still try to come on the day and if we manage to fit more chairs into the hall, we might be able to let you in – 9th of November (Saturday of 4th week) at 7.30pm.

STUDIO GHIBLI

AND THE ART OF SEEING UNCLOUDED

PERI HEATON

Studio Ghibli films have always had a fascination with the beauty of the natural environment. Often, the stories are embedded in nature, and it too becomes part of the narrative. No two films have this characteristic more than Miyazaki's *Nausicaä of the Valley of the Wind* (1984) and *Princess Mononoke* (1997). And, of course, spoilers ahead for any of you poor folk who have not had the pleasure of watching these amazing films.

Toxic Jungle, or toxic humanity?

The first Studio Ghibli film, *Nausicaä of the Valley of the Wind*, was heavily inspired by the Minamata disease epidemic in 1956, where industrial wastewater was pumped into the bay by a chemical factory. Consequently, toxic chemicals bioaccumulated in fish, which were eaten by the local Japanese population causing devastating mercury poisoning. This disaster was translated into *Nausicaä* through a post-apocalyptic setting of fragmented cities fighting for survival and the ever-expanding Toxic Jungle filled with deadly and terrifying insects. However, the horror of the setting is not used for a shock factor. This is because we are introduced to the Toxic Jungle through our protagonist, a curious and empathetic princess exploring the eerie beauty of the plants, spores and insects.

Nausicaä is a fascinating protagonist, as her inherent kindness in the face of hardship doesn't make her weak. Instead, it makes her the strongest of all through her unwavering perseverance to stop the senseless violence seen in the film. Miyazaki could have presented the Toxic Jungle as a biological terror, but he chose instead to first show its beauty, and that any potential danger lies in careless treatment of it. In an action-packed opening scene, Nausicaä saves her mentor from an enormous invertebrate called an Ohmu with nothing but an insect charm and flashing lights. Already Miyazaki illustrates how these ordinarily docile herbivores are only deadly if their homeland is harmed, and that such pain and violence should not be met with defensive strategies, but instead with compassion. This is the crux of the film, that the only sustainable way to live is to be in harmony with nature.

Miyazaki deepens this philosophy through the brilliant revelation that the toxicity of the plants results from the purification of the soil, as nature is actively reversing the damage that humanity has inflicted upon it. The Toxic Jungle is not some unstoppable danger encroaching on humanity's land. It is a reflection of the lasting pernicious effects of industrial pollution, showing how the true antagonist of the film is humanity's disregard for the environment.

Who is the antagonist?

What I find refreshing about Miyazaki's narratives is that there are no antagonists that are purely evil. Every 'antagonist' in these films is acting in their best interest to protect their own morals and ambitions, but with misguided methods. A reversal of a cardboard cut-out evil antagonist is seen in the masterpiece of a film *Princess Mononoke*. The protagonist Ashitaka becomes involved in a conflict between a magical forest and the human town who consume its resources. Miyazaki could have easily had the leader of such a town to be a greedy businessman ignorant to the consequences of the destruction of nature. Instead, the leader of Iron Town is a revolutionary woman called Lady Eboshi, who is a representation of modernisation with a clear ambition to build a working paradise for her people. Miyazaki said that 'it's not bad people who have been destroying the forest. Hard-working people have been doing it', shown through Eboshi. In many ways, Eboshi is an exemplary character, taking care of the disadvantaged. For example, she enables former prostitutes to have an independent career and cares for lepers.



Nevertheless, in this world, Eboshi's actions compromise the already precarious balance between nature and modernisation, resulting in destruction and war.

There is nuance to both sides as both are flawed in their understanding of their enemy. Ashitaka shoots a demon dead while defending his village from a maligned god that has descended into such all-consuming hatred that he has become a demon. For this, he receives a deadly curse marked upon his skin, which will slowly spread until it kills him. Later we learn that it was in fact Eboshi's iron bullet that shot the god and was poisoning him from the inside, turning him into the demon. So, Ashitaka's curse is really the consequence of human violence, and he will therefore become an embodiment of the vengeance upon humanity. When he is banished from his village, he is advised to 'see with eyes unclouded by hate', as he comes to understand the anger and misunderstanding.

Narrative parallels

Nausicaä and *Princess Mononoke* share a very similar narrative, structure and philosophy of the films. Both are concerned with environmentalism and reconciliation. Perhaps the greatest parallel between them is the responsibility the characters share in returning nature to its original health, and stopping any future, unnecessary greed.

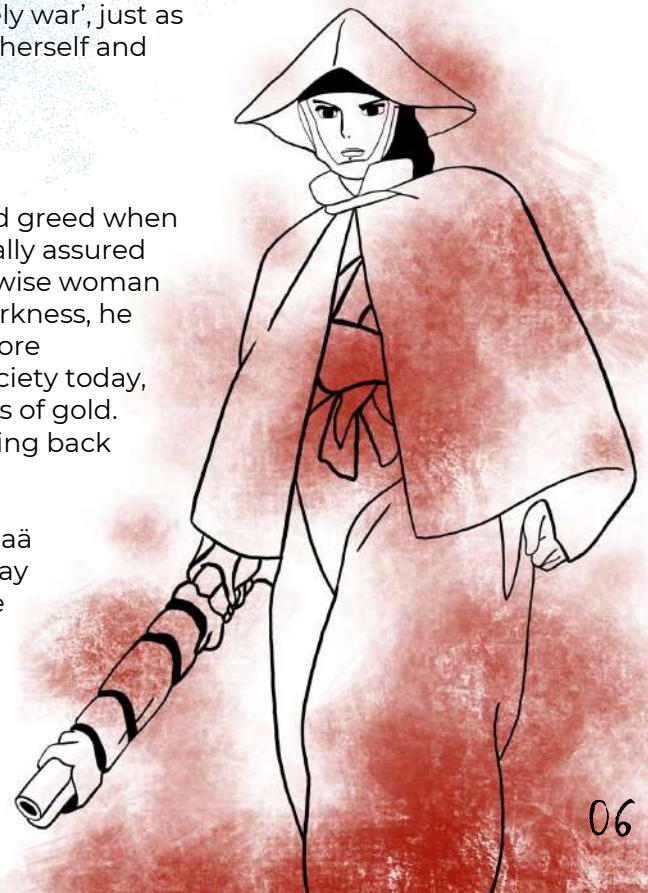
For example, after Eboshi decapitates the Forest Spirit and unleashes carnage, Ashitaka insists that the head of the spirit must be returned by human hands. The death of the Forest Spirit is a metaphor for the destruction of the environment, as Miyazaki imagined the spirit as 'nature's night, given form'. Humans make the first step in returning the environment to a healthy place. By the end of the film, Eboshi has relented in her aggressive ambition for the wellbeing of Iron Town, and shifts her values to progression with care and compromise.

Similarly, Nausicaä returns the stolen baby Ohmu back to the stampede, knowing that she will most likely die. She sacrifices herself in an attempt to stop more war and to return what was cruelly stolen. This narrative parallel emphasises Miyazaki's underlying philosophy of valuing nature and atoning for greed inflicted upon it. Both Nausicaä and Ashitaka fight for this philosophy of balance, against difficult odds, and against an uncaring society. Miyazaki said how Ashitaka 'almost always fights when people are not watching. It's a lonely war', just as Nausicaä learns of the Toxic Jungle's regenerative capacity by herself and searches for a solution alone.

How can we apply Miyazaki's philosophy?

Both Nausicaä and Ashitaka learn the faults of self-interest and greed when inflicted upon nature. This human selfishness leads to a mutually assured destruction for society and the environment. In *Nausicaä*, the wise woman Obaba repeats the prophecy that 'after a thousand years of darkness, he will come, clad in blue and surrounded by fields of gold to restore mankind's connection of the Earth that was destroyed'. For society today, we cannot wait for a leader, clad in blue, walking through fields of gold. It is not what the world can provide for us, but what we can bring back to it to allow the environment to thrive once again.

Ashitaka puts aside his selfishness to lose his curse and Nausicaä sacrifices herself to end the endless future of war. Perhaps today we must also lose our selfishness and be prepared to live more humbly, because just as Miyazaki said: 'the world is not just for humans, but for all life'.



ART, NOT OIL?

MING ZEE TEE

The art industry has always been dogged by accusations of unethical money. Here's a look at the latest scoop.

You might have heard of the Sackler family - or at least seen their name, embossed over the doorways to galleries, museums, or Oxford's very own Sackler library for art and classics. You might also have heard that they're being sacked off - a string of cultural institutions has dropped the Sacklers from their list of donors, after legal investigations implicated the family's ownership of OxyContin, a strong opioid painkiller responsible for thousands of deaths from addiction or overdose. The Met, London's Tate collective, the Guggenheim museum, and the National Portrait Gallery are among many high-profile institutions who have decided they will no longer accept gifts from their long-time Sackler benefactors.

This move is symbolic condemnation: art institutions, recognizing their influential role in culture, media and politics, are broadcasting to the world that they do not condone the family's dealings - and so neither should we. It also is an important assertion of integrity: places must practice the ethics they preach. A gallery cannot hope to showcase works inspired by ideas of freedom, life and aspiration on its public face, and yet solicit donations from the culprits of America's deadly opioid crisis in private. The Sackler family is only the latest on a longer list of 'avoids': arms and weapons firms, blood diamond companies, tyrants and supporters of apartheid have long been ethical Area 51s for museum sponsorship committees.

But what about oil and gas money? Surely they attract the same - if not greater - levels of condemnation, given their acute endangerment of our climate, ecosystems, and future generations through their rampant carbon emissions? So goes the argument of five winners of the prestigious Turner Prize in British visual art this year. Antony Gormley, Rachel Whiteread, Anish Kapoor, Gillian Wearing and Mark Wallinger are among a group of 80 leading artists who have written to the National Portrait Gallery's director, demanding that the NPG stop accepting money from British Petroleum, the world's fourth largest petroleum company by revenue (\$298.75bn, 2018). There have been similar calls elsewhere. Ahdaf Soueif, an Egyptian novelist, resigned as a trustee of the British Museum this July, citing the museum's defence of their BP sponsorship; Mark Rylance, a BAFTA-winning actor and playwright, resigned from the Royal Shakespeare Company this June, stating that BP's sponsorship of RSC allowed the oil behemoth to "obscure the destructive reality of its activities".

The act of receiving patronage is not a neutral one.

At best, it is tacit approval, implying an acceptance of the ethically problematic ways a firm, family or individual makes their money. At worst, it permits the patron to "whitewash" their activities - painting a veneer of respectability over the sordid reality of their business, misleading the public to celebrate what they should abhor.

Most importantly, it is an affront to those whose perspectives our galleries claim to represent, and demonstrates hypocrisy against the purported values our cultural institutions hold. In his public statement on the BP-National Portrait Gallery tie up, Gormley shared how “art has always been a practice of hope...BP have demonstrated that they have no interest in our collective future, and will jeopardise it in the pursuit of profit. We have no choice but to respond.” In a separate movement in 2018, 40 artists withdrew from the Design Museum’s exhibition “Nope to Hope: Art vs Arms, Oil and Injustice” on political and protest art, responding to the museum hosting a private reception for Leonardo, an arms and weapons company. The irony was clear. In the ensuing furor, the Design Museum hurriedly responded that it would not host any events from defence, fossil fuel or tobacco companies in the period while it reviewed its policies.



These actions have not been universally applauded. Tight public coffers and cuts to government funding have meant that museums are feeling more cost pressures than ever. Richard Lambert, Chairman of the British Museum, has argued that corporate revenue streams are essential to funding the risky and expensive temporary exhibitions that the BM stages every season. Moreover, smaller museums may have little financial leeway to cut off important sponsors, given their lesser bargaining power. Jeremy Deller, an English conceptual artist and Tate trustee from 2007-2011, has a twist to this argument: oil companies are “playing a very clever game...by subcontracting the activism and controversy to these open-minded arts organizations, they don’t have to deal with it.” He thinks activists should be targeting companies directly, and not through proxies.

Nevertheless, we should not underplay the power of places like the British Museum, who are major cultural institutions. Partially state-funded and nationally representative, their decisions inevitably shape our wider cultural landscape. They are in a prime position to show leadership, setting the trend for the rest of the art industry and beyond. If not, they risk endorsing the age-old mantra endemic to all industry: “harm now for profit, help later for publicity”. But they need a push to act - a push that can come from us. The Tate Modern disengaged with BP in 2016 following a series of protests from group Liberate Tate, who poured molasses in front of the museum’s entrance so guests at a summer party arrived to what looked like an oil spill. The Royal Shakespeare Company ended their partnership with BP this October, influenced by Rylance’s very public resignation, as well as UK school climate protesters’ threats to boycott the RSC (BP sponsors the RSC’s £5 ticket scheme for 16- to 25-year-olds). The power to create change lies in our hands: as visitors, supporters, consumers, and members of civic society. We only need to take it.

Ming Zee Tee is a 3rd year law student. She is passionate about environmental law, finance, and matters concerning justice. She guides tours with the Uncomfortable Oxford Project, was Head Editor of Anthroposphere: the Oxford Climate Review, and is currently Media Editor of the Oxford Women in Law Student Society. You can reach her at mingzt@hotmail.com.

Jesus College Chapel Choir GOES TO GERMANY!

The choice of choir tour destination this year was based on the fact that, as a linguist, I was spending my year abroad in Germany. And so, on the evening of Thursday 4th July, 27 keen choristers—certainly the biggest cohort in my time at Jesus—made their way to Frankfurt for the first leg of our tour.

As ever, the first day was one of orientation and exploration: climbing the many stairs of the Frankfurt's Cathedral for the beautiful view over the River Main; checking out the vast array of produce at the food market; and enjoying the summer sunshine in the various green spaces. Our first rehearsal that afternoon was at the Anglican church of Christ the King, where, unfazed by multiple attempts at navigating the impenetrable public transport app, we excitedly sang through our programme of Celtic music. The programme was decided on and compiled as a reflection of the Welsh heritage of our College, and, despite the unusual theme, contained an interesting variety of composers and periods. Highlights for me were Pascoe's heart-warming setting of the Lord's prayer in Cornish, MacMillan's entrancing A new song, former Jesus organ scholar James Bowstead's setting of the College prayer in Welsh (Gweddi Coleg Iesu), and Stanford's St Patrick's Breastplate, which contained a special addition in the form of a piece composed by Adrian Daffern, husband of our former Chaplain Megan, which provided a suitable moment of reflectiveness before the final rousing chorus. Keen as we were to sample local cuisine, dinner that evening was at a traditional German diner, aptly called the Frankfurter Küche, and revolved overwhelmingly around Schnitzel, chips and Sauerkraut—sorry, vegetarians!



Saturday was spent in the city of Wiesbaden, capital of the federal state Hesse, sometime spa town and home to an array of delightful nineteenth-century architecture. Our performance venue here was at the Anglican church of St Augustine, which has a special significance for me personally: a regular member of the congregation is an old friend of my grandparents and lover of all things choral music, and her manifest ability to draw in people from far and wide combined with the fascinating appeal of Celtic music in the land of Bach and Beethoven gave us just the audience we had hoped for on our opening night. I think the mood of the evening is best summarised by the rapturous applause and shouts of "Ahoj!" from the back of the church as we belted the final chord of the Stanford. What a start!

Sunday was a busy (read: exhausting) day for reasons both foreseen and unforeseen: on our schedule was morning mass at the Ludwigskirche in Darmstadt as well as an evening performance back at Christ the King. Added to this, though, was a mandate for the whole of eastern Frankfurt to evacuate the area between the hours of 7.30 am and 6 pm to allow for the safe disposal of an unexploded bomb from the Second World War which had recently been discovered—you can imagine what the queue for the coffee machine was like at 7.15 that morning. Singing at the Ludwigskirche was quite an extraordinary experience: the astounding acoustics, imposing architecture originating from the nineteenth century and recreated after the church's destruction in 1944, as well as the adventure of attending Catholic mass in a foreign language all combined with mesmerising effect. After treating the grateful congregation to a taste of our Celtic programme, we enjoyed a well-deserved lunch at a traditional Biergarten before having a look at what Darmstadt had to offer, such as the imposing Matildenhöhe, or "Artists' Colony". The journey home certainly dispelled any lingering myths about the reliability of the German railway network—an hour on a stationary train, an anxious phone call and a procession of speeding Ubers later, and we found ourselves at Christ the King minutes before we were due to perform. Needless to say, earlier stresses in no way served to hamper our vocal cords, and we sang our way to exhilarating applause much like the day before. A touching moment was hearing how one lady burst into tears at our rendition of the College hymn, Guide me, O thou great Redeemer, simply because it was the best she had ever heard. And so we concluded the first leg of our tour mingling amiably with audience members over a drinks reception kindly laid on for us—by this time just the sustenance we needed!



The next day we boarded the train for Stuttgart, capital of the federal state of Baden-Württemberg and location for the second leg of our tour. Here we performed the Protestant Petruskirche, located up on a hill on the eastern side of the city, whose endearing façade and impressive spire were visible from my bedroom window and so inspired me to suggest it as a performance venue. Our audience, this time including a visiting family from Strasbourg, again showed great appreciation for the combined novelty and finesse of our programme—and, just like that, we had finished our last concert! Now free from our strict timetable of rehearsals and performances, we explored (or in my case re-re-explored) the city at leisure, including a trip to the Freibad (a lack of coastline wasn't going to stop us packing our swimming things!), the Rococo-inspired Schloss Solitude and the Landesmuseum.

We had also fortuitously arrived in time for Jazzopen Stuttgart, a musical festival held annually in the city's main square. Another impromptu decision later, and many of us found ourselves bopping to the beats of self-proclaimed queer artist LEOPOLD, who draws inspiration from the likes of David Bowie, Lady Gaga and Dua Lipa—quite a contrast to our repertoire, certainly, as became manifestly apparent when we reluctantly broke into a rendition of Guide me, O thou great Redeemer upon LEOPOLD's demand to "SING SOMETHING!" at our cheekily engineered meet-and-greet after the show. Cwm Rhondda? To a drag queen? Clearly we hadn't learned our lesson from last year's infamous sing-off in Georgia. Next year...

Special thanks are due to Lucia, Peter, James, Eva and Immy for all their help organising the tour. On a personal note, though, I'd like to thank everyone for coming, for their wonderful singing, and for making me feel so welcome after my year away: I really felt like I had never left. Onwards and upwards to the excitements of next year!

PAPILIO NOCTE. (SOME OBSERVATIONS)

HELENA AEBERLI

A moth is a poem penned by autumn
and the fading of the sun into the deepening dark.

Immaculate conception;
idea made not quite flesh nor fur nor feathers
as fragile as the communion wafer
of the waning moon above.

Wings like veins within a slender wrist
blue beneath a sheen of skin.

Fluttering, fevered, and wildly unaware;
the moth a miracle conjugated.

Miraculum.

Oraculum:

Word shattered like pottery, or poetry
only beautiful for its fragments
and not the whole, alone.

God's hands, refracted
through a darkening window pane.



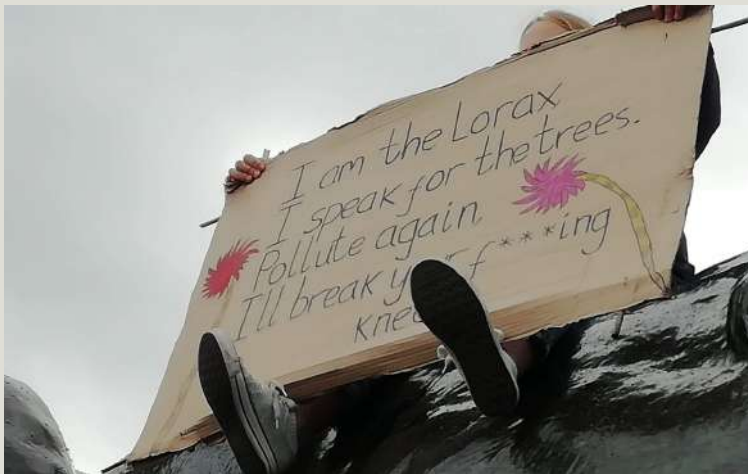
CHIARA THEIMER

ARTISTS FOR THE EARTH

SEREN IRWIN

The skies had darkened and the heavens opened. Water splashed the square, pooling in puddles on the paving stones and made little ripples in the fountains. This damp scene should inspire people to find cover, but in the centre of the square stood a stoic crowd, not perturbed by what nature threw at them, holding banners above their heads, they oozed an energy of strength and defiance. A little girl was sat atop a lion. Her placard read:

*"I AM THE LORAX, I SPEAK FOR THE TREES. POLLUTE AGAIN, I'LL BREAK YOUR F***ING KNEES".*



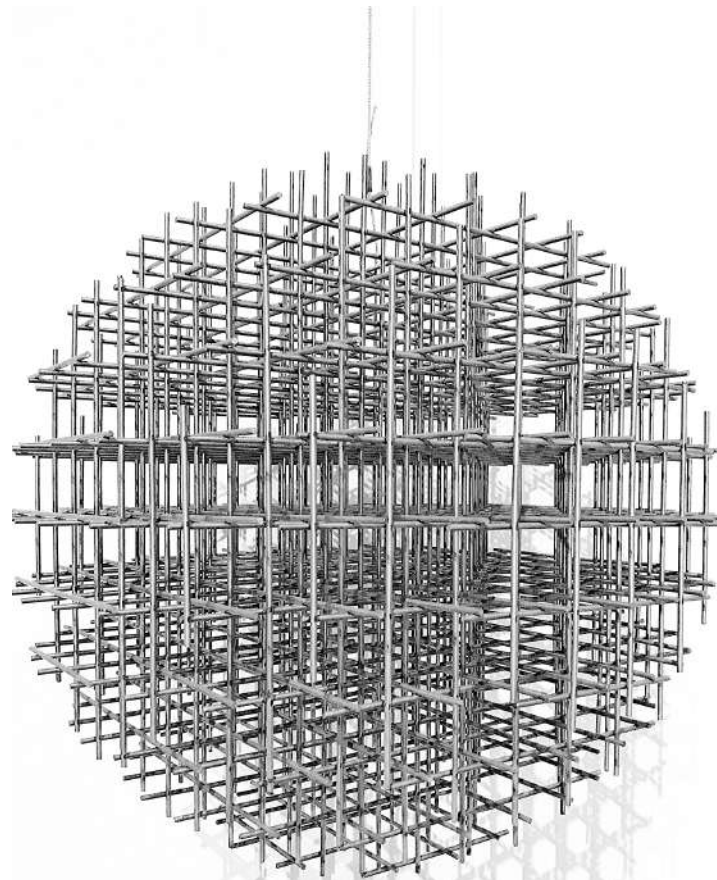
27th October, Trafalgar Square. The crowd is that of a compilation of old and young, brought together by the call for climate action. In particular, this strike was 'Artists Strike for Climate' and with the backdrop of the National Art Gallery the setting couldn't have been more apt. These artists were questioning why society still was not listening to calls to stop our fossil fuel use and make sure we transition to a greener world, where we could match the targets in the Paris Climate Agreement.

These artists were a motley crew. Folk musician, Sam Lee, showed how musicians have the power to spread the climate crisis message in a way which is not just memorable but can help join communities together to fight for their common goal. Environmental Lawyer, Fahana Yamin, read from 'Letters to the Earth' and highlighted how literature can bring forth emotions from guilt to anger to hopefulness and how this can spur people into action. Architect, Michael Pawlyn, then spoke about how architects must be ambitious when designing buildings and become the leaders to implement technologies such as heat saving devices to reduce domestic energy use.

But these well-established artists shared the stage too. Children at the event were called up to tell the audience why they were there and not at school. Their answer struck a chord within the crowd. They were striking from their education because they could see the adults in charge of how our society is run were not doing enough to save it from a climate crisis. These children as young as four, were here fighting for a brighter future - a fight they should never have been left to take up.

So from attending this strike I came away with a greater understanding of how artists still have a significant role to play in helping to transform society to become aware of the climate crisis and how they cultivate the wider community into action, to aid the planet. Contributing my own art to the cause (admittedly there is a lot of improvement to be made) also gave me a sense of purpose in this fight and I will continue to fight with this community for a future which can see our earth thrive.





JUSTIN PENG

"PACKED LIGHT, PLANNED NOTHING, WITHOUT COMPANY, I TRAVELLED TO SOUTH AMERICA DURING MY GAP YEAR WITH A ONE-WAY TICKET. THROUGHOUT MY JOURNEY, I WAS PRIVILEGED ENOUGH TO WITNESS THE BEAUTY OF NATURE, THE DIVERSE CULTURE, AMAZING PEOPLE. AMONG ALL PLACES, MEXICO WON MY HEART, WITH ITS BEAUTIFUL ARTS AND HEARTWARMING CULTURE."



SPOLIA

Michael Vickers

Spolia (Latin, 'spoils'), repurposed building stone for new construction, or decorative sculpture reused in new monuments, is the result of an ancient and widespread practice whereby stone that has been quarried, cut, and used in a built structure, is carried away to be used elsewhere. The practice is of particular interest to historians, archaeologists and architectural historians since the gravestones, monuments and architectural fragments of antiquity are frequently found embedded in structures built centuries or millennia later.

So much one reads in Wikipedia: as crisp and accurate a description as one could wish for. Examples are to be found throughout the Roman empire, and especially in the Mediterranean. The ruins of antiquity were frequently recycled in the middle ages and later. Marble might be put on a galley in Greece or the Levant and end up built into a church, a castle or city walls in Barcelona, Amalfi or Venice. The Venetians, in particular, owed much to the acquisition of spolia. Their city was ultimately built on wooden piles and the islands in the Lagoon thereby created were furnished with buildings that were often adorned with marble all of which was brought from elsewhere.

On visits to Venice in the past, I was often diverted by the challenges one might meet at any street corner. First of all to identify the marble used for any particular fragment, then to work out what its original purpose was, and to speculate on the reasons why a Venetian builder or patron might have chosen this piece rather than another for its new function. An especially interesting problem arose in the context of the marble figures on the balustrade at the formal gateway to the Arsenal, where the Venetian fleet had been based in Venice's glory days. These had been rather neglected by art historians influenced by Ruskin's sneers with respect to manifestations of the Baroque style of sculpture in Venice.





The balustrade figures are not the largest pieces of sculpture at the Arsenal gateway; these are the marble lions to either side. The two nearest came from Attica (the part of Greece in which Athens lay). One was a squatting lion that had once guarded the entrance to the Piraeus (known in consequence as 'Porto Leone'); the other an even larger reclining lion from Eleusis. Both were clearly made from the local Pentelic marble widely used in Attica (it is impossible to stand in any street in Athens today and not see Pentelic marble). What was also apparent was that the allegorical figures on the balustrade were also made from Pentelic marble (while some ancient marble can be tricky to identify, Pentelic is so distinctive that it can be identified on sight). No one had noticed this in the past, but the identification once having been made, interesting questions arose.

The answers to these questions were found to lie in the details of the rest of the decoration of the gateway: the bronze panel in the arch above the gateway, the arms borne by the allegorical figures, the ceremonial flagpost nearby, all bore the insignia of Francesco Morosini, famous, nay infamous, for having been the Captain General in command of a besieging army when the Parthenon was blown up in 1687. The fatal 'chance shot' was in fact set off by a Swedish subordinate, but Morosini was vilified by posterity. In the immediate aftermath, however, Morosini was the hero of the hour in Venice at least. The area around the Arsenal gateway was adorned in his honour. The explosion had freed up blocks of (Pentelic) marble from the lower part of the walls of the Parthenon and judging by their dimensions, they were used for the balustrade figures. We know in any case that Morosini sent marble from Athens to Venice.

An obstacle to an earlier understanding of Arsenal gateway as the celebration of a Morosini Attic triumph was the mis-reading of an inscription on one of the supports of the balustrade as MDCLXXXII or 1682—thus antedating any possible Athenian activities. In fact, it read somewhat unconventionally MDCLXXXII or 1692, and the mistake was passed down from handbook to guidebook for more than a century. This is but one example of the inherent interest of spolia. Just keep your eyes open—and your wits about you when you explore a medieval city next summer.

WRAPPED AROUND BY LOVE

a textual response to visual art.

IMMY OSBORN

Sin makes you want to hide. Makes you ashamed and afraid. Stops you. Hurts you. Boxes you. Rejects you. Separates you from God. Makes you feel like you're not enough. Makes you feel that you're not really liked, not really clever, not really anything. Makes God seem absent; good and loving truth seem absent. The world can seem such a dark place without the light. So many hidden streets and shadowed corners. It can be so easy to get lost in. There's a big hole in the middle of everything - we want to be okay, to "find ourselves", but what we find we don't like. Everything looks like no good could come of it. That's what all our wrong moves do. We become this shadowy, dark figure, set by grey on every side.

We dread the judgement of God in the reality of our sin. We imagine an angry father, or a deity who doesn't care - who will just throw some consequences at you and be done with it. We fear being told off for the things we do wrong. Those little things you know you do wrong - that nagging in your heart when you see something unjust happen and do nothing to stop it. When you join in the laughter knowing it's mean. When you walk past a homeless person without looking them in the eye. When you talk about other people. We all carry the knowledge that we're missing something; we're not quite good enough. Nowadays it seems that no-one can really look inwardly at themselves without feeling worried that they don't like what they see. But Jesus comes, says that one day we will be with him heaven. We only have to choose him. He speaks the Lord's words - and they are words of forgiveness. Each word becomes one of those multicoloured ribbons.

But then God sent Jesus to traverse the chasm. With two planks of wood, he brings back a world of colour. I'll say it again: God sent Jesus! Yes, there is a deep and profound sense of sin weaved into life. We are all this shadowy figure. But you'd be silly to think that's the end of the story. Yes, sin is awful. But look upward

like the figure! Jesus is far more powerful in his weakest moment on the cross. He is light and life and love! He unbinds, unlooses, untangles, speaks the truth, soothes, builds upwards and downwards and outwards. He frees you. He hugs you. He speaks kind words to you. He wraps you with colour that fills your vision - everything becomes full of hope.

He tells us that he knows we do things wrong - he knows everything you've ever done in all the moments no-one was there. And he says that he still wants you. He still wants you! He sets no expectations of you. He doesn't want you to magically become someone else. He just wants to love you. True confession in the face of that God immediately brings forgiveness. And then he clothes us in all the things we are meant to be - happy, kind, generous, patient, free from worry. Instead of being anxious, being unsure, being worried about always pretending, we are set free. Given good plans, promised good promises. Things that the enemy distorted God restores, untangles, smooths out, makes sense of, makes beautiful, turns around: he transforms. You've just got to give him 2% and he gives the other 98%. Anytime, anywhere, anyhow. He's there. Ours is a love story written by God. A canvas where our messy spills, poor choice of colour, blind movements of the brush become something beautiful. He doesn't paint over them. He gently holds the brush over your hand and paints with you, masterfully. Look how the figure's hands are raised up - in joy, in gratefulness, in awe. Instead of staying in dark shadow, we become wrapped around with colour.





Rotherham Music Week

ANNA SAPUNTSOVA

A small photo exhibition is opening on the 1st of November in the College Chapel: it features a mix of children's portraits and backstage shots by Anna Sapuntsova from this summer's Rotherham Musical Week. Rotherham Musical Project was founded by our wonderful former chaplain Megan Daffern and her theological training college classmate and friend, Abi Thompson, nine years ago. Abi was a vicar at St James Church in Clifton, Rotherham, and asked Megan to find student volunteers who loved music and wanted to work with kids — the rest is history. Every summer, Jesus students and alumni come to Rotherham for a week to put on a musical with local children aged 8-16, most of them students of Clifton Community School. The project gives children something fun and creative to do as well as a safe and friendly space and alternative to costly summer camps. Participation is and has always been free; whatever background the child comes from, they are more than welcome to join the production. This year, Jen Crompton (Classics) and Anna Sapuntsova (MPhil Linguistics) joined three of our alumni (Joe Herman, Lottie Orr and James Bowstead) and a brilliant team of local volunteers to stage a Wild West-themed "Yee-Haw!" Next summer, for the tenth annual performance, we are incredibly excited to work on our own production of "Joseph and the Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat". If you'd like to know more and/or join our team, don't hesitate to get in touch with Anna at anna.sapuntsova@jesus.ox.ac.uk!



Lykke-Per and the Environment

How can we rework classic texts to fit current concerns?

Lola Beal

Even in the learned clusters of Oxford, the name Henrik Pontoppidan is likely to garner nothing more substantial than a bemused arch of the brow or a shrug of the shoulders.

Despite winning the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1917, Danish novelist Pontoppidan remains a peripheral figure in British perception of European Literature; probably in some part due to his semi-autobiographical magnum opus *Lykke-Per* only finally getting an English translation in 2010: 112 years after initial publication. Still largely obscure, it is this sweeping Copperfield-esque novel, and Bille August's 2018 film adaptation (recently added to Netflix under the English title *A Fortunate Man*) that capture classic literature's potential to shine a light on our climate crisis.

Lykke-Per is about many things and, initially, environmental change is not one of them. Our protagonist is the young and ambitious Per Sidenius, son of a stern Jutland clergyman, who – renouncing his family's puritanical Christian faith – travels to Copenhagen as an engineer with revolutionary ideas, and (along the way) strikes upon fortune and more than a few beautiful women. What ensues is the classic *Great Expectations* plot; what goes up, all the classic stories tell us, must come down.

The novel is a masterpiece of early modernism: half psychological portrait and half fairy-tale, a study of childhood trauma, religious guilt, and overweening ambition. As it is, it's something quite superb – but director Bille August's film adaptation does something curious, and really quite exciting.

In the novel, Per Sidenius arrives in Copenhagen with the plans to build a series of canals across his native Jutland, a plan for unified industrial strength in Denmark to rival the great ports of Europe. In the film, however, young Sidenius has a further plan: wind and hydroelectric power.



DAVIDE

GIBSON

“

We must break away from coal-based energy, which won't last forever and instead harness the massive force and energy which is found in nature. Let's look at the infinite rows of waves that discharge their roaring power on the coast every day. Why not harness that power? The same goes for windmills. All that untapped, restless wind which whistles through the country, can be harnessed and be of benefit to everyone.

”

These are the words Per Sidenius gives half-an-hour into the film. Pontoppidan's rich attention to Denmark's natural landscape is weaved into the texture of the dialogue, and yet his words are brought to bear on new, environmental concerns. August takes Pontoppidan's premise and, with a few adjustments, lends it a stark prescience to our current climate.

All of a sudden, Esben Smed's gaunt, straw-haired upstart is an image of a younger generation hungry for change, progress, and the ability to make a positive difference. Whilst the dour, grey-bearded figures who oppose him are the old established order, desperate to maintain the status quo and quash the young man's ideas which they see as weak, misguided, and naïve. Sound familiar? That is the genius of *A Fortunate Man*: a film adaptation which doesn't rest on doggedly reproducing a century-old novel, but takes its preoccupations, its obsessions and complexities, and makes it fresh. Film adaptations can be new art in themselves; their intrigue can be original.

Lykke-Per was already a great elaborate novel, but cleverly-pitched adaptation can throw it into new arenas whilst still, remarkably, staying true to the author's word.

Literary criticism and adaptation has been quick to embrace feminist theory and queer theory – looking again at novels to find angles that illuminate the world we live in today. But the move into ecology has been somewhat reluctant, perhaps simply because it is more complex. Today's issues are, relatively, phenomena we have only recently understood. But what Bille August's *A Fortunate Man* provides us with is a model for literary re-imagination. Pontoppidan already gave us a story of a youth coming up against the hard-faced wall of the patriarchal ruling class; all August did was refocus. When Pontoppidan was writing in 1898, it would seem entirely natural for Sidenius' focus to be on mercantile harbourside trade – but in 2018, it makes far more sense to give us a man concerned about clean, natural energy.

In Bille August's hands, Pontoppidan's protagonist is as much a hero for today as he was for 1898. That's a feat.

But does Per Sidenius succeed in his mission? Well, read the book. Watch the film. But keep your fingers crossed, as we all do, that change is on the way.



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CLIMATE CHANGE AND YOUR MENTAL HEALTH

HARRIET WALL
PHOTOS BY LUCY ZHANG

Essay crises, reading lists, overtime: we are all familiar with the stress of modern life and it can be easy to spend whole days hidden away in the corner of a library, or lying in bed vowing to never drink again, without sparing a thought for the outside world. But scientists are now arguing that it is vital for mental and physical wellbeing that we spend time outdoors or interacting with natural environments, rather than remaining inside all day.

With the NHS under increasing strain and mental health issues on the rise, the positive effects of spending time outdoors is an emerging area of interest for many scientists.

It has been recently found that spending time outdoors can alleviate symptoms of stress and reduce the chance of mental health problems. A walk in a woodland setting was found to significantly decrease overall heart rate and the release of stress hormones into the bloodstream, both of which can lead to high blood pressure and anxiety. And it is not only mental health that can be improved by spending time in the natural environment – being outdoors was also found to lessen the likelihood of physical health complications and prolong life span.



However, with the constraints of urban life, it might not be possible to spend long periods time outside; after a long day of work all you want to do is crawl under the covers and binge watch *Peaky Blinders*, not go on a three-hour hike. But worry not, because further studies have shown that looking at a natural environment, whether in a picture or through a window, can decrease anger, depression, and anxiety too. So simply moving your workplace to next to a window, therefore, can also have positive effects on wellbeing.

These findings highlight the intimate connection between the environment and human beings, and thus imply that it is vital for us to protect it. The environment provides us with an ailment to physical and mental health problems, so it is in our best interests to prevent climate change and destruction of natural areas. Whether it's through avoiding palm oil products, signing petitions, or going on climate strike, there's plenty that can be done to raise awareness about the climate emergency – and, good news for your health, many of these involve being outside!

With industrial development on the rise, the increasing demands of the workplace, and shorter, darker days, it can be hard to find time to get outdoors. But it is important to leave the books behind and immerse yourself in nature; not only is it an excellent excuse to procrastinate, but it will benefit your physical and mental health. So, get up, head out, and enjoy the natural beauties that Oxford has to offer.



© Lucy Zhang



Tesco's 'Own' Brand?

Viola King Forbes



Bacon
 Tesco Price Range: 5/kg
 Co₂ per serving: 1.90kg
 Water use per serving: 262L



Eggs
 Tesco Price Range: 0.16/kg
 Co₂ per serving: 0.5kg
 Water use per serving: 69L



White Bread
 Tesco Price Range: 0.70/kg
 Co₂ per serving: 0.05kg
 Water use per serving: 24.6L



Tomatoes
 Tesco Price Range: 2.78/kg
 Co₂ per serving: 0.16kg
 Water use per serving: 29.5L



Beans
 Tesco Price Range: 0.71/kg
 CO₂ per serving: 0.1kg
 Water use per serving: 24L



Chestnut Mushrooms
 Tesco Price Range: 3.20/kg
 Co₂ per serving: 0.08kg
 Water use per serving: ???



Hash Browns
 Tesco Price Range: 1.60/kg
 Co₂ per serving: 0.05kg
 Water use per serving: 43L



Sausages
 Tesco Price Range: 3.75/kg
 Co₂ per serving: 1.9kg
 Water use per serving: 262L

In today's globalised world, everything is on the move, people, ideas, goods, and food. However, we still all hold onto the traditions that define our culture, from clothing, to dances, rituals, and meals. Tesco, a shop many students will be familiar with, is a multi-national, British supermarket. Millions use its products to construct meals imbued with meaning, a prime example, the full English breakfast. But if we look behind the kitchen cupboards, we can begin to reveal the global networks that have contributed to Tesco's 'own' brand, begging the question, is it where products are from, or how they are used, that matters, and just how English is the English breakfast...?



A Sonnet for the Tescalator

Jennifer Crompton & Jamie Wood

And as I wander, weak and unfulfilled,
 Amongst the pressing crowd of eager hands
 Which scramble up to towering heights, I'm thrilled
 To know my delights lie in lower lands.
 So, under pressure from a hungry heart,
 I go to you, seeking security
 On your foundation which draws me apart
 Towards treats. Thus, I stand in surety.
 But, slowing under strain of heavy treads,
 You stutter, shudder and cry out in pain.
 Our sorrows rise and fall. With hanging heads
 We grieve that journey, broken once again.
 In wake of your betrayal, we obsess
 Over the frailty which you now confess.

Principal's Soirée

TIM BROWN

Oxford is a great place to be on temperate summer evenings; at dusk the gold of the daytime sun radiates back through limestone clad streets, magnified by the perfumed veils of wisteria blossom, glazing the dreaming spires in a syrup of wistful tranquillity. The principal's soiree flourished amongst this backdrop – a diverse array of instruments, time periods, countries, and styles, harmoniously assembling a narrative of musical calm.

The existence of calm must not be conflated with a lack of passion however, as the opening performance forcefully demonstrated: Omar Lingemann and Nick Wong performed a trio of powerful songs from Schönberg's *Les Misérables*, coming together in *The Confrontation* – a title oxymoronic to the faultless synchronisation of the two performers melody and character. The wood panelled drawing room provides an intimate space for music, allowing the full magnitude of Nick's bass to ring aloud, interspersed perfectly with the gentler, but no less commanding contributions of Omar.

The musical stalwart of Jesus college - Josh Venables, followed this with part of Beethoven's Piano Sonata No. 30, Op. 109; played with his trademark precision and overbearing devotion to music, Josh's rendition succeeded in conveying the intricate charm held within this late piece of Beethoven's. Commenting on the piece Josh remarked on the pieces contrast to much of Beethoven's work, with more unusual harmonies and sections of rhythm – these unique narratives were assembled well by Josh's masterful artistry to create a free and easy symphony of calm.

It would not be in the spirit of the Jesus college music society to compare performers, but a wonderful point of contrast can be made between the deep vocalisations of Nick and Omar, and the ethereal soprano of our next performer Mared Owen, providing the perfect counterpoint to the powerful talents of the male duet. Mared commenced with an immensely pleasing performance of *Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal* by Robert Quilter, but it was a rendition of *Yn cau amdanaf i* in Mared's native Welsh that was truly special. The combination of the lyrical beauty of the Welsh dialect, and Mared's rich, delicate soprano created a truly bewitching listen – touching both the hearts of the audience, and of course the deeper roots of the Welsh college itself.

My contribution to the evening was *Verde Alma*, by Maximo Diego Pujol; despite Pujol's Argentinian heritage, this piece was far from the dark, brooding, tangos and milongas of which his compatriots are more commonly known. Literally translating as 'green soul', Pujol draws on the gentle timbre of the guitar to communicate a wistful, but comforting melody that floats on top of arpeggios. As ever performing in the wood panelled chamber of the principal's lodgings provides a unique acoustic experience as a performer, and it was a real privilege to play such an elegant piece in such an intimate setting.

The first thing that comes to mind when thinking of medical students is unlikely to be of anything artistic, more likely are thoughts of science and sterility, and steady logic. Whilst Desson Au-Yeung certainly exhibited the dexterity one might expect of a surgeon, the end product of this was a rousing performance of Raff's *Cavatina* (accompanied expertly as always by Josh Venables). Desson's nimble artistry on the fretboard and sweeping strokes of his quivering bow have long made him a firm favourite across a range of college music events, and once again he delivered to the highest level, with exactly the consistency one would expect from a future doctor.

Proceedings were rounded off in perhaps the most apt way for a hazy summer evening; a rendition performance of Debussy's timeless classic *Clair de Lune*, played faultlessly by Ben Longfield. It's never easy to conclude an evening full of such talent, nor to play such an iconic piece of music; but amongst the honey coloured rays of the setting sun, Ben's performance bathed the room with all the graceful calm that Debussy hoped would be evoked through *Clair de Lune*.

If you have never been to one of the termly principal's soireés then hopefully this narrative may inspire you to venture across – as evidenced they are a true testimony to the breadth of the musical talent of Jesus college, and indeed the breadth of music itself, uniting listener and performer in a celebration of audible joy.

SHANLEY MCCONNELL

1

*celli // il y a
une voix, heavy and wild
warm and embracing
as the air
that*

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*with branches, leafy,
hollow and small, dragonfly
light in the sky, fly.*

Il y a une voix, translated from French, there is a voice.

BY DE GREES

GREG MORRIS

With apprehension $\text{♩} = 50$

Musical notation for measures 1-4. Treble clef, bass clef, 4/4 time signature. Key signature: three flats. Dynamics: *mf*.

Musical notation for measures 5-8. Treble clef, bass clef, 4/4 time signature. Key signature: three flats. Dynamics: *pp*.

Andantino $\text{♩} = 94$

Musical notation for measures 9-11. Treble clef, bass clef, 4/4 time signature. Key signature: three flats. Dynamics: *p*.

Musical notation for measures 12-14. Treble clef, bass clef, 4/4 time signature. Key signature: three flats.

Andante moderato $\text{♩} = 102$

Musical notation for measures 15-17. Treble clef, bass clef, 4/4 time signature. Key signature: three flats.

Musical notation for measures 18-19. Treble clef, bass clef, 4/4 time signature. Key signature: three flats. Dynamics: *f*.

Musical notation for measures 20-22. Treble clef, bass clef, 4/4 time signature. Key signature: three flats. Dynamics: *f*. Tempo: **Allegro** $\text{♩} = 132$.

Musical notation for measures 23-26. Treble clef, bass clef, 4/4 time signature. Key signature: three flats. Dynamics: *f*.

Musical notation for measures 27-29. Treble clef, bass clef, 4/4 time signature. Key signature: three flats. Dynamics: *f*.

Musical notation for measures 30-32. Treble clef, bass clef, 4/4 time signature. Key signature: three flats. Dynamics: *f*.

Musical notation for measures 33-35. Treble clef, bass clef, 4/4 time signature. Key signature: three flats. Dynamics: *f*.

Vivacissimo $\text{♩} = 58$

Musical notation for measures 36-39. Treble clef, bass clef, 4/4 time signature. Key signature: three flats. Dynamics: *f*.

Musical notation for measures 40-43. Treble clef, bass clef, 4/4 time signature. Key signature: three flats. Dynamics: *f*.

Musical notation for measures 44-47. Treble clef, bass clef, 4/4 time signature. Key signature: three flats. Dynamics: *f*.

Musical notation for measures 48-51. Treble clef, bass clef, 4/4 time signature. Key signature: three flats. Dynamics: *f*.

Musical notation for measures 52-55. Treble clef, bass clef, 4/4 time signature. Key signature: three flats. Dynamics: *f*.

Musical notation for measures 56-59. Treble clef, bass clef, 4/4 time signature. Key signature: three flats. Dynamics: *f*.

Musical notation for measures 60-63. Treble clef, bass clef, 4/4 time signature. Key signature: three flats. Dynamics: *f*.

Musical notation for measures 64-67. Treble clef, bass clef, 4/4 time signature. Key signature: three flats. Dynamics: *f*.

Midnight On Ice

ABI 'I'M BLUES NOW' OWEN

This is a snippet from my own composition Midnight on the Ice. I'm still learning how to write my ideas properly for instruments and I've got a long way to go, but I feel most comfortable when writing for strings. Midnight on the Ice is part of a university sports suite I've been working on and is inspired by my particular favourite; Ice Hockey. I wanted to emulate the enchantment and wonderment of music such as the theme from E.T, and I've tried to capture the absolute magic of gliding across the ice using lilting legato melodies for the violins, with a rapid movement in the piano representing the fast-paced element of the sport. The triplet motif slows the piece ever so slightly and gives it an element of irregular pace; kind of like wobbling on the ice! I've also incorporated unusual accidentals to give a sense of desperation that really tugs at the heart. Mostly I want the listener to be able to close their eyes and see the glistening ice the way I can, and my ultimate goal is just to make people smile.

JESICE

YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBOURHOOD ALTS
ICE HOCKEY SQUAD
BY DESSON AU-YEUNG

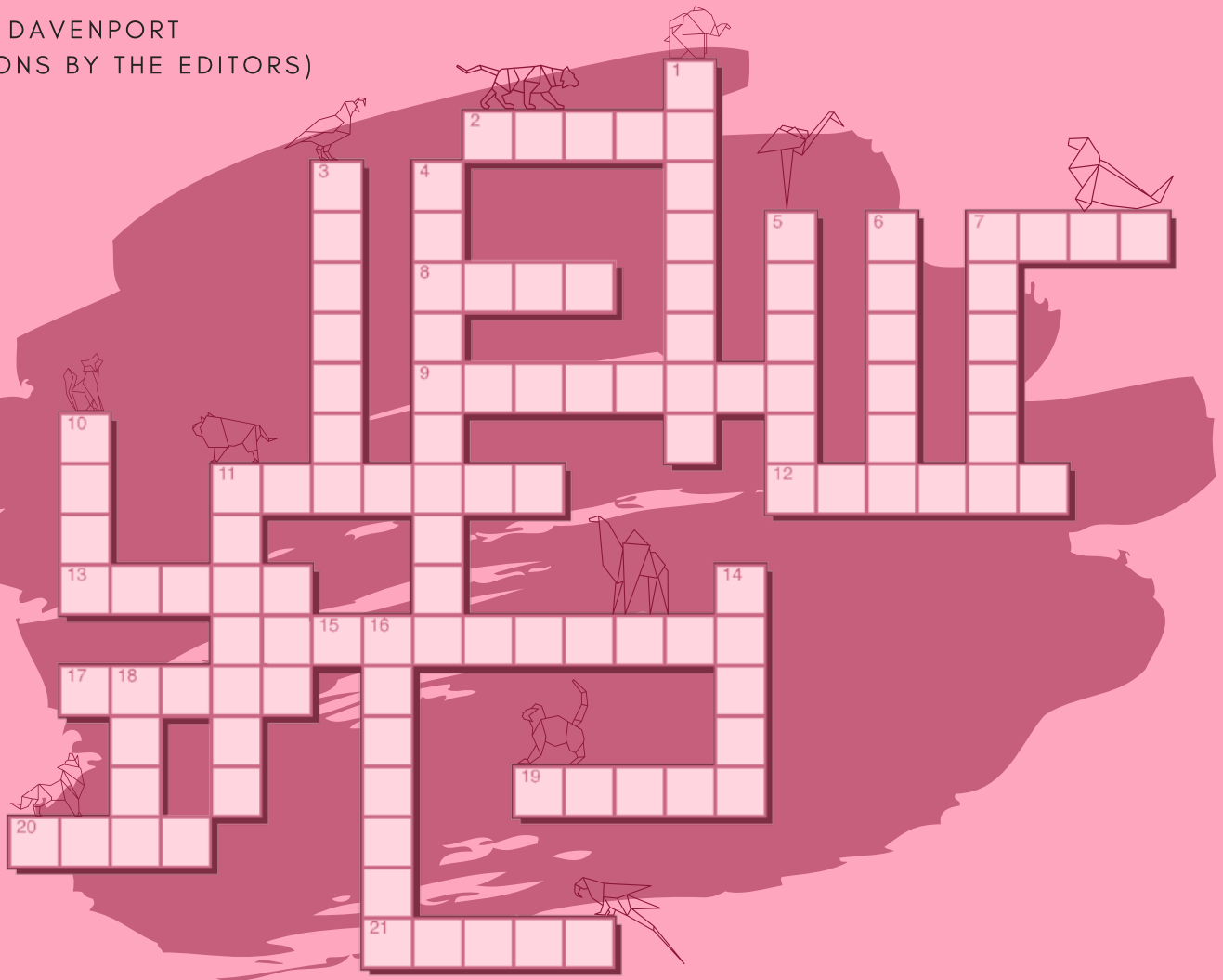
It all started 2 years ago with a spontaneous message in the 1st year chat prompting a group outing to Alternative Ice Hockey (ALTS). On that fateful Friday night, JESICE was born, and since then, it has blossomed into the beautiful, supportive, and dedicated community that it is today. One of the many things that makes ALTS unique is that it takes place during the depths of the night, but it somehow still manages to attract a large crowd. It started with only a handful of us going in MT17, to over 30 Jesubites showing up at each of the Freshers' Week sessions for the next two years. We've built up a solid team roster of unbelievably dedicated (and somewhat skilled) players, including Captain Abi "Shouty" Owen, Jarvis "JARVIS (the rock)" Chapman, and Helen "The Wall" Markus. We even achieved 5th place in ALTS cuppers last year (out of >30 teams), though we plan to go for gold this year. Not only has JESICE fostered the formation of this incredible team, but it has also created inter-year friendships that will last for years to come. ALTS takes place twice a week (Wednesday and Friday nights) and there is usually a group of us who meet in college before heading off together. It is open to anyone, regardless of skill level, and we welcome newcomers - in fact, many people who come have never even skated before! Please do get in contact with one of us if you want to try it out - no equipment, experience, or commitment required. I'll leave you with the words of our captain: "ALTS, 10/10 not optional, Staircase 18 @10:50 be there or DIE" - Abi Owen.

Midnight on the Ice

The image displays a musical score for the piece 'Midnight on the Ice'. The score is arranged for Violin I, Violin II, Viola, Violoncello, and Piano. The top system shows the Violin I and II parts with a triplet motif and an 'arco' marking. The Viola and Violoncello parts feature a similar triplet motif. The Piano part is characterized by a rapid, rhythmic accompaniment. The bottom system continues the Violin I and II parts, showing further development of the melodic lines. The score is presented in a clear, professional layout with standard musical notation.

CROSSWORD

JENSON DAVENPORT
(ADDITIONS BY THE EDITORS)



ACROSS

2. Harness the sun
7. Seen in hall, rhymes with ice - no it isn't 'rice'
8. Lad's night out, Jesus has three of them
9. Second Quad delinquent
11. The most potent poison
12. The one true enemy (when's the cannon going to be funded?)
13. The Greeks would call her Gaea
15. Project that's drilled into us
17. Fourth
19. This we bleed
20. Friends, not food (unless it's Friday lunch with mushy peas on the side)
21. Tim gorau rygbi

DOWN

1. Pre-clock hitting
3. 10% off your coffee with one of these bad boys
4. The second-most frequently broken in Oxford after Jesubites
5. Your one stop shop for some piping Oxford tea
6. When it's Thursday so you go to the inferior non-Parkend one
7. Unwelcomed, Orange, Congregates in the bike shed
10. The Room Where it Happens, Hallowevens edition
11. Week three's economic strife
14. Unlikely to bring home the bacon
16. Naturally grown
18. Humongous Wednesday Motive

