... Events ... People ... Talents ...

Our college is full of immensely talented people and it is great that we can celebrate it. Oxford is a vibrant place with innumerable artistic opportunities, and Jesus College is part of this inspiring environment too. This newspaper therefore wants to offer a reflection on how we have been and continue to be involved in cultural life of Oxford, as well as a reflection of the talents among JCR members.
I am delighted to introduce the first JCR Arts Newspaper, the brainchild of Lucy Svecova and her colleagues on the JCR Arts Committee. Huge thanks go especially to Lucy who has compiled and produced the newspaper. I hope it's the first of many - it's a wonderful way to showcase and share the wealth of hidden creative talent amongst you - from amazing musicians and writers to budding film makers and fashion designers! Much of my life has been spent nurturing the creativity of design students, and I look forward to working together to do the same at Jesus College.

Best wishes
Bev
(Aka Lady Shadbolt !)

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION...

by Bev Shadbolt

ONLY THE SKY

by Berenika Kotełko

I'm looking up at the sky. A star winks at me, Like a divine eye, a heavenly spy Whispering that it will be Just fine. I disagree.

As I look up at the sky, I see A light-trodden butterfly, Flying so high, finally free, Waving its wings at me. Waving good-bye. Good-Bye.

Ah, that night sky... It may just be The only beautiful thing left for me, As I lie in the ashes of my Home-town, now turned to history And smell the burnt carcasses of my family.

I really want to cry. But that would be unmanly, apparently. So I let out a sigh. I die. I am a butterfly. I give you a wave and smile.

Good-bye.
WHAT WE HAVE BEEN UP TO...

Jesus College has experienced a very successful Hilary term which saw JCR members being involved in all sorts of arts across the University. Nevertheless, apart from taking part in events on the university level, we organised and carry on organising our own unique events about which you should certainly know:

TURL STREET ARTS FESTIVAL

The Turl Street Arts Festival is the largest arts festival in Oxford. An annual Hilary-term collaboration between the three Turl Street colleges, it brings together the best of the student cultural landscape through a series of workshops, exhibitions, concerts and more.

Entirely student-run and funded, the mission of the festival is to provide a platform for student creatives and to foster an inter-collegiate spirit through the arts.

This year Lincoln College was in charge of TSAF. Nevertheless, Jesus College played an important role, hosting for example one of the most popular TSAF events, the Jazz Ball. Subsequently, next year Jesus College will lead TSAF, and therefore we can already start thinking about events that we would like to organise.

MUSIC IN CHAPEL

The Jesus College Chapel Choir has been thriving throughout the last term as well as so far this term, and is excited for what lies ahead. Last term, we had the pleasure to contribute to celebrations such as St David’s Day and the launch of the brand new book by our wonderful Chaplain Megan. Earlier this term we were delighted to be able to stage Requiem by Gabriel Faure, which was a popular performance, and the organ scholars team prepared their own organ recital as well. Finally, we are now preparing for the very exciting choir tour to Georgia (country, not state) in 10th week of Trinity. As per, you can hear us every Sunday at the 5.45pm evensong service. We would love to see as many of you there as possible and share all the beautiful choral music!

Friday@1 is an awesome new weekly informal performance space which was born at the end of Michaelmas 2017. Hosted in Jesus Chapel each Friday at 1:10pm, its aim is to create a zone where all college students of varying ability, skills and art forms have the opportunity to perform and listen to each other! Although almost all weeks are open for any and all to perform, we had the special pleasure of enjoying hearing our young music scholar Elsa last term, as well as Sonia Lee, a professional pianist from Canada, offer us an exciting programme of new music in 1st week this term. As for you the reader, no matter how much experience you have, just turn up and get involved! Feel free to contact joshua.venables@jesus.ox.ac.uk if you’d like to enquire any further.

Friday@1

by Josh Venables
WHAT WE ARE UP TO THIS TERM...

PRINCIPAL'S SOIREE
by Jack Colley

Each term the Principal hosts a musical soirée in the Lodgings. This is a great opportunity for people to perform in a beautiful setting and in a relaxed atmosphere, followed by wine and cheese. All kinds of music are performed and we’re always looking for something new! The upcoming soirée will be held on the 15th of May and you can book a place at this by replying to the email invitation from Helen Gee.

CONCERTS
Several musicians from our college are also involved in various ensembles and concerts across university. If you are free, they would appreciate your support in the audience!

Lucy Svecova will be accompanying Bach's cantatas, staged by the New College Music Society in New College Chapel on 13th of May at 3pm.

Anton Blackburn will perform with the Oxford University Wind Orchestra at their concert on 26th of May.

Desson Au-Yeung and Kwan Ann Tan will be performing in the concert of Oxford University Philharmonic Orchestra on 6th of June.

OXFORD MINDFULNESS GROUPS
Oxford Mindfulness Groups (OMG) gives students the chance to participate in mindfulness sessions hosted by Jesus College in the Harold Wilson Room and led by a variety of different groups – of faith or no faith – on Tuesdays at 5.00pm throughout term.

15 May – Secular Mindfulness – Oxford Mindfulness Centre
22 May – Buddhist Mindfulness – Oxford University Buddhist Chaplaincy
29 May – Christian Mindfulness – Oxford Franciscan Network
5 June – Hindu Mindfulness – Oxford Hindu Chaplaincy
12 June – Secular Mindfulness – Oxford Mindfulness Centre
Many of the talented members of Jesus College are again involved in several plays across Oxford this term. Use the opportunity to see so many wonderful plays and support your Jesus folks by coming to these:

3rd week, *Lonesome West* at the BT Studio - Joe Woodman directing and producing and Roman Marshall and Cameron Forbes acting

3rd week, *Dogfight* at Pembroke - Gwenno Jones acting

6th week, the Turl Street Arts Soc’s production of *Psychos Inc*, play written by Professor Vanessa Lee - Georgie Whitehead

6th week, *Der Process* at the BT Studio - Leo Maedje acting

7th week, *Romeo and Juliet* at the Keble O’Reilly - Conky Kampfner directing, Joe Woodman and Nancy Case and Dan O’Driscocal acting

In 5th week of this term, Jesus College Chapel will see the play *Amy’s View* by David Hare being staged exclusively by members of the College! Do join us to see this fantastic and unique inaugural play production based in Chapel which could be a start of a drama tradition in our College. The play takes place in Berkshire near Pangbourne, and in London, from 1979 to 1995. Over the course of sixteen years, “a running argument about the respective virtues of traditional theatre and the media arts weaves its way through espoused opinions on marriage, love, fame, fidelity, betrayal, personal and artistic integrity, and the sometimes elusive ethics of the corporate world, among other things.” (Richard Huntington, Buffalo News) Furthermore, the play will be produced by Joe Woodman’s very own production company, Practically Peter Productions. Do not miss this incredible opportunity!
The main events this term for Dancesport this term are the Varsity and Cuppers matches. Varsity is the yearly match between Oxford and Cambridge, where an A and B team of 9 couples each compete in the four main dances of Waltz, Quickstep, Cha Cha and Jive. This is usually accompanied by a beginners match. (note that due to a shortage of dancers this year there will only be an A team match). Sat 12th May 10:00-13:00

Cuppers is a much more open event designed to imitate the feel of shows like Strictly Come Dancing. Each college puts forward teams of four couples to dance one dance per couple. Each couple must include at least one "inexperienced" dancer who is then trained by their college. Applicants to the Jesus team gratefully accepted (contact Tim Parker).

For the rest of the year the club offers competitive training for members of the main team and beginners team. (trials at the beginning of Michealmas).

These teams compete on the Inter-Varsity competition circuit, which culminates in the national final at Blackpool at the end of Hilary Term.

The club also offers non-competitive classes which are open to all (see termcard).

http://www.oudancesport.co.uk

Other Dance Events

SalsaOxford
Salsa classes. The Old Fire Station, Wednesdays 8pm Beginners & Improvers, 9pm Intermediates/Adv £8 per class, £5 for students

Oxford Swing Dance
Learn to dance Lindy Hop! Every Wednesday in St Michael & All Angels Church Hall (Summertown). Doors open 7.30pm; warm up 7.45pm; class 8pm. £6 (£5). Beginners/Intermediate/Variations; Jazz steps & Strolls

Oxford International Folk Dance Group
St Giles Parish Rooms 10 Woodstock Road, every Wednesday 8.15pm, £3. Learn and enjoy dances from Europe and beyond in a relaxed group. No partner required.
Looking back, Looking forward

Anyone that has visited the college bar in the past few weeks may have noticed a few changes. In Hilary Term an initiative was launched, headed by JCR President Atti, to refurbish the bar and give it a new breath of life. The aim of this project is to create a space which all members of college can use and enjoy.

What has happened so far?

So far the bar has been painted a dark green colour and new light fixtures have been installed. We have procured some new tables and other furniture and are experimenting with different layouts. During Turl Street Art Festival a number of students created a mural in the back room, and more recently the remaining walls in the back room have been painted black. The table football has been moved into the main part of the bar, and the table tennis table has moved from the JCR to the back room. In essence, the bar has been completely repainted, the lighting is now warmer, and new furniture has been added!

The next stage in the process is to decorate the walls. We decided on a theme ‘Looking back, Looking forward’, and are keeping this in mind when choosing the wall décor. We are hoping to display images from the archive in order to showcase some of college’s history. We are particularly excited about this as the college’s 450th anniversary is fast approaching in 2021. In addition to this, we would like to display current student’s artwork and creations in order to create a mix of old and new. Concerning the actual bar, a new menu will be released soon (most likely in Michaelmas 2018). This will (hopefully!) include cocktails and a new selection of beers.
HOW WILL THE BAR BE USED IN FUTURE?

The hope for the bar is that it will be a welcoming space that can be used by any student at Jesus at all times of day. For example, we are hoping that at some point hot drinks might be served from the bar during the late-afternoon, to create a café-style space. In the evenings, the bar could be used for a whole range of events, from open-mic evenings, to poetry recitals, to pub quizzes! There really is no limit to what the bar could be used for – if you have any ideas please get in contact with the Bar & Food Rep, Joe Hoyle.

HOW CAN I GET INVOLVED?

Any feedback about what has happened in the bar so far is most welcome. This is a place for us all to enjoy, so we want to make it as suitable as possible for the people who will use it. If you have artwork you would be willing to have displayed in the bar, or any ideas for art events that could take place in the bar, please talk to Joe Hoyle!
Sebastian is one of those humble Jesus people who keep their incredible talents in secret - which makes this small revealing of some of his art works ever more impressive! See for yourselves...
Dail Rhydychen

by Lois Williams

Wrth gerdded heibio drysau siopau Cornmarket a thai bwyta George Street, ac wrth frasgamu drwy’r strydoedd cefn am y llyfrgell, clywaf gwynfan y dail crin wrth fy nhraed. Mae’r deiliach disgynedig yno drwy’r amser, yn domen flèr o frown a gwyrrdd. Twmpath sydd wedi’i ysgubo o’r neilltu: o ffordd y myfyrwyr, yr ysgolheigion a’r twristiaid, fel nad ydynt yn amharu dim arnom. Sylwaf ar y bobl sy’n pasio gan frysio heibio’r dail. Maent yn llwyr ymwysbodol o’u presenoldeb ac yn gwybod bod y dail yn crin wrth eu traed. Maent yn crin, ac yn crio. Er, fiw i’r bobl sbio. Symudant yn eu blaenau ac enciant yn eu hystafelloedd a’u swyddfeydd crand sy’n eu gwarchod rhag y fath gystudd a thrallod. Chwiliaf innau am loches yn y llyfrgell; ac anghofiaf am y dail, am awr neu ddwy, cyn colli stêm a synfyfrio. Edrychaf o’m cwmpas- uchf fy mhen a phob ochr idi mae caregwaith cain, cyfoeth mawrion ac arloeswyr academia. Mae John Radcliffe yn cadw llygad arnaf. Minnau’n ymhyfrydu, er yn ymdroi, ar y patrymau ar y pared. Astudiaf y darluniau coeth yn hytrach nag athroniaeth Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Ond, yn y patrwm ar y pileri gwela’u ddialog, a chofiaf eto eu bod hwythau y tu allan yn parhau i grino. Caeaf fy llyfrau a diffoddaf fy mac. Gadawaf y llyfrgell a throediaf y llwybr arferol. Yn wir, mae’r dail yn dal yno, yn parhau i grino wrth fy nhraed. Tydi stiwdant fel fi ddim yn cario arian mân i’r llyfrgell! Brysiaf heibio.
I remember the yellowed walls, hugged by ivy, the windows firmly shut.

I remember the chimney, so aged that the brown brick was black where ash had drifted down.

I remember the casket of new potatoes which he had plucked from the ground below.

* * *

From time to time, I wandered inside that house. Dust gathered along the sides of the rotting floorboards and clods of earth, which breached the house on the muddy surfaces of garden footwear, made damp patches near the kitchen door, whose rusty latch was always closed.

The living room was a sorrier sight: the TV released a ghostly glow and light was held prisoner with the black curtains tightly drawn. He had a chair, a certain shade of beige, which filled the back of the room, looking sorry for itself, being packed into such a small, suffocating place.

I never spent long in that dying crypt. Its sweet sharp bitter acrid smells submerged the rooms in sadness, and smoke from his softwood pipe gave sickness to the air and made my lungs feel heavy with disgust, which now I regret. He gladly let me leave whenever I asked.

* * *

I remember the relentless rain which fell on that October day, drowned out by the sound of bells.

I remember the kind words said, the broken bread, my friends who respectfully lowered their heads.

And I remember his casket of new potatoes, which for me alone he had lovingly grown.
About a Boy and his Star

by Berenika Kotelko

The night that Elias’ bubble burst was the night he turned nine. He had prepared all the balloons and confetti for the next morning, but when the clock showed precisely seven, twelve minutes and forty-seven seconds, the first bullet pierced the glowing surface of his bubble, making it explode into tiny droplets of soap. One of them fell right onto Elias’ pointy nose and woke him right up. In his eyes, now open wide, were hundreds of his stars, now falling and crashing into the ground. The glass balls surrounding the stars burst immediately and the soft, white light roamed free for a bit before faltering and fading into the surrounding darkness. Elias leaped out of bed and ran into the back yard, trying to catch some of the lights before they died. But as he saw the other bullets approaching, he understood that it was too late. Grabbing his warmest coat and wrapping his arms around his chest to protect his own star he ran to the edge of his world, and, without looking, leapt out into the darkness.

He felt like he was falling for millions and millions of years, though it could have been seconds. Then, he finally felt the smooth surface of another bubble embracing him like a mother’s arms. As he fell down into the world, passing its large stars, he could see in the far darkness his own world, no longer glowing, surrounded by a white halo of soap droplets and confetti. His birthday balloons were flying off into the distance.

He felt tears coming into his eyes as he looked at them go. And then he hit the rock-hard ground and the tears stopped. For a moment he just lay there, unable to breathe, staring with wide eyes into the darkness which was all he could see. And then he saw the lights. He felt the pain. He drew the air into his lungs. And he screamed. Not the childish, shrieking sort of scream, but a deep cry of agony that came out of the darkest places in his tiny lungs.

‘Hello’ he heard someone say in a steady staccato. Naturally, he couldn’t reply. He saw his little, plump hand rise up to the stars in a silent plea.

‘Oh, right.’ Said the voice, and Elias heard footsteps going away. Inside him, he could feel his star dying down, its light was gone, its warmth was barely enough to keep him from freezing. From the corner of his eye, he saw movement. Carefully, he turned his head. A little girl was climbing a strong, metal ladder leading up to the sky. She was holding a toy gun. When she got to the top and reached up, taking into her hands the smallest of the stars and started coming back down, disappearing from his sight. Shortly, he heard footsteps approaching and a warmth filled his chest when she placed the star in his ribcage.

‘Hi, I’m Missy’ she said. He tried to answer, but something was wrong. He was still so cold, still in pain. The little girl’s – Missy’s – star was too small.

‘Nice to meet you too’ she continued, not noticing that he hasn’t said anything.

‘I’m so sorry about your home, you poor thing. But I’ll take care of you, don’t worry. Now, there isn’t enough space inside my mansion, but you’re welcome to stand out here. And I can bring you stars from time to time. Except when it rains. I hate the rain, it messes up my hair’ she said all this with baffling speed and then turned away. Elias wanted to scream after her, but the star in his chest was too small to fix the damage done by the fall. He stared up into the sky, where millions of bright, warm stars shone blissfully untouched, as his soap-soaked birthday confetti drifted down in between them and fell, flopping, onto his tear-stained face.
Words

by Anonym

Words.
I wish I could write more
Than this.
Birds
In heart want to soar
And kiss
The sky which
Longs for their song.
Yet, their wings
Are not strong,
And cold winds
Hold them back.
Words throng
And I long
To let them out,
Let them be heard.
Yet,
I don’t want to shout
To the whole world,
Because they are not
Intended for everyone.
Only for some
Who take time to stop
And listen
To understand.
Now, take my hand
And discern
For yourself,
Whether now birds can fly,
Whether the emerald sky
Will embrace them.
Will anyone listen?

Falling in

by Berenika Kotetko

Thick pink smoke comes up your nostrils,
wraps the thread-thin tentacles around your
brain.
You feel dizzy.
The smoke spirals down the neurones,
embracing them, caressing them, suffocating
them.
You shiver.
It pierces the Vena Calva and flows into the
heart, filling every du-dum with the smell of
over-ripe roses.
Sweet pain starts in your chest.
It coats the aveoli of your lungs.
Your breath quickens.
It seeps through every cartilage into every cell
and fills it with a single thought of a single
person.
You’ve never been this happy. You’ve never
hurt this much. You’ve fallen in.