

Jesus College Newsletter



issue

3

Trinity Term 2005

Wine in the West End



The Carlton Club

In early November, the College organised a cheese and wine tasting in London. Held at the Carlton Club in St James, the evening was hosted by Jeroboams, the wine merchants. The tasting of four reds and four whites took place in the Cabinet Room under the auspicious gazes of Conservative leaders past and present, hanging as portraits on the walls.

It had been realised a while back that there is quite a large concentration of Old Members either living and/or working in London and to create an informal event giving people the opportunity to meet up and socialise after work would be

worth a trial run.

A charge was made for tickets to cover the cost of venue hire and the wines, based on minimum expected numbers. Any attendee over this minimum would push the event into profit and raise funds for the College bursary schemes. Invitations were sent out to all those Old Members who lived in London and the outskirts.

It was a cold, crisp Thursday evening and once everyone had actually found the venue, a steady trickle of Old Members began to arrive. By 7.30pm the place was heaving with the usual Jesus College mix of barristers, bankers, solicitors, research students, journalists, civil servants etc. representing over five decades of Old Members, so there was plenty to talk about!

Guests drank their way through a Pouilly Fumé, a Montagny, a Sauvignon Blanc and a Chardonnay, a Chassagne Montrachet, a Connetable de Talbot, a Vino Cuore and a Shiraz complemented by a selection of delicious, but on the most part, smelly cheese, including a rather wonderful piece of Fourme D'Ambert, all served with biscuits from Disraeli's conference table.

Everyone left a little squiffy and with a big grin on their face. There were lots of positive comments about how much everyone had enjoyed themselves and how it should happen again. The added bonus was that over 70 people attended, many more than were expected, which meant over £400 was raised for College bursary funds. Thanks to all those who attended and it is hoped that a similar event will run again later this year.



Jeroboams - Wine Merchants and Purveyors of Cheeses and Fine Foods.

INSIDE: *Jesusbites Go Forth - experiences in London * How Old is Your Fold? - DNA research * A Few Moments with William Boyd * Alla My Life I Only Wanna to Dance - Terry Darlington on the Narrow Dog to Carcassonne * You're our Mother Bear - volunteering in the slums of El Salvador * Plus: From The Archives, Current Student Activities, Postcard From Israel, After Reading Theology and more....*

Jesubites Go Forth!



Natalie Orringe (far right) and fellow graduates from 1998

Coming up for air after being trashed at the end of finals and gazing around the sunbathed second quad, taking in friends, contemporaries, crowds of black gowns, and realising that this was my very last moment as an Oxford student.

Most of my friends had made the decision about what to do after college well before me. By Trinity of my third year I was still casting around for ideas, feeling quite clueless about what would be next. Though I knew from considering the options friends were taking, what it absolutely wouldn't be. Not law (not interested), not management consultancy (can't do statistics) and not teaching (no patience).

The post exam weeks in Oxford were spent holed up in the careers centre completing fairly aimless research. My decision about what I would do when I left Oxford was becoming harder and harder to define, let alone answer. I felt lost and with time on my hands and money trickling away, began to really panic.

Predictably, as worried as I was, I still managed to spend the summer avoiding any actual decision making until September when I had to move back home. Suddenly I was back in the town I had grown up in, living with my mum, temping as a secretary for the local builder and seeing my college friends move into excellent jobs and their own houses. The weekend 'retreats' to see them only brought home my abject failure to move on.

After two months I snapped. Whatever it would take I wanted to live (and therefore work) in London so at the very least I could be independent again. At best I might even get the

inspiration that would help me decide what I wanted my career to be.

Decision made, I began job hunting in earnest and almost immediately found an advert for a graduate job that sounded interesting. 'Graduate traineeship as a PR account executive for a central London advertising firm, core skills required include presentation, an aptitude for research and interest in politics.' Tick interest in news, tick strong research skills, tick fascination with politics, admittedly as a result of my Geography degree it was African politics but surely that could be made applicable.

Agonising over the job application forms brought back terrible memories of filling in forms for UCAS. Fortunately the interviews were nowhere near as traumatic as those for Jesus College - once I had overcome the surprise

of the MD wearing jeans and a t-shirt. In fact I enjoyed the whole process, even the commute when I had felt like a grown up in my smart interview suit rushing with everyone else at Victoria station. The more I found out about PR, the more I liked it and luckily after the third interview I got the job.

The next issue was where to live and who to live with. Happily one of my closest friends from college was looking at the same time and we were able to corral another friend to join us. We met to set our budget and chose Clapham as our target area, commutable, affordable and most importantly where mutual friends had set up already.

Our first day of flat hunting was less than auspicious. We arrived in the pouring rain and at the first of four house viewing appointments, the estate agent was 45 minutes late. The flat as it turned out had 'an amazing panoramic view of London' because it was on the 12th floor of an ex-local authority block. Complete with geriatric ex-council lifts and terrifying stair wells.

The next flat had rising damp. The third we didn't even go to as had discovered the road it was on was renowned for burglaries and muggings. And so to the next week, and week after. It was only by the eleventh viewing that we found a prospect. A three bedroom flat on a nice road, close to the tube and only slightly over our budget. We agreed that this could be the 'one' and asked the estate agent for another viewing just to make sure. He sucked his teeth 'Well, you will be aware that there is a property shortage at the moment. I've got many people already interested in this. I mean of course you could

"The flat was next to the Clapham Junction-Waterloo railway line with trains every five minutes that made the whole house shudder."

wait to see it again, but without a deposit you could lose it.' Whispered conference and we made the decision on the spot.

Within the month we had moved in, and rapidly realised why our previous visit had been kept quite so short. The flat was next to the Clapham Junction-Waterloo railway line with trains every five minutes that made the whole house shudder.

But despite the trains and regular mice infestations (from being so close to the rail embankments), it was my first London flat. The following months passed in a whirlwind, and as it turned out, set the precedent for my next three years. Mornings were about rushing to find clean clothes, an iron that worked and searching cupboards for something to eat. Never the most organised, I was permanently late for my slot in the bathroom and so spent most days trying to sneak late into the office without being noticed.

My job proved to be absorbing. I quickly became like most my old college friends, working long hours fired by a determination to be successful and in my case a desire to learn enough not to feel out of my depth.

Beyond work, the joy (or trauma) of living in London was how much could be done with every spare minute of free time, the constant dilemma being what was possible, bearing in mind sleep requirements and budget constraints. I discovered that the real gift was being able to thrive on little sleep,



and the best friends to have at work, were those with supplies of pro plus and Lucozade.

There is still never, ever enough time to fit everything in and most weeks I'll spend more hours in the office than at home. I often stop to think if it would have been different if I'd been brave enough to return to academia or taken a different graduate job. But then, as I've learnt from my experience and friends' career paths, no job decision is forever. Maybe next year I'll be moving again.

NATALIE ORRINGE (Geography 1998)

Postcard from Overseas: Yuval Hariri in Israel



For me, Oxford is the place where I learned to meditate. I actually came there in order to study History. But midway through my DPhil studies, I came to realise that my life was stuck. I had no clear idea why I was living the way I did, and I

had even less of an idea where I should be heading. It was also becoming increasingly apparent that the sixteenth-century autobiographies I was busy reading at the Bodleian were not likely to provide me with answers to these questions.

About the same time I met someone who got me interested in Vipassana meditation: a technique for observing breath and bodily sensations as a means for getting to know reality and to understand our habit patterns. In March 2000 I took a break from the library, and went on a 10-day retreat at a meditation centre near Hereford. On the second day I felt like one of those sixteenth-century mystics I left tucked on the Bodleian

shelves – I knew I had found what I was looking for throughout my life. I firmly believe that in those 10 days I learned more about myself, and the world than in all my 12 years of academic studies put together. It was certainly the first time in my life I came even close to understanding what anger is, what stress is, or what boredom is.

After 10 days I came back to Oxford feeling that my life was no longer at an impasse. Observing my breath and sensations, I completed my DPhil thesis, and immediately flew to India. After a few months I came back to Israel. I dedicated some more months to meditation retreats and to volunteer service in the Israeli Vipassana centre, sweeping floors, washing dishes and cooking meals.

I then went back to face the bigger difficulties of the so-called real world. I resumed work on various academic projects, published a book and several articles, and started teaching History at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. A short while ago I was fortunate to be offered a tenured position there. I am currently teaching medieval history, military history and world history, and am writing a book on the history of war as a mental phenomenon. My working hypothesis is that war is not a continuation of politics, but a state of mind. Life in Israel certainly supports that idea.

I am soon to be married to another Vipassana meditator. Though gay marriages as such are not recognised in Israel, we will still be able to throw a party, receive presents and have legal domestic partnership rights.

How Old is Your Fold?

When I applied for a DPhil in Bioinformatics it was difficult to secure funding for European students. My fees could be paid by the research council, but I would have to obtain my maintenance via a teaching scholarship. Although I enjoy giving practicals to Masters students, I am very lucky to get a scholarship from the Pre 1970 Old Members Group too. This has enabled me to enjoy food at High Table once a week and also left me with a bit of spare time, making it possible to serve as treasurer of the GCR committee over the last year. Together they have made my time at Jesus more productive and enjoyable.

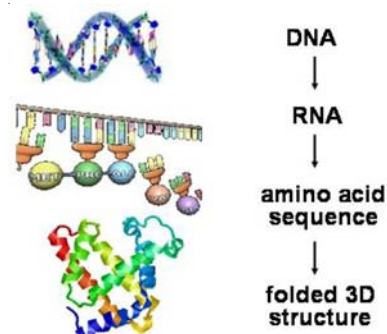


Since most people look slightly puzzled when they first hear the word 'Bioinformatics', I will begin by giving a bit of background information, before

talking about one of my projects. Bioinformatics is a combination of Biology and Computer Science. The subject has recently gained in popularity as huge amounts of genomic data have become available, such as the sequence of the human genome. All bioinformatics involves the analyses of biological data. My field, structural bioinformatics, is concerned with a very specific problem: 'How does a protein fold?'

Although genes only make up 5% of human DNA, they are probably the most important parts of our genome. Genes encode for proteins, which are the functional macromolecules in all organisms. The DNA of the genes is transcribed into RNA inside the cell. The RNA is then translated into a chain of amino acids. Once the full chain has formed, it starts to fold into a compact molecule. A folded protein can start to perform its function in the cell. So the function of each protein is determined by its 3D structure and the folded structure is specified by the original sequence. Knowledge of three dimensional structures of proteins is therefore important in the

“Although genes only make up 5% of human DNA, they are probably the most important parts of our genome.”



discovery of drugs, and for a general understanding of processes in life.

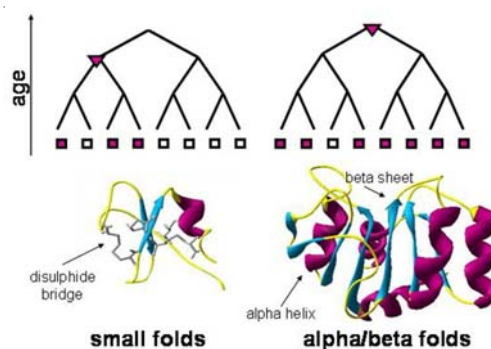
At the moment only 30,000 proteins have their 3D structures experimentally determined, compared to millions of protein sequences. So would it not be great if we could predict structure from sequence? Many people have been working on this problem for the last 20-30 years, but the problem has turned out to be much more challenging than initially thought. In theory one should be able to compute the structure by taking into account every physical force acting on the atoms in the protein. In practice this is very difficult and computationally unfeasible for now. Currently, the only suc-

cessful prediction methods are knowledge based: using information from experimentally determined structures. We know that structure is more conserved during evolution than sequence. This means that proteins with a very low sequence similarity (15-20%) usually fold into similar topologies. We can use this to predict the (folded) structure for a sequence which shows high similarity to a sequence with a known structure.

Using the method described above, we predict which fold topologies occur on each genome for completely sequenced genomes (>150). The fold assignments on the genomes can be used to roughly predict how old a fold is. If, for example, a fold only occurs on a few genomes/species, it has probably arisen later in evolution

than a fold which occurs on all our genomes. If we consider the phylogenetic tree which describes the evolution of the genomes, we can also compare the ages of the different folds. If we consider for example the occurrence patterns for two folds in the figure below (where the leaves of the tree indicate genomes and a coloured square indicates occurrence on a genome), the left hand occurrence pattern would be typical for a younger fold (the triangle indicates the most likely point of origin for this fold in the tree), while the right hand example would be typical for a relatively older fold, which probably already existed on the last common ancestor between all the genomes/species in our set.

Comparing the ages of all folds, we found that small folds seem generally younger and occur mostly on eukaryotes (e.g. multi-cellular organisms and yeast). On the other hand folds with alternating alpha helices (purple spirals) and beta sheets (blue arrows) seem to be older than other folds. Through this kind of research we hope to get a better understanding of evolutionary processes on protein structures, which will be useful to help solving the folding problem.



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If you would like to see how this works, you can interactively play with some trees and predict fold ages at: www.stats.ox.ac.uk/~abeln/foldage I will be happy to answer any questions you might have: sanne.abeln@jesus.ox.ac.uk

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SANNE ABELN

On The Run!



Somewhat out of the blue I found myself training last autumn for the 2005 London Marathon. Running 26.2 miles had certainly never been even on, let alone high up my list of things to do, and although I had enjoyed my time in the Jesus Second VIII, in recent years my sporting activity had dwindled to the (very) occasional game of tennis.

What prompted me to squeeze into a pair of unforgiving Lycra running shorts was my daughter Wan Mae. My wife Joanna (née Gibbon, Catz 1980) and I adopted her in Wuhan, China on Christmas Day 2002 when she was ten months old, and are due to go back to China in October this year to adopt a second daughter.

We became involved with the fundraising committee for a couple of adoption charities - After Adoption, which helps anyone affected in any way by adoption, and Parents For Children, which specialises in finding families for hard-to-place kids.

They had managed to secure a dozen places for the Marathon, and wanted some of the Committee members, rather than ringers, to run.

No arm-twisting was needed in the end – and I knew I had one secret weapon: I'd done some writing with a fantastic fitness trainer called Bernie Shrosbree, who used to train the Renault Formula 1 drivers and now works with the British rowing squad. Bernie is also an ex-SBS Marine, and a former British biathlete, triathlete and winner of Survival Of The Fittest. Just the kind of guy to call in as marathon guru, motivator and slavemaster.

The weather on the day itself, as those of you who were there or watching on TV will remember, was unexpectedly warm, a glorious spring day. In fact, it was a tad too hot for running, and a frisson went through the pack at 10 miles when one of the water stations ran out of water... The upside of the sunshine was that I decided to relax and enjoy myself, the crowds were huge and vocal, and London looked spectacular. As I came down onto the Embankment, I swear there were tears in my eyes, although that might have been the Lycra.

By then, having hit the notorious Wall at 14 miles or so, the rest had proved – remarkably – relatively painless. In fact my wife said I was 'alarmingly perky' at Big Ben with a mile or so to go. And any aches, strains or blisters at the finish line were assuaged by having raised £4000 to contribute to a total of over £50,000 for the two charities, and by a crisply chilled glass or two of champagne on the steps of St Martin-in-the-Fields.

www.afteradoption.org.uk

www.parentsforchildren.org.uk

PHILIP DODD (Modern Languages, 1976)

Coast to Coast



Maybe as a means of self-assurance in the face of advancing years, I have been doing at least one long-distance walk every year. I recently completed 'A. Wainwright's Coast to Coast', 190 miles from St Bees Head in Cumbria to Robin Hood's Bay in Yorkshire. There can be no better walk anywhere in the world. It has everything that a journey across the Lake District, the Pennines and the North Yorkshire Moors could be expected to have: every variety of path,

terrain and landscape, splendid towns and villages, and plenty of industrial history too.

The daily stages of an average 15 miles were manageable, tiring but not exhausting, particularly when fortified by abundant food and - at the end of the day - excellent ales. As it was May the weather varied from bad to tolerable, with rain, low cloud and hailstorms in the west, and a drier but biting cold heavy north wind further east. And even some sunny intervals!

We camped a few times (twice in zero degrees) - otherwise we enjoyed softer beds in YHA and B&Bs. I feel so very fortunate to have been able to enjoy this experience. It may possibly be equalled. It will never be surpassed.

If anyone is thinking of doing this walk I would be very happy to pass on my experience, if of any help.

RON SONNET (History, 1954)

A Few Moments With: William Boyd



After studying for a DPhil at Jesus College from 1975, William Boyd became a lecturer in English Literature at St. Hilda's College, Oxford.

His first novel, A Good Man in Africa, won the Whitbread Literary Award for the Best First Novel in 1981 and a Somerset Maugham Award in 1982; His other novels include An Ice-Cream War (1982), which was shortlisted for the Booker prize; Stars and Bars (1984); The New Confessions (1987); The Blue Afternoon, which won the 1993 Sunday Express Book of the Year Award, Any Human Heart (2002) and his latest Fascination (2004), another collection of short stories. In addition, eight of his screenplays have been made into films.

William Boyd became a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature in 1983 and has very recently been awarded a CBE for services to literature. He is married and lives in London.

Why did you choose Jesus College?

Jesus was really chosen for me. Colin Williamson, an English Fellow at Jesus, was the external examiner for my honours degree at Glasgow University. I wanted to do a DPhil on Shelley and it was Colin who suggested to my professor/tutor (a Shelley expert called Peter Butter) that I come to Oxford - given that there was a massive Shelley archive in the Bodleian. So I did - and naturally Colin suggested I apply to Jesus.

Cherished memories?

The postgraduate's experience of Oxford is different from the undergraduate's. Not least because you are older - and I was just married too. But there is something about stepping into an Oxford College as a member that is beguiling and memorable - though perhaps one is more resistant to the seduction of those venerable quads and immaculate lawns. I enjoyed all the paraphernalia of being a member of college - the common room, the wine cellar, your pigeonhole in the porters' lodge - but, to be honest, I was more engaged with my own social life and the English faculty than I was with college affairs. Jesus was a place I popped into a couple of times a week - to check my messages

and buy wine.

Least cherished memories?

As a married postgraduate student I was entitled to a college flat - which was conveniently on the Woodstock Road. It was roomy but full of disadvantages (scant heating, odd neighbours upstairs etc). However we settled in in the autumn of 1975 and it became our Oxford home. Three years later, the Jesus College bursar gave us a month's notice to quit. I don't know why - the building was later redeveloped but long after we were forced to leave. Perhaps we would have become sitting tenants if they'd let us stay on - who knows! It was a bad time for both me and my wife, Susan, as we both had parents who were terminally ill - finding a new flat was the last thing on our mind. I remonstrated with the bursar asking for a stay of execution while we cared for our families - to no avail. I protested to the Principal - John Habakkuk - to no avail also. We were obliged to leave. We moved up the road to Summertown where we found another flat - no college accommodation was offered to us.

Clubs, societies...

I was very involved with Isis for a couple of years and wrote regularly for them – it was the beginning of my writing career and Isis was particularly lively at that time.

Were you a conscientious student?

I was a conscientious postgraduate student. I worked hard - but I had another life as a novelist. While I was writing my thesis I wrote two novels and a dozen short stories. The great thing that Oxford gave me in those years was time.

What did you do immediately after leaving college?

I never really left Jesus - I sort of drifted away. After three years my grant ran out and so I had to go to work. I taught English as a Foreign Language for the Oxford Intensive School of English, I became a jobbing college lecturer: I taught at University College, Somerville, St Hugh's and eventually was given a proper college lectureship at St. Hilda's, where I happily taught between 1980 and 1983. All the while, though, I was really preparing to leave. I published two novels, a book of short stories and wrote a film during the eight years I lived in Oxford. It was the perfect place to start a career as a writer.

What is the most important lesson life has taught you?

To take nothing for granted. To proceed with extreme caution hoping for the best.

What would you have done differently?

As far as Jesus College is concerned, nothing. I was deeply grateful to the college for taking me on - it allowed me to experience Oxford and was the basis, in a way, for everything I subsequently did - those three years of secure postgraduate life were, I now see, absolutely vital, though at the time I was unaware of it. As for other matters, other forking paths one has encountered, well, that's another story.

Sum up your experience at Jesus.

It's odd but, even though Jesus seems to have been pretty peripheral to my life, it has, as the years have gone by, assumed a larger importance. My going there in 1975 was by no means a sure thing - but the fact that I did, thanks to Colin Williamson, has proved hugely important, in hindsight. I liked Jesus' situation in Oxford - at the heart of the university city, as it were, and I liked its modest scale, its modest beauty. When, in my fiction, I have had to place a character at an Oxford college it has always been Jesus - sometimes disguised (as in my novel *An Ice Cream War*) sometimes overtly identified (as in my novel *Any Human Heart*). I can't claim to have been shaped by Jesus or made lasting friendships or been influenced by charismatic dons encountered there but, funnily enough, it has given me more than I ever expected, or ever asked of it.

Across the Channel



Martin Cox

Whilst studying at college, I was in a wheelchair, with a complicated set of progressive neurological disorders. I left Jesus in 1996 and went on to start a PhD. Unfortunately, neurology beat me to it, and I

became quadriplegic in 1999, unable to write up. For six years I didn't know what to do with myself, sitting dying quietly in a corner and trying not to make too much of a fuss about it. Then, out of the blue, a neighbour took ten minutes out of his day to tell me about a club that could put me on the water, Westbere Sailing Opportunities. I didn't need asking twice. The following Thursday I left the house for the first time in months. As soon as we pushed off from the jetty the most amazing sense of freedom spread through me. It felt as if I was flying. I graduated from being a passenger in a single hulled boat, to passenger in a Challenger trimaran, a faster, more exciting boat. However, the frustration of being unable to sail myself, to grasp the freedom that was almost within reach, gave rise to a dream. *One day I would become the first quadriplegic to sail across the English Channel, single-handed.*

With the full support of WSO, I set about making plans to cross the Channel at the end of August this year. The UK

Sailing Academy and, through Emma Richards, Pindar are providing a boat and training facilities. We also have offers of practical help and support from Sailability and Dover Watersports. The production company, Truevision TV, heard of my story and has already begun making a documentary to be shown on national television.

The Channel Challenge aims to:

- Challenge people to rethink their views on disability by showing that disabled people can live exciting and challenging lives
- Buy a boat that anyone can sail, no matter what their disability
- Encourage everyone to live their dreams
- Raise money so that other disabled people can experience the thrill of sailing

I am raising money through the sponsorship of my crossing. Everyone involved is giving their time freely. Any amount of sponsorship money you feel you could provide would be gratefully received. You can donate money online at www.hilarylister.co.uk, or send cheques made payable to 'The Channel Challenge' c/o The Willows, Dawes Road, Dunkirk, ME13 9TP. Westbere Sailing Opportunities is a registered charity (No. 1094550). They are overseeing the accounts.

HILARY LISTER née Rudd (Biochemistry 1991)

From the Archives

The Jesters Cricket Club 1956



This picture was provided by BILL LESTER (Mathematics, 1954)

A Jesus black sheep?

An enquiry about John William Cornforth, an Old Member who came up in 1906 at the rather late age of 21 turned up a wealth of information, thanks to the habit of his tutor, Ernest Genner, Fellow in Classics, of keeping notebooks recording information about his students from about 1899 to 1928.

Cornforth, born in Bristol, was the son of a retired businessman. Privately educated, he had himself been in business, but now wanted to read Psychology and Greats and to be a teacher. He was a [Methodist] Lay Preacher; his parents, wrote Genner, 'seem to be earnest Christian workers but do overshadow him'. Not for long, though!

He started well, 'reading very hard', but already during his first term the rot seems to have set in. 'His proses have ability of a sort, but show little understanding of continuous or periodical writing,' reported Genner. He failed to take Homer seriously and his translation was 'slipshod'. He began to miss lectures, 'cutting me on plea of illness while still rowing', and generally 'aspires to be a rowing and social man in college'.

The following term he walked out of an examination: 'Jolliffe saw him and Winckworth talking to two chorus girls'. By May he had broken with Methodism owing to 'doctrinal doubts'. By January 1908 he was 'thoroughly in with the bad set', and he completely missed the summer term that year.

The following October he was back in residence '& seems more steady', but in May 1909 he had 'disappeared entirely from Oxford, being deeply in debt'. However, he was back again a year later, 'quite a changed character, & intending to take Anglican orders'! He did manage a third in Greats, but Genner added a post script in 1913: 'hear that he was not ordained after all, & has since been trying to become a Unitarian minister'.

Later, we learned from our enquirer, he emigrated to Australia and became a reformed character. He did indeed become a school teacher, and Genner would perhaps have been pleased to know that he published three Latin text books

for Australian schoolchildren in the 1930s. He played golf well into his eighties, and maybe his liking for chorus girls was reflected in his ability to sing almost the entire Gilbert and Sullivan repertory. But after his flirtation with three major denominations he appears to have given up the church entirely.

ROSEMARY DUNHILL, COLLEGE ARCHIVIST

Jesus College in 1948

Those of you with access to the internet may be interested to watch a film of Jesus College life filmed in 1948. The link is: <http://secret.oucs.ox.ac.uk/dv/film.htm> and scroll down to the bottom of the page. For those of you without a computer, please contact the University Educational Technology Resources Centre on Tel: +44 (0)1865 273200 for further information.

The strange passing of Principal Hoare



According to his obituary in *The Gentlemen's Magazine*, Principal Hoare (Principal from 1768 to 1802) died at the ripe old age of 96. It quotes: 'His death was

owing to the following remarkable accident. Sitting down unfortunately upon the tail of a favourite cat, which was under the leg of his chair, the animal cried piteously, but the old man had lost his hearing. The animal grew furious, and in a desperate attempt to get loose from its confinement fastened its claws on its master's leg & tore the calf so shockingly that the leg at length mortified and brought on death.' An epitaph is also included:

'Here lies the accomplished Dr Hoare
Whose length of years was ninety four.
His manners were the most polite,
His learning was as exquisite.
He was in Greek to all superior,
And in Latin to few inferior.
There lies not in our mother earth
A son of more intrinsic worth,
And at the time we hardly can
Find so learn'd, so good a man.'

Current Student Activities

Turl Street Arts Festival 2005



Hilary Term saw the fruition of the annual Turl Street Arts Festival, involving the three Turl Street colleges; Jesus, Exeter and Lincoln. Preparations for the festival began immediately with the start of Michaelmas term, as plans were laid for a whole host of artistic, poetic, musical and dramatic events to be staged by the three colleges throughout 5th week of Hilary term. As time drew on, rehearsals continued in earnest and the artistic community waited with baited breath for the arrival of the Festival week.

The beginning of the Festival, (by chance coincident with St. Valentine's Day) was marked by a Valentine's Ball, which saw Turl Street college students coming together to celebrate

the occasion. The Ball was a great success, with dancing, roses, chocolates and balloons galore, and it set the standard for the rest of the week to follow. And follow it did!

The wide variety of events this year was perhaps the Festival's greatest asset. Events falling under every aspect of the 'Arts' banner were on offer, from an exhibition of visual art and photography, an opera, and poetry and music recitals, through to a jazz workshop, band nights, and a play. These provided a unique opportunity for students from all three colleges to come together to both participate in the Festival, as well as to enjoy the programme.

The unifying aspect of the Turl Street Arts Festival, was best illustrated by the traditional joint college Evensong that closed the week. This year it took place in Lincoln's Chapel, which was, quite literally, packed to the rafters! Despite the limited size of the Chapel, a large congregation of students and fellows from across Turl Street attended the service, and were snuggled in alongside the three college choirs, numerous organ scholars, chaplains and preacher! The service was followed by dinner in Lincoln Hall, and the evening rounded off with a cabaret show.

All in all, this year's Festival was a great success. Challenges did arise long the way, and were, in true Turl Street spirit, valiantly overcome! The aim of the Festival has always been to allow the wealth of Turl Street talent a stage on which to be recognised. This year, talent in all forms was willingly offered and readily enjoyed by all, and the important nature of the Turl Street Arts Festival in the College diary was rightly affirmed.

KATHERINE BUTCHER
Chairperson, Jesus College TSAF Committee

Tsunami Music Marathon

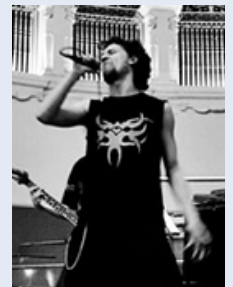


Thursday 17th February saw Oxford University Student Union's response to the Boxing Day disaster, an ambitious attempt to stage a continuous twelve hour festival of music of every conceivable style in

order to raise money for the Tsunami Appeal. A team of brave and dedicated volunteers representing almost every college set about filling the enormous schedule and ensuring that they would be sufficiently equipped to be heard in the imposing arena chosen for the event, Oxford Town Hall. With the technical and logistical side under control, it was the turn of the musicians to put the hard work of the organisers to good effect. This they achieved with aplomb, not least the impressive *Oxford University Jazz Orchestra* whose vast array of skilful players outnumbered the audience during their unfeasibly early lunchtime slot, though they put the *Oxford University Dancesport Team* through their paces with their energetic repertoire.



Student rock bands were well represented, from raucous renditions of Rolling Stones numbers to the ultra-fashionable sound of the OU Indie Music Society's recently crowned battle of the bands victors *We The Starling*, as was Oxford's distinctive taste for acapella groups, represented by the *Alternotives* and the *Oxford Belles*, the latter being as stunning visually as vocally. As the crowds poured in and the evening drew on, the



Oxford Imps kept all entertained with their improvised comedy. The final stretch was in sight. *Holiday in Hawaii* tore through their hard rock rhythms with relish, leaving the stage set for Jesus College's own headline act *Red Dawn*. Unfortunately forced to curtail their set due to earlier bands running late, their unique entertainment value and infectious melodies made their contribution a fitting and memorable end to the half-day charity extravaganza.

CRAIG FINLAY

Alla My Life I Only Wanta To Dance



Are you still there? Good, because this is the interesting bit. Thirty years later we retired and bought a narrowboat and set out to sail it to Carcassonne, because Carcassonne had a nice name and was more or less in the direction we wanted to go. Against determined advice we decided to sail the Channel, rather than go over on a lorry. Narrowboats are not supposed to put out to sea. We spent a couple of summers sailing around England first.

I was writing little joke pieces about our whippet, Jim, who hates boating, and sending them out on e-mail, and on the list was a school friend Andrew Davies, who writes about forty percent of British TV drama. This is great, said Andrew, you must take your little stories and have them illustrated and publish a slim volume. No, I said, I want to write a thick book like a real WRITOR.

I wrote a couple of chapters about our journey and sent them to him. This is not the sort of book I would choose to read, he said, and most of it is arch and egotistical rubbish. There is a good bit on page 43. You should write a little book with whippets and flowers, like I told you.

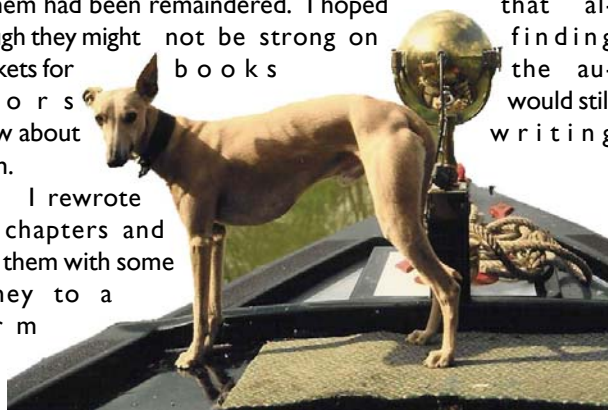
I went away and got hold of ten recent books on writing and plotting and studied them as if I was in my room in the corner of the second quad. The rules were rather new to me and I wondered why they had not come up in tutorials fifty years earlier – have a concept you can sum up in a sentence – make the plot matter and the protagonists active –

always have the protagonist wanting something – always have someone saying no – avoid adjectives or adverbs unless they are sixty-four dollar ones – not a spare word ever – let the reader fill in the gaps because he likes that – be aware of rhythm. And

have the hero with a psychological gap which makes him unhappy and which he is trying to fill – have him make a final choice that is hard and when he makes it he gains but he loses too.

The books made sense to me although I noticed most of them had been remaindered. I hoped that although they might not be strong on finding markets for books the authors would still know about writing them.

I rewrote the chapters and sent them with some money to a firm



I don't know if you were born in the seventies and saw that Starsky and Hutch episode when the pair penetrated a dancing school. One of the students asked Starsky what had brought him there. Alla my life, said Starsky, I only wanta to dance.

When I came up to Jesus in 1955 to read English, for alla my nineteen years I only wanta to write. I did, for *The Dragon*, where my short story about rowing and my translations of French poetry look alarmingly like what I do now. In the Henry Vaughan Society I spoke with Auden and Ginsberg, which was very encouraging, though I don't remember what anyone said.

To see some action before joining the dance I went to work for Lever Brothers, which was awful. In 1966 they sent me to the USA and I met Ferlinghetti and met the hippies in San Francisco and came back and dropped out, as one did, and moved to Staffordshire to teach business and become a famous poet.

My wife Monica and I started a poetry-reading society. Everybody who read came along – MacDairmid, Bunting, McCaig, Barker, Beer, Tomlinson, Porter, Silkin, Morgan, MacBeth, Mitchell, Duffy. And Henri, McGough, Patten. The Liverpool boys wanted me to join them in London but as a poet I was not of their church and had a family and wasn't even the best poet in Staffordshire – nothing like as good as Roy Fisher, who was very sophisticated, or John Hind, who wasn't.

Anyway my wife Monica and I had started Research Associates, the international marketing research and consultancy firm. We loved the house, the cars, the travel all over the world.

*

called The Literary Consultancy in London. I was funny, they wrote back, and had a Voice, which was a Good Thing. But I was a bad starter and had too few characters and as the story wandered around the navigations they did not know where we were half the time. No, I would not find an agent as I was too old and no publisher would consider less than a full finished book from a novice.

I rewrote the chapters again. Look, said Andrew, send it to this little publisher in the States – I was over there last year lecturing for her on *Pride and Prejudice*.

The US publisher said she wanted the book very much.

Start in the UK, said The Literary Consultancy – try this agency. David Smith of Annette Green came back right away – We've got a runner here mate. A fortnight later Bill Bryson's publisher, Transworld, came up with an advance big enough to cover three years of boating. Then we crossed the Channel and were nearly swamped by the wake from a Sea-Cat and ITV ran ten programmes in the Midlands featuring our journey and the broadsheets and Saga got hold of it and we can't go out of doors, and the BBC bought the film option, and we were nearly lost in the Etang de Thau, but what the hell, buy the book. Help make my agent David's hopes come true – he is a nice young man and he has a family.

*

The point has been made before – if you want something it may be worth waiting for a bit, perhaps not for fifty years, but for a bit. Particularly if you are a writer – better to be seventy and have plenty to tell than twenty and come on strong and then run out of material and wander off up back alleys without an audience. Old people sometimes

have money, and empty days, and there is no pram in the hall.

The only drawback is that they are going to get ill or die relatively soon. In my 1957 second eight three seats are already empty.

But Monica and I are hoping that despite the weight of years, and mountainous practicalities, and alligators and hurricanes, next year we can take our narrowboat on the US Intra-coastal Waterway – *Narrow Dog to Indian River*, or *Jim Meets the Alligators – the Final Conflict*.

*

So come, you young ones with all the years ahead of you, and sit with me here, in the corner of the Turl Tavern. Uncle Terry will tell you about the scarves of blue light off the North Foreland in a force four, about the three thousand ton

barges and the locks on the Rhône that are bigger than Christ Church Cathedral. He will tell you how he moored up to the Eiffel Tower and sailed under the streets of Paris. He will tell you about the aliens and the killer fish and the walking dead. He will tell you how a canal narrowboat handles in a swell on the Mediterranean, as the sun comes up in his glory, and about the grapes of the Minervois, full of the warm south. Will I have a pint – yes indeed I will. Do they still do Worthington E? It's only one and eleven in this bar. I was up in '55, you know, and then I was a businessman, but alla my life I only wanta to dance.



Narrow Dog to Carcassonne by Terry Darlington – published by Transworld June 2005 in Bantam hardback. Details and pictures on www.narrowdog.com

TERRY DARLINGTON (English, 1955)

V&A Visit

As one of the dwindling number of our members not to have retired, I have been unable to participate in the previous evening visits to the V & A organised by Malcolm McIvor.. This time, however, I was able to join the party. I was more than glad to have done so, but it made me realise what I had missed on those earlier occasions.

The twelve of us gathered inside the entrance for a glass or two of wine and a chat before being joined by our guide Dale Thomas. She was perfect: one of those rare guides with an extensive knowledge of their subject, combined with an ability to communicate it to the newcomer yet without a trace of condescension. She took us on a tour of the picture galleries, but we got there by an indirect route, so that she could show us some of the changes that are being made in the layout of the Museum.

Once there we concentrated on three main collections, donated by first Sheepshanks, then Ionides and finally Constable's daughter, who gave all his collection to the Museum. It was perhaps to be expected that most paintings dated from Victorian times, and Dale brought them to life by pointing to traits and trends from that era. Nudes could be acceptable even in that strait-laced era, provided they were related to a

Biblical or a mythological theme. Animals had a special part to play: she pointed out how a pet dog looking away from the subject indicated that something was amiss, while one looking inwards and forming a part of the family group would suggest all was well. Some genre paintings were no more than a scene from everyday life. But other pictures told a tale - in many cases, such as *The Governess* by Redgrave and *Sickness and Health* by Webster, it was an unhappy one. And sometimes the tale, like ones told by Lewis' Oriental paintings, was not immediately apparent, and here a guide such as Dale was invaluable for them to be appreciated fully.

Although the tour lasted little more than an hour, it contained a wealth of information, and I left feeling I knew far more about the paintings I had seen than I would have done if I had spent three times as long in the galleries on my own. It was an excellent evening, concluding for most with an enjoyable dinner at a nearby restaurant, and raising a further £75 for the scholarship fund. I very much hope that if there is another such visit I shall be able to join in once more.

CHRIS BUTTERFIELD (Modern Languages, 1962)

'You're Our Mother Bear'



'Sos nuestra mama osa, Lucy' – 'you're our mother bear'. I couldn't have asked for a better compliment. I was descending a huge flight of slimy wooden steps leading to a swimming pool. What seemed like hundreds of children were hanging off my arms, legs and back. Upon hearing these words, my fears of slipping and killing us all were replaced (momentarily) by an enormous sense of happiness – I felt appreciated, and more importantly, accepted.

It was May 2004, and I was working as a volunteer with an NGO called ASAPROSAR – the Salvadorean Association for Rural Health – in two projects called *Ángeles Descalzos* (Barefoot Angels). I had been there a month and was finally getting to grips with the colloquial Spanish of Santa Ana, the second city in El Salvador. In preparation for volunteering, I had spent three months taking one-to-one Spanish classes in Guatemala. But Salvadorean Spanish is, I quickly discovered, amazingly different. Crossing into El Salvador, the girl sitting next to me on the bus told me that Salvadoreans tend to swap s's for h's – I still haven't quite worked out how that is possible – and that if I was having trouble under-

standing her (which I was), I was in for a shock when I got off the bus, as she spoke more clearly than most.

During my four months in El Salvador, it was not only the language learning curve that was steep. Adjusting to

"They give the children the chance to have a childhood; to play and to take part in activities that are not offered by the very limited national curriculum."

total immersion in an alien, and incredibly violent culture was also difficult, although the process was greatly aided by the warm welcome I received from my Salvadorean host family.

El Salvador is the smallest Central American country (about the size of Wales), and was embroiled in a 12-year civil war until 1992. Since the signing of the Peace Accords, levels of violence have escalated – homicide rates are now higher than they were during the civil war – and poverty prevails amongst the majority of the country's 12 million inhabitants. Much of the violence is centred around youth gangs, known locally as *maras*. These disenfranchised youth (some as young as 10) see few prospects for their future, and once involved in a

gang, find it incredibly difficult to escape the life of extreme violence and crime, and often drug addiction. Prevention is, then, most definitely better than cure.

This is the attitude taken by ASAPROSAR, and the two projects I worked at offered children from impoverished backgrounds the chance to better their lives. One project is for children who used to trawl the city's rubbish dump, looking for scraps to eat, and items to recycle. The other is for children who worked (or still work) in the market by the bus terminal. The projects are rather like youth centres, offering places of refuge for the half of the day that the children are not at school, and encouraging the children to become involved in activities other than gang ones. They give the children the chance to have a childhood; to play and to take part in activities that are not offered by the very limited national curriculum.

Much of my time with the children was spent giving English lessons combined with arts and crafts. The most successful lesson was something that many of you probably remember from your childhoods – making papier-mâché masks, moulded around inflated balloons. This was something the children at the project had never heard of, let alone done. No one quite believed that the strange paste I made from flour and water would actually act as glue, and

there was an air of pessimistic scepticism as I opened the store cupboard to reveal the dried result. For a moment, the children thought they had triumphed over their English teacher – the resident cockroaches had feasted on their efforts, leaving the balloon shapes partially shredded, and all but useless looking. My diplomacy skills were tested as I tried to salvage enough half-balloons for each child to have one: the children of the projects do not readily share anything – perhaps understandably given the precarious nature of their survival – so were reluctant to 'go halves' even with their siblings and best friends. After some careful cutting and pasting, and much persuasion, the decorating process began. The children's pride over their finished

masks was matched by my pride at their creativity – there were lions, Spidermen, mice, phantoms... Again I felt the immense sense of reward and achievement, which I had felt on our day trip to the swimming pool. Not only was I their mother bear, but I was also helping children who receive no attention at home to feel worthy and to show that they can be achievers.

I have only begun to realise the wider implications of these feelings since coming back to England and starting a Masters in Latin American Area Studies. Being so caught up in the everyday chaos of trying to control up to forty children (at times completely alone, in an isolated building without electricity, or a phone line to call for backup) I was unable to fully appreciate the worth of the Barefoot Angels projects. They seemed fun, but in many ways unconnected from the larger

problems in El Salvador. Now, however, I realise that it is through small, grassroots and community-based projects such as these that the country's 'violence epidemic' can be most effectively fought. Upon returning to El Salvador at Christmas, I was sad to discover that the rubbish dump project had closed, at least temporarily, after four successful years. I am hoping that when I go back in June to carry out research for my dissertation (on children's perceptions of the *maras*) I will be pleasantly surprised and find that ASAPROSAR has been able to raise the project's yearly running cost of US \$22,000. I would love to find my barefoot baby bears mask-making rather than rubbish dump scavenging.

LUCY MITCHELL (Geography, 2000)

Donations to the College



Many Old Members have approached me in recent months to ask for what purposes the College might welcome donations from Old Members. Questions such as this are not easy to answer definitively when Principals are about to change, but I am able to say what the College's current priorities are.

You will not be surprised to learn that the greatest need is for monies to fund the Bursaries scheme, which is designed to ensure that financial support is available for candidates who deserve a place at Jesus College but are not able to afford to pay the College's food and accommodation charges, albeit these are deliberately pitched at the low end of the scale. Since October 2004, the College has been paying access bursaries entirely out of its own funds, to students that have only partial remission from paying the University fee. This is additional to the University-wide scheme for those enjoying full remission, to the cost of which the College contributes about half. Contributions towards the College's Hardship Funds are also welcome for the same reason. These funds allow the College to deal with difficulties of a particular financial kind experienced after arrival at the College. In recent years these

have been causes close to Old Members' hearts and the College has been grateful for the many generous gifts already received for these purposes. Though the way in which hardship and access are funded is expected soon to change, the need for money for these purposes will inevitably grow. It is particularly helpful to have gifts that can be used either for access or for hardship.

Beyond these good causes, there is always a need for more funds to support Junior Member involvement in Music, the Arts and Sport. Current sources include the Vaughan Thomas Fund, primarily for musical activities, which subsidises the costs of music tuition and musical events; the David Rhys Fund, which provides for College arts and sports clubs and societies; and the Philip Jones Fund, which helps towards the costs that Junior Members incur

when representing the University. These are all extremely valuable, as is the generosity of the Cadwallader Club in support of rowing, and of individual Old Members who have donated trophies for sports competitions. But, the costs of these activities continue to rise inexorably and there is never enough in the various kitties to satisfy other than a small proportion of the overall need.

A longer term goal of the College is to fund from donations the Fellowship part of the joint University/College posts held by most Tutors. Four Fellows now have their Tutorships funded in this way. Clearly, the costs attached to this kind of support are very substantial.

So, as is the College's custom, this is not an appeal for funds, but an indication of where money is most needed should Old Members be interested in making donations. Both the Estates Bursar and I stand ready to advise Old Members about the ideas they may have for gifts for College purposes. I hope this is helpful.

ALISON JAMES, Old Members Liaison Officer

After reading *Theology*...



Even while sixth formers are pondering their applications, Oxford's Theology Faculty famously deals with the question, 'what on earth do you do with a theology degree?' Academic, priest or teacher present themselves as the obvious answers – but there are always the rebels!

I graduated in 2004, whereupon I began an internship with Christian Solidarity Worldwide. CSW is an advocacy charity, working on religious liberty and particularly the persecution of Christians under repressive regimes or in ethnic or cultural conflict around the world.

It was originally intended that I should be a sort of resident theology interest, reading on the relatively virgin territory of the theology of persecution. Although this has been an experience of the church throughout its history, comparatively little has been written on persecution, as opposed to suffering in general, and martyrdom in particular. What I find especially fascinating is the way different persecuted communities around the world respond theologically to their plight – this remains an ongoing interest.

However, as happens in a small charity, I became embroiled in the 'nitty gritty' of the work, particularly on Communist Asia. CSW is one of the most active charities in the UK on exposing the horrific North Korean human rights violations, not to mention the religious freedom situations of China, Vietnam and Laos.

I was involved in organising and hosting two meetings on China and North Korea at the UN Human Rights Commission in Geneva, the latter with the Special Rapporteur on North Korea, and the former Junior Foreign Minister Bill Rammell, and with two Christian de-

factors from North Korea, extremely rare specimens indeed.

I manage a little intellectual output through the Politics and Theology Programme at Sarum College, Salisbury – engaging but frustratingly long-range.

It feels like a real privilege to be doing all this. I have started full-time at CSW, and am looking forward to immense challenges working on India, Vietnam and Laos.

It all began when my family lived in Uganda, with my father, a Jesus College geographer-turned-theologian and clergyman, teaching in a theological college. In particular, I recollect visiting a Sudanese refugee camp in Northern Uganda and being really struck by the horrors of it, yet also by the compassion and real help given by the under-resourced and impoverished local church. How could I call myself a Christian and turn a blind eye to this?

DAVID GRIFFITHS (2001)



I came up to Oxford in 1973, having already completed an undergraduate degree in an American college and one year of postgraduate theological education, together with two years of parish work. My wife and I were received with great kindness by the College and we soon fell in love with Oxford life. Thanks to extraordinarily good tuition (notably by Dr. Donald Sykes and Fr. Kallistos Ware), I was well-prepared for my finals and did

well in them, obtaining a First and a University Prize. I also landed a fellowship to support research in Theology at Cambridge, and we departed for Corpus Christi College, Cambridge in 1975. I carried to Cambridge interests in Biblical studies and also patristics (for which I have to thank Fr. Kallistos). I worked with Barnabas Lindars for one year in New Testament research, and then decided to shift the focus of my work to Greek patristic writers of the fourth and fifth centuries, under the supervision of Prof. G. C. Stead. We remained in Cambridge for six years altogether, and our two daughters were born there.

My research brought me to study of the influence on patristic Christian writers of concepts and theories drawn from the ancient Greek philosophical tradition. Gradually, I became more and more interested in philosophy and less and less interested in theology, as such. On a day in October, 1978 I went for a supervisory session with Prof. G. E. L. Owen who was supervising me in Prof. Stead's absence. I told Prof. Owen that I would like to change the direction of my research to ancient philosophy and asked if he would be willing to continue as my supervisor. His reply is etched in my memory (he too had read the same papers), after a pause: 'I wondered when you would come to that conclusion.' So began a very fruitful relationship with one of the foremost scholars of ancient philosophy in the world at that time. I eventually wrote a thesis on the relation of language to reality in the work of Parmenides of Elea, and received the PhD in January, 1985.

Meanwhile, I had started a career as a university lecturer, first at the University of Notre Dame, in 1981. My four years at Notre Dame exposed me to the continued tuition of one of the best philosophy departments in our country, and were truly formative. We also completed our family with the birth of our son Mark in 1983. I moved subsequently to Seattle, where I taught in two universities, in succession, and we moved finally to Spokane and Gonzaga University in 1999. During this period my interests moved away from ancient philosophy and philosophy of religion, to-

wards the philosophy of mind. I underwent psychoanalytic training in Seattle, and now work mainly in the philosophy of the emotions, with a special interest in a motivational system I call 'normal narcissism' and its accompanying emotional development.

The influence of our years in the UK has been permanent, not only intellectually but also in many other respects. Our two daughters obtained their British passports a couple of years ago, and one of them, Sarah, now lives and works in Glasgow, with her New Zealand husband, James. My wife, Debbie, continues to pursue artistic and musical interests that she acquired in the UK, chiefly Scottish country dancing, traditional English willow basketry, and Celtic music

We visit the UK and our many friends there as often as we can, but not nearly as often as we would like. Indeed, if we are fortunate, we plan to move back to the UK permanently either by way of a posting in a UK university or upon my retirement from university teaching ten years from now. We originally went to Oxford planning to stay in the UK for two years, and those two years turned into eight. We found life in the UK very congenial, and my Oxbridge education has proved a durable foundation for academic work in two closely related disciplines.

RICHARD McCLELLAND (1973)



I ended up reading Philosophy and Theology by a quirk of fate. Although I had never had any interest in Economics, and had always intended to jettison it at the first possible opportunity, I had actually

applied for, and been admitted to a place on the PPE programme, which from the distance of the sixth form had seemed the only practicable way of studying Philosophy at Oxford for someone who had no linguistic ability, ancient or modern. In the event, the reality of Economics was worse than I had feared, and my first tutorial left me profoundly depressed. But, seeking solace in the College bar that evening, I chanced upon a solution – meeting a fellow freshman, Bahram Deqhani-Tafti, who had a place to read Philosophy and Theology but really wanted to study PPE. Three pints later, the deal was sealed, and the next morning we went together to present the Senior Tutor with a *fait accompli*.

Sadly I cannot confirm this with Bahram himself – he was murdered in Iran six or so years later – but I do not think either of us ever had cause to regret our swap. For my part, I found myself becoming increasingly stimulated by Theology, which exposed me to more metaphysics, and ethics too, than was then fashionable in Oxford Philosophy circles. And the course had the advantage – which I swear I did not know during my discussions in the College bar – of having one of the smallest number of finals papers then possible in Oxford, a mere seven.

In a fanciful sense at least, the seeds of my subsequent career were sown in Jesus the following summer, when I decided to stay up in Oxford for my first long vacation. Calling in to the College a week or so after the end of term, I was summoned into the inner sanctum of the Lodge by the Head Porter, John Ryan, whom I had always taken to be a fierce and authoritarian retired soldier. He looked me up and down and asked bluntly whether I planned to be in Oxford all summer. I was at the time on the longer-haired fringes of the College, and honestly thought that he was going to ask me to stay away from the College for fear of frightening off the conference trade. But actually he asked me whether I would like his job when he went on holiday. Naturally, I accepted, and I remained a college porter for the next two years. It was a great job – embedding me deep in the life of the College community like few others I suspect – and I never had to pay for lunch again!

On leaving Oxford, I took an appointment as a trainee chartered accountant in Liverpool, driven by the need

to address my overdraft (as student loans were known in those days). I am not sure in retrospect, which was the bigger mistake – ever thinking that accountancy would suit me, or giving it up after just ten months. Certainly I did not at the time have the maturity to see that there could be interesting professional life after auditing.

There followed a few months of 'resting' before I eventually stumbled, by what I now recognise as 'controlled serendipity', on university administration. I went to York as the first administrative officer of the students' union, a job which required me both to keep the books and to take the minutes. Above all, perhaps, it tuned my political antennae; at least three of the elected officers with whom I worked are now MPs.

I moved to Leeds after three years, this time working for the university rather than the union, and cut my teeth writing committee papers and minutes, and editing the staff newsletter. It was a turbulent time – the Vice-Chancellor (Edward Boyle, a great man if not a great chief executive) was dying, and the Thatcher government was embarking upon what seemed at the time as a crusade against the established verities of university life – the start of a process of reform that led inexorably to the top-up fees now in the offing.

After a quarter of a century, I am still at Leeds – since 2001 as Secretary to the University. It is difficult to be sure what challenges the next few years will bring to higher education – though I myself think we can get a good idea by studying the development of the state universities in the USA – and nor would I like to predict what career challenges I might face personally. But I do like to think that I can take some comfort in Geoffrey Household's favourite theory of education, that 'a mind, once trained to clear thought, even by theology, can swiftly master the rules, however complex, of any form of bread-winning' (*The Third Hour*, 1937).

ROGER GAIR (1973)

Bulletin Board

Westminster Classic Tours



The company offer high-quality classical cruises along the Turkish Coast and neighbouring Greek Islands on traditional style, motorised sailboats or 'gulets'. The company has strong links to Oxford and an academic focus (one of our Old Members, John Smith (1958) is among the lecturers.) As well as the trips available in their brochure, they are offering to organise a bespoke trip for Jesus College alumni. Not only would this be a fantastic and informative trip but it would also benefit the College in the form of a donation. For more information about Westminster Classic Tours Tel: 01225 835488, Email: tb@wct99.com or visit www.wct99.com.

New JCA President

A three year term of office has just begun for the new Jesus College Association President. David Morgan matriculated in 1957 and is currently the Dean of Social Sciences at the University of Liverpool. He will be presiding over the JCA Dinner in 2006. He can be contacted through the OMLO in the usual ways. In the meantime, many thanks go to Belinda Wargent the outgoing President for all her hard work and enthusiasm over the past three years.

Database Cleanse

A thorough 'cleanse' of contact information for Old Members that we currently hold on our database has recently been completed. This has generated a vastly updated 'List of the Lost', so if you have a few moments please go to: <http://alumni.jesus.ox.ac.uk/lost.php> and have a look through relevant years. If there is anyone listed with whom you are in contact, please ask them to get in touch with me at the contact details below.

The J. Alban Davies Award

The J. Alban Davies Award is funded by a bequest made by Jenkin Alban Davies. The award is used to assist any member of Jesus College (past or present) who is preparing for Holy Orders and is in need of financial assistance. Whilst first, preference has to be given to undergraduates and/or the son of an Anglican clergyman, in line with the terms of the bequest; in practice, awards are regularly given to Old Members of Jesus College. For further information, please go to: www.jesus.ox.ac.uk/notices/jalbandaviesaward.php

Alumni Email Redirection Service (AERS)

I have had quite a few enquiries regarding the possibility of amending the allocated user name given to Old Members when subscribing to the AERS service. Currently all subscribers are allocated a unique user name which is linked in with the alumni database based on their given first name and surname. However there are quite a few of you who are known by one of your middle names or would prefer your unique user name to reflect your change in surname, either by marriage or deed poll, etc.

Currently this facility is not available, but the IT Department are working hard to upgrade the service to give everyone the flexibility to choose their own unique alumni email address, change their password, and view their registered details. This new version of the AERS service is expected to go live in July.

In the meantime, for more information about the current service, please go to: <http://alumni.jesus.ox.ac.uk/lnTouch/alumniredirection.php>

The Boat Race

I am sure most of you are aware that on Easter Day 2005 Oxford won the Boat Race, dominating Cambridge to win the 151st race and achieve Oxford's 72nd victory. However many of you may not be aware that a member of the winning

Oxford team this year was a Jesus man, Barney Williams, a Canadian who is currently studying for a Diploma in Legal Studies at the College and who was a silver medallist in the Athens Olympics after the near dead heat with the British coxless fours. It is the first time in 13 years that Jesus has had a representative in a *winning* Oxford Boat Race crew when Boris Mavra took part. Congratulations go to all involved!

Congratulations also to:

Robert Coleman (1962) who received a Knighthood for services to the EU Commission and Michael Bruton (1956) received an MBE for services to the disabled in the New Years' Honours.

Theresa Villiers, Conservative (1990) who was elected Chipping Barnet's first woman MP in the 2005 UK General Election and to Edward Davey, Liberal Democrats (1985) and Edward Garnier, Conservative (1971) who both retained their respective seats.

Dates for your Diary

23rd September - Cadwallader Dinner
24th September - 25th Reunion for 1980
Nov. 2005 - London Wine Tasting (prov.)
6th January 2006 - JCA Dinner

Contacting the OMLO



Please feel free to contact me at any time if you have an enquiry, would like to notify the College of an update or have an interesting idea or project that would be suitable for an article in one of the publications.

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