Contents

Climate Change Chaos by Shannon Brescher
The Environment Secretary by Maeve Price
Climateprediction.net by Dr Milo Thurston
Super-Volcanoes by Nicholas Luke
elbiduubled by Richard Rowley
Flapjacks by Chris Shea
Trinidad & Tobago by Dr Nailah & Clint Sieunarine
The Thing Is by Alice Little
Oxford Guilt by Stuart Hunter
Second Childhood by Nicholas Luke
Old Books by Aaron Holdway
The Keef Richards Story by Nicholas Luke
Open Mic Night by Michael Craig
Linacre Ball
Potpourri. Technical difficulty. It was a close race between the two as potential ‘themes’ for this edition. Missing CDs, incomprehensible Adobe InDesign programs, and the horrors of formatting all took their toll in what originally seemed such an easy exercise. White text in picture frames. Strange font in the editorial. These are just the beginning of the many formatting faux pas you will witness throughout. I apologise for them at the outset. Sorry.

In the end, potpourri seemed a less self-indulgent and a more appropriate theme. Potpourri screams indecision; directionless, uninspired, undefined, scattergun, indecision. More positively it also suggests variety, diversity, breadth, perfumed pleasure, and general nice-ness. Perhaps perfumed pleasure is beyond what can realistically be achieved in such a publication but an array of interesting articles by members of the college is a more reasonable aim that – thanks be to the contributors! – has hopefully been achieved.

So I hope that you enjoy this pleasant assortment of sweet-smelling flowers, some serious, some silly, all Linacre, all Li(n)es. As with any floral arrangement there is an order to the madness. In this case the order is both tenuous and silly. The first bouquet of articles relates to climate change and that other great threat to human existence, super-volcanoes. The next concerns cricket, Ireland and the Carribean. The third is a set of opinion-type pieces on consumerism, guilt, and innocence. Then there is a look at Linacre’s supply of old books, followed by a couple of articles relating to pirates, rock ‘n’ roll, and balls.

At this point I would like to offer a huge thanks to all those who took the time to contribute to this, your college magazine. It can only be what you make it and I am very grateful for the interesting and diverse articles members of the college have put forward. My only regret is that there were not more, which might have negated the need for my own undergraduate ramblings in this graduate publication. I must also thank Adelaide Edwards for helping with the dreary task of proof-reading the articles and my rather rubbish formatting.

Yours with many dried petals,

Talk of climate change has inundated our lives, even before the predicted severe weather has. The news media has given extensive coverage to the third International Panel on Climate Change (IPCC) reports, which are bleaker than ever. Celebrities have even joined the trend, with Al Gore promoting the Live Earth concerts and Radiohead refusing to tour outside of the UK because of potential carbon emissions. However, often the media coverage throws around terms with scientific and political significance without clearly explaining them. Much of the confusion surrounding climate change results from this use of terminology and oversimplified explanations. Luckily, this article is here to separate the carbon emissions from the hot air.

Human caused vs. human accelerated climate change: One of the biggest mistakes that the media makes in covering criticisms of climate change is their lack of distinction between human-caused and human-accelerated change. Programs like the Great Climate Swindle on Channel 4 claim that because natural processes are driving climate change, human actions are irrelevant. Although some of these explanations have a great deal of scientific evidence against them – such as the sunspots account on the program – the climate certainly does undergo natural changes. Samples of glacial ice show clear, historical shifts in the climate. Whether the Earth “should be” in a period of natural cooling or warming is in dispute. But even if the climate is warming naturally, the levels of greenhouse gases humans produce is having a cumulative effect, resulting in changes that are occurring much faster than they would occur “normally.”

Carbon footprint: A carbon footprint is the amount of greenhouse gases a person/organization produces each year. Through measurements of a person’s energy use, transportation habits, etc., it calculates that person’s output of carbon dioxide units. Often, it includes an estimation of how many “Earths” would be necessary for living if everyone produced the same amount of emissions as that individual.

Carbon trading: In the Kyoto Protocol, the signatory countries set up a carbon trading system between themselves to trade carbon emission units. Due to the political strength of the developed countries, the members decided to base the number of units each country received on their previous history of pollution, not their population. This allocation meant that developed countries, including the United Kingdom, gained far more carbon credits than developing nations. Countries can “gain” more carbon credits by buying them off of countries that have excess credits or investing in projects in developing countries. These Clean Development Projects can include reforestation, structures that capture greenhouse gases, or renewable energy projects. In theory, the trading system increases economic efficiency by allowing countries that have the ability to quickly reduce emissions to do so first.
Carbon offsets/carbon neutral: Carbon offsets are essentially the private version of international carbon trading. Individuals or companies pay a climate offset company to determine their greenhouse gas emissions and invest in a project that will conserve that level of emission. When an organization is carbon neutral, such as Linacre College, it has offset all of its emissions. Critics of carbon offsets argue reforestation projects are ineffective and that many projects would be done whether or not they were offset projects. Carbon offsets have potential, but only if they are used after the organization has maximized energy conservation and offset companies choose effective projects. Linacre uses Climate Care (http://www.climatecare.org/), which is not only one of the largest and most reputable companies, but is also located in Oxford.

Biofuels: U.S. President George W. Bush has recently hailed biofuels as the solution to concerns over car based transportation. Biofuel is fuel that is organic, and derived from recently living organisms, such as plants. It includes not only maize-based fuel, but also energy from sugar plants, rapeseed, and wheat. Burning biofuels does produce significantly fewer greenhouse gas emissions than traditional petrol. Besides environmental benefits, biofuel also allows farmers in the UK, the US, and Europe to sell their excess crops that would otherwise flood the market. But there are definite problems with biofuel, both environmental and social. The crops used to make biofuels are often unsustainable, as the large-scale production methods use a great deal of petroleum-based pesticides, energy, and water. If developing countries expand their crop production, it will most likely result in further rainforest deforestation to clear land for agriculture. Also, once the crops used for biofuels surpass excess production, they will begin to take food out of the global food chain. The resistance of service stations to sell fuel made up of 85% bioethanol is further complicating the move forward. However, many service stations in the UK currently carry fuel that is 5% biofuel and 95% petrol, which standard car engines can use.

Food miles vs. Fair trade: With the growing discussion around the emissions caused by flying, there has been a renaissance of locally grown food. In theory, the closer the food is grown, the fewer miles it must travel to your plate, and the fewer carbon emissions are produced to bring it there. Although this principle appears sound, it is more complicated than it first seems. With very local food grown in small farms, such as the Linacre College vegetable boxes, this idea holds true. However, it becomes more complicated when it comes to large European input-intensive farms. Some critics of the food miles idea argue that European production methods such as energy-intensive greenhouses and pesticides actually produce more emissions than the methods used in, for instance, traditional African agriculture. In addition, the focus on local food is creating conflicts with other ethical buying schemes such as Fair Trade. As most Fair Trade products are made in developing countries, people shifting to buying only local food could result in reduced profits for Fair Trade farmers.

Carbon capture and storage: Carbon capture and storage is the idea that engineers need to develop technology that can store excess greenhouse gases to keep them from reaching the atmosphere. Some proponents of this idea, such as Richard Branson, even suggest that future technology may be able to “vacuum” carbon dioxide out of the sky. Gases could be stored in several areas, including the ocean, but geological storage in rock layers seems the most viable. Although this scheme seems like the idea of climate change sceptics, most of its supporters are extremely concerned and believe that limiting emissions is not sufficient. Most, like Sir Nicolas Stern, believe that people cannot entirely prevent some level of climate change, and that carbon capture may hold the key to preventing catastrophic shifts.

It’s all completely clear now, isn’t it? Probably not. Unfortunately, even to scientists and environmental policymakers, climate change is a complicated, frustrating issue. However, don’t let its complexity paralyse you. Lifestyle changes – including turning off that light switch – can and do make a difference in your greenhouse gas emissions. By living a simpler lifestyle, you can shrink your carbon footprint and make your impact on the earth a positive one.
To make up for my unaccountable absence from the introduction to the Exec in the last edition of Linacre Lines, I’m bringing you a whole article devoted to the environment at Linacre!

OUSU have complied a league table that rates colleges according to their environmental policies (see http://ousuenvironmentcommittee.googlepages.com/greenleaguetable) and we, Linacre, are the top rated college! Go us!

But what does that actually mean…? Can we sit back, secure in the knowledge that we’re practically perfect in every way, or are we just the best of a bad bunch?

Well, there are certainly some colleges that do a lot less than us, but we can’t expect to cruise along doing nothing and remain at the top of the table – other colleges are looking into going Climate Neutral, which is probably Linacre’s most distinctive environmental policy, and sadly we don’t get points for being the first college to do it.

For those of you unsure about the term, being Climate Neutral means that we pay a company called Climate Care to run projects that reduce CO2 in the atmosphere by the same amount that our activities add. The projects run by Climate Care increase renewable energy use and energy efficiency in countries that haven’t signed up to the Kyoto Protocol – for more details see their website http://www.climatecare.org/index.cfm.
Although debate continues as to whether global warming is anthropogenic, it’s very hard to deny that we are experiencing an increase in temperature, I would suggest that this uncertainty does not mean we should do nothing to try to limit the threat that climate change presents to us. However, there is an argument to be made that it’s not entirely ethical to exploit people in the developing world in order to maintain our current level of carbon use; I have heard it described as a form of “modern colonialism” and it’s a point of view that I sympathise with. Worrying about climate change is a luxury that many people in developing countries just don’t have – can we really justify dictating how energy is produced in developing countries as a means of easing our own conscience, particularly if we aren’t prepared to make changes to our own lifestyles?

If you’re interested in doing more than just turning out your lights, then why not join Linacre Green Society? This group has only been running for a couple of months, but it has already been remarkably active – organising a Green Poll to find out how people think Linacre could be even “greener” and hosting a very entertaining and informative discussion about the benefits of different forms of ethical consumerism, with representatives from a local food market, the Oxford Fairtrade Coalition and the Soil Association. There was a lot of lively debate over the course of the evening, which covered a wide range of topics – is it more “ethical” to buy local food, or Fairtrade imports? Is it too difficult for farmers to receive organic status? What advantages does shopping at local markets have compared to shopping at a supermarket?

So what can we do? The simplest thing is to reduce the amount of energy we use. Don’t leave lights on in empty rooms, don’t leave appliances on standby, try to dry your clothes on a rack rather than using the tumble dryer. There are loads of little things that you can do that will make a difference to our energy use; for more ideas try the Carbon Trust website (http://www.carbontrust.co.uk/default.clt). The college has commissioned an Energy Audit of the main site. When complete, the audit will tell us exactly how much energy we use and should provide us with some ideas for reducing our carbon footprint. If enough colleges get energy audits we may end up being rated according to how much energy we consume. So since attack is the best form of defence, we need to start cutting the carbon now or face losing out to another college – think of it as carbon cuppers!

At the end of the debate the consensus seemed to be that it was better to avoid the supermarkets and buy local produce where possible and try to make sure that imports were from Fairtrade producers. In both instances there are organic options available if you want them. For more information about local, Fairtrade and organic suppliers, see the weblinks on the Environment page of the Linacre website. To get advanced warning of Linacre Green Society events and to contribute ideas yourself, why not sign up to the mailing list? Just send an email to linacregreen-subscribe@maillist.ox.ac.uk.

In conclusion: get involved - to turn off your lights, take out your recycling, join the Linacre Green Society, shop at Farmers Markets and do whatever you can to help keep Linacre at the top of the Green League Table!
Students at Linacre are, judging by the attention given to green issues around the college, particularly concerned with climate change. The Earth’s climate has changed considerably over its long history, and may therefore be considered by some to be of little concern. However, it now appears that the current change may be influenced by human activity, and may be of such a rapid nature that it could have a serious effect upon our civilisation. If this is so, then it is natural to wish to take action against it. In order to take effective action we need information on both how and why changes will occur, and an effective way to do that is to use computers to simulate the Earth’s climate and predict what might happen in the next few decades.

One project dedicated to making such predictions is based in Oxford University’s atmospheric physics department, but a few minutes’ walk from Linacre. Climateprediction.net uses the same technology that made SETI@Home famous, known as volunteer computing and currently epitomised by the “BOINC” program.

This harnesses the power of idle home and business computers to run climate simulations and is made possible by the fact that the increasing power of home computers allows them to run climate models that a decade or two ago could only run on specialised supercomputers. Volunteers have usually become involved in projects of this type due to an interest in the research, whether it be finding alien transmissions, looking for anti-HIV drugs or predicting our climate. Many also find it an enjoyable way to show off the power of their computers, and a system of “credits” for returning data is in place that allows users to rank themselves relative to all other participants. A little rivalry often encourages greater participation.
The climate models that we use are developed by the UK Met. Office, and could be said to be amongst the best available due to their long experience of weather and climate model work. For our current experiment we are using a model known as HadCM3L and with this model, we are currently running a prediction of the entire Earth’s climate up to 2080. We start in 1920 and run models forward to the present day to determine which of them is a stable and accurate simulation of the current climate situation, and allow those that are suitable to run forward to 2080. When we run them forward we can change various “forcing mechanisms”, or processes that affect the climate. Of particular interest now is the effect of carbon dioxide, and our model assumes that the amount of CO2 production will carry on in much the same way as at present until about 2050, when cleaner technology may become available. This is considered to be a moderate scenario; there could be earlier developments of cleaner technology or an even greater increase industrialisation and CO2 emission.

HadCM3L models both the atmosphere and the oceans and the interaction between them. During a simulation the computer runs the atmosphere and the ocean asynchronously, i.e. the ocean runs for a day of model time and then the atmosphere runs for another day. The model advances in time steps of 30 minutes, and each one of these could take anything from under one second to 3 or 4 seconds depending on the power of your machine. The chaotic nature of the climate means that it’s difficult enough to predict the weather a few weeks in advance, so how can there be any accuracy to our predictions over 73 years? The way we deal with this is to run an enormous number of simulations, varying the parameters of each run. At present there are over 45,000 computers running our models, providing more computing power than the Earth simulator in Yokohama at a fraction of the cost.

This large number of participants is in part thanks to collaboration with the BBC who recently screened a programme summarising the results to date. Working with the BBC has been invaluable in reaching a wider audience, and has provided much useful data. Although the specific BBC-branded part of the experiment is drawing to a close, we’re still continuing to run our experiments and are always on the look out for more volunteers.

If you are interested in taking a look yourself check out:

Main site: http://climateprediction.net
How climate models work: http://climateprediction.net/science/model-intro.php
BBC results site: http://www.bbc.co.uk/sn/climateexperiment/
That is the sound of a really big explosion.

Death. That is what it will bring.

Super-volcanoes are the greatest threat to human existence.


Perhaps the best known of these super-volcanoes (finally made public in a recent spate of documentaries on the subject) is the Yellowstone Park super-volcano. The eruption of a super-volcano could kill over 1 billion people, lead to a global winter, dramatically alter the earth’s climate, and KILL EVERYONE! I can hear you saying now ‘but there are only super-volcano eruptions once every 600,000 to 700,000 years’. And right you are but the last Yellowstone eruption was 640,000 years ago. The eruption is due, our time is up, the end is nigh.

To get some idea of the sheer magnitude of a super-volcano it is important to note that the Yellowstone super-volcano is close to 100km across. 100km. The eruption of Mt St Helen’s was nothing compared to a super eruption. Super. Eruption.

But perhaps more scarily, more sinisterly, these super-volcanoes (of which Yellowstone is only one) are invisible. They are based around underground chambers of molten rock which may collapse at any moment. They are so large they can only be identified from outer space. 100km. Hot liquid magma. Invisible. Eruption. Death. Destruction. Doom.¹

¹ According to the respected online source of all things Armageddon, Armageddon Online, super-volcanoes are “the most destructive force on this planet” and their “apocalyptic force” is capable of “obliterating continents” and may “threaten the survival of mankind”.

Nicholas Luke

BANG!!!

That is the sound of a really big explosion.

Death. That is what it will bring.
The question we in the Linacre Scientific Research Division, in conjunction with the Linacre Outlandish Scripts for Action Movies Department, had to consider was how to stop these monstrous, invisible, bringers of death before they destroy the entire planet. You may have seen Armageddon where Bruce Willis (may he rest in glorious peace) stopped an asteroid by drilling into it and heroically detonating a nuclear device whilst riding that big asteroid. Well, how does an action star stop a volcano that is already here? These volcanoes aren’t travelling sedately through space, they are brewing under your feet.

Some scientists say that nothing can be done except to prepare to ride out the global devastation. I say, we cannot let Bruce Willis die in vain; we cannot ignore his monumental, inspiring, heroic legacy. We must stop the super-volcano! How can this be done? There are a number of ways.

Probably the most obvious and practical is to use a very cold icy asteroid. This asteroid can be towed from outer space and with a combination of pulleys, grappling hooks, and tractor beams it can be lowered safely and slowly onto the erupting volcano. It will be a very cold asteroid and will neutralise the magmary stuff. It will also plug up the big hole.

Another way will be an icy bomb. This is a nuclear-type device that explodes coldness. It can be exploded inside the volcano and will freeze the horrible magma. The downside is that these devices are largely untested and may cover a large portion of the earth with radioactive freeze. This is a more practical version of shipping in truckloads of liquid nitrogen to release upon the eruptive mass.

In reality though it would make more sense to use a large-scale suction project. This would involve an Armageddon style drill that would produce an unexpected1 void beneath the offending pocket of magma and other hot rocks and thus suck it into said void.

It is important you remember these things. But above all remember: never, ever go to Yellowstone National Park. You will die.

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1 To the sinister magma pocket – to which we have allocated a personality for the purposes of dramatisation.
Richard Rowley

Samuel Beckett was born in Dublin in 1906. Literary works such as *Murphy* (1938), *Waiting for Godot* (1949) and *Endgame* (1958) defined later European modernism and stand as some of the most important creative achievements of the twentieth century. In 1969, Beckett was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature “for his writing—in new forms for the novel and drama—in which the destitution of modern man acquires its elevation.” Thus Beckett became the only first-class cricketer to win a Nobel Prize.

On being told of the Irishman’s love of cricket, many a non-initiate of this gloriously complicated and beautiful game has been known to nod knowingly. “Of course!” they exclaim: “The absurdly long pauses, the waiting and waiting for a resolution that may never come.” A recent writer, Roy Clements has taken this observation further: *Endgame* is not a meditation on the bleak wasteland of modernity but rather on the 1937 Test match between England and South Africa, abandoned after rain delayed play for ten days. Hamm is English captain Walter Hammond, Nagg and Nell are the umpires, and Clov is the batting glove. Fortunately, or otherwise, Beckett’s work lends itself to this type of speculation.

Beckett’s cricketing career is not quite as illustrious as his writing, yet it remains a favourite trivia fact of pub quizzers and Beckettians alike. The epithet “first-class” is earned by his having played twice against an English county team in the 1920s whilst engaged on tours with Trinity College, Dublin. He was apparently a useful left-handed opening batsman and a right-handed medium pace off-break bowler – talented in both bowling and batting well, highly exceptional in shifting hands to do so. His achievements have been recently brought to mind by the success of the Irish national cricket team in the Cricket World Cup, currently being held in the Caribbean. Whilst off-field stories have tragically dominated the front pages, the back pages have been filled with news of the progression of Ireland into the last eight in their inaugural tournament – ahead of elite teams like India and Pakistan. Given the overwhelming strength of the top four teams (Australia, Sri Lanka, South Africa, New Zealand) it is unlikely that either Ireland or England will progress any further.

This marks an extraordinary development in Irish cricket, but also an important moment in the cultural politics of sport in Ireland more generally. This year we have also seen Croke Park (Páirc an Chrócaigh) in Dublin, the home of Gaelic sports such as hurling and Gaelic football and site of 1920’s Bloody Sunday, controversially open its doors to rugby and soccer for the first time, following on from the dramatic rise of soccer in Ireland in the 1990s. Sports such as these were once symbols of unwanted outside influences in Ireland, “garrison games” associated with British rule in the nineteenth century, British influence in the twentieth and, throughout, Protestantism. The position is stated in a rhyme published in the *Gaelic Athlete* magazine for 3 February 1912:

elbiduubled
“Each foreign game, we now disdain
Golf, cricket, and ping pong
Rugby and soccer in our midst
Have flourished far too long.”

It is not surprising, when we discover that Samuel Beckett was proficient in all of these sports (as well as in other non-Gaelic activities such as cycle polo and motor biking), to learn that Beckett was educated in institutions modelled along British and international lines. It is also worth noting that, until 1970, Catholics who enrolled at Trinity College were excommunicated by their church, meaning that until that date it was principally an Anglican institution.

The story of the role of British educational establishments like Eton, Rugby and Oxford in the development of sport around the world is well enough known. Schools and universities modelled on them borrowed not just “football” and “soccer” (an Oxford University coinage, by the way, invented to distinguish the game from “footer” or “rugger”) but the whole competitive games ethos of British muscular Christianity. The ideas that a ‘healthy body makes a healthy mind’, that physical achievement builds character as well as dry academic pursuits and that the battle of Waterloo was “won on the playing fields of Eton” usefully sum up the nineteenth-century faith in the body and explain its new importance to education of this type. It is ironic but understandable that when patriots in Ireland sought to do away with British culture, they expelled the particular forms it took but not its underlying ethic. In 1882, the Gaelic Athletic Association was formed to promote Irish sports. It had strong political links and within five years a police report characterised the organisation as a militaristic faction determined on “combining the muscular youth of the country into an organization drilled and disciplined to form a physical power capable of overpowering and coercing the Home Rule Government of the future.” Of course, this is also how many others saw the presence of British sports in Ireland.

In whatever form it was felt, the cultural emphasis on sport helped establish a wedge between aesthetes and “hearties” (to use W.H. Auden’s term); between those who used their brains and those who used their braun. Elsewhere in society, the educated felt that sport was petit-bourgeois, middlebrow. Writers, too, tended towards the rejection of the sporting. W.B. Yeats might have celebrated the robust Irish peasant but his poetry dealt with the body along standard modernist lines, as a function of appetite and sensitivity. James Joyce cast himself as a Stephan Dedalus, excluded from sports through a lack of aptitude and a slight disdain for those who are good at it. However, Joyce was of the breed of writers who found enjoyment in watching competition. A four hundred line section of Finnegans Wake is given over to cricket, from which the title of this article is taken. It is a testament to just how wide the gap between sport and literature has been that the references to cricket in the following passage went unrecognised until the late 1990s:

“Declare to ashes and teste his metch!
Three for two will do for me and he for thee
and she for you. Goeasyosey, for the grace of the fields, or hooley pooley, cuppy, we’ll both be bye and by caught in the slips for fear he’d tyre and burst his dunlops and waken her borny-barnies making his boobybabies. The game old merrimynn, square to leg, with his lolleywide towelhat and his hobbsy socks and his wisden’s bosse […] (how’s that? Noball, he carries his bat!) nine hundred and dirty too not out”.
Such references, and the naming of England players such as Ranjitsinjhi and Hobbs, suggest the popularity of the game amongst a certain proportion of early twentieth-century Dubliners. That these should have included both Joyce and Beckett should cast into doubt not just the political generalisations made about British sports but also the assumption that, as writers, these men aesthetically rejected sports out of hand.

As mentioned earlier, the cricketing career of Beckett is little known, in part because he avoided mentioning it in his works or interviews. When revealed, the information leads one to suggest some parallel between pastime and profession. Yet it seems to me that what sport offered Beckett was an escape from his writing. Where his works deal with life reduced, wasted and absurd, the playing field offered artificial order. It offered also drama both trivial and central, and a drama moreover that had not been written.

This perhaps hints at the attraction of cricket over other sports for the writer, and especially the modern playwright. Terence Rattigan wrote a drama about cricket and the scriptwriter Peter Tinniswood has written a series of cricketing works. Tom Stoppard frequently discusses the game, most notably comparing a work of art to a well-sprung cricket bat: “What we’re trying to do is to write cricket bats, so that when we throw up an idea and give it a little knock, it might…travel…” (The Real Thing). Harold Pinter has come closest to emulating Beckett, but only in winning the Nobel Prize for literature. The greater feat still eludes him. In the meantime he has settled an age old debate: “Cricket is the greatest thing God ever created on earth,” he once wrote memorably, “certainly greater than sex, although sex isn’t too bad either.” Yet, not all playwrights love the game. “I never play cricket”, remarked Beckett’s fellow Dubliner, Oscar Wilde; “It requires one to assume such indecent postures.”

And at Linacre the great game continues, with all its indecency and beauty. Come see the World Cup televised on Sky in the TV Room up until the final on the 28th of April. Or, better still, come down and have a go with the Linacre College cricket team, the largest sporting club in college. It is a mixed team and competes in two leagues as well as Cuppers (Oxford slang for ‘cup’, along the lines of ‘soccer’ and ‘rugger’…). No Irish players as yet, but Welsh, Scottish, Australian, Kiwi, US and Canadian we have. Everyone welcome.

Please contact richard.rowley@linacre.ox.ac.uk if you’d like to know more or are interested in playing.
Linacre’s Resident Chef-Extraordinaire Brings You: FLAPJACKS

Chris Shea

Flapjacks

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredient</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Butter</td>
<td>1 Block (250g)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Light brown sugar, or Demerara cane sugar</td>
<td>½ Cup</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden syrup</td>
<td>3 Tablespoons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oats</td>
<td>4 Cups</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raisins, nuts, chocolate chips, etc.</td>
<td>1 Cup (optional)</td>
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Pre-heat your oven to 175°C. In a large sauce pan, over medium heat, melt the butter. Stir in the sugar and syrup. Allow all of the sugar to dissolve, making sure not to let the butter come to a boil. Reduce heat to low and add in oats. Mix until the oats are fully coated. Take the mixture off the heat. At this time, you can add any dried fruit, chocolate or other bits you might like. Spread the mixture out on a greased rectangular baking pan. Bake for 15 to 20 minutes. The top should brown slightly. For crispier flapjacks, leave in for an additional 5 to 10 minutes. Let cool for a few minutes and cut into bars.

For chocolate flapjacks, melt 2oz of dark chocolate with one tablespoon of milk along with the butter and sugar.

Enjoy!
Come to Trinidad and Tobago…

Dr Nailah Sieunarine & Clint Sieunarine

If per chance you had no clue about the tiny nation of Trinidad and Tobago when it swept the world off its feet with a fight for the Football World Cup in Germany last summer, giving goliath England a good run for its money, let us better acquaint you with our home country.

Sweet T & T are 2 of the southernmost Caribbean isles just off the coast of South America and under the rule of one government. How does a nation of less than 2000 square miles with a population of 1.3 million produce world-renowned talent such as cricket greats like Brian Lara, captain of the West Indies cricket team, Nobel Prize winning authors such as Oxford graduate V.S. Naipaul and Derek Walcott, Olympic medallists such as Ato Boldon and world stage artistic designers such as Peter Minshall? Or the less well-known fact that WE invented the steelpan, the instrument that creates those idyllic strains of music whenever you think Caribbean.

Culturally diverse T & T is one of the most prosperous countries in the Caribbean thanks largely to petroleum and natural gas production and processing. Trinidad especially has earned a reputation as an excellent investment site for international businesses. Tourism, mostly in Tobago, is targeted for expansion and is growing steadily.

So why would you want to come here, other than for the Cricket 2007 World Cup? Even if you were fed up of those holidays sunning around on those gorgeous white sand beaches which abound in Tobago and the North Coast of Trinidad, T & T offers so much more and takes you off the beaten track. Trinidad is a nature hotspot with ecological tours and bird watching in natural sanctuaries. You can test the healing powers of a mineral bath in the Pitch Lake, one of 3 natural asphalt lakes in the world. Or go hiking to waterfalls in lush mountainsides, or turtle watching on the beaches at night.

National Bird, Scarlet Ibis
Tobago is currently the hottest property development island in the Caribbean. While Tobago has the peaceful resort beach atmosphere with scuba diving, surfing and aquatic activities, Trinidad shakes things up with its crazy, vibrant nightlife, especially around the Carnival season from February to March. The elite carnival fetes such as Moka are hubs of activity. Outside this period, international artists and world-renowned music DJs visit the twin-island republic for sell-out performances in the hottest clubs around the capital, Port of Spain.

‘Liming’ is a way of life: sort of a very chilled pub hangout, in the company of friends, whether at any of the local hotspots or the more international TGIFs or Ruby Tuesdays, sipping on a local “Carib” or “Stag” beer. The melting pot of people in T&T contributes to the unique flavours of the diverse cuisine – the seafood is more succulent, the local spices and dishes are more piquant. Moreover, be sure to try the ‘doubles’ from the roadside vendors - it is a ‘sandwich’ made with two flat fried breads, called “bhara” (hence the name “doubles”) and filled with curried chickpeas, commonly called channa. Topped with a variety of spicy chutneys, this delicacy is undoubtedly one of the more popular fast foods in T & T.

Historically, Trinidad and Tobago adopted the health, education and legal systems of Great Britain as a relic of our colonial past, not to mention we drive on the left! The multicultural nature of T&T encourages us to celebrate and respect the various festivals and religious occasions including Divali, Holi and Eid ul-Fitr. The temple at Waterloo (central Trinidad) is fascinating in that it was constructed on the sea and is visited by several tourists every day. The recently built Hanuman temple flaunts intricate and meticulous architecture, very similar to those in India – this is not surprising as it was designed and developed by Indian contractors.

Whatever the reason, rate or rhythm of your pace, sweet T & T has something to offer for everyone. So the next time you see your favourite Trinidadian around college, greet him with the familiar trini-slang, “Let’s lime!” And then buy him a pint.
The thing is...

O reason not the need! Our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous.
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man’s life is as cheap as beast’s.
- King Lear, Act 2, Scene 4, lines 263-266

Alice Little

The problem with humanity is that we always think there’s a problem with humanity. It’s an inherent ‘it’s not you: it’s me’ syndrome – we always want to blame ourselves, often for problems that simply don’t exist.

One of the most obvious examples of this in the field of material anthropology is Americanisation: the idea that people around the world are buying the same mass produced things with the same brand names and thus all assimilating to a grand American template of modern society.

However, our preoccupation with ‘Americanisation’ ignores the contribution of much of the rest of the world to consumer culture. In fact, so strong is the myth of Americanisation that there is even an overriding feeling in Japan that American consumer culture is destroying native traditions – and this from the country that produced Sony, Pokemon and Toyota!

There is no good reason to see consumption as a Bad Thing and shopping as a vice, our desire to consume a weakness, as if we’re back in the Garden of Eden all over again. Of course, there are many different kinds of consumption – who would view a starving mother buying food for her children with the same disdain and disgust as a model buying her 30th pair of Prada shoes? We would say that there is a level of consumption that is necessary for survival and that only ‘surplus’ purchases are inherently evil. But where do we draw the line? When does practicality become fashion? At what stage does necessity become luxury?

Turning to the Journal of Consumer Culture (yes, it does exist – specifically issue 1(2):225-43), Daniel Miller argues that our preoccupation with materialism is based on the belief that attachment to objects is achieved at the expense of devotion to persons.’ Yet in many ways consumer culture enhances such relationships, thus it is necessary to seek out a shirt that strikes the right balance between the ‘cool’ and the ‘respectable’, and to find just the right thing for a friend’s birthday to demonstrate both how well you know them and how much you care.
In fact, in his fieldwork Miller found it is often those with the fewest things who sacrifice personal relationships as a result of their desire for things. Like children with dolls, we need to learn how to assimilate things so that we can know how to relate to people. Thus it was ‘the people who found they could not relate to their kitchen furnishing who also had difficulty in establishing friendships and social lives.’ So why do we still insist that consumption is destroying both culture and society?

According to Miller, what most of the world desperately needs is more consumption: more pharmaceuticals, more housing, more transport, more books, and more computers. ‘I would consider myself a hypocrite if I saw the aspiration of any other person to at least the same level of consumption that I enjoy with my family as anything other than reason-

able’ (Miller 2001:227-8).

You may be wondering why Miller chose to do fieldwork among the residents of council estates when most anthropologists jet off somewhere a little warmer. However, temperature aside, our own back yard is just as interesting as a site of study, for if we approach our own culture with the same tact as an anthropologist in the jungle, we find ourselves in ‘a world where a pair of Nike trainers or Gap jeans might be extraordinarily eloquent about the care a mother has for her child, or the aspirations of an asthmatic child to take part in sports’ (Miller 2001:228).

So why do we continue to distinguish between adequate housing and warm clothing on the one hand and ‘consumer goods’ on the other? Since when were books and medicine not consumed? When we think about our own materialism we are looking at the world in terms of what we ‘could do without’ but a faster computer, one’s own car and the other things we choose to consume are what allow us to do the things we do, and as such represents who we are – our culture. There are a hundred shirts that would ‘do’ for someone else, but we continue shopping until we find the right one for us.

It is precisely this rich symbolism and interpretation of social and material relations that has led anthropologists to leave Britain for their fieldwork. But enticing as this may be, there’s a wealth of anthropological excitement to be found right on our doorsteps, streets and shops. Which reminds me: I need to go to Sainsbury’s….
It’s there when I wake up in the morning. It’s there when I go to sleep at night. It’s especially there when someone asks me to go for a drink. I’d rather it wasn’t there at all. No, it’s not an unsightly appendage, but something far more weighty (in a metaphorical sense). Throughout my time in Oxford I have felt it, but only lately have I become wise enough to understand the nature of the beast. No, it’s not the force. Can you guess what it is yet? (said like Rolf Harris). Here’s a clue - it’s an emotion, and one which people don’t like to discuss cos it’s bad, mmmkay. It’s that gnawing ever-present feeling that no amount of work is quite enough.

I’ve coined the phrase ‘Oxford guilt’ because it’s pretty obvious and I couldn’t be bothered to think of anything else. Although we named it first, it, like many other things, is not exclusive to Oxford, but exists in the real world too. You get it when you haven’t done something you think you should have – think missing a friend or relative’s birthday or forgetting to do a favour for someone. It is different to the guilt which accompanies having done something wrong and so it encompasses a different feeling; for me it’s a dull feeling in my stomach or an edgy nervousness. You see, the mind is like an onion, it consists of many layers of thoughts and feelings, and you can have more than one at once (!). You can have a subconscious feeling in the ‘back of your mind’ or a certain mood while consciously thinking of something altogether different. Yes, even that.

What on earth am I talking about? Something that exists which you can’t see? Reach for the straightjacket, unless you do know what it is when you actually stop to think about it? At least one other person I have spoken to does, and his name is Dr Klotz, so there. Here’s what I am getting at. Let’s think back to school, partly because it’s fun. There we had a timetable, telling us exactly how much time was required to tackle each subject; let’s face it, after GCSEs homework is for people who either went to a bad school or a mixed school. 3:35pm, job done, play time. There was also a syllabus, the intimate knowledge of which guarantees 100%, and which is a surmountable task, especially these days...

As an undergraduate there was essentially still a syllabus, though slightly more pie-in-the-sky because no one could be bothered to write it. There were also lectures, classes, tutorials and perhaps labs to attend, but herein the problems begin. Think how much free time you had as an undergraduate; it gives you a warm feeling inside doesn’t it? But with that free time comes the responsibility of getting your work done within that time, and the plethora of distractions that your new-found freedom has to offer. I found it impossible to know everything I was taught at university as thoroughly as I knew my school work; I even chose not to learn certain things, which made me feel quite naughty I can tell you. There is no way on earth I could ever have received 100% on an exam in Oxford, but that is just the norm. At university, people are classified not just by their ability to do the work, but also their ability to get the work done. Tell yourself you could have got a better degree if you’d worked as hard as those other geeks. I know I do.
I also know a man. He regrets his time as an undergraduate because all he did was work, and given that he went to the second best college in Oxford, I feel he missed out big style. By the time you are a postgraduate, heaven forbid, there is no syllabus, and to make matters worse you are more or less your own boss when it comes to working hours! Help! The only guideline we have are those goalposts at the beginning and end of the three years, and they are about as rigid as my right leg was, or else who would be writing this veritable tripe, pray tell? Then we have the legendary stories about the shortest, ropiest thesis ever accepted in the world ever, 1995! Life is hard, as the famous band Runrig sang in a groundbreaking song of 1999. In one of their earlier works however, they told us that life is wonderful, so I don’t know where that leaves us.

You want some proof do you? A major consequence of all this guilt floating around the ether is that a lot of serious drinking goes on. Yes, serious drinking is top fun, but in the game of trying to shut out the thoughts of should I or shouldn’t I be doing this, drink does the bizness. How often do you think about your work in a negative way when you are scrawl-eyed? How often do you go a little bit crazy for the pop in a fit of self-destruction? Quite.

The weekends are where the beast really comes into its own. There’s always a temptation to pop into the lab, library or office because you think that whatever else you might get up to is less important than furthering your career/saving the human race. It isn’t. Whatever else probably involves friends, the opposite sex, sport, alcohol (the drink not the drug), films, relaxing or random combinations of the above. These things make the world go round just as much. All work and no play makes Johnny a boring boy, and if you don’t believe in sayings, then remember there’s no smoke without fire, so they must be true.

I’m not saying that all this is bad, after all it comes with the territory of academia. The pleasure of learning is never a completed task by definition; so how can we ever know when enough is enough? Some people naturally strike a balance, and go home at a reasonable time. I envy them. My advice is track one of them down and force them to tell you how they do it a fingerprint. If you can’t find one because they aren’t at work when you get round to it, then perhaps just being aware of ‘it’ may help. Maybe there is something wholesome in a 9 to 5 job after all, analogous to school, because you can usually forget your work entirely until the following day and go for a guilt-free shandy. Perhaps I’ll look into that. (A word of warning—I’m a chemist not a psychiatrist. Oh, and a 4th year).
A Second Childhood in Oxford Town

Nicholas Luke

Before there was ‘Oxford guilt’ there was ‘Oxford innocence’. It is the innocence of new-arrivals, of masters students, of those yet to plunge into the guilt-ridden D.Phil. Whether this is true or not these were my thoughts in my first couple of months in Oxford as I contemplated why so many people from all over the world spend years of their lives here. Good reputation, teaching, and research, certainly. But there is something more, something indefinable wafting in the air. The more I have sniffed at this tingling, floating fragrance, the more I have been taken back to the sweet smell of childhood. Amidst old buildings, decrepit flats, and aged academics, is a childlike odour of jubilant irresponsibility. Savouring the smell I began to realise that this might be the appeal of Oxford – it is a second childhood, reliving the school years but with more beer and freedom.

People live in dorms, see each other in school (i.e. college) almost every day, play sport together, play silly games (darts, table football, beer pong), don’t concern themselves with the ‘real’ world (if it exists), and have their activities organised for them. Exchange dinners with other colleges (i.e. schools), quiz nights, open mic nights, games nights, movie nights, sport watching nights, pub crawl nights, crew-date nights, blind-date nights, etc etc. These organised activities may inevitably involve alcohol but the carefree school-like vibe is inescapable. During the day people play with school-like projects, do research for assignments, go to libraries, and stop for lunch hour for a bite to eat and a chat.

Now I probably would have kept all this ‘insight’ (i.e. nonsense) to myself if it wasn’t for the Oxford snow day when the childlike truly came to the fore. Remember the Simpsons episode when school is cancelled because of the snow? That was snow day. After realising it was not a day for working, I spent it embroiled in snowball fights around town. Riding my bike, taking photos to send to friends and family back in sunny Brisbane, I was suddenly struck by a speeding snowball from the battlements of Exeter. Those crazy characters from Exeter were bombarding all-comers, challenging them to engage in a snowball battle whose aim, as far as I could gather, was to knock down the snowman built on their wall, which they were optimistically attempting to defend. Fortunately I kept my balance on the slipping, sliding bike, skidded to safety, and rendezvoused with a friend to join the battle now called ‘The Death of the Snowman’ (or ‘The Glorious Fall of the Valiant Snow Warrior’ according to Exeter historians).

The snowman dead, battle subsided. Exeter mourned their fallen. We departed to seek out new fields. Specifically, these fields were the University Parks where much of Linacre was gathered for various forms of snow warfare. It was here that I witnessed the ingenious construction of an igloo. The exuberance of childhood fort-building recaptured in the snow-covered fields of Oxford. I like igloos very much.

I left with a smile, cold but happy. Sat down, drank some hot chocolate, contemplated doing some work, and instead wrote this email (now article). There are a lot of good reasons to come to Oxford but a second childhood seems as good as any.

Apologies for the fluffy ramblings, snowy photos, and juvenile self-indulgence of this article but, as they say, childhood only comes twice so why not make the most of it. More relevantly, I needed another page to complete this edition!
“On 12 Nov 1876 I began vol 1 of this history . . .” read the pencilled scrawl.

What can you learn about someone from the books he owns? A look inside Linacre Library.

Aaron Holdway

I don’t know exactly why, but I’ve always been fascinated by old books. It doesn’t matter how boring the subject matter; if it’s old, I’m interested.

Maybe it’s because I’m from Canada, where anything older than your grandmother is liable to receive National Heritage protection. This is a country where a building built in 1996 can be listed as one of “Canada’s Historic Places” (and if state funding was sufficient, I’m sure your grandmother could get listed too).

One of the first things I did when I arrived at Linacre was to peruse the college library for old books. When I say old, I mean in the Canadian sense. I would pull down a red, cracked-leather volume, peek inside at the date of publication, then put it back and try to find an older one. Sometimes I find unexpected glimpses of another age. In the back of a diminutive volume of Poe’s works, you can see ads for other books from the publisher. With remarkable can-do Victorian spirit, one ad trumpeted The Amateur Mechanic, “A Cyclopedia of Constructive and Decorative Art and Manual Labour, Being the Seventh Annual Volume of “AMATEUR WORK, ILLUSTRATED.” Here, with the aid of nothing more than a book, one could teach oneself “Electrotyping, Tin-Plate Working, Fretworking, Model-Engine Making, Upholstery, Pianoforte Making, Watch and Clock Cleaning, Organ Building, Gas Fitting, Violin Making, Brass Casting, Bird Stuffing...”. Apparently anything was possible at that time. The only thing standing between you and having a fully-operational forge in your breakfast nook, it seems, was volume 8.

It’s the unexpected things that really make me do it, and I was delighted to find a number of surprising, sometimes personal glimpses into the original owners of books now in Linacre Library. One of the first books I looked at was The Dialogues of Plato, a beautiful – though dusty – set of deep-red volumes with gilt type and gilt edges, inscribed as follows: “Presented to the Rev. R. Llugwy Owen, M.A., Ph.D., of Neckarmont, Conway, by the members of the Welsh Class, as a slight recognition of his kind Voluntary Services as teacher during the Second Session, 1893-4.” So who exactly was this Rev. Owen I wondered? Naturally, I first turned to Google – but since Owen is a figure from another century and didn’t create a popular comic book or a fad toy from the 1980s, little information was to be found. The only hit was for a sale on eBay of a 10-kilo box of old Welsh-language books, one of which, Hanes Athroniaeth y Groegiaid, is by our Rev. Owen. (E-Bay suggests you may be interested in similar items such as “Hanes Beefy T-Shirt Twin Pack” and “3 Glow-in-the-Dark Hanes Underpants.”)

http://www.historicplaces.ca/rep-reg/affichage-display_e.aspx?Id=6334
But we can learn something about Rev. Owen from his books. Inside the front cover of the Dialogues, in the tiniest handwriting imaginable, Rev. Owen posed a few questions before beginning to read. “What does the man say in 5 volumes?” he mused. “May they be boiled down to 5 lines? Are they worth our attention?” And with an all but audible sigh: “We scarcely have time for that now.” (Perhaps in 1884, we can imagine him saying, but surely not now, in the frenetic, “go-go-go” world of 1894.) Yet read the whole lot he did. Right from the first volume to the last, the margins are full of the same tiny handwriting, sometimes in English, sometimes in Greek, sometimes in German – sometimes even given over to mathematical equations and diagrams. This man clearly did more than write books in Welsh about glow-in-the-dark underpants.

A number of the oldest books, dating from the 1860s and 1870s, come from the library of a man named George Whale. I wondered what I could learn about him and again turned to the Web. According to what Google could uncover, he may have been an inmate of the Bradfield Union Workhouse; a major in the RAF and author of British Airships: Past, Present, and Future; Locomotive Superintendent of the London and North Western Railway; or a scholar on Samuel Johnson and a friend of H.G. Wells. Or perhaps none of these. It looked like I would be left to piece together what I could from the parts of his personal library that found their way to Linacre. Fortunately, I was to have more at my disposal than I first thought.

First, Mr. Whale had a wide range of interests, often bordering on the esoteric. How else to explain his owning a five-volume set entitled The Works of That Learned and Judicious Divine, Mr. Richard Hooker, With an Account of His Life and Death. Yet we also know he actually read these books and didn’t just buy them to impress his friends. In a multi-volume history of Rome (imaginatively titled History of Rome) by one Theodor Mommsen, Mr. Whale penciled a list of which pages he read each day, starting on 12 November 1876. And as he read along, he would make rather erudite notes in the margin, noting parallels between moments in Roman history and events from his own time. In one place, when the Roman senate forced out a tribune but continued to govern with his constitution, Mr. Whale remarked: “England on return of Tories to power in 1874.” It’s not often you can learn history from someone’s scrawlings in the margin of a book.

But at the end of the History was an even greater surprise, perhaps showing that Mr. Whale may have had some sense that someone like me would be looking back on his books several generations hence. On the last page of the last volume, Mr. Whale had written a full page, beginning, “On 12 Nov 1876 I began vol 1 of this history and now on 22 Sept 1878 I finish vol 4.” Mr. Whale concluded that “Mommsen is not a brilliant word painter of the orthodox type such as Macauley, or in the more erratic style of Carlyle,” and laments that “it is as impossible to get a connected idea of events as it is from Carlyle’s French Revolution.” Ouch.

So we know he can be scathing – and rightly so, given that he had spent nearly two years wading through this morass. We can also tell that Mr. Whale was not on the committee that would eventually award Mr. Mommsen the Nobel Prize in Literature for this work.
Yet even after this slog, we can see that Mr. Whale remained an indefatigable reader. Not content with Mommsen’s history of Rome, Whale moved on to Gibbon’s staggering eight-volume *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. (We can surmise here that Mr. Whale had not noticed that *The Times* had called Mommsen’s history of Rome “by far the best” – or else Whale was something of a masochist.) In any case, we see him record inside the front cover on 11 April 1886: “Shall I ever finish?” Mr. Whale read sporadically, recording the pages covered in each session. At one point, it looked as though things ground to a halt. Was he defeated? No. Inside the front cover he pasted a newspaper article on the centenary of *Decline and Fall*’s original publication, which read in part: “We are approaching the new year, that season when weak people frame pious resolutions … Students who are trying…to avoid literary dissipation, cannot do much better than select Gibbon … Who will not ‘turn over a new leaf,’ and let Gibbon’s be the next?” Well, me, for one. But not Mr. Whale. He doggedly began reading anew, heading all the way back to page 1 on 1 January 1888, and finishing a further year and a half later. What determination! And was it worth the effort? Mr. Whale notes at the end: “It does not on the whole present favourable views of human nature. What true history does? Above all it impresses me with the idea that…”civilization’ advances very slowly and in a very zigzag line.” That may be a bit disappointing a conclusion after 3500 pages of reading, but he must have been absolutely exhausted by that point.

But the best was yet to come. Fortunately, Mr. Whale continued his habit of inserting newspaper clippings into his books – sometimes carefully pasted into the front cover; other times stuffed between the pages somewhere mid-volume. Inside the faded cover of *The Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer*, Mr. Whale had pasted the author’s obituary from *The Times*, dated 8 October 1912. I’m not sure why, but I flipped over the yellowed paper gently and looked to see what was on the back. I was astonished to read an account of an inquest into the sinking of the Titanic! “Lord C. Beresford (Portsmouth, Opp.), a Chairman of the Committee for inquiry into methods of saving life at sea, which sat in 1887, claimed hearing from the House,” it began. “The basis of the present proposals was the deplorable accident to the Titanic” – not yet six months distant! Here was an original of an article on the Titanic in the year it sank! I read on to find that, despite the massive loss of life, Lord Beresford didn’t think it was necessary to have enough lifeboats for all passengers and said he “would deplore a suggestion that the Board of Trade should in any way interfere with the designs of ships … [T]he design should be left to the shipowners who had made the British mercantile marine the finest in the world.”

So what do we know about Rev. Owen and Mr. Whale? What can we learn about them from their books? They were both clearly scholarly men (even if one was an inmate) who wished to broaden themselves with challenging books. They were clearly determined readers, willing to slog through multi-volume works even after false starts and initial expressions of doubt about the fruitfulness of the exercise. And they both left behind a small glimpse into their lives through their books. Although now cracked, faded, and dusty, these volumes have survived to share fascinating insights into the personal history of two men.

At the very least, these men are both older than my country. And considerably older than my grandmother.
Nicholas Luke

It is an often-mentioned fact that Johnny Depp based his portrayal of Jack Sparrow in *Pirates of the Caribbean* on one Keith Richards, Mr Rock 'n' Roll, Keef. It now appears certain that Keef will appear as Captain Jack’s father, Teague Sparrow, in the final instalment of this piratical trilogy, *Pirates of the Caribbean: At World’s End*. I consider this to be some of the greatest news we have had this century. However when I have expressed my enthusiasm in recent times a number of people have either stared blankly or simply shrugged. Keith who? Aren’t the Rolling Stones either dead or close to it? Perhaps they should be but they are not. Despite his (rather appropriate) recent fall from a coconut tree, Keef remains strong, virile, and ever so naughty. In these too-brief lines I hope to show people why they should be excited that this great man is to appear opposite the jaunty Johnny Depp and receive the accolades he deserves.

Keith Richards is undoubtedly the poster boy of Rock ‘n’ Roll excess; foremost in the pantheon of Rock gods. The celebration of wannabe show-boat bad-boys such as ‘Slim Shady’ has led to a media driven, sinister, and deliberate ignorance of the genuine bad boys of music. Keef went about the business of being a bad boy in a manner becoming a true bad boy – a minimum of fuss, a trail of destruction, and numerous legal battles. All without the shameless self-promotion & manufactured hype of modern anti-heroes like that Eminem guy. He was the real deal. He balanced being one of the most successful and prolific composers – the Jagger/Richards combination alone can rival Lennon/McCartney – with being Rock ‘n’ Roll’s most notorious drug fiend. As with that archetypal anti-hero Satan in *Paradise Lost*, “his face / Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care / Sat on his faded cheek”.

“If Keith Richards didn’t exist, Rock’n’Roll would have to invent him”
(Chatelaine Magazine)
Keef has battled it all. Scarred by his decades of heroin & alcohol addiction, he remains firm in his lifestyle and in his defiance of the trends. No Alcoholics Anonymous, no rehab, no clean living for Keef. Just the other day he admitted to NME that he snorted his father’s ashes (who died in 2002) after “grinding him up with a little bit of blow”. His manager subsequently claimed this was said in jest but this is Keith Richards and we cannot be sure. After all, this was the man who was rumoured to have had a complete blood transfusion in 1973 to help him detox. Needless to say, the mythical procedure was a resounding failure. When asked how he stays fit, Keef answers: “Passing the vodka bottle. And playing the guitar.” He remains proud and steadfast – putting forth his ineradicable self against the proud authorities of this world. As Keef says, “I never had a problem with drugs, only with cops”.

He is the man who dreamed the riff to ‘Satisfaction’. He is the man voted ‘most likely celebrity to die this year’, for every year of the 70s. He is the man who helped bring the 60s to an end at Altamont, where the Hells Angels (inexplicably hired by the Stones as security) stabbed a man to death as they played ‘Sympathy for the Devil’. He is the man who was caught in Canada with enough heroin to be classified a trafficker and be sentenced to life, only to get off with paying a fine and playing a benefit concert due to the pleas of a young blind woman he had guided home safely after a concert. And he is the man who, according to OJ’s driver, knows the truth of the OJ Simpson case.

Like his fictional embodiment on the high seas, Richards has had a somewhat strained relationship with the law. Indeed, he has remarked: “I would have loved to have been a pirate. I am fascinated with the idea of standing on one’s own two feet. The idea of freedom, of being responsible to oneself only, of accepting no authority. That’s probably one reason why I became a musician. Because ever since I left school, nobody has ever heard a “Yes, Sir” from me. Apart from a few exceptions: in court and in jail.” Despite this admission, he has come up with some rather innovative legal defences. Try this one in court: “We are not old men, we are not worried about petty morals” (in court, 1967).

But Keef has his humanities. A complex man from a complex band – composing the outrageous, like ‘Star Fucker’, and the sublime, like ‘Shine a Light’ – Keef says that he “often cries”. And when asked what he would wish if he discovered a magic lamp, he replied, “I would tell the genie: Do something for the others. Help the Africans, help those who hate each other. Help them to overcome this hatred! I don’t need anything. I got enough! Go and use my wish for the others.”

Is it any wonder then that this raffish, ridiculous, inspired, humane, lovable pirate is Depp’s model for his affable Captain Jack, the cinematic pirate that has taken the world by storm? Can we feel anything but privileged that we can witness the two sauntering side by side, as father and son, great entertainers both? Is it a coincidence that this year’s Linacre Ball is pirate themed? In times of great need and challenge a hero emerges – Keef did it for Rock ‘n’ Roll; Captain Jack for cinema. They should both probably be dead but they live to show that if you try sometimes, you just might find, you just mind find, you get what you need. Ooh yes! Wah-woo!
Linacre Open Mic Nights

Michael Craig

In the common room after dinner on a cold winter Friday, people are relaxing with their post-dinner coffee or cider. It seems a fairly normal night, except for some Scotsman fiddling with wires, guitars and desperately hoping that the large speakers from the PA won’t fall on some unsuspecting soul. There had been some mutterings about having an open stage night, but the calm had fallen on the common room and the few people around were happily chilling out.

They’re brutally startled by a nasty screech filling the room as some fool stands too close to the speakers with a microphone. The misery gets worse as said Scotsman starts strumming his guitar loudly and wailing like a banshee into the microphone. His posh English comrade nervously picks up a guitar and they knock out a rendition of Hotel California that would have the Eagles turning in their graves, even though they still seem to be alive.

Another couple of songs are bastardised before the gathering crowd realise that the only way to make the pain stop is to get up on stage and wrestle the guitars away… up steps Joe to play a few songs and add a bit of talent to the evening.

Inspired by this, Stuart Ingleby graces the stage with a cool bit of Pink Floyd and then Fleetwood Mac. This is followed by an interesting poetry recital, a song about cows from an Irish man, and a didgeridoo competition. The whole night then gets rather funky with some very cool blues jamming from Joe, Gabe (coming out of musical retirement especially for the session) and Yambazi, where they manage to confer both musical skill AND style upon the night (something I’ve always aspired to but have yet to achieve!)

The wailing Scotsman self-indulgently tortures the crowd with a cover of The Proclaimers, hoping that his authentic accent would make up for a complete lack of tonality. The night is then finished off with another funky blues jam. It seems that Linacre’s first Open Stage night went by rather well and most people had recovered from the painful and slow start.

Our next Open Stage night will be on Friday, the 25th May and this time we’ll have the bar and music until 12:30am. So start practicing your party pieces, you’ve got nearly 2 months to get something together to impress your fellow Linacrites with your musical prowess, poetic talents or interesting party tricks. With a free drink (soft or otherwise) for every performer, you should come along and do Linacre a service by keeping the stage too busy for me to inflict my singing at everyone…
After a one year hiatus, the Linacre ball is making an eagerly anticipated return with a theme chosen to spark creativity.

A fun night is guaranteed. After all, Linacre is well established as a juggernaut of graduate entertainment at Oxford University.

Free drink all night!
Live entertainment (including The Pussycats)
Hog roast and vodka luge

Tickets are now on sale for £55 each or for six at £50 each. A ticket request form is supplied overleaf.

There are some opportunities to earn money during the ball. Jobs include bar tending, cloak room management and serving food. If you are interested please contact: charlotte.taylor@linacre.ox.ac.uk

The biggest event of the Linacre social calendar beckons - welcome to our ball!
Ticket Request Form

Linacre Ball 2007 | Saturday 23 June | 8 pm to 4 am
www.linacre.ox.ac.uk/ball | ball@linacre.ox.ac.uk

You may request as many tickets as you wish, but please use a separate form for each ticket requested. Also, you can pay for your guests' tickets or they can pay for themselves - just follow the instructions below.

Title | Forename | Surname

Are you a pirate or a princess?

Pirate: ☠ Tick one
Princess: ⭐ Tick one

Ticket delivery address

Postcode

Email

Oxford University college

If applicable | Bod. card no.

If applicable

Are you paying for your own ticket?

Yes: Tick one
No: Tick one

Provide the name of the person paying for your ticket here.

Name

Attach your form to the form of the person paying for your ticket.

Payment

I am paying for the following number of tickets (1 to 9):

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Please complete one form for each ticket requested and attach these to the back of this form.

Payment method

Cheque: Tick one
Linacre Battels: Tick one
Credit/debit card: Tick one

Payment by cheque

I attach a cheque made payable to 'Linacre College'.

For official use only

Payment by Linacre Battels

I authorize payment from my Linacre Battels account. My Linacre Battels account is active and not black-listed.

For official use only

Payment by credit/debit card

Complete this form and bring it to the Porter's Lodge at Linacre College where the receptionist will process your payment. Thanks.
(Mon. to Fri. 9:00 am to 4:00 pm)

For official use only

Declaration

- I understand that payment is not refundable.
- I am an Oxford University member or a bona fide guest.
- I am aware that plans for food, drink and entertainment are subject to change.

Signature

Date

Send completed form(s) in an envelope to: Ball Tickets, Porter's Lodge, Linacre College, St. Cross Rd, Oxford. OX1 3JA

£55 each or 6 for £50 each

Group discount: Forms submitted together in multiples of 6 are eligible for a group discount of £5 per ticket. Please tick if you wish to avail of this promotion.
Until next time...