

# THE MITRE

VOL. III, No. 3

DECEMBER 6, 2004 - *St. Nicholas*

FORTY-FIVE PENCE

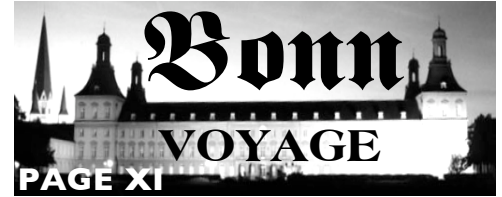
**George Weigel on the Buttiglione Affair**

**PAGE IV**

**ARCHITECTURE**



**BACK PAGE**



**Bonn VOYAGE**

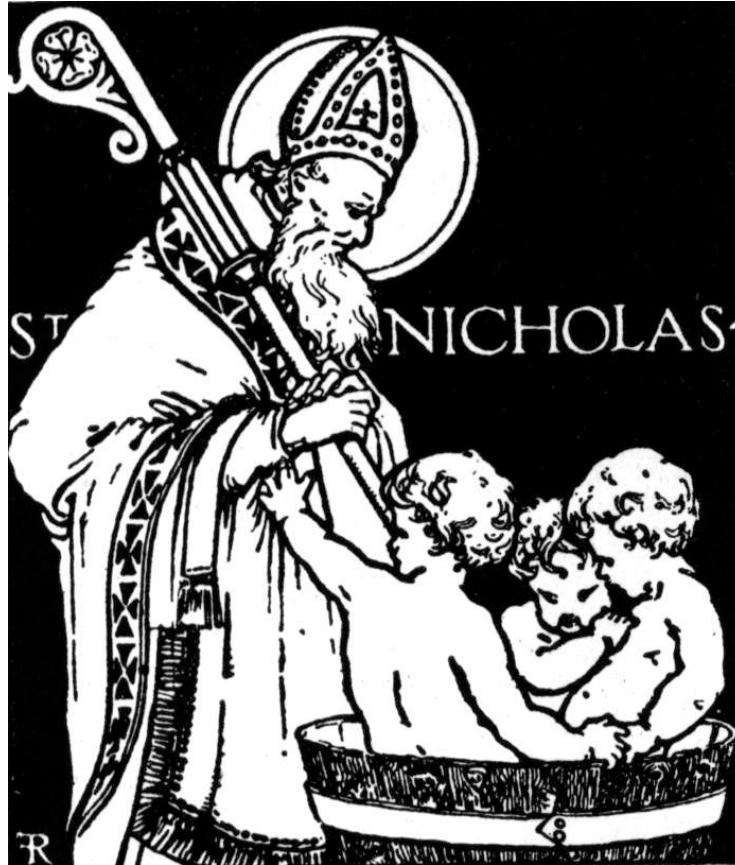
**PAGE XI**

## NEW INSTITUTE FOUNDED BY UNIVERSITY

A NEW institute has been founded in the University's world renowned and highly regarded School of International Relations. The Institute of Middle East, Central Asia, and Caucasus Studies or MECACS will provide a focus for interdisciplinary studies of that region.

MECACS will offer a one year Masters degree programme aimed at both students and professionals.

"The Middle East, Central Asia, and the Caucasus have become central to contemporary security studies," said Dr. Sally Cummings, the director of the new institute. "Home to substantial oil reserves and some of the world's most intractable conflicts, the areas attract strong Western interest."



## Nicholas of Myra - December 6

Today is the Feast of St. Nicholas, a fourth century Bishop of Myra now Demre in modern Turkey known for his piety and generosity.

Nicholas was born into a wealthy family and raised a devout Christian. His parents, however, died in an outbreak of disease while Nicholas was very young. He distributed his sizeable inheritance to the poor and sick, and became a priest, being ordained to the episcopacy while he was still young.

Nicholas was jailed during the persecutions instituted by the Emperor

Diocletian, but upon his release participated in the Council of Nicaea in the year 325.

According to one of many legends, three boys were robbed and killed by an innkeeper who hid their bodies in a large tub. St. Nicholas, staying at the inn, dreamt of the crime, woke up and summoned the innkeeper. As Nicholas prayed, the three boys were restored to life.

In England, it was once tradition to elect a choirboy as bishop for the day of St. Nicholas's feast.

**For more information see:**  
<http://www.stnicholascenter.org>

## FEARS OF TB OUTBREAK AT ST ANDREWS

AROUND ONE hundred and seventy St Andrews students were offered tuberculosis screenings after a student in the Bute Medical School was diagnosed with the disease. The University reports that the student has returned home to England and is reported to be recovering well.

NHS Fife said the risk to students and staff was extremely low. Dr. Charles Saunders of the NHS told the BBC that "all potential contacts have been identified and have been spoken to by the University and we have written to them to make them aware of the situation."

"It is important to stress that it is very difficult to catch tuberculosis," Dr. Saunders continued. "It requires close and prolonged contact with an infected person and even then only a very small proportion of people actually develop the disease."

A spokesman for the University said "We are working closely with Fife NHS Board and are satisfied the risks to students and staff are extremely low and all appropriate measures have been taken."

### inside THE MITRE

|   |       |
|---|-------|
| News  | I-III |
| Features  | IV-V  |
| In The Colleges   | VI    |
| Fashion   | VII   |
| Leisurely Pursuits  | VIII  |
| Social Report   | IX    |
| Opinion & Comment   | X-XI  |
| Architecture  | XII   |
| the Mitre of St Andrews, 2004<br>For God, Country, and St Andrews |       |

## IN BRIEF

Stiff Sentences  
for Montagnards

HANOI A court in Vietnam's Central Highlands sentenced 17 Montagnard tribesmen to as much as 10 years in prison for a series of protests that occurred on the eve of Easter this past year.

The mostly Christian Montagnards were protesting the official Communist government's oppression of the Church in Vietnam

AsiaNews reports that human rights groups claim ten people were killed by police forces during the peaceful protest in Buon Ma Thuot, capital of the Dac Lak province. Vietnam's central government in Hanoi, however, claims only two died, and that they were killed by other protestors.

The Catholic Church and the Communist government in Vietnam have an often uneasy relationship. The Church is not oppressed to the same extent as in neighbouring Communist China, but still faces intimidation and threats.

UN Urges Poland  
to Allow Abortion

GENEVA The United Nations Human Rights Committee reviewing Poland's compliance with the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights has demanded the overwhelmingly Catholic nation "liberalize" its abortion laws defending the rights of unborn children.

The Committee said it had "deep concern about restrictive abortion laws in Poland" and also encouraged the government to promote contraception and sex education.

Anna Sobecka, a Member of Parliament for the Polish League of Families party said the law should not be changed. "Abortion should be completely outlawed... it is manslaughter," Sobecka said. "What is a baby, even one created by rape, guilty of that we commit him to death?"

Poland has had strict laws protecting the unborn since the downfall of the Communism. The country of about 30 million has fewer than 200 abortions per year.

Ratzinger: Secularism is  
Threatening FreedomVatican Official  
Warns of Creeping  
Totalitarianism

IN AN interview with Italy's respected *La Repubblica* newspaper, Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger has expressed his extreme concern for the "aggressive secular ideology" which is pushing God out of the European public sphere.

Rather than allowing for religion to flourish in society, the Cardinal contends that secularism is forcing religion into the purely private and individual realm. "It is being transformed into an ideology which is imposed through politics and does not give public space to the Catholic or Christian vision," Ratzinger said, "which runs the risk of becoming something purely private and thus disfigured."

"To me, it seems necessary to rediscover and the energy to do so exists that even the political and economic spheres need moral responsibility, a responsibility



THE 'PANZER CARDINAL': Ratzinger is head of the Vatican's Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith and one of Europe's leading intellectuals.

that... in the end has to do with either the presence or absence of God."

The Cardinal went on to attack Spanish Prime Minister Jose Zapatero's

planned liberalisation of divorce and abortion laws in that country.

FEATURE: The Buttiglione Affair and Habermas on Christianity: pages IV V

## Demarco Archive to go Digital

ONE OF Scotland's most important photographic and artistic collections will be digitised under a new plan from the National Galleries of Scotland and the University of Dundee.

A cloud has hung over the unique archive of Prof. Richard Demarco an avid reader of this newspaper ever since Edinburgh City Council threatened to evict Demarco and his collection from the Council owned

New Parliament House on Calton Hill. The Demarco Foundation had failed to pay an exorbitant rent the Council had demanded.

The new project, however, will include 10,000 of Demarco's photographs from fifty years of the Edinburgh Festival and myriad other aspects of the cultural life of Scotland.

Demarco was a close friend of the artist Joseph Beuys who is

included in the collection, along with Nobel laureate Seamus Heaney, and artists James Turrell and Blinky Palermo.

*The Editor would like to congratulate our dear friend Prof. Demarco, as well as the Demarco European Art Foundation, the University of Dundee, and the National Galleries of Scotland on their efforts to preserve this important part of the visual heritage of twentieth century Scottish culture.*



Photo: Reuters

**RAISIN MONDAY:** This year's traditional Raisin weekend rite of passage foam fight went off without a glitch.

## Slim Majority at Edinburgh Backs NUS

STUDENTS AT the University of Edinburgh have approved rejoining the National Union of Students after twenty five years of independence.

The electronic vote suffered from an extremely low turnout a mere 20 percent which is perhaps indicative of the general feeling among the student population.

1,811 students voted in favour of affiliating with the left leaning N.U.S. while 1,646 voted against the proposal.

Before the defection of Edinburgh's student body, the students of St Andrews, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and the Open University Scotland were independent of the N.U.S. and were represented by CHESSE the Coalition of Higher Education Students in Scotland.

St Andrews has previously had votes on affiliating with the N.U.S., the last of which was rejected by 90 percent of the student body. The N.U.S. has

been accused of being used as an apparatus for the advancement of individuals with political aspirations, as well as being a mere front organisation for the student branch of the Labour Party.

The defection of Edinburgh to the N.U.S. will mean that Northern Services Ltd, the goods purchasing conglomerate for the Student Unions represented in CHESSE, will have less buying power. Some have suggested that the N.U.S. has St Andrews in

its sights now that it had brought Edinburgh under its wing. However, there is little to suggest that this university would join, except in the case of massive student apathy as in Edinburgh.

The N.U.S. has a larger annual fee than CHESSE. NUS likes to claim that students would have more access to discounts with an NUS student card. However, any business that advertise "student discounts" must accept non NUS students unless explicitly stated.

# FEATURES

POLITICS AND SOCIETY

## A Diversion Most Enjoyable

The newly released *St Andrews: Portrait of a City* contains some of the best photographs of the Royal Burgh ever taken, mostly by the indomitable Mr. Peter Adamson.

Mr. Adamson was appointed University Photographer in 1969, and retired only this year, being awarded the University Medal in the recent Graduation ceremony on the Feast of St Andrew.

The well produced book features photographs taken from perspectives ordinarily not even conceivable, and Adamson admitted that he occasionally went out on a limb literally in pursuit of the ideal shot. Adamson's work captures the town in all it's glory: the sun setting behind spires, chimneys, and rooftops seen from the West Sands, students debating in Parliament Hall, and more amusingly a dove from the nearby doocot planting itself upon the head of the Principal of St. Mary's College during a group photograph.

Adamson's work is a definitive record of the heart and soul of St Andrews, town and gown, for nearly forty years. *St Andrews: Portrait of a City* a most adept purchase for any St Andrean is sold at Ottakar's and Blackwell's.

## Our Generous Benefactors

The *Mitre* would like to thank all who donate to our cause, most especially:

**2LT Chris Cruden**  
**Miss Victoria Truett**

# The New Europe: No Christians Need Apply?

*America's George Weigel ponders on l'affaire Buttiglione.*

On October 28, the heads of government of twenty five European states gathered in a historic hall on Rome's Capitoline Hill to sign a constitutional treaty for the newly expanded European Union. For years, Europe's secularists, and European governments led by France and Belgium, fiercely resisted any mention of Christianity's contributions to European civilization in the new constitution's preamble a fight they won in June. So there were more than a few ironies in the fire when the constitutional treaty was signed beneath an enormous statue of Pope Innocent X in a room that also featured a colossal bust of the Emperor Constantine. Europeans can try to airbrush Christianity from their collective memory; it just can't be done.

What they can do, evidently, is bar orthodox Christians from senior governmental posts in the European Union. That, at any rate, is the unhappy conclusion to be drawn from the recent Buttiglione affair.

Rocco Buttiglione, whom I am privileged to call a friend, is a distinguished philosopher, a successful governmental official, a devoted husband and father and a serious, intellectually sophisticated Catholic. He is, in addition, a brilliant conversationalist one of only two men I know who, in their third or fourth language, speak in



**BUTTIGLIONE:** "His only vice is a penchant for what may well be the foulest smelling cigars in all creation."

complete paragraphs what his Catholicism has become. Earlier this year, Jose Manuel Durao Barroso, the former prime minister of Portugal and incoming president of the European Commission invited Buttiglione to become commissioner of justice on the new commission. At the equivalent of what we would call his confirmation hearings, Buttiglione was

# FEATURES

## Atheist Jürgen Habermas: Christianity is the Foundation of Human Rights, Democracy

In an increasingly anti-Christian continent, Christianity has found a defender from a somewhat unlikely source. Germany's Prof. Jürgen Habermas often describes himself as "a methodical atheist."

Yet his most recent essay, "A Time of Transition", posits that Christianity, and nothing else but for Christianity, is the ultimate foundation of liberty, conscience, human rights, and democracy. Published in Italy and available since mid-November, part of the essay purports that the principles and hallmarks of Western civilisation flow forth from the Faith.

"To this day, we have no other options," comments Habermas. "We continue to nourish ourselves from this source. Everything else is postmodern chatter."

Prof. Habermas



*Jürgen Habermas*

stresses that recognition of the all important factor of Christianity to the genesis and development of European civilisation is essential to understanding Europe today, and thus doubly important for dialogue between civilisations.

"Recognizing our Judaeo-Christian roots more clearly not only does not impair intercultural understanding, it is what makes it

possible."

Prof. Habermas's comments are perhaps particularly striking in the wake of the banishment of any mention of Christianity in the proposed constitution for the European Union. A group has collected the signatures of over a million Europeans decrying the lack of such a mention.

Mr. Buttiglione, the nominee to the European Commission forced to withdraw because of his frank expression of Christian faith, has stated that he hopes to build upon the reaction to his own mistreatment to found a movement with the aim of reinforcing freedom for Christians to remain faithful to their religion while being allowed to participate in public life.

*Primary source: Sandro Magister of L'Espresso*

keel hauled by the justice committee of the European parliament.

One parliamentarian informed Buttiglione that Rocco's conviction that homosexual relations were morally disordered was "in direct contradiction of European law." Buttiglione, ever the professor, reminded his inquisitor of Kant's distinction between morality and law and made clear his conviction that many things considered immoral should not be criminalized.

The inquisitor wasn't impressed. Another parliamentarian asked what Buttiglione intended to do as justice minister to be "pro active" in promoting "protection of homosexuals." Buttiglione replied that he was firmly against discrimination against anyone, but that the civil rights of homosexuals "should be defended on the same basis as the rights of all other European citizens," not through some "pro active" agenda.

During the same proceeding, Buttiglione defended the classic understanding of marriage; this was subsequently twisted by European and American ideologues into an alleged conviction that women "belong in the home." The ideologues were evidently unaware of, or perhaps chose to ignore, the fact that Rocco's wife of more than a quarter century is a distinguished psychotherapist whose couch, so to speak, is not in their home.

Buttiglione's nomination as E.U. justice minister was rejected by one vote in the committee, whose role is merely advisory. When incoming E.C. president Durao Barroso then presented his entire commission slate to the European Parliament which had to vote "yea" or "nay" on the slate as a whole, gridlock ensued. Two days after the signing of the European constitutional treaty, Rocco Buttiglione withdrew his nomination so that the process of forming the new European Commission could be completed.

What kind of polity is it that doesn't want a man like Rocco Buttiglione looking after the administration of justice and the protection of human rights?

A polity in which too many people believe that the God of the Bible is the enemy of human freedom. A polity in which too many people believe that freedom is license.

A polity in which "anti discrimination" has become the excuse for active discrimination against Catholics and others whose moral convictions ill fit the relativist secularist opinion mainstream.

A polity, in other words, like the new Europe. The demographers tell us that Europe is dying, physically. The Buttiglione affair tells us that Europe is now on life support, morally and culturally.

*George Weigel is the Senior Fellow at the Ethics and Public Policy Center in Washington, D.C.*

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<http://www.archden.org/dcr/>



# IN THE COLLEGES

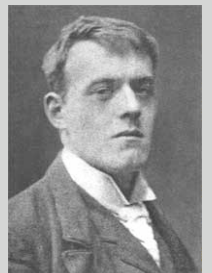


LADY SCHOLARS: Young women rest on a wall by City Road in between lectures, October 1923.

## ‘Lines for a Christmas Card’

I pray good beef and I pray good beer  
 This holy night of all the year,  
 But I pray detestable drink for them  
 That give no honour to Bethlehem.

May all good fellows that here agree  
 Drink Audit Ale\* in heaven with me,  
 And may all my enemies go to hell  
 Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel!  
 May all my enemies go to hell!  
 Noel! Noel!



HILAIRE BELLOC (1870-1953)

\* *Audit Ale*: A kind of ale, brewed at the English universities, orig. for the day of audit.



# LADIES' FASHION

## Prayers



FOR ELIZABETH, OUR QUEEN, may she govern wisely, be resolute in leadership, and amply follow Your will. For Anthony, our Prime Minister, may he foster a culture of life in this realm, and defend it from all who wish it harm. For Keith Patrick, our Cardinal Archbishop, may he minister wisely, be a bastion of orthodoxy, and propagate the Gospel in our Archdiocese. For Sir Clement, our Lord Rector, may he justly represent the students of this University. For Brian, our Vice-Chancellor and Principal, may he conduct the affairs of this University with love, prudence, foresight, and in the light of Faith. For this University, may we promote wisdom, life, and love, and continue to answer Your call as did Your Apostle Andrew.

For these people, we humbly beg pardon for their sins and ours, and we pray that our lives might reflect Your everlasting dominion.

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER AND TO THE SON AND TO THE HOLY GHOST, AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING, IS NOW, AND EVER SHALL BE, WORLD WITHOUT END. AMEN.

The regular IN THE COLLEGES will return in the next edition.

## Going Undercover

by ZA ZA SHELLY

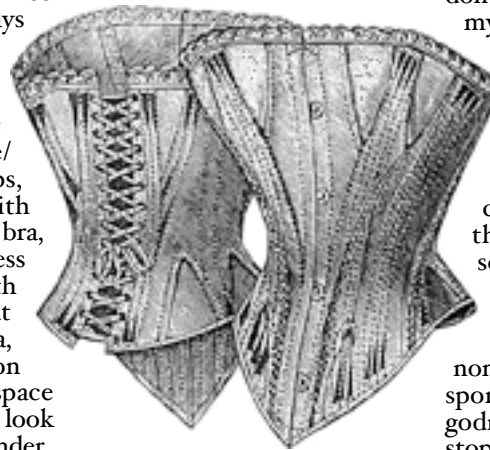
There will always be fashion pages but I can't help thinking that comparatively little attention is paid to what goes under fashion. It may seem unimportant surely it is what goes over the top that matters? Yet particularly for the more amply bosomed, underwear most especially the bra really is the key to making clothing look good or bad.

There is just so much on offer these days that bra shopping is a potential minefield. The choice ranges from the usual, back clasp to: front clasp, removable/translucent/crossed straps, halter neck, corset with built in bra, backless bra, strapless bra, backless strapless bra, bra with room for foam inserts at the side, padded bra, water bra, silicon implanted bra, bra with space for those things which look like chicken fillets, underwired bra, minimisers, maximisers aka the wonderbra, seamless bra, balcony bra, plunge bra, stick on cup bra, maternity bra, sports bra, and the list goes on.

Visiting the lingerie section of any department store can thus understandably be a harrowing experience. Confusing for those with a smaller bust they have the choice of almost all of the above while nothing short of depressing for those blessed with more copious assets. For those of you who do decide to brave the fitting room which is, by the way a good idea since 4 out of 5 women are wearing the wrong size you will not fail to note that the lady waiting to fit you has the most gargantuan bosom you have ever seen and has been in possession of her bus pass for at least fifty years. She will be brusque, lightningly efficient and have cold hands. Accept the fact that anything she

chooses for you will not be sexy. Console yourself that it will not be seen under clothing.

Correct sizing is imperative, something which doubtless should have been explained to the Royal Navy when, upon allowing women to enter the service, promptly issued them all with regulation '34B' bras. While some had to stuff theirs with loo roll don't ever be tempted to do it others brought to mind unsavoury images involving



**CORSETS:** No longer used for organ restricting.

..... cows udders. It cannot be emphasised enough: *wear the right size*. This is the one time that you do not want your cup to spilloth over.

This is not such a burning issue of course for those of you who know it's a bad day when you put your bra on backwards and it still fits. This is when the wonderbra and all those boost 'em up bras with multiple inserts and accessories really come into their own. However, don't get too gloomy. You have the enormous advantage over your larger breasted counterparts in that you really can wear just about any top and look good. Also, you can choose the prettiest bra in the shop and it looks just that, pretty, whereas those with more than a handful who stoically peruse the bra racks alone will inevitably face depression. By the time you

have found a bra that you actually like the look of and rooted past the aforementioned pert and brief '34 B' examples, all that stares you in the face is what can only be described as a pair of upholstered washing up bowls with straps the width of the M1. Not Flattering. Why must it be universally understood amongst bra designers that once over a 'C' cup the proud owner must automatically be frumpish with a penchant for net curtains? Believe it or not, I don't want cups which reach my chin with so much lace that I might get mistaken for someone who has fallen chest down onto a couple of cake doilies.

This seeming lack of care amongst designers for the larger bust is somewhat surprising given that the British average bust size is 'DD'. But even the notorious, no nonsense strap 'em down sports bra coined by my godmother Girtrauder as 'ein stopemfloppen' is not as restrictive as what women at the turn of the last century had to endure. Corsets these days are considered a handy way of sucking it all in for an evening rather than devices designed to shrink your internal organs into half their required space. At least our modern lingerie allows us to order something delicious from the North Point and actually eat it.

So to finally get something off my chest sorry! : bras are extremely important more so than most people give them credit. Yes, it's embarrassing when you are spied in the changing room of some chic, skinny and devastatingly expensive designer shop wearing a couple of greyed, army regulation parachutes. But let's face it, having no unsightly lumps and bumps make the clothes look good and fit well. All that is needed now is a bra revolution to marry the functional with the pretty.

# LEISURELY PURSUITS

THE GOOD LIFE

## Sunday Luncheon

by DAVID BEAN

On four separate weeks this semester, I have been pleased to accompany my academic daughter, Miss Crossley Zels, for post Chapel Sunday lunch. We in St Andrews are lucky to have at our disposal so diverse a range of small cafés, and although it has not yet been practical to dine *al fresco* on a *croque monsieur* with a bottle of vinegary red followed by dark roasted *espresso*, I cannot help feeling that we have been able to capture at least something of that admirable continental spirit. Personally I cannot think of a better way to border the spiritual enlightenment of a Sunday morning with its intellectual equivalent that the Senior Honours workload all too often necessitates in the afternoon, and so I thought it only fitting to share our experiences with the readers of this newspaper.

Our first trip took us to the North Point. I'm generally an admirer of the place, though it is extremely difficult to get a table at that time of the week. I usually order its 'quick lunch': a cup of some of their excellent home made soup served with some very fine sandwiches, and the sublime, slightly warm, crispy yet gooey chocolate brownie. The place has a pleasant, bustling atmosphere, and anyone who managed to stave off dehydration the night before can enjoy some of the finest hot chocolate with *creak* and marshmallows, naturally in town.

The following week we progressed to MacGregor's, which seems to be a perennial favourite of mine in spite of a few rather bad memories of the place. Perhaps what drives me back there is a desire to purge my mind and soul of all that ails them, or maybe it's just the soup home made every day, and if you don't fancy the...

con't on Page XI

## A Confession from Oxon

'*Ubi Aduenis*' — an alumnus of this university — owns up to his fault.

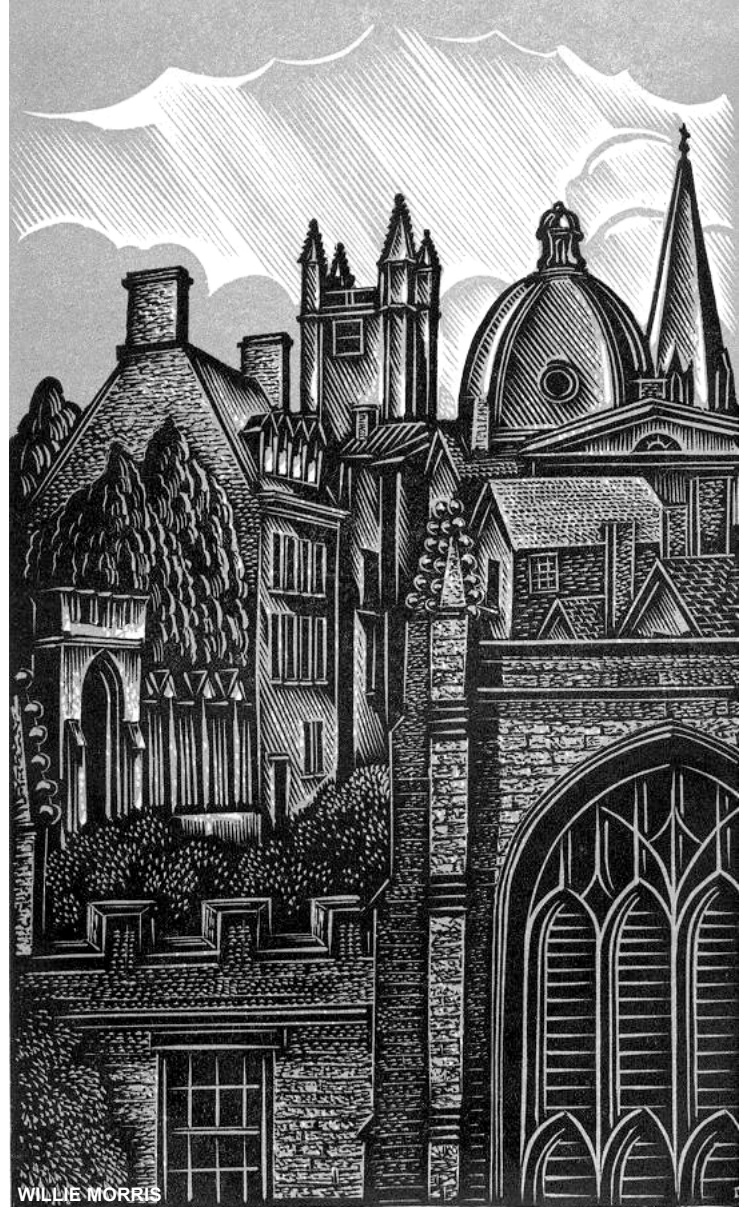
Bless me, reader, for I have sinned. Apart from my many venial sins, I must confess an utterly horrendous transgression. Your judgement I ask you to defer to some future time. I am too young to care now.

Had it not been for the good natured soul of your associate editor, who sent down to Oxford a copy of the *Mitre* as a birthday gift 'twas a happy birthday!

I would never have known the cruelty with which I had treated a fellow St Andean. But I should get to the point and tell you what I have done.

It all started that fateful evening, with Henrik smoking outside a room in Wadham College, the room reserved for those shy peoples known as Scandinavians. It was a gathering of the Scandinavian Society and I was present as an honorary member I won't go into the details. Henrik, my Norwegian flatmate, who will no doubt be the leading world authority in Pindar in a number of years, as I said, was smoking outside the said room, when, a group of good for nothing undergraduates I'm sure you all know some who had gatecrashed Wadham appeared with the intention of infiltrating our company, thus diminishing our share of wines and pickled herrings.

Amused by their youthful *joie de vivre*, we stood aside and ushered them in. Poor boys, I thought, obviously still optimistic as to the beauty of the female students here and, finding a room full of rigid and intellectual Danes, were duly scared off. No wine nor aquavit nor herring could entice them to



stay. We had surmised that they had a magisterial itinerary involving as many college bars as possible in one night.

In Wadham I couldn't have cared less if they had emptied the bar, but imagine my fury when the same motley crew strolled debonairly into my own college, naturally tending towards the bar. I must have been in a particularly vindictive mind that evening, for I callously reported them to the Porter, who duly chucked them out. Thus, what I am saying is that it

was I, a fellow St Andean, who was responsible for poor Pierce's plight. Leisurely Pursuits, the *Mitre*, Nov. 2, 2004 Oxford is a small world. My condolences to Pierce. I hope his evening was not spoilt. At least there was Jesus just over the road.

This chance encounter of a third or fourth kind whatever that means brought me ruminating on the nature of chance and of life in general. I jest. I think I smoked a Churchill Hoyo de Monterrey, which consumed my time for probably an hour and a half or so whilst I spoke



# SOCIAL REPORT

## Wastrels Gather for Champagne Breakfast on the Beach



All sorts of insanity reigned at the annual Raisin Sunday Champagne Breakfast of the CAWTs academic family. Kidnappings occurred, highjinks ensued, and golf balls were hit into the North Sea.



with my other flatmate, a Floridian named Kris, a superb wrestler who will be the leading authority, no doubt, in some aspect of Byzantine history in the near future.

This you should find edifying. I was certainly surprised and delighted with my conversation with Kris in the MCR on nuclear bombs and trans Atlantic serial killers it was one of those evenings isn't that an Ella Fitzgerald song? The veil of ignorance of how nuclear bombs work and are made was lifted. It's all remarkably simple. All you need is

Uranium 235, or something which is contained in 238. 235 is difficult to come by as it's contained in 238, which one may find in Africa. Hint, hint to De Beers. A whole new market looms before my eyes diamond nuclear bombs. I was enjoying the Hoyo far too much to take concern over my friend's in depth knowledge of these things but folks, it's all very, very scary. The blue smoke couldn't conceal that.

It was some time later on receiving the *Mitre*, my heinous crime revealed, that my inner eye roamed

northwards seeking, like Sauron, something precious. It unfortunately bypassed St Andrews Leuchars not doing their job at all! and rested on Dundee a shrill cry like that of a Dark Rider I'm a David Hasselhoff fan broke the still night air until the tracking system brought me to rest on the TOUN. I do apologise if you cringed in your beds I was just all shook up. Waifs of sea mist enshrouded me issuing forth memories of those nights when the lights from The Scores down to The Rusacks guided my path back along

the dark beach, and all was warmth.

That's my Joycean sentence over and done with did you understand my embarrassing stream of some would call it consciousness? What all this sorry business has led me to conclude is that we have a very fine university indeed, that we should cherish it the more, that we should all be gentlemanly or lady like, that no one should make diamond nuclear bombs, and that I'll never exclude another St Andean from my college bar. My penance you may declare at a later date!

# THE MITRE

□□□ □□□□□□□□

## *Veni Veni Emmanuel*

If one lined up just twenty men the age of the oldest First World War veteran, the ones at the back would have known the world Jesus Christ was born into two thousand years ago. To put it like that brings the startling recentness of the Incarnation to our minds.

However, to look at the world after yet another bloody and horrible year, a year of beheadings, war, rampant secularism, and so on, makes the Christmas mystery seem irrelevant, or at least ineffectual.

Except when one looks at the rather gruesome narrative as related by St. Matthew. Think, for instance, of the poor Magi, inadvertently causing the Slaughter of the Innocents when they just wanted to follow the star that was leading them to the Christ child. *A voice in Rama was heard, lamentation and great mourning.* Herod had sent in the troops.

It all seems rather modern. We could certainly name a few dictators who out Herod Herod. The battle goes on. Not only do we witness continuing genocide Darfur springs to mind, the continuing slaughter of unborn innocents, and ongoing attacks against the Jewish people all for ideological reasons virtually ignored by the government, and the media who mourned so the passing of Yasser Arafat but attacks on Christianity, the religion of Europe, intensify from every direction.

There is of course the attack from another religion, committed to continuous holy war against infidels and bearing grudges that go back to the Crusades that noble idea that the Holy places should be defended. But there is also the 'enemy within', less obvious.

As reported in this issue and the last, the outrage against Mr Buttiglione de selected from the EU Commission for his religious beliefs was a firework that has lit up the whole battlefield before us. The spectre of old European evils we remember that Nazism was a secularist project hovers at the foot of our beds, as the ghost of Christmas Future lurked at the foot of Scrooge's bed.

As this newspaper keeps insisting we hope not tediously the government of the this country and of the immensely powerful European Union is in the grip of an ideology which is just as dangerous for civil order as anything the twentieth century had to offer. But it is an ideology that wears no badge and has no name. We call it Liberalism and Secularism. Liberalism denies a nation its dignity. Secularism denies a man his soul.

So Merry Christmas, dear readers of the *Mitre*, and rejoice in the Christmas mystery, an event in history surrounded with troubles just like ours. More than anything, Christmas is a consolation. As one great Churchman of these isles said, 'So honoured is this earth, that no stranger shall judge us, but He who is our fellow, who will sustain our interests, and has full sympathy in all our imperfections.' *O Come, O Come, Emmanuel!*

*Wishing you a blessed and happy Christmas*



## THE MITRE OF ST ANDREWS

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## A Sallies Quad Sunken Garden

SIR Your last edition seemed to have an indordinate number of references to this 'Haldane' chap.

I mean, good God man, there's barely a page without him!

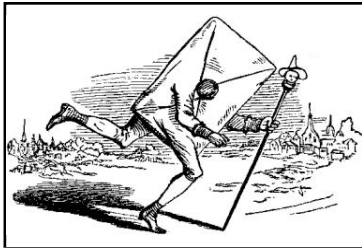
Otherwise I commend you on a most excellent publication.

**Mr. Rufus X. Kolmann**  
St. Salvator's Hall

SIR Instead of building a fountain, why not turn Sallies Quad into a sunken garden?.

**Mr. Nicholas Vincent**  
Architectural Critic

*AKBC: I admit that the All Souls' edition may have had one or two Haldane references too many. I think the Bibliophil reference put it over the top, and I lacked the prescience as an editor to realise as such. Mea culpa.*



**LETTERS  
TO THE  
EDITOR**

*As for turning St. Salvator's Quad into a sunken garden, it's a fascinating idea. I still rather think it could lack the visual emphasis that's needed, unless perhaps some sculpture classical style, none of this modern claptrap in Sallies Quad please of proportionate size and height is found to be placed at its center. A sunken garden might actually be a quite charming and cozy addition to the University's plant.*

Letters to the editor:  
themitre@gmail.com

### THE GOOD LIFE CONTINUED

## Sunday Luncheon

Con't from Page VIII  
...main option there's always Scotch broth. If they have the mushroom on, you know you're on to a winner.

After a break of a couple of weeks the young lady still fancied something new, so I decided to take her to Janetta's. And what a decision that was! I'd eaten there before on several occasions, but never had I ever discovered the true wonder that is their smoked salmon salad. For a little over a fiver, they are willing to furnish the discerning diner with a vast platter of fruit and vegetable salad, surrounding three halves of light toast topped with cream cheese and, smothered in a fine Marie Rose sauce, piles of sumptuous smoked salmon. What could be better than that? I think that was quite possibly the finest lunch I've ever had, and I can most heartily recommend it.

Finally, on Raisin Sunday, as the four winds blew and the rains fell upon

us, she took the initiative in proposing a visit to the Bean Scene. I was sceptical, not least because they had hitherto refused my claim to royalties due on the name, but apart from that minor disappointment it turned out not too badly at all. She had a huge panini of some description, whilst I plumped for a tapas style mixed platter of meats with olives. It was a little bland, but far better than I had been given to expect of a chain coffee shop.

It appears then that the continental culinary dream is out there, and it's here among us in St Andrews. In my book, it's worth pursuing. Maybe there is nothing better than a good plate of roast beef with potatoes and Yorkies on a Sunday, I don't know, but that certainly is not the be all and end all of existence. So explore! Be discerning! Develop your tastes and for goodness' sake go and get one of those smoked salmon salads.

## Bonn VOYAGE

STUART PATERSON

Yuletide felicitations from Bonn! Recently, the city has been transformed into a positive wonderland of the winter variety. The Christmas markets have opened, and now the streets are filled with shoppers indulging in a little too much in the way of *glühwein*, and at 2 per mug, who can blame them? On the instructions of the present Mrs Paterson, a veteran of the phenomenon that is the German Christmas market, I have already had a quick browse around some of the stalls and must confess I was pleasantly surprised. I honestly did not appreciate that all the products were of such a high quality, and not the commercialised rubbish adorned with "Made in Taiwan" stickers. Coach parties of eager British shoppers have already started arriving. They deposit themselves near the University, from whence they march into town wearing garish tracksuit bottoms and, I am sorry to report, bumbags.

Alas, I appear to abide on the only street in the pedestrianised city centre that is not festooned by Christmas lights. It's all rather upsetting, but at least I don't have anything obstructing my view of the dance studio directly opposite my window. The line dancing for pensioners class is not to be missed. Needless to say, I plan to compensate for the lack of festive illumination by hosting *glühwein* and stollen cake gatherings. Any readers of this newspaper who ever attended one of my infamous port and praline soirées, will have an understanding of what I am planning.

Of course, the markets only take place during the five weeks before Christmas, and during the rest of the year, the good citizens of Bonn have to shop elsewhere. It is often

said that one can live quite happily without ever leaving the temple of consumerism that is the Kaufhof department store. No German town is complete without a Kaufhof, where the discerning shopper can buy anything from a cabbage to a feather boa. In most cases, where there is a Kaufhof, there is also a Karstadt, the chief competitor. Bonn is no exception. The two giants of German retailing bestride the Münsterplatz, staring portentously at each other, with the statue of Beethoven, lying midway between the two.

While it is possible to shop for food in Kaufhof's food hall, only those with wallets, or indeed student loans, larger than myself, can afford to do so on a regular basis. Shopping for food in Germany is not for the faint hearted. One has to put up with ridiculously small shops, abrasive staff and a distinct lack of free carrier bags. As I live in the city centre, my shopping expeditions are further complicated by the lack of nearby supermarkets. There is no Tesco Metro concern here. I can walk to a branch of Plus, but I find it too small, and a tad overpriced. Failing that, I can take a tram to Aldi, which is by far the most aesthetically pleasing, but it does not sell beetroot. Because of this, I have found myself travelling on the bus to Lidl, which is larger, cheaper, and sells beetroot.

German super markets seem to be locked in a competition to hire the most unpleasant staff and then provide them with the most tasteless uniforms this writer has ever had the misfortune to see over a conveyer belt. I shall have to content myself with the knowledge that I within a few weeks I will be able to visit my local Sainsburys, if only to admire the staff uniforms.

# Cubitt Contemporary

One warm summer afternoon over the holidays, whilst exploring some of the more undiscovered stuccoed terraces in London, I was fortunate enough to discover a launch party, hosted by Knight Frank, of a newly refurbished property to be sold in Pimlico's Warwick Square. Passing the property once, and then again, considering how one might gain entry to the launch, I set about formulating a plan. Without the confidence to knock on the front door, I contacted Knight Frank via the lady who had secured me a summer placement with the company two years previously. To my delight, I was still on file and she happily contacted their negotiators at the property. Having had a lot of luck, upon meeting the selling agents I pushed for a tour, they obliged, and I was on a roll. Not only did the house prove architecturally significant to the area, but it had a recent past worth exploring. With help from Knight Frank's Noel Flint, the properties senior negotiator during the sale, and the observations made on the day, I will now tell the story of Warwick Lodge SW1, and how a Cubitt creation was reclassified as contemporary.

Lateral space can be hard to find among London's terraces, although Warwick Lodge is a notable exception. Standing on the south west corner of Warwick Square, laid out in the 1840's by Thomas Cubitt, one of London's greatest speculative builders, to whom we owe most of the stuccoed splendour of



**WARWICK LODGE:** An 'external envelope'.

Belgravia and Pimlico, this five bedroom house possesses one of Pimlico's largest gardens.

Warwick Lodge is thought to have been the mews or coach house of the residence built for Cubitt's daughter Lucy in 1865, and now numbers 45 49 Warwick Square.

The London home of Michael and Brigid Stoddart for some twenty three years, Warwick lodge was acquired by the present owner five years ago, who rebuilt it in its present form. The chosen architect Marc Deaves, who is a specialist in residential

work for private clients on landed London estates, successfully recreated a classical Cubitt townhouse within traditional structural constraints. The layout has been completely reorientated so that all principle rooms now overlook and enjoy direct access to the rear garden and terraces, enjoying views into Warwick Square Gardens and St Gabriel's Church. The property's most imposing elevation is now the garden side: a unique adaptation since most London terraces are front orientated.

The interior of 5,132

sq ft, finished with exact attention to detail, retains essential Cubitt components, such as a grand hall with a flag stone floor, sweeping staircase and fibrous plaster corncicing and wall mountings.

The latest technology was also carefully installed, but concealed from sight. This was, as I recall, of great excitement to the rather enthusiastic trainee agent who gave me a demonstration of the media centre. With alabaster coloured walls and solid oak floorboards running throughout, I remember the house as being flooded with light. The architect chose for the interior to be laid out in 'a totally modern way', although this involved working within the classic Cubitt designed 'external envelope'. The house which is set over four floors, has a very horizontal feeling.

The house is finished in a slightly minimal style, so that the property may more easily display its potential to those who view it.

Set behind a balustraded wall, Warwick Lodge's 80ft by 60ft garden was originally attached to Miss Cubitt's House. Laid to grass and boarded by mature shrubs and trees, it has been redesigned by Jacob Papineau of the Common Gardener. A fig tree frames a vaulted potting shed hung with gleaming tools.

Described by his architect as an inspired client, the owner has managed to make a significant contribution to Cubitt's landscape, helping bring a classic structure in line with contemporary standards. Unfortunately for those house hunting, however, the property has been sold since the writing of this article. This truly unique building is thought to have fetched a little under its 4.325m asking price.

*Nicholas Vincent*