

## SPAIN BOWS TO ISLAMIC TERRORISTS

### WILL QUIT IRAQ AFTER MADRID BLOODBATH

SPAIN HAS begun to withdraw its troops from Iraq after the Socialist Workers' Party won the election held two days after the devastating bomb blast in Madrid.

On March 11, three bombs rocked the commuter rail lines of Madrid, killing 191 civilians and leaving hundreds more seriously injured. Spain was targeted because of the then-government's support for the US- and UK-led military presence in Iraq. Only days later, Spaniards delivered a blow to European security by rejecting the Popular Party government and voting en masse for the Spanish Socialist Workers' Party.

The effort to placate militant Islam failed however, as on April 2 a bomb was found at Mocejón on the main railway line connecting Madrid and Seville. The next day, police raided an apartment in the Madrid suburb of Legares in connection to the attacks. The believed ringleader, Serhane ben Abdelmajid Farkhet (aka 'the Tunisian' and three others blew themselves up, killing one policeman and injuring eleven. Fifteen further suspects are in police custody, eleven of whom are Moroccan.

## KATE KENNEDY PROCESSION HARKENS BEGINNING OF SPRING

### TOBY SHIPWAY IS LADY KATE

#### *Town and Gown Unite for Annual Rite of St Andrews*

THIS YEAR'S Kate Kennedy Procession was another resounding success, despite a gentle sprinkling of rain during the last half hour. The role of Lady Katherine was assumed by Mr. Toby Shipway, as was announced in St. Salvator's Quad only shortly before the commencement of the event.

The procession left the quad at ten past two as Giles Winn, last year's Kate and thus this year's marshal, oversaw the costumed characters passing through the gateway under the College Tower, where the St. Salvator's Society propitiously fulfilled their duty ringing Kate Kennedy's eponymous bell.

Kate was welcomed by the Principal and Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Brian Lang, at Castlecliffe on the Scores at approximately half past two. Traditionally, Kate would be welcomed at a formal reception in University House further down the Scores when that building was the official residence of the Principal.

The procession then continued its winding route through the Royal Burgh of St Andrews, the larger

portion of spectators being found amassed in Market Street and by the reviewing stand in front of Holy Trinity Church in South Street. Despite overcast skies, a large portion of town and gown were present along the route to support and observe the event.

The procession took a well-deserved break in the quad of St. Mary's College a short time after three, where they were welcomed by the Rev. Prof. Trevor Hart, Principal of St. Mary's. Resting participants were given a brief stir when some refuse picked up by the wind frightened the horses into a abrupt commotion. The procession recommenced, passing the ruins of the great cathedral, the 'Glorioso domus' of St Andrew, the first-called apostle of the Son of God, and ending finally at four o'clock back in St. Salvator's Quad.

Later in the evening, the Old Course Hotel played host to the annual Procession Dinner, where toasts were made the Principal was the guest speaker. The toast to the Kate Kennedy Club was made by its president, Mr. Alex Walsh, the toast to the Town by Mr. Martin Passmore, Chairman of the Kate Kennedy Trust, the toast to the University by the Club's Secretary, and the toast to the Procession was by Lady Katherine Kennedy herself.



*A number of teachers in Fife  
have cause quite a great  
deal of strife!  
They whine like the rest  
but want pay that is best  
to fund a luxurient life!*

## LECTURERS' STRIKE ACTION SUSPENDED

The industrial action taken by members of the Association of University Teachers at the University of St Andrews has been suspended while union members consider the latest proposal for a new pay package offered by the University employers' association.

Teaching staff at the University who are members of the A.U.T. held a two-day strike and resolved to postpone any student assessment until the University employers dropped their planned new pay package, which some AUTers claimed was a step towards privatisation.

## NEW ARTS BUILDING FOR NORTH ST

### WILL HOUSE INT'L RELATIONS AND ARTS FACULTY

THE UNIVERSITY has announced that it is seeking planning permission for a "major new arts building" in the centre of town.

The building would be constructed against the blank eastern wall of the NPH cinema on land adjacent to the Library, and already owned by the University. No plans or renderings of the building have been released, but the architects for the project will be Reiach and Hall, a firm frequently criticised for their uninspiring work in Edinburgh.

The new structure, expected to cost a number of millions of pounds, would contain a new lecture theatre, as well as seminar rooms and office space for the Faculty of Arts. It would include a new home for the School of International Relations, which some regard as the University's most highly-regarded.

"The School of International Relations boasts one of the fastest growing postgraduate populations in the University and is attracting new staff from all over the world," says Prof. Christopher Smith, the Dean of Arts, "while the Centre for the Study of Terrorism and Political Violence has a pre-eminent reputation within the field."

The University will be hosting a Public Consultation Meeting on Wednesday 28 April 2004 at 7:00pm in Lower College Hall.

# UNIVERSITY TO RECRUIT CREME OF OLD EMPIRE

## Admissions Office Opens in New Delhi

THE UNIVERSITY has opened an office of the Admissions Department in India, with hopes of recruiting the highly intelligent and hard-working students for which India is known and diversifying the overseas student community in St Andrews.

The office is located in the Vasant Vihar district of New Delhi, India's magnificent capital built by the Imperial government in the 1920's to a design by Sir Edwin Lutyens. The University says it will be taking an entirely different approach to Indian recruitment than their recent drives in China, Korea, and the United States.

About twenty per cent of St Andrews students



INDIA AS WE SEE IT: From deep in the Mitre's archives.

are from countries other than the U.K., including over 1,000 undergraduate students representing ninety nationalities.

Stephen Magee, the Vice Principal (External Relations) and Director of Admissions commented that the New Delhi office "is a novel approach

which... will officially represent the University of St Andrews in India and the Gulf States."

India's greatest resources is its vast number of highly-educated and highly-motivated people, who additionally are overwhelmingly fluent English-speakers.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

## COME RACING!

*The Fife Point to Point Races*

AT

**BALCORMO MAINS, LEVEN**

**Saturday, 24th April, 2004**

First Race: 2:00pm

*'The Biggest Cocktail Party in Scotland'*

Entry: £5 per person,

Children Under 12: Free



# LATIN RETURNS TO LITURGY AT SAINT JAMES

THE CHURCH of St James on the Scores resounded with hallowed chant of ‘Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus’ for the first time in many years on March 6, 2004. Latin is now a part of a regular fortnightly Mass at St James for the first time since the years after the Second Vatican Council.

The new *schola cantorum* at St James has been pioneered by a St. Mary’s College student and frequent *Mitre* contributor, Miss Sofie von Hauch of Copenhagen, Denmark.

“Really it was started just because I wanted to learn about chant, and I thought maybe other people would like to as well,” Miss von Hauch told the *Mitre*. “It’s gone completely beyond my expectations. I had no idea we’d end up as a church choir, and the congregation really seem to have responded well. I’ve had nothing but good comments.”

The schola at St James have also been “adopted” according to Miss von Hauch by the Schola Gregoriana of Cambridge, led by the illustrious Dr. Mary Berry. “They’ve been very helpful and they’re being very enthusiastic about our initiative in St Andrews.”

Latin was the



*Above: A new choir augments the Saturday vigil at St James’ Church on the Scores. Left: Canmore Catholic Chaplaincy across from St James.*

the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the vernacular. Latin, however, has been making a comeback in the past decade.

Reflecting the Catholic Church on the whole, St James is a parish known for its diversity in worship despite its uniformity in belief, being home to both the Vigil mass with Latin on Saturday evening and a Folk Mass on Sunday afternoons.

*For more on the Schola Cantorum at St James or if you would like to join and learn to chant, please contact Miss Sofie von Hauch: [sh56@st-andrews.ac.uk](mailto:sh56@st-andrews.ac.uk)*

central language of Church. However, when the liturgy promulgated at the Council of Trent was revised and reformulated at the Second Vatican Council, a greater leniency was given towards offering



*Two Page  
Special!*



S O C I A L

# DIARY OF AN EDITOR

## A WEEKEND IN THE LIFE OF ANDREW CUSACK

THE LIFE OF *an editor* is busy and often exhausting, but a good friend recently suggested that perhaps our readers would like a peek inside. Thus I have decided to let the readers take a look at one particularly busy weekend.

Friday, April 16 - *Feast of St. Magnus*

9:30am

Buy Daily Telegraph from corner shop (the ever-trustworthy J+G Innes) and get breakfast of two 'crumpets' (really more like crepes) from Fisher and Donaldson's across the street. Consume and digest with glass of apple juice while reading newspaper.

12:00 Noon

Divinity Lecture, School VI, St. Salvator's Quad  
DI-1006: Jesus and the Gospels with **Dr. Bruce Longenecker**. Today's lecture was essentially, learn everything you ever wanted to know about Lukan narratives and more. Dr. Longenecker announces that with the recent birth of his **new son**, he shall be taking paternity leave. However, since his **in-laws** are in town for the next two week "it would be foolish of me to take it until they leave."

5:00pm

Dress rehearsal for tomorrow's annual Kate Kennedy Procession, Stewart Room, Younger Hall  
The ever-capable **Benji Manning** has somehow managed to find one hundred and eighty people of just the right size and stature to fit each of the costumes for the procession. I have been relegated



the role of crossbearer to the antipope Benedict XIII, played by KK member and *Mitre* patron **Yusuke Osawa** while **Miss Sofie von Hauch** is Benedict's shieldbearer.

Woman with stern look comes around and informs me that tomorrow I must not wear a shirt, as it will show, nor trousers, so I must wear shorts. Sofie seems content in her gown. Yusuke likes his papal cap. Line up in Sallies quad in order of procession then dismissed to change out of costumes shortly before 6pm.

6:15pm

Arrive at Canmore for drinks party before St. Magnus Day Ball for the University Catholic Society and the Church of St. James. Cigarette outside with Franco fan **Jon Burke** and cigar fiend **Stephano Costanzo**. Have a glass of horrible white with author **Stephen Oliver** who's getting his MLitt this year at St Andrews before returning to teach at Stonyhurst and my associate editor **Robert O'Brien**. Chat with many delightful people before heading off to the Ball with **André Florn Wyss** and **Rebecka Ramos-Winell** in **Tori Truett's** car.

7:00pm

Arrive at ball location. Gaze at and sample tasty foods on offer. Eat. Drink. Be merry. Ceileidh dancing: **Adrian Moore** is in his element. All sorts of reels, none of which we can really remember, but I'm sure the Dashing White Sergeant and the Gay Gordons were in there somewhere. Took a snapshot of Sofie dancing with **Canon Halloran**, our inestimable chaplain and pastor. Pints of bitter change to gin-and-tonics as night goes on. Dancing very exhaustive, and requires

# REPORT



frequent hydration. Discuss the possibility of a road trip through the American south with André. Win nothing in raffle, oh well. Discuss with parishioner why traditional dancing beats modern frivolities.

Catholic Society president **Matt Gorrie** (a Debating hack in recovery) thanks **Mrs. Ryan Freeburn** and **Miss Clare Dempsey** for organising the event. Ball winds to a close and a whole gang of folks head back to Canmore for tea. Tori, Andre, Jon, Adrian, Stephen, and I discuss sociotheopolitical-cultural issues with Gifford Research Fellow **Dr. John Lamont** and the most enthusiastic man in St Andrews, **Peter Cox** (who will soon become the most enthusiastic man in Brussels instead). Claire makes tea. Home at 1am.

Saturday April 17

10:30am

Peruse the Saturday Daily Telegraph and the Financial Times weekend section.

11:30am

Recall costume lady told me to wear shorts, realise I have no shorts and so resolve to wear swimming trunks.

12:30pm

Show up in Stewart Room, Younger Hall to change into crucifer garb for procession. Chat with fellow crossbearer and all-around great guy **Ed Jackson**, as well as Tory Club president **Stuart Paterson** as Professor John Burnet, the unceasingly enchanting **Michelle Romero** as Saint Margaret, **Ralph Covino** as Prior Hepburn, and **Ed Henley** as Bishop Wardlaw. Jealous of **Guy Vesey** for getting the best costume in the procession: Earl Haig's field-marshal uniform with chancellorial gown. Lucky bastard.

1:00pm

We reckon we're supposed to go



up to the quad, so we do and make our way towards Lower College Hall where some nice lady informs us that there are old members of the Kate Kennedy Club and major donors to the University having brunch and asks us if we'd like to go and chat to them about our characters. I reckoned as a cross-bearer I wasn't a character per se, nor was Sofie, and our dear Yusuke was too lazy to go to talk to them so we stood in the foyer and **George Hollis** showed us his crib sheet for doing the Ministry-of-Silly-Walks walk since he was portraying former rector John Cleese.

Within a number of minutes other people in costume began assembling in the quadrangle and we just stood around and had a chat until it was announced in the Cloister that **Toby Shipway** would be Kate Kennedy.

1:45pm

We're all told to get in our processional order around the quad. We in the Benedict crew were pretty close to the front; there were only about a dozen people in front of us and over a hundred behind.

Local merchant and former Kate, **Martin Passmore** informed us that the procession would probably commence at ten minutes past the announced time of 2:00pm.

2:10pm

Marshal **Giles Winn** commences the procession. We continue labyrinthine through the streets of St Andrews. From the quad we go down North Street and turn left onto North Castle Street and left again onto the Scores all the way to turn onto Murray Park and another left back onto North Street, go down and turn right on Union Street then right onto Market Street where another large crowd had assembled. Went to the end of Market Street, turned left onto City Road and then through the West Port onto South Street where a reviewing stand was erected in front of Holy Trinity. Luckily after this the procession ducked into St. Mary's Quad for a short break. By then it had gotten pretty cloudy and was off and on drizzling. In the quad we nearly got trampled by the horses, which were frightened by plastic bags blown towards them by the wind.

The procession continued and Kate's Jester, **Nick Philpott**, climbed halfway up a lamppost. Tired, cold, and even somewhat wet, we ended up at 4:00 in Sallies Quad, had a photo taken, and disrobed in the Stewart Room.

But the day was not over yet! The Procession Dinner at the Old Course Hotel lurked in the evening and Michelle

Romero suggested Sofie, Yusuke, and I meet her for drinks at hers beforehand. Alas we ended up not having time.

7:10pm

Sofie, Yusuke, and I arrive at the Old Course Hotel with Michelle in the cab right after us. I break Sofie's wineglass, which is promptly replaced with a fresh glass of white by a very courteous member of staff.

Michelle and I talk about how much we dislike **Hugo Chavez** but resolve to change the subject after we realise how depressing he is.

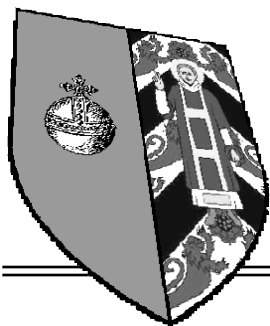
The dinner was quite fun, and our table was entertained by **Anders Bjorgung**, one of the KK bejants. Among the other guests were Principal and Vice-Chancellor **Dr. Brian Lang** and his wife, well-known and well-liked parliamentary aide and old KKer and future MP **James North**, and **Count Zygmunt Sikorski-Mazur**, who's a very amiable fellow. After three courses and many drinks Yusuke, Sofie, and I went to University Hall and visited astrogenius Matt Lee who was strangely carrying around large containers of water, chatted with him for a while, and then all went home.

*And there you have it! A jam-packed, often enjoyable, occasionally tedious, but at the end, worthwhile weekend of the editor of your quality student newspaper.*

*Until September, take care, and God bless!*

***Worry not! The Gowned Galoot is still in his usual resting spot on Page IX.***





# THE MITRE: ONE

By the grace of God, the *Mitre* has now existed for over a year. As the student who had the pleasure of founding this journal on March 26, 2003 and editing it ever since, I have found it truly awe-inspiring how much we have made out of something that started with so little. Our meagre and, to be blunt, rather mediocre first issue was six barely interesting pages. By the second edition it had risen to eight pages, and by the third edition in October 2003 we had grown to the twelve pages of substance and style now known today.

The *Mitre* was born out of the conviction that St Andrews ought to have a student newspaper that reflects the greatness and glory of our university, and through much hard work and effort we have produced just such a paper.

Such an undertaking would not have been possible without the help and support of many people, only a few of whom I will be able to mention here. **Miss Alexandra Jennings**, not just for her must-read Parliament Hall column, but for running my life. **Mr. Yusuke Osawa**, for never-ending humour with an eye towards heaven, and for bankrolling this



## FROM THE EDITOR

operation.

**Mr. Robert O'Brien**, for his persistent quest to find meaning in a meaningless Cusack.

**Miss Laura Wilson** and **Miss Phoebe Talbot-Cecil Stoves** for their witty insights into fashion and hunting. (An immense asset to the

paper).

**Mr. J.N. Roberts**, for folding half the second issue with me while watching 'Gandhi'.

**Mr. Nicholas Vincent**, for his architectural taste.

**Miss Sofie von Hauch**, for unending laughter, illumination, and beauty.

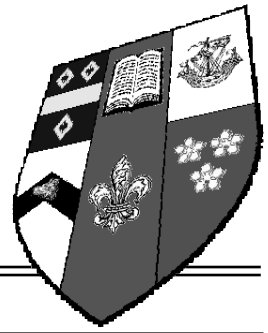
**Mr and Mrs. Ryan Freeburn**, for their help, comments, and laughter.

**Miss Jocelyn Archer**, for keeping me well-fed.

**Fr. Patrick Burke**, **Mr. Peter Cox**, **2Lt. Chris Cruden**, **Prof. Richard Demarco**, **Fr. John Emerson**, **Prof. John Haldane**, **the Rev. Canon Brian Halloran**, **Mr. Matthew Lee**, **Fr. John**



# COLLEGES



THE UNIVERSITY OF ST ANDREWS

# YEAR ON



*One Saint regular upon reading the Mitre and discovering the existence of polysyllabic words.*

**Perricone, Mr. Zacharias Pieri, Mrs. Flora Selwyn, Dr. Jens Timmerman, Miss Victoria Truett, and Mr André Wyss,** for continual inspiration and encouragement.

The **wonderful ladies in the General Office**, without whom this paper would not be printed.

For all our financial supporters, including those mentioned above as well as **the Regina Sable Club, Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Gannon, and Mr. Stephano Costanzo.**

A very special thanks to Josemaria Escriva, Pier Giorgio Frassati, and Fulton Sheen. *Ora pro nobis!*



## Prayer Requests

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 pray that their 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.**





# leisurely PURSUITS



## TEA

### *The Glories of Afternoon Tea*

DAVID MONTFORT VINTON

Afternoon tea, possibly one of the finest of British traditions, is under attack. Afternoon tea underpins our entire culture. Cricket games stop for tea, the Army stops for tea, and even work stops for tea. But in our twenty-four hour culture, tea is being edged out in favour of new drinks. You can walk into a British café and order a mochachino without even thinking that you want a brown pair of trousers, yet get faced with blank looks when you order a lapsang souchong.

Tea drinking is in sharp decline, and in many parts of the country coffee drinking is more popular than tea drinking. Much of this has been blamed on the insurgence of Americanism in our culture, and the nonstop twenty-first century lifestyle, where there is no time to squeeze a caffeine 'hit' into the working day, let alone a sapid pot of single leaf tea.

And when one asks for tea, there is normally a misconception of how tea should be made. Too often have I been served with an insipid brew where the teabag is floating in a mix of milk and lukewarm water. While coffee gets better and better, the average cup of tea is increasingly more jejune.

It is truly a sad reflection on the times when the average gent neither knows much about tea, or has the spare time to drink it. So what can we do to address this worrying social trend? We should put things back in their right and proper place. Put the baristas back in court, put the Costas back in Spain and give Annan back his Kofi - we don't want it here. Instead we should free up time in the day to enjoy a nice pot of tea and close down the Starbucks and Java Junctions to

Con't on Next Page, Col. 2

## FASHION

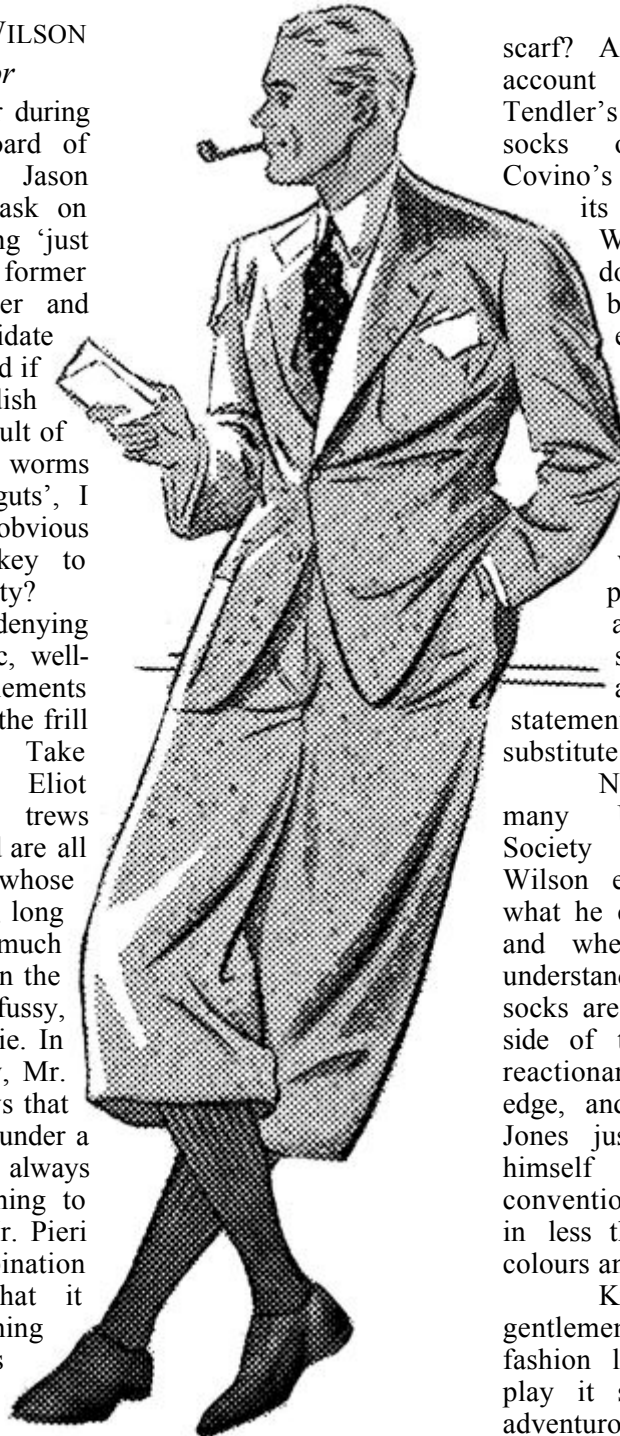
### Simplicity and Style, Gentlemen...

BY MISS LAURA WILSON

*Fashion Editor*

In a semester during which my new Board of Ten colleague, Mr. Jason Vit, was taken to task on his dress shirt looking 'just too dressy' and the former Association Treasurer and rectorial candidate Tobias Joss was asked if his rather outlandish waistcoat was the result of a mass of silk worms 'boaking up their guts', I have to ask the obvious question - is the key to style simply simplicity?

There is no denying that the most basic, well-cut, sartorial elements without the fuss and the frill can look fabulous. Take *Mitre* favourite Eliot Wilson, whose trows without cummerbund are all the better for it, and whose simple, elegantly cut, long dinner jacket is much easier on the eye than the traditional short, fussy, brass-buttoned Charlie. In much the same way, Mr. Zacharias Pieri knows that a classic shirt worn under a sleeveless sweater is always a safe bet when aiming to look truly stylish. Mr. Pieri has worn this combination with such effect that it seems we're all aiming to steal a bit of his style. Only recently was the President of the Conservative and Unionist Association overheard explaining his chosen outfit on Union election night as 'my Zach Pieri look.' Congratulations are thus in order to the President of the Kensington Club for reaching true



fashion icon status.

This in mind, how can we begin to explain the sumptuous sight of the inestimable Mr. Colin Cavendish-Jones in his plum velvet dinner jacket or crushed velvet bottle green

scarf? And how can we account for Mr. Joseph Tendler's canary yellow socks or Mr. Ralph Covino's red sweater with its 'R' motif?

Well, it's easy: in doubt, simple is best. But what's even more important is to know what you can and cannot get away with by being aware of size and shape as well as colour and pattern, and accepting that snazzy accessories and bold sartorial statements are never a substitute for a personality.

No matter how many Union Debating Society dinners Eliot Wilson enjoys, he knows what he can wear to when and where. Mr. Tendler understands that his yellow socks are just on the right side of taste to give his reactionary style added edge, and Mr. Cavendish-Jones just wouldn't look himself without doing conventional formal attire in less than conventional colours and fabrics.

Know yourselves, gentlemen, and know your fashion limits, or at least play it safe in less than adventurous but nonetheless classic apparel. Remember - there's a fine line between expressing yourself and looking like an idiot. So in the future, I'd leave the hat in the wardrobe Richard Watt, and the 'War shorts' in a drawer, Preston Byrne - a locked one.



...and even more  
**S O C I A L**  **R E P O R T**

# SEEN AND HEARD AROUND ST ANDREWS

by the Gowned Galoot

Here follows a small sampling of things seen and heard around the old grey town.

- An unknown, mysterious **Arab sheik** was seen dining in **Broon's** and looking confusedly at the **Barbie window** on Market St.
- We hear that **André Floryn Wyss**, everyone's favourite Swiss divine, is a most excellent chef.
- With-it fourth-year **Tori Truett** won't be heading back into London's orbit after graduation. This magistrand hopes to stay in Scotland to pursue her calling in the arts world north of the border.
- We are told that, in a typically lavish display of Scandinavian decadence, a **Sofie von Hauch** travelled all the way from town to **Copenhagen** to visit the dentist. 'He's a really good dentist!' she tells us.
- Word has it that some of the best discussions to be had are at the **College Luncheons** every Friday in the Senior Common Room of St. Mary's.
- The **Clay Pigeon Club** is supposedly the most jovial sporting club around.
- What do you get when you stick two red-headed tertians in a Roman hotel? The fiery-haired **Maria Bramble** had to expel fellow flame-head **Leon Rodgers** and others from her hotel room at 1 in the morning on a university-sponsored trip to **Rome**. Leon and pals, we're told, 'just wanted to have some drinks on her balcony.'



*The unidentified Arab gentleman beat a student in chess at Broon's and headed off in a friend's Land Rover.*

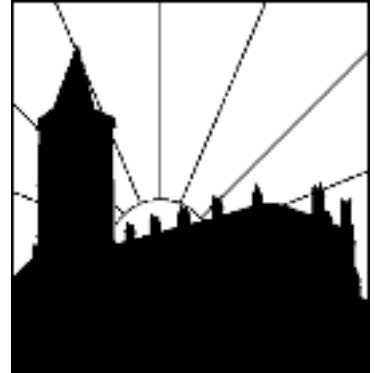
## *Glories of Afternoon Tea*

- Prev. Page, Col. 1

open up tearooms so that British gents and ladies can relax with some shortbread and a nice darjeeling. Work is important, but tea is one of the quintessential British pastimes that should be guarded and protected as a national treasure.

On the subject of darjeeling, now is the time to track down Darjeeling First Flush, arguably the best tea in the world. The first flush is the

first harvest of the year, and the one with the finest taste. It is the two leaves and bud from each leaf, ensuring delicate tea with renowned muscatel character. It is even possible to track down first flush in St Andrews if you look hard enough. It can be somewhat expensive, but then again, quality never came cheap. So lets raise a bone china teacup to Britain, and its finest beverage!



## *Chapel Notes*

by the Eager Theist

The Eager Theist was chuffed to the bollocks to hear the sermon preached by Professor Derek Burke, the former Vice-Chancellor of the University of East Anglia on Sunday, March 14, 2004 in St. Salvator's Chapel.

Prof. Burke, no doubt emboldened by the Holy Spirit, clearly and decisively demolished the broad claims made by the athiest/agnostic Professor Richard Dawkins, a high priest of Scientism.

Rarely have we enjoyed Chapel as much as we did then. If only we could have more preachers of Prof Burke's calibre at what should be a weekly reinforcement of our faith.

## *Forthcoming Marriages*

**Mr. Robert J. O'Brien and Miss Maria Bramble**

The engagement is announced between Robert, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ian O'Brien of Handforth, Chesire, and Maria, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Bramble of Sherborne, Dorset.

Mr. O'Brien is a student in the United College of St Salvator and St. Leonard, and Miss Bramble is a student in St. Mary's College.

# THE MITRE

□□□ □□□□□□□□

## 'It is as it was'

The *Passion of the Christ* has arrived, somewhat belatedly, in St Andrews. Much ink has been spilled by both critics and supporters of Mel Gibson's project. Liberal critics have claimed the film is anti-semitic, despite the numerous good Jews in the film. Another line of attack has been that the film is excessively violent. Yet it is not the depiction of the scourging of Christ that is awful, but the scourging itself. It is curious that this film, rather than the gratuitously violent flicks that Hollywood routinely churns out, should occasion such a facile objection. As Ann Widdecombe said when she spoke to the University Catholic Society here in St Andrews recently: 'If you want to ban the film you will have to ban the book as well.'

Unlike most newspapers, the *Mitre* is proud to say that it accepts the Gospel story as true. The success of *The Passion* is a visible sign of God's grace. We hope as many students as possible will see the film. Many will realise the reality of the Sacrifice for the first time. Many, perhaps, will be converted to the view that the Cross, as Chesterton said, cannot be defeated, because the Cross *is* defeat. Utter defeat, and then the third day. Greater love hath no man than this...

## Hail, Glorious Springtime!

The clocks have changed, the song birds serenade us with their happy melodies, and the sun has finally graced this little corner of the world with its happy and warming presence. It aggrieves many a young gentleman to find our town bathing in sunshine, but our ladyfolk still clad in denim. With spring now upon us, we simply must extol the virtues of young ladies abandoning their dull winter trousers for pretty summer dresses.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## Thy Will Be Done, Not Mine

SIR - It is with great pleasure that I convey the news to your most esteemed editor and readership of the *Mitre* that I am due to begin studying for the Catholic priesthood at the Pontifical Scots College in Rome. Like the University of St Andrews, the College is a papal foundation, in its case of Pope Clement VIII in 1600.

I have been an avid reader of this most laudable publication and I wish you every continued success with your endeavour. As journalists you have a great vocation for the diffusion of truth and the promotion of Christian peace throughout the world.

**Mr. Liam O'Connor**  
MA (Hons), 2002

*AKBC: It is reassuring as well as gladdening to hear that you have been chosen to study at the Pontifical Scots College in Rome, the Eternal City. In embarking upon this journey, you follow in the footsteps of many great and good men of St Andrews, and we have no doubt that you will honour and extend this heritage.*

*In this age in*

*history, when many of our hierarchy claim to foster vocations in speech but actively stifle them in action, it is heartening to know that young men are willing to answer God's call and remember those words of scripture, "thy will be done, Lord, not mine."*

*We here at the Mitre will remember you in our prayers and may God's blessings be with you always, from now until the end of time.*

SIR - May I take this opportunity in commending Miss Stoves on her views on foxhunting. I would like to join with her in crying out 'Shame!' at the rebellious Scots, who through their own misinformed malice have banned that noble sport of foxhunting with hounds. It is indeed a great shame that this has happened and so I would like to reassure Miss Stoves that the Kensington Club will be singing the sixth verse of the National Anthem at our next event.

**Mr. Zacharias Pieri**  
Kensington Club, Pres.

*AKBC: We thank you for your support.*

## THE MITRE OF ST ANDREWS

Letters to the Editor and Comments: [MitreStA@yahoo.com](mailto:MitreStA@yahoo.com)

**Andrew K. B. Cusack**  
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## PROPERTY

## History For Sale

*Filled with political intrigue, two historic London homes are currently in the headlines.*

SINCE ST ANDREWS is a small, often claustrophobic bubble, here's some news from my neck of the woods. As a follower of the London property markets with a special interest in great architecture and the history behind it, I was recently fortunate enough to discover two great London houses with colourful political histories.



### NICHOLAS *Vincent*

#### 8 Lord North Street SW1

The Westminster home of the former cabinet minister Jonathan Aitken was recently placed on the open market by Strutt & Parker. Attention has focused on its recent history, but the Grade II\*-listed house has taken centre stage in Conservative policy-making for more than half a century.

The Georgian brick terraced street within the division bell is much prized by peers and parliamentarians. Brendan Bracken, Churchill's Minister of Information, lived at No. 8 from 1927 until his death in 1958. During his 'wilderness years', Churchill often used the house as a *piéd-à-terre*, and it was later used for the eponymous television programme. At the time of Munich, Harold Macmillan, Churchill, Beaverbrook, and other anti-appeasers met there each night, plotting Chamberlain's downfall. Bracken bequeathed the house to the 11th Earl of Drogheda. Lord Drogheda became chairman of the *Financial Times* and the Royal Opera House, and during the next twenty-two years the Drogheda's entertained not only friends such as James Lees-Milne and Sir Isaiah Berlin, but also leading lights from the world of opera and ballet, including Dame Margot Fonteyn, Rudolf Nureyev, Tito Gobbi, and Sir George Solti.

Aitken bought the house in 1981, and it became the meeting place for the Conservative Philosophy Group, of which Baroness Thatcher was a prominent

member. The great and the good came to dinners given by Mr. Aitken to celebrate occasions such as Julian Amery's 70th birthday and Enoch Powell's 80th.

Bunny Smedley's well-researched history, *Lord North Street 1725-1996, A Westminster Portrait*, reveals a hotchpotch of political intrigue and a rich ragout of residents. Sybil Colefax lived at No. 19, while Harold and Mary Wilson lived at No. 5, famously preferring it to No. 10 Downing Street. But the street remains predominantly High Tory territory.

Completed in 1725, No. 8 was combined with No. 9 early in the last century to form a single residence. At 4,674 sq ft, the seven bedroom house is larger than many of its neighbours. Although in need of some updating, the interior seems to have an appealing air of faded grandeur. For sale at £3m, for those of you with a further £500k for modernisation.

#### Garden House, Chapel Street, SW1

Chapel Street is one of London's most exclusive addresses, the discreet stucco and brick façades offer a sanctuary to many a blue-blooded resident, and once again the occasional former Conservative cabinet minister. The 3,064 sq ft house was completed in 1811, but the area did not become truly fashionable until the Edwardian era.

## WATERING HOLES

## Golf Place Guttled

*The recent 'renovation' of One Golf Place turned a cozy comfy pub into a Lizard wannabe.*

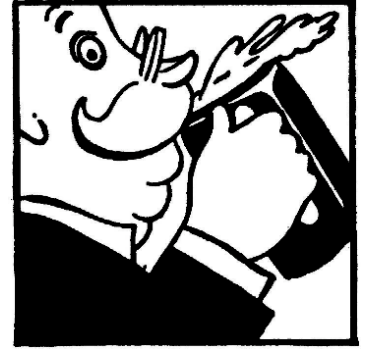
WHY DO WE find that St Andrews is increasingly becoming a victim of the modern preoccupation with making every bar and pub exactly the same? Our small, and slightly odd, little town may have a profusion of places to drink within its three streets but out of all of them One Golf Place had a certain quality, a certain atmosphere, which made it stand out from the rest.

The period of its refurbishment therefore could not have been a more stressful time. As we continue to wait and see what improvement can be made by the powers that be on their previous suggestion that the interior of the cathedral should be redesigned with the theme of a really big lawn, so we have waited to see how the 'improvements' to One Golf Place would better our drinking lives, and so we have been similarly disappointed.

In an achievement of remarkable unimagination our beloved pub has been stripped of everything that made it unique and forced into the same 'bright and shiny' mold of the Lizard and the Vic. Seating availability has been cleverly reduced so as to keep people standing longer and to drink faster. Money for extra chairs seems instead to have been spent on creating an interesting piece of artwork that depicts a bundle of twigs that have been shoved into the wall.

An event that epitomises this entire episode is

Neville Lyon lived in the house from 1906 until 1911. By 1946, it had become the London home of Alan Lennox-Boyd, later created Viscount Boyd of Merton, who served as Secretary of State for the colonies from 1954-59. As his obituary in the *Times* commented: 'There were few colonial personalities of his period who were not invited at



### MATTHEW *Bell*

the way in which the army of tiny little tea candles for every table seems to have invaded One Golf Place in a similar way in which they have taken hold in every other public place imaginable.

I trust that I am not the only one who finds such developments shocking and disturbing. In my mind there are few places so sacred as a pub; a site of communal and individual interaction where we form our opinions and drink loads of alcohol. Yet we are continuing to see our pub culture increasingly influenced by modern culture and its trends rather than our own genuine interests. This modern culture, which claims to stress individuality but clearly enforces conformity, is increasingly dulling every part of our existence.

Do we really want every part of our lives to become artificial and fake? If you just cried "Never!" to yourself then vote with your feet, and buy me a drink somewhere else.

one time or another to stay at Lennox-Boyd's house in Chapel Street.'

The present owners have lived at Chapel Street for 25 years and, by the looks of the brochure, have a very fine eye for fabrics. Sumptuously decorated and furnished, the house is fit for a king. The leasehold, with 37 years to run, will set you back £2.25m.



# The Bibliophile

A REVIEW OF THE PRINTED PAGE FOR THE DISCRIMINATING READER

## The Return of the Popular Catholic Novel?

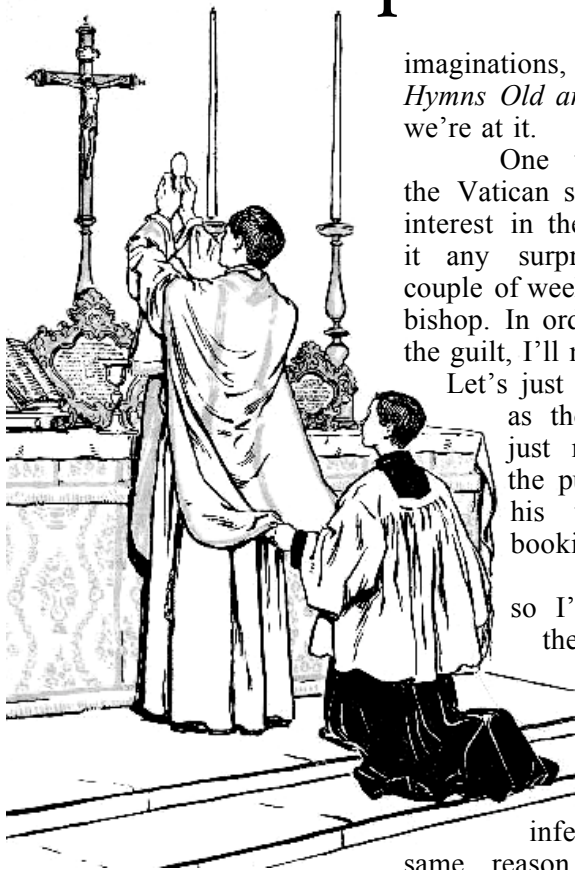
SMOKE IN THE  
SANCTUARY

by Stephen Oliver  
*Epsilon*, £7.99, pp. 191  
ISBN 0954712005

THERE CAN BE no doubt that the Catholic Church is a *thing*. It is, we might venture to say, a *fine* thing, an *old* thing, a *glorious* thing, and even a *funny* thing. Mr. Stephen Oliver is a funny thing who has produced a fine novel. I will not call him an old thing. But having read his novel, I am quite sure of his being a glorious thing.

A traditionalist's holiday book, a thrilling yarn of priestly adventure, a fable of good and evil, a morality tale of the evil inflicted by progressives (they have had their day) - *Smoke in the Sanctuary* is all of the above. Mr. Oliver has given us a satire of the typical Catholic parish of today, infested with 'lay involvement' in all its worst manifestations. It's all here: the Liturgy Planning Group, the Sisters of Servitude (dancing nuns) at the 'eleven, with the accompaniment of Greg Tonks' band, the Nurdles. Brace yourself for the Teddy Bear Mass (don't forget yours on Sunday), oecumenical claptrap, we're all effing one together, and so on.

The hymns are worth a close look, for Mr. Oliver has provided us with some useful samples. Hymns, of course, are the progressives' first means of indoctrination. They get us young, and then they've got us - they hope - for the



rest of our lives. From five or younger we are mindlessly singing their vague and watery sentiments, usually songs with very little to do with the Faith, or, worse, unorthodox renderings of it ('I am with you in this bread and wine' is my favourite heresy). Hands up if you've ever sung 'We will break bread together on our knees' to the tune of 'She'll be coming round the mountain'. Apart from the sheer banality of modern hymnody, if there's one thing that's likely to make me turn and violently attack my neighbour, it's having them sing hymns like that at me. Let's bring papal triumphalism back to the primary schools, the triple tiara back to Rome, grandeur back to the liturgy, beauty back to our

imaginations, and boot out *Hymns Old and New* whilst we're at it.

One wonders why the Vatican shows so little interest in these islands. Is it any surprise? Only a couple of weeks ago I saw a bishop. In order to protect the guilt, I'll not name him.

Let's just say he looked as though he had just rolled out of the pub and was on his way to the bookies.

The reason, so I'm told, that the successors to the Apostles dress down nowadays is to make us laity feel less

inferior (the same reason our priests don't like to wear their collars too often). But it's not the pillock who's wearing the episcopal ring that we care about, but his office, his episcopal consecration. St. Thomas a Becket wore a hair-shirt under his vestments; the scratchy hair-shirt for himself and the sumptuous vestments for the people.

But as well as giving us reasons to despair, Mr. Oliver's novel depicts the traditionalist backlash. As well as the We Are Right! (WAR!) liberal campaign for the re-ordering of the church with full-emersion baptismal pool - somewhere to drown oneself in a moment of liturgical despair, perhaps - there is the Campaign for Real Catholicism (CRC), which fights for the right to worship as our forefathers

did for centuries, against the sly machinations of Monsignor Sloane and the lay activist Sandra Buller ('one of those energetic, forward thinking pensioners now so rife in the Church, whose ultimate aim is to wrest power from the clergy and generally make a nuisance of themselves') and her husband, the famous liturgist Dr. Bernie Buller. When our hero Fr. James Page holds an evening lecture on the sacred liturgy, the liberals are intellectually smashed by the impressive Petroc Tomkinson (perhaps Mr. Oliver's most skillfully drawn character) and the traditionalist party. It is a moment to savour.

Debut novels are often thinly - veiled autobiography, and it is worth considering whether such is the case here. One particular incident suggests the possibility. When the hapless Spooner charges into the beautiful Julia's room in only his underpants, the scene is so well drawn that I wonder whether Mr. Oliver, currently studying for an MLitt here at St Andrews, is drawing on firsthand experience. Only Mr. Oliver can say. But perhaps we ought to let the novelist's imagination wander a little more freely than that. I look forward to the sequel, when perhaps Fr. James Page will be appointed papal nuncio to Britain, and begin the whole-scale removal of the current hierarchy.

- Robert O'Brien