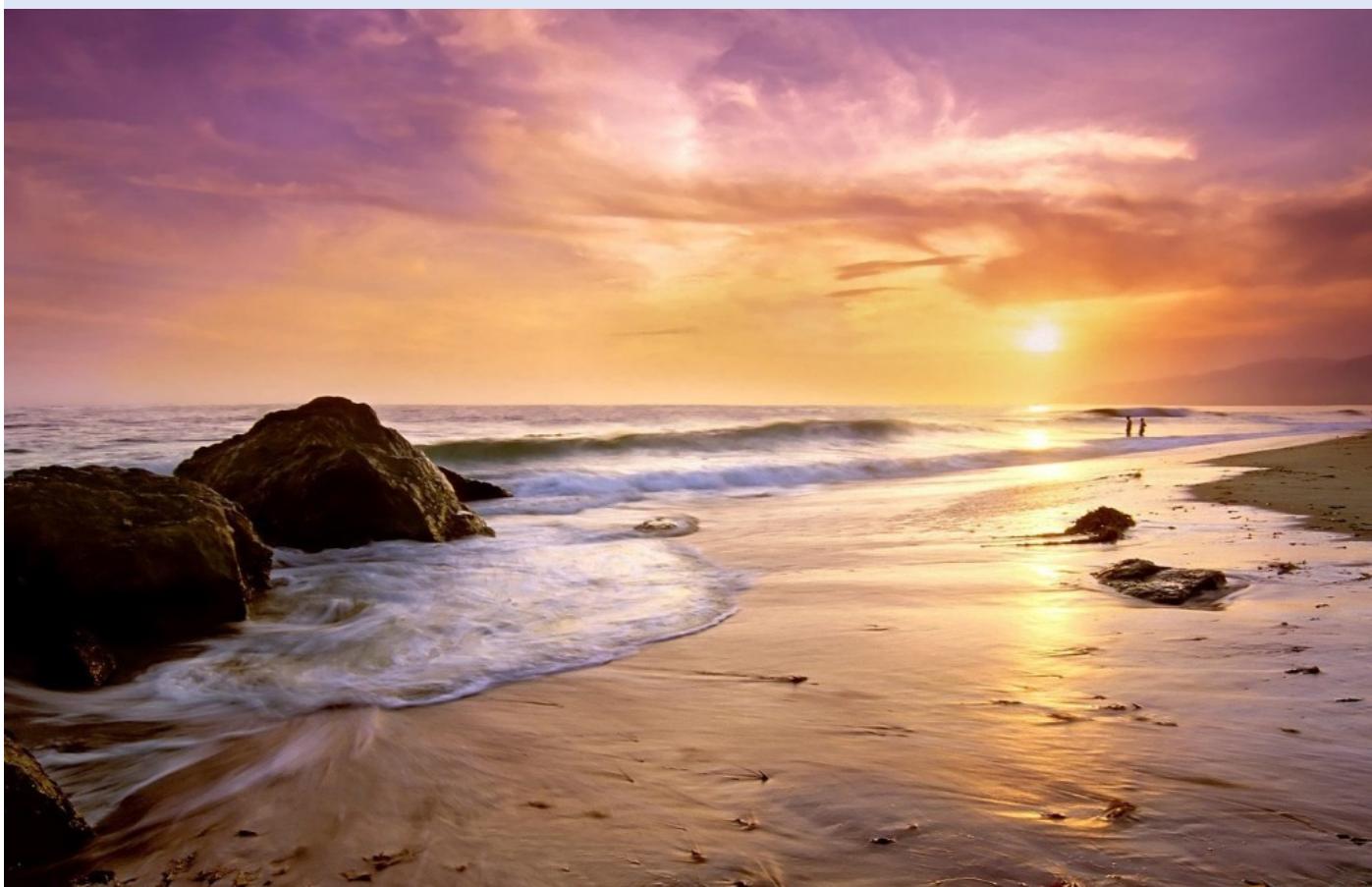




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## President's Blurb

Dear members

As the summer waves lap up our remaining consciousness of the year which has ended and we become slowly more aware of the new year we are living in, your Society has begun to define the activities it will offer you over the coming months. Between what will be set up by us and what will be offered by our many member institutions, you can look forward to an interesting and active calendar of events for the year.



The first Society event of the year will be the kick-off of our 2012 lecture-supper cycle (see details below), and

will have an interesting twist to the usual format. Slated for Wednesday 7th March, the event will feature two up-and-coming young actors from London's West End, who will be entertaining those present with songs and routines from their repertoire.

This year's events also include two new activities aimed at the younger crowd (a junior croquet competition and a PlayStation tournament), our annual up-country trip, the classic Dilmah senior croquet cup and a Halloween party with a chilling twist.

The British Hospital's running of The British Society's Sir Winston Churchill Home for the elderly has so far been a success. Thought the move must still be ratified by The British Society's members at our forthcoming Annual General Meeting in April, all feedback received has so far been encouraging. Nevertheless, if anyone has any lingering worries concerning the takeover, I will be more than happy to answer any questions you may have.

I hope you enjoy the second half of the summer and look forward to seeing you all in one or another of our forthcoming events.

## British Society News

### First 2012 Lecture-Supper

The British Society is pleased to announce the first lecture-supper of the 2012 cycle, to be held on Wednesday 7th March starting 19:30 hrs. at The Anglo School in Carrasco (María Saldún de Rodríguez 2195).

This time the event will feature not only words, but music too. Up-and-coming British actors Sheila Grant and Christopher Anderton (pictured at right) will be taking time off from the rehearsals for the musical 'The Feather Pillow', which will be presented in Montevideo 21 to 23 March (see Anglo News), to entertain us with songs and routines from their repertory. Sheila has recently been in Stephen Sondheim's 'Follies', and Chris is currently working with David MacVicar at the English National Opera.

As usual, the entertainment will be followed by dinner (menu to be confirmed - watch this space) prepared especially for the occasion by our excellent Community cooks.

On this occasion, tickets will be at \$350 for members and \$450 for non-members.

Seats are limited, so book your place now at [britsoc.events@gmail.com](mailto:britsoc.events@gmail.com) or by calling Susan McConnell on 099267413.

Sheila Grant



Christopher Anderton





# British Embassy News

## St Andrew's Society Golf

Ian Stanton won the recent St Andrew's Society golf tournament. The annual tournament was played at the Cerro golf club in December.



The photo shows Ambassador Mullee presenting the handsome silver cup to Ian. The Ambassador was reluctant to hand over the trophy because he mistakenly believes he should have won! An interesting and happy coincidence – Ian's daughter Becky is studying next to the home of golf at St Andrew's University in Scotland.

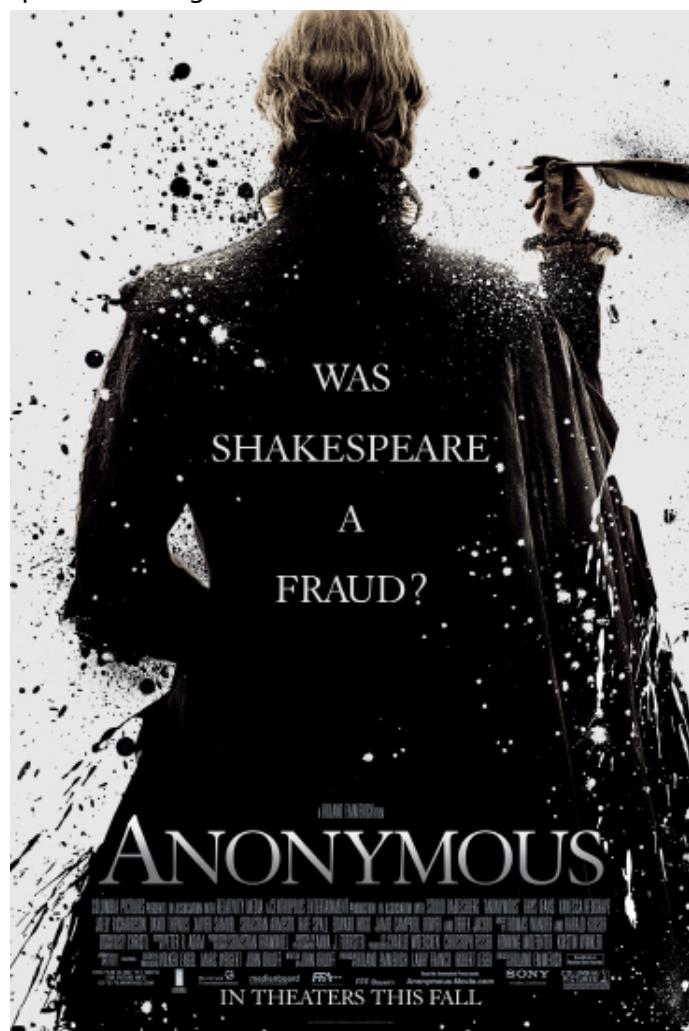


## Foreign Secretary William Hague visits South America

Read what William Hague wrote in The Times about South America and the Falkland Islands following his visit to Brazil in January: <http://ukinuruguay.fco.gov.uk/en/news/?view=News&id=713345182>

## Anonymous

Anonymous is an entertaining but fictional film that suggests William Shakespeare did not write all those plays and sonnets. The Embassy invited Uruguayan contacts and members of the British organisations to a special showing of the film in December.



On a separate note, a new film about the life of former Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher is due to arrive in Montevideo in early February.

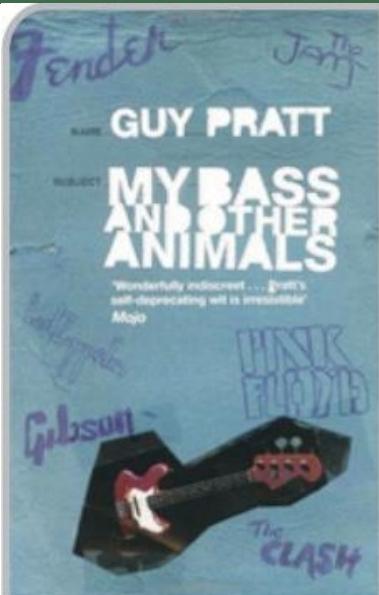
## Gran Bretaña School

The Embassy continues its longstanding contacts with the Escuela Gran Bretaña in Cerrito de la Victoria. The school finished their year with a well-crafted closing ceremony on 15 December. Rachel Brazier, Deputy Head of Mission, presented the Headmistress with laptops and other materials that will be put to good use once classes resume in March. The young lad holding the British flag in the photo (see left) looks uncomfortable... did he know something was about to happen?



THE BRITISH SOCIETY  
IN URUGUAY

# Anglo News



## GUY PRATT

ENGLISH SESSION BASSIST  
SONGWRITER AND COMEDIAN.

Pink Floyd, Roxy Music, The Smiths,  
David Gilmour, Madonna, Michael Jackson,  
Tom Jones, Iggy Pop, The Pretenders,  
Elton John, Gary Moore, Rod Stewart,  
Tears for fears, David Bowie,  
Robert Palmer, Bryan Ferry,  
And more...



PRESENTS HIS STAND UP COMEDY SHOW  
“MY BASS AND OTHER ANIMALS”  
2012 TOUR



**ANGLO**

Thursday 1st. March, 08:30PM

Millington Drake Theatre - Anglo Town (San José 1426)

For more information email [anglocultural@anglo.edu.uy](mailto:anglocultural@anglo.edu.uy) - [www.anglo.edu.uy](http://www.anglo.edu.uy)

### MY BASS AND OTHER ANIMALS

English session bassist, songwriter and comedian Guy Pratt will present his stand up comedy show “My bass and other Animals” on Thursday 1 March, 2012 starting 20:30 at the Anglo’s Millington Drake Theatre (San José 1426).

Tickets can be acquired through the Red UTS as of 1 February. There will be a discount price of \$300 available until 15 February, after which the full price of \$350 must be paid. Members of the Montevideo Players Society can also take advantage of an exclusive offer (see Montevideo Players News).

Guy Pratt was born in London, the son of songwriter/actor Mike Pratt, who was probably best known for writing Tommy Steele’s children’s classic ‘The Little White Bull’ and playing Jeff Randall in ‘Randall & Hopkirk’. After a brief stint as a graphic designer, Guy decided to pursue a career in music, which took off when he was asked to join the (then massive in Australia) Icehouse for a world tour at the tender age of 19. In 1983 he supported David Bowie on his legendary ‘Serious Moonlight’ tour. This led to him being spotted and used by the likes of Robert Palmer, Bryan Ferry and even The Smiths, amongst others. He was thrust into the global premier league of bassists when David Gilmour asked him to play for Pink Floyd following Roger Waters’ departure. After 13 months on the road he decamped to LA where he found himself in demand by the likes of Madonna and Michael Jackson before heading back to play groundbreaking shows with Pink Floyd in Venice and Moscow. Guy has played on countless hit records for the likes of Tom Jones, Sophie Ellis Bextor, Iggy Pop, The Pretenders, Ronan Keating, Electronic, Echo & the Bunnymen, The Orb, Natalie Imbruglia, All Saints, Bond and Elton John. He has also toured with Coverdale-Page, The Power Station, Gary Moore and others.



Guy also tried his hand at writing and producing, notching up hits with artists including Robert Palmer, The Orb, Fat Les, Jimmy Nail, Marianne Faithful and Debbie Harry. He has won a Grammy and been nominated for 2 Ivor Novello Awards.

Aside from his bass playing, Guy has spent time in the comparatively quiet world of Film & TV music composing. He has contributed score and songs for 'Hackers' and 'Still Crazy', as well as writing and producing the scores for Channel 4's 'Spaced' (Series 1&2), 'Now You See Her' (a film for Sky TV), 'The Young Person's Guide to becoming a Rock Star', 'Randall & Hopkirk', and the BBC series 'Linda Green'. He also contributed to Dawn French's 'Wild West' and 'Jimmy Nail's Crocodile Shoes 2', not to mention the theme music for 'the Pepsi Chart show' and several commercials. Documentaries he has worked on include 'Riddle of the Skies', 'The Roswell Incident', 'Terror in Texas', 'Gloria's Toxic Death', 'The Underboss', 'Tracing Che', 'Greatest Heroes' and 'The Oldest Mummies on earth'. For theatre he co-wrote the score for 'The Bedbug' by Mayakovsky, 'Lena' by Carla Lane and 'The Remarkable Piety of the Infamous'. He was also Musical Director of 'I just called by to see the man', directed by Richard Wilson.

In 2005 he took his one man comedy show 'My Bass and other Animals' to Edinburgh, where it was a sell out hit. He then toured it successfully over the next few years, whilst finding time to squeeze in tours and recording with David Gilmour, Roxy Music (with whom he appeared at Live 8) and Bryan Ferry. He also played on the Jimmy Page / Leona Lewis version of 'Whole Lotta Love' for the Beijing Olympics. His book 'My Bass and other Animals', published in 2007, garnered both critical and commercial success, and currently on its 3rd reprint.

In July 2008 he undertook a 21 date tour of Australia with his updated show 'Breakfast of Idiots'. He had previously taken his show down under twice before, including 2 appearances on the smash hit TV show 'Spicks & Specks'. This is the first time he has brought his comedy to South America.

#### THE FEATHER PILLOW

Creepy story 'The Feather Pillow' will be given a plump-up at the Anglo's Millington-Drake Theatre on 21 to 23 March, when the UK's London Touring Theatre Company stage a new play with music about the story's author, Horacio Quiroga, and his gruesome tales.

Tickets for the one-hour show in English by Jonathan Lamb, called "The Feather Pillow, a story of Horacio Quiroga" will be available from the Red UTS or the Anglo box office. There will be a discount price of \$350 available until 29 February, after which the full price of \$450 must

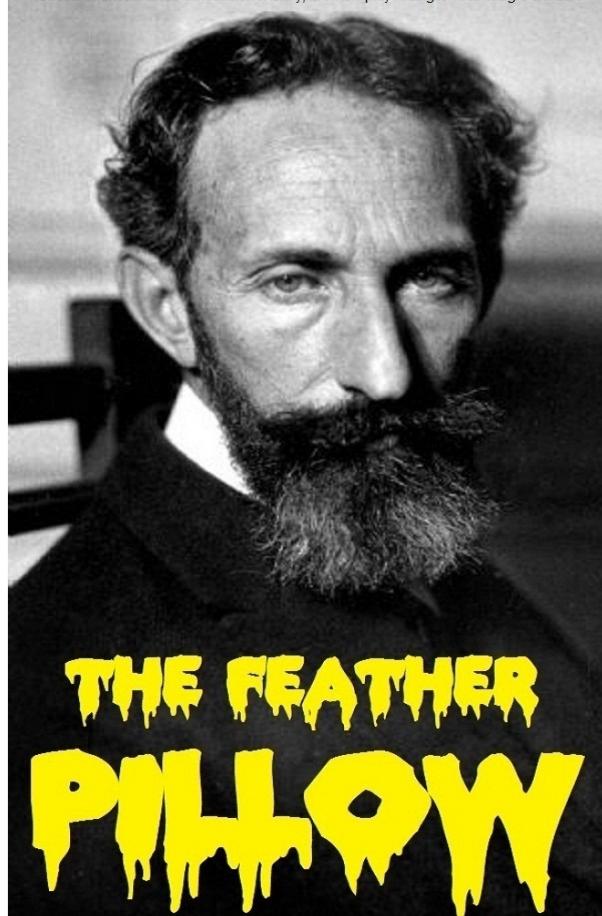
be paid. The show is not for children under 13, but there is plenty to enjoy for older theatregoers: villains in top hats, ghoulish sound effects, music, magic and dance. And the bug is amazing.

Quiroga (pictured below) took poison in 1937. He was a complex character, but also a brave man, a chillingly effective storyteller and a gifted naturalist who understood the jungle and its creatures. The play, in English, interweaves episodes from Quiroga's life with scenes from his stories, in particular an expanded version of 'The Feather Pillow' ('El Almohadón de Plumas'), a tale about a neglected bride and the beast that sucks her dry.

The UK visitors include Sheila Grant and Christopher Anderton (see inset below). While in Uruguay, the actors will be doing several dance workshops for schools sponsored by the Anglo and the British Embassy. For background and a free teacher's resource pack on Quiroga, call 099554365 or see [www.actorstouruguay.com](http://www.actorstouruguay.com)

#### THE LONDON TOURING THEATRE COMPANY PRESENTS

South America's most famous horror story, in a new play in English with magic & music



A story of Horacio Quiroga, by Jonathan Lamb

With Chris Anderton and Sheila Grant

from London's West End

Anglo Centro, San Jose 1426

21-23 March 2012 at 9pm

Tickets \$450 (RED UTS), or \$350 if bought before 29 Feb

Not for children under 13





# Montevideo Players News

The Anglo's first cultural event of the year, comedy show "My bass and other Animals" by English session bassist, songwriter and comedian Guy Pratt will be a very interesting show indeed. It will be presented on Thursday 1 March, 2012 starting 20:30 at the Anglo's Millington Drake Theatre (see Anglo News for further details).

As a very special offer, members of the Montevideo Players are being offered an exclusive 2x1 on all tickets purchased. Members can purchase their special offer tickets ONLY at the Millington Drake Theatre's box office (San Jose 1426, telephone 29018819), which is open Wednesdays to Fridays from 18:00 to 21:00, and weekends from 14:00 to 21:00.

All other tickets can be purchased through the Red UTS network at the regular price.

## Restaurant Of The Month

by Tim Plaehn  
timnamel@gmail.com

### El Gran Pez

Going out for an evening at El Gran Pez takes a commitment.

The restaurant is in El Pinar a few blocks off the beach and not easy to find. Our guide – who had been to the restaurant several times previously – failed to find the location without asking directions. That said, making the effort to find El Gran Pez is well worth the effort and the experience is unique.

The restaurant is located in a very nice residential neighborhood on an unpaved road. You know you are there by the long facing wall where you can park – there is no sign. You walk in through the driveway entrance and you will see the restaurant straight ahead. The first area is the cooking area with a pizza oven and seating for customers. Further back is a dining room with one side open to the large garden. On a nice summer evening, the whole restaurant is open to the garden where a nice fire will be burning.

The menu ranges from pizza to appetizers to fine dining entrees. The menu selection in each category is relatively small, but there should be something of interest to all. Our party's choices ranged from a type of lomo stew to duck to salmon. The wine list is limited but adequate. With a party of eight when we attended the restaurant everyone was very satisfied with the food and service. Check the specials board for some additional choices for your meal. The kitchen produces creative and flavorful dishes, significantly different from the typical Uruguay fare.

In the evening El Gran Pez opens at 9:00 and the restaurant was full by 10:00. Attached is a screenshot map which shows the restaurant location.

El Gran Pez  
San Ramon M.220 S.5  
El Pinar - Canelones  
Telephone: 2 698 9639





# Chef In Residence

by Joanna Mullee

joannamullee@hotmail.com

## Upside down Plum Tart

- Ingredients:
- 275g sugar
- 150ml water
- 900g Plums
- 150g butter (softened)
- 175g sugar
- 200g plain flour (sifted twice)
- 1 Tablespoon baking powder
- 3 eggs
- 5cm frying pan (or similar shaped metal tin) that can go in the oven

Preheat oven to 170°C.

Put the 275g sugar in a saucepan or frying pan with the water.

Stir over medium heat until sugar dissolves. Continue to cook without stirring until sugar caramelises to golden brown.

In the meantime, halve the plums and remove stone.

When the sugar is ready, pour into the frying pan (or tin) swirl to coat the base evenly. Then arrange the halved plums on top of the sauce (cut side down) in a single layer.

Put the butter, sugar, flour, baking powder and eggs into a food processor and whiz for a few seconds until just combined (or just mix together in a mixer).

Spread the cake mix evenly over the plums.

Bake for about 1 hour. Centre should be firm and slightly coming away from the edges.

Loosen by running a knife around the edges then leave for few minutes.

Serve warm, plum side up with ice-cream or cream.



## Obituary

### Margaret Townsend (1932-2011)

Margaret Townsend, who taught at the British Schools in the late 1960s and early 70s, died very suddenly at her home in Shoreham, West Sussex, on 14th December 2011.

Alumni of the Schools of that era will remember a teacher who made every lesson fun while at the same time really instilling knowledge into her pupils' heads.

She loved Uruguay, returned on several long visits, the most recent in 2008, and kept up her contacts with it through the British Uruguayan Society in London, of which she was a most faithful supporter and a longserving Committee member. She was famous for organising the Society's raffles and persuading people to buy tickets, and when she retired from the Committee in 2008 it was calculated that she had singlehandedly raised over £5,000 for the Uruguayan educational

charities supported by the Society.

Before coming to Uruguay she had taught in Bahrain and for the then Royal Naval Education Service in Malta and Singapore, in all of which she was able to indulge her passion for travel.

With her supremely happy nature and tremendous zest for life she had been enjoying this right up to the last, as she had just returned from Cyprus with her partner, John. Her friends were so pleased for them both when she met John in 2005. They were made for each other, had a great deal in common and brought each other great happiness, at a time of life when perhaps neither expected it.

She will be very greatly missed.



# Medical Column

## e-emergencies don't exist!

"Doctor Stanham: since my last e-mail my symptoms have changed; now I find it difficult to move my feet and the fingers of both my hands are tingling." I read this message in my e-mail at about 6:30 am; it was written about 6:00 am.

Immediately below there was the prior e-mail which was written at 4:00 am: "Dr Stanham: I went to bed ok last night, but since about 2am I feel tingling in both my feet."

The patient was a 50-so year old otherwise healthy woman and the symptoms described by her caused my concern, as there was a definite change between the two e-mails, which I suspected might be suggestive of a rapidly progressive illness. I wanted to call her home, but I didn't have her phone nor had she provided me with other means of contact but to answer her e-mail.

I wrote to her as clear as I could that it was important that she come to the hospital immediately for a full evaluation and maybe emergency treatment. By the time I arrived at my office at the hospital's clinic at 8:00 am, her following e-mail, written about 7:30am, stated: "Doctor Stanham, I can barely type this e-mail; my hands are weak and I can't move my legs."

By that time, I was able to access her file and get her phone number and had her come as fast as possible to Casualty, where she was admitted with the diagnosis of acute ascending polyneuritis which, if not treated, might have ended fatally with respiratory paralysis. With the help of one of our neurologists and prompt treatment, she fully recovered and was able to resume her usual activities to full extent.

Doctor-patient e-mail is now a reality. Present-day communications allow for this type of interaction. Although there are strong mixed feelings amongst physicians on e-mail exchanges with patients (see the online edition of the Wall Street Journal dated 23 January 2012 <http://online.wsj.com>), up to 40% of American physicians use e-mail, sms-texting and other online communication with their patients. 70% of these contacts are for follow-up on issues from a previous office visit, 50% are for medication refills and nearly 40% are for health concerns unrelated to a recent office visit.

These statistics clearly overlap my experience with e-mail, sms and other electronic communication with my patients. Of course, many will bring up issues with liability, confidentiality and appropriateness, not counting

by Dr. Jorge Stanham  
[jorgestanham@yahoo.com](mailto:jorgestanham@yahoo.com)

the understandable concern by physicians that most, if not all of this interaction, isn't charged for – they're [over] working for free!

However, present-day communications question the very nature of our smokestack policy of caring for patients: we still rely on the assembly-line procedures of waiting in line, using the one-size-fits-all of a standard 15-20 minute slot for everybody and for all problems, be it an acute health condition, follow-up of one or more chronic disorders, prescription refills and regular physicals.

The way medical practice is reimbursed fee-for-service tends to fix this reality and makes it difficult to change. In spite of this, electronic communications are used to 'weed out' unnecessary visits, like those solely used for communication of test results, prescription refills for chronic well-controlled illnesses and simple question-answers on pending doubts that surfaced since a recent visit.

Patients who really need to see a physician should not substitute electronic communication: they should be seen, examined, tested and treated promptly, without begging and lobbying for an appointment ahead of other visits which could be handled differently, for example, with asynchronous electronic communication.

I once read: "e-mail at worst is a warm-line; it's never a hot-line." The clinical situation described above certainly deserved the good old-fashioned face-to-face one-on-one patient physician contact – a.s.a.p.!





## Arts & Culture

by Alice Tourn  
aytourn@gmail.com

### Pablo Atchugarry: light charms marble



Lovers of sculptures and modern art visiting Punta del Este this summer must include a trip to the lair of Pablo Atchugarry in Manantiales.

Atchugarry creates massive yet delicate abstract works in sensuous, silken, cloud-white Carrara marble. Often weighing over half a ton, but appearing feather-light, His works are equated by many connoisseurs with angel-wings and by others with curvy torsos.

Visitors to Atchugarry's museum who wander into his studio beside the parking lot in a glass-walled white space filled with powder-fine marble are apt to catch the master at work. He is a giant of a man, and excels at turning stones into poetry. According to the experts the key is in the way light dances and reflects in all his marble works. It is said that the sculptor chooses his material, but also that marble chooses its sculptors. If that is so, then Carrara marble must love Atchugarry.

Pablo Atchugarry was born in Montevideo on August 23, 1954. His father Pedro, an art lover, perceived his son's skill and interest early on, and stimulated Pablo from childhood to come into the world of art. In the beginning he showed his talent through painting, but then he discovered other materials such as cement, iron, wood and finally marble.

In the late 70s, after several exhibitions in Montevideo,

Buenos Aires, Porto Alegre and Brasilia, Atchugarry made several trips to Spain, France and Italy, where in 1978 he had his first personal exhibition in the city of Lecco (by lake Como). After that, his paintings were exhibited in several European cities including Milan, Copenhagen, Paris and Stockholm.

In 1979, after experimenting with a variety of materials, Atchugarry discovered marble and made his first sculpture in Carrara entitled "Lumière". In 1982, still working with marble from Carrara, Atchugarry decided to settle in Lecco, following the completion of the sculpture entitled "La Pietà", a piece carved from a 12-ton block of Carrara marble which he completed in 1983. In 1999 he established the Pablo Atchugarry Museum in Lecco, exhibiting works of his entire artistic career.

In 2007 he set up the Pablo Atchugarry Foundation in Manantiales, Uruguay, with the intention of fostering the arts among young Uruguayans and creating a meeting place for Uruguayan artists of all disciplines. Also in 2007 he completed an 8-metre-high sculpture entitled "In the Light", carved from a 48-ton block of marble for the Fontana collection in Italy.

In 2007 he set up the Pablo Atchugarry Foundation in Manantiales, Uruguay, with the intention of fostering the arts among young Uruguayans and creating a meeting place for Uruguayan artists of all disciplines. Also in 2007 he completed an 8-metre-high sculpture entitled "In the Light", carved from a 48-ton block of marble for the Fontana collection in Italy. In 2008 the National Museum of Visual Arts in Montevideo, dedicated an exhibition to Atchugarry's work lasting 15 years.

In 2009, he created a sculpture entitled "Punta del Este Light and Power" in Carrara marble 5 metres tall which he dedicated to the city of Punta del Este. Since then he has been engaged in further developing the Pablo Atchugarry Foundation, creating a park of international sculptures, new exhibition areas and training courses for the dissemination of art reaching thousands of students.

Today, Atchugarry's work is listed at Christies and Sothebys in London, New York, Paris and Amsterdam. His sculptures are part of public and private collections across all five continents.

Atchugarry currently lives and works half the year in Lecco, Italy and the other half in Manantiales, Uruguay.



# Back In Time

by Tony Beckwith  
[tony@tonybeckwith.com](mailto:tony@tonybeckwith.com)

## All Your Christmases

If I tell you that I've discovered the Fountain of Youth, you might dismiss me as just another dreamer. But I think I can explain what I mean, if you'll listen.

Many years ago, in the beautiful seaside city of Montevideo, a group of children grew up in a small community. After spending their formative years together at school many departed, for dozens of different reasons, and scattered across the face of the earth. Bit by bit they drifted farther and farther away and lost touch with each other. I was one of those children. Recently, prompted by advancing age and assisted by the magic of email, we found each other again and organized a reunion at our alma mater. What a homecoming that was! Now, having reestablished contact with those who were once my extended family, I have been exploring half-forgotten memories with these old friends, sometimes with surprising results.

The 18th of July is not technically Independence Day in Uruguay, but I always used to think it was. Last year on that date, a number of us circulated the words to the national anthem we used to sing on special occasions, and exchanged recollections of our rehearsals. With each email received, another image was added to the mosaic of memories that was forming in my mind. Bit by bit the scene reemerged from the mists of oblivion: I remembered the music teacher coaxing patriotic notes from the tired old upright piano, and my classmates' faces bathed in light from the skylight above us. I could see the dust particles swirling in the air, and pictured myself standing on a wooden bench in the back row. The familiar fragrance of the assembly hall, which doubled as the gymnasium, engulfed me and all at once I was overcome with emotion as it all flooded back — the thrill of the high notes the girls sang, the excitement of the stirring chorus, the exhilaration of losing myself in the roar of the choir. I was there! Transported to a moment far away and long ago that, in my mind, was more vivid than a video.

As I replayed this memory, I noticed that I felt pleasantly soothed. My muscles and my mind had released whatever tension they'd been struggling with, and my horizons appeared to have expanded. Possibilities seemed endless and the world sat more lightly on my

shoulders. What was going on?

The national anthem came to an end, and as I climbed down from the bench, I saw her. I had actually seen her before, frequently in fact, but at that moment it was as if she were appearing to me for the very first time. The soft light from above fell upon her, illuminating her face, and suddenly it seemed that there was no one in the hall but the two of us. She smiled at me, then turned and walked away. My heart pounded in my chest and I was unable to move. With all the certainty of my twelve years I knew that, for the first time in my life, I was in love. And I knew exactly what I must do.

Every society has its codes of courtship, and at that school there was an established procedure for informing that special someone that they had conquered your heart. In retrospect I'd have to agree that our method lacked the romance of, say, serenading your beloved from beneath a balcony, but it was our way and we saw nothing wrong with it at the time. Our system was simple: we used bus tickets. When the five or six digits on a bus ticket added up to twenty-one, that slip of paper was considered the equivalent of a Valentine card that said, "I love you." A twenty-one ticket, as precious as a four-leaf clover and about as hard to find, represented pure and innocent puppy love. Smitten ones would never approach the object of their affection directly, but would entrust the ticket to faithful intermediaries. In my own case, discretion prevents me from revealing any more details about my first foray into the complex realm of love. Chivalry in short pants may seem laughable to some, but only a cad would trifle with a lady's reputation.

As I drifted out of this extended daydream, back into my real world, I realized that I felt better than I had in years, awash in a peaceful sense of well-being. I felt refreshed and invigorated and, yes, younger. It occurred to me that reliving pleasant memories of our youth nurtures us and somehow negates the physical toll taken by time — with no debilitating side effects. Could it be that the Fountain of Youth is to be found in the well of nostalgia? Maybe you should find out for yourself. Are you ready? Just relax. Let your mind wander freely. Think back to the time when . . . yes, that's the ticket.



# Lamb Chops

## Left: you know it's right

A drive along the rambla in Carrasco the other day brought to mind the question posed in a recent edition of this Newsletter by a Mr. P. Stoff from Pocitos, as to why everybody drives in the 'fast' lefthand lane rather than the slow righthand one.

Various theories have been put forward to explain this phenomenon: potholes / cyclists without lights / parked cars about to open their doors / cars about to pull out without warning in the slow lane, or even a subconscious desire to live life in the fast lane however slow it is.

Driving along behind a line of slow fastlane traffic in Carrasco, however, brought a flash of realisation, like St Paul on the road to Damascus (slow lane, presumably), and it is this: everybody in Uruguay drives on the left because driving on the left is better!

When you go to kiss someone (in greeting, not the yucky type) you instinctively go to the left. Historically this may be defensive, as it lets you get at your sword more easily – unless you're lefthanded – but it may also be because most righthanded people want to shake hands with the hand they use better. It would be a shame to use the wrong hand ineptly and put the other person's eye out. So most people use their stronger and more experienced side.

This elementary truth, that passing to the left is the natural thing to do, has been recognised for generations in sensible, pragmatic places like Anguilla, Antigua and Barbuda, Australia, the Bahamas, Bangladesh, Barbados, Bermuda, Bhutan, Bophuthatswana, Botswana, the British Virgin Islands, Brunei, the Cayman Islands, the Channel Islands, Ciskei, Cyprus, Dominica, the Falkland Islands, Fiji, Grenada, Guyana, Hong Kong, India, Indonesia, Ireland, Jamaica, Japan, Kenya, Lesotho, Macau, Malawi, Malaysia, Malta, Mauritius, Montserrat, Mozambique, Namibia, Nepal, New Zealand, Pakistan, Papua New Guinea, St Vincent and Grenadines, the Seychelles, Sikkim, Singapore, the Solomon Islands, Somalia, South Africa, Sri Lanka, St Kitts and Nevis, St Helena, St Lucia, Surinam, Swaziland, Tanzania, Thailand, Tonga, Trinidad and Tobago, Uganda, the United Kingdom, the US Virgin Islands, Venda, Zambia

by Jonathan Lamb  
vozinglesa@gmail.com

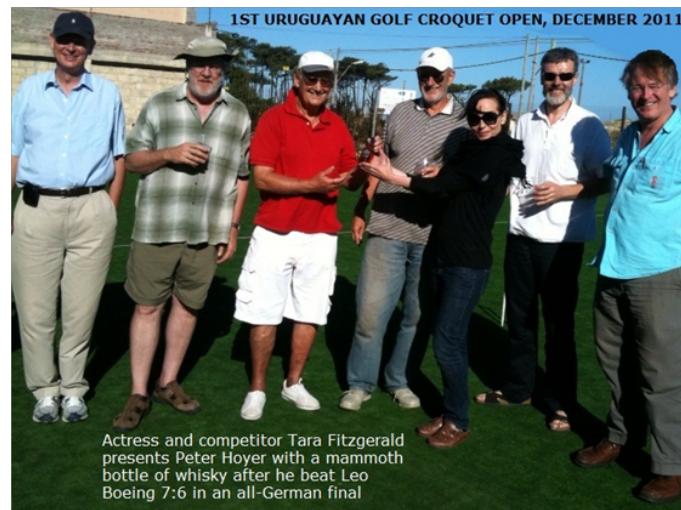
and Zimbabwe, but has been lost in a global tsunami of misguided theoretical absolutism by everybody else.

The three steps to historical degradation for all societies (except the one we are privileged to live in) are as follows: 1) write a Constitution, 2) have a President and c) drive on the right.

What Mr. Stoff was observing was living evidence that people prefer to drive on the left.

Uruguayans knew this perfectly well until 1944. Set the clock back! Unchain the nation from its shackles! If everyone went back to driving on the left, everyone (i.e. normal, righthanded people) would be happy and no one would write letters signed P. Stoff.

## Film star presents trophy



## Extremely amusing link

A real cracker, this one:  
<http://www.wimp.com/animalvoiceovers>.

Animals with very human voiceovers make for a very funny video; the flatulent gorilla is absolutely great!

With thanks to Guy Goudet of our sister organisation Montevideo Acceuil (who, incidentally, do an excellent newcomers' guide to Montevideo in French and Spanish, and whose website links to the advice to newcomers (see <http://www.expat-blog.com/en/guide/south-america/uruguay>).



# Sport News

## A Brit's Brilliant Defeat

The Australian Open saw another sterling performance from Scotland's Andy Murray. He was on the verge of knocking out Novak Djokovic in the semi-final, before snatching defeat from the jaws of victory. Another great "nearly" performance to go down in the annals of British sporting defeats. But, let's face it, he is up against some tough competition: Federer is probably the best player the world has ever seen, Nadal always beats Federer and Djokovic now beats them both. Also, Andy is a lot better than 'Tiger' Tim Henman and seems to have a very nice girlfriend too. Let's hope that with help from his new coach, Ivan Lendl, he will be putting it over them at Wimbledon and the Olympics. No pressure there, then.

## Football news

January has been a quiet month, with Luis Suarez having to sit out the month as a result of his ban for abusing Man U's Patrice Evra. Speaking as a lawyer, I think I could have got him off these charges, but then what do I know. Suarez is due back in a week's time and one of his first matches will be against Man U. He would be well advised to keep his mouth shut this time and, hopefully, let his football do the talking.

In the 5th round of the FA Cup, Suarez's Liverpool have been drawn against Gustavo Poyet's Brighton, so the Uruguayan connection in English football continues to increase. No doubt Poyet will also be hoping that Sebastian Coates will be playing for Liverpool to boost the Uruguayan contingent further – and give him a better chance of winning...

## Olympic Countdown

Only 6 months to go now before it starts. Tickets for most events have sold out and expectant mothers have been warned that if their baby arrives before the event then they will need a separate ticket for their baby. Rather hard-hearted, surely? London Mayor Boris Johnson has made an appeal to people to use the Underground and buses more, but it is not yet clear if newborns will also have to pay – at least during the Olympics. David Beckham continues his campaigning to be appointed as captain of the British football team. This surely would be a very strange decision. From a sporting point of view, he should not even be in the team, let alone be its captain, and this can only be justified for marketing reasons. Personally I would prefer to see Britain enter a team which is at least trying to win, even if we do go down to defeat in the usual way.

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# The Blues

by Pedro Sincharm  
jabberwocky773@gmail.com

If you ever heard the Blues, you will have noticed that most begin with: "Woke up this mornin'.."

"I got a good woman" is a bad way to begin the Blues, unless you stick something nasty in the next line like, "I got a good woman, with the meanest face in town."

The Blues is simple. After you get the first line right, repeat it. Then find something that rhymes... sort of like this:

"Got a good woman with the meanest face in town  
Yeah, I got a good woman with the meanest face in town  
Got teeth like Margaret Thatcher, and she weigh 500 pound."

The Blues is not about choice. If you stuck in a ditch, you stuck in a ditch - ain't no way out.

Blues cars are Chevys, Fords, Cadillacs and broken-down trucks. Blues don't travel in Volvos, BMWs, or Sport Utility Vehicles. Most Bluesy transportations are a Greyhound bus or a southbound train. Jet aircraft and state-sponsored motor pools ain't even in the runnin'. Walkin' plays a major part in the Blues lifestyle. So does fixin' to die.

Teenagers can't sing the Blues. They ain't fixin' to die yet. Adults sing the Blues. In Blues, "adulthood" means being old enough to get the electric chair for shootin' a man in Memphis.

Blues can take place in New York City, but not in Hawaii, L.A. or any place in Canada. And hard times in Miami or Seattle are probably just clinical depression. Chicago, St. Louis, and Kansas City are still the best places to have the Blues. You cain't have the Blues in any place that don't get a lot of rain. You also cain't have the Blues at certain time of the day like 10:30 or 15:15. Noon is for cowboys... the Blues prefer sunset, before sunrise or some other time that is dark and gloomy.

A man with male pattern baldness ain't the Blues. A woman with male pattern baldness is, though. Breaking your leg 'cause you were skiin' is not the Blues. Breaking your leg 'cause an alligator be chompin' on it is.

You cain't have no Blues in an office or a shopping mall. The lighting is wrong. Go outside to the parking lot or sit by the dumpster. Good places for the Blues are the highway, a jailhouse, an empty bed or the bottom of a whiskey glass. Bad places for the Blues include Ikea, gallery openings, Ivy League institutions and golf courses.

No one will believe it's the Blues if you wear a suit, unless you're an old, ethnic person and you slept in it.

You have the right to sing the Blues if you older than dirt, you blind, you shot a man in Memphis or you cain't be satisfied. But not if you have a trust fund, if you have all your teeth, if you were once blind but now can see or if the man you shot in Memphis lived.

Blues ain't a matter of color. They a matter of bad luck. Tiger Woods cain't sing the blues. Sonny Liston could, however. Ugly white people also got a leg up on the blues.

If you ask for water and your darlin' give you gasoline, it's the Blues. Other acceptable Blues beverages are cheap wine, whiskey or bourbon, muddy water and nasty black coffee. Diet Coke, Perrier, Black Label and Chardonnay ain't.

If you have a tortured relationship with your woman or father, it's the Blues. If you had a happy childhood, that ain't the Blues. And if your tortured relationship is with your best friend, that's just plain gay and not the Blues at all.

Some creatures dig the blues, like snakes, red spiders, alligators and lizards. Ostriches and elephants don't.

If your death occurs in a cheap motel or a shotgun shack, it's a Blues death. Stabbed in the back by a jealous lover is another Blues way to die. So are the electric chair, substance abuse and dyin' lonely on a broken-down cot. You don't have a Blues death if you die during a tennis match or while gettin' liposuction.



Some Blues names for women are:

- a. Sadie
- b. Big Mama
- c. Bessie
- d. Fat River Dumpling
- e. Caledonia

Some Blues names for men are:

- a. Joe
- b. Willie
- c. Little Willie
- d. Big Willie
- e. Leroy

People with names like Michelle, Amber, Jennifer, Tiffany, Brooke, Brittany and Heather cain't sing the Blues no matter how many men they shoot in Memphis.

Make your own Blues name starter kit:

- a. name of physical infirmity (Blind, Deaf, Lame, Limpin', etc.)
- b. first name (see above) and/or name of fruit (Lime, Lemon, Apple, Kiwi, etc.)
- c. last name of a long-dead President (Washington, Johnson, Jefferson, Fillmore, etc.)

Examples: Blind Sadie Washington, Deaf Leroylime Johnson, Lame Willie Jefferson, Limpin' Kiwi Fillmore... (well, maybe not "Kiwi", but you get the idea)

To feel the Blues you must have Mojo. You cain't acquire Mojo, you just born with it or you ain't.

And, by the way: I don't care how tragic your life is, if you own a computer, you cain't sing the Blues...

As a great Blues singer once said: "Some days it just don't pay to chew through the restraints..."

## Funny corner

### A frog joke

A frog goes into a bank in Dublin and approaches the teller. He can see from her nameplate that her name is Patricia Whack.

"Miss Whack", he says, "I've come hopping a very longway to get here. I'd like to get a £10,000 loan to take a holiday."

Patty looks at the frog in disbelief and asks him his name. The frog says he is called Kermit Jagger, that his dad is Mick Jagger.

Patty explains that any loan must be secured with some collateral. "Sure", the frog says, "I have this". And he produces a tiny porcelain elephant, about an inch tall, bright pink and perfectly formed.

Very confused, Patty explains that she'll have to consult with the bank manager. "That's fine", the frog agrees, "I know Paddy, the manager, very well".

Still more confused, Patty gets up and disappears into the back office to look for the manager.

She finds the manager and says: "Sir, there's a frog called Kermit Jagger out there who claims to know you and wants to borrow £10,000... and he wants to use this as collateral!" She holds up the tiny pink elephant. "I mean, what in the world is this?"

Paddy, the manager, looks back at her straight in the eye and replies. What do you think he said?

*See next page to see the bank manager's reply...*



## Future Events

### ► Thursday 1<sup>st</sup> March

- Guy Pratt's "My bass and other Animals", 20:30 hrs. at the Anglo's Millington Drake Theatre (San José 1426).

### ► Wednesday 7<sup>th</sup> March

- The British Society lecture-supper, 19:30 hrs. at The Anglo School in Carrasco (María Saldún de Rodríguez 2195).

### ► Wednesday 21<sup>st</sup> to Friday 21<sup>rd</sup> March

- "The Feather Pillow, a story of Horacio Quiroga", 21:00 hrs. at the Anglo's Millington Drake Theatre (San José 1426).

## The Far Side

by Gary Larson



"Yes! That's right! The answer is 'Wisconsin'!  
Another 50 points for God, and . . . uh-oh,  
looks like Norman, our current champion,  
hasn't even scored yet."

## Link Of The Month

Some funny old-style British humour...

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s7AXskSxxMk>



### Paddy's reply (A frog joke)

He said:

"It's a knickknack, Patty Whack. Give the frog a loan.  
His old man's a Rolling Stone!"

(and if you're not singing it, you're a better man than I)

## The Society At A Glance

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