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## British Embassy News

Follow us on [Facebook](#)  
and keep in the loop!

### English For Uruguayan Diplomats

Ambassador Ben Lyster-Binns welcomed Uruguayan diplomats to his Residence and awarded them with certificates for attending the English language course “Diplospeak”. This English Language Training course is designed specifically for diplomats, with the support of the Anglo Institute and the British Embassy.



### Christmas Carols At The Residence

Members and friends of the British Community celebrated the holiday season by joining the Ambassador and his family for an evening of Christmas carols and festive cheer at the Residence. Guests were entertained by the Opsis Choir, and the beautiful voices of Victoria Guridi and Algje Lyster-Binns. You can see photos of the event on our [Facebook](#) page.



### Uruguayan Football In The Falkland Islands

Fifty Falkland Islands children, aged 5-15, took part in a week-long training camp run by Uruguayan football star Ruben Sosa. Ruben also trained the Falkland Islands team for a day, who are going to compete in The Islands Games in Bermuda in 2013. He was accompanied in Stanley by sports journalist Jorge “Toto” Da Silveira who reported live daily for “A Fondo”, his radio programme on 1010 AM. More photos on [Facebook](#).



### Twitter

Another tool to stay in touch: follow us on Twitter! Look for us under [EmbBritanicaUy](#)

More news on our [website](#)



# Anglo News



## Anglo Cultural Events in 2012

This year has seen another increase in the number and range of events that the Anglo Cultural team has been able to offer. We hope that there has been something to attract every taste; from children's plays to philatelic exhibitions, stand-up to Hollywood, and, from the response of the audiences, we think we may have succeeded.

We have had talks, ranging from the technical to the mildly eccentric, shows on stage, and a full week's English film festival in conjunction with the Cinemateca. Of course none of this would have been possible without the generous support of our sponsors, Alpha FM, the Hospital Británico, Visa for the film festival and The British Embassy. We thank them all for their continuing assistance, and look forward to collaborating with them again in 2013. Thanks also to the varied actors, directors, comedians, musicians, speakers, organisers and assistants who made it all happen, and, of course, to all of you who came and supported, and hopefully enjoyed, the various events. It goes without saying that without you there would be no Anglo Cultural programme.

Although next year's planning is at an early stage, I think that we can look forward to another season of varied and interesting events, with something to interest and delight a wide range of audiences. We already know that there will be a Caryl Churchill play, Top Girls, an 80-minute adaptation of the play She Stoops to Conquer by Oliver Goldsmith, an adaptation of J.B. Priestley's classic thriller, An Inspector Calls and perhaps a few surprises as well, so to keep yourself informed as the season develops go to [www.anglo.edu.uy](http://www.anglo.edu.uy) and follow the anglo cultural link, or follow us on Facebook at [www.facebook.com/AngloCultural](http://www.facebook.com/AngloCultural). We look forward to seeing as many of you as possible, and to continuing the work of fostering relationships and furthering interest in all things British here in Uruguay.

With very best wishes

The Anglo Cultural Team





THE BRITISH SOCIETY  
IN URUGUAY

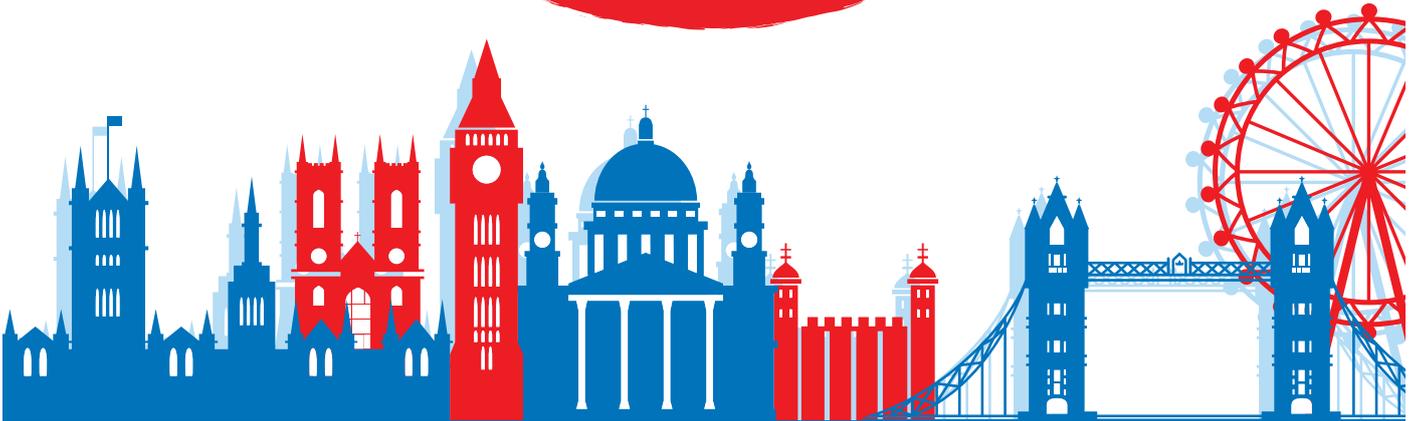
## Montevideo Players News

The Montevideo Players Society presents  
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## Holy Trinity News

Dear Friends,

I write to a yet unknown audience, wishing you the blessings of this Holy Season and with a hope that I will get to know many of you in the days and months ahead.

My thanks to John Biscomb who wrote about me in an earlier Newsletter. John had mentioned that I would be getting married in the near future. With this short article comes a picture of me with my bride, Vilma, taken during the reception following the blessing of our marriage in her home parish of Matriz do Nazareno, in Santana do Livramento.



I have found this to be a challenging Christmas for me personally. I feel like my whole psyche has had to make a huge shift, from my life-long experience of cold and short daylight hours in Canada, to the heat and sunshine of Uruguay. I have appreciated being able to sing carols at the British Embassy, as well as at my own church, as these have helped anchor me somewhat in the meaning of Christmas.

I wanted to let you know that the Rev. Canon Kenneth Kearon, Secretary General of the Anglican Communion, is coming to Montevideo in early January, and will be preaching at the 10 a.m. Eucharist on Sunday, January 6th. I hope people will come out to hear this key figure in worldwide Anglicanism and celebrate Epiphany – the arrival of the Three Kings!

I have been told that life slows down considerably for many during these summer months. Please know that we, at Holy Trinity Cathedral, will be offering our weekly Eucharists in English, both at the Cathedral (on Sundays at 10 a.m.) and in the chapel at the British Hospital (on Wednesdays at 10 a.m.). Your presence and participation at either of these is most welcome.

Another newsworthy item that some of you may find interesting, or simply for your information, is that Bishop Miguel Tamayo and his wife, Martha, left for Cuba on Dec. 31st, for a well deserved four month sabbatical. Along with this, and so that the administrative functions of the Anglican Church of Uruguay continue in an uninterrupted fashion, Bishop Miguel has named me Vicar General of the Diocese.

May I take this opportunity to invite you to be in touch with me should you have any questions or comments.

Wishing you every blessing,  
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## Chef's Corner

### Lemon Ice Cream

Ingredients:

- 1½ cups of milk
- ¾ cup of sugar
- ¾ cup of lemon juice

Thoroughly mix the milk and sugar. Add the lemon juice in a very thin stream while whisking all the time. Freeze.

### Orange Ice Cream

Ingredients:

- 2 cups sugar
- 4 cups water
- Strips of the rind of 1 orange
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 2 cups orange juice
- ¼ cup lemon juice

Mix the water, orange rind, sugar and salt and boil for 5 minutes. Take out the rind. Cool the syrup and add the orange juice and lemon juice. Freeze until mushy. Stir well and freeze again.



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### The Hobbit: An Unexpectedly Long Movie

The release of 'The Hobbit: An Unexpected Journey' has critics worldwide overexcited. From tabloid newspaper to respected literary journal, everyone wants to say something about the first part of this new film trilogy. Thus, I thought it time to pull together the most important points so that fans can take stock.

You are a Hobbit fan, right? I thought so. And this brings up the first issue. Some critics have found the film overly long... and that is without even considering that this is the first part of a trilogy! Is this criticism? The Lord of the Rings trilogy did, for me at least, contain some scenes that could have been cut, but it was not overly long on content. But it must be remembered that the Rings was a film trilogy made of a literary trilogy, whereas the Hobbit is a film trilogy made of a single book... and a shorter book than any one of those that made up the Rings trilogy, at that.

Variety has the film down as having a "mythologically dense and heavy prologue". On the other hand, The Hollywood Reporter says "(director) Peter Jackson and his colleagues have created a purist's delight", which can be read as 'a film written by a fan for fans, from a fan's perspective'.

Elsewhere, the Spectator says "don't watch The Hobbit", but only because the book's too good to spoil! Seems like a fair point, but I think we all agree

about how good the book is already. As far as I can see, the critics are probably stumped generally by the intricacy of Jackson's vision. It is my view that Jackson has brought the same capacious vision and maniacal attention to detail that he did to The Lord of the Rings trilogy.

Were I not someone versed in the back stories of the Hobbit myth, I'd be tempted to think that the film is shaping up into an overblown flop. However, I have this theory that anyone who is prepared to sit through thousands of pages of literature with the specific intent of getting immersed in a fantasy world of labyrinthine proportions, isn't going to be too bothered that a film is very long and contains great levels of detail; in fact, just the opposite.

Before seeing the film I did not know what to expect. The truth is that this first part of the Hobbit trilogy is an entertaining watch for those who like the genre. For Rings enthusiasts, Jackson has included several of your old friends in this film (Frodo, Elrond, Galadriel, Legolas, etc. – all played by the same actors as in the first trilogy) that do not appear in Tolkien's original book as a way to knit both trilogies together. Rather neat, I thought.

Looks like you'll all have to go and see for yourselves, so that you can make your own minds up!





## Back In Time

by Tony Beckwith  
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### The Great Unknown

“And this was really the way that my whole road experience began, and the things that were to come are too fantastic not to tell.”

*On the Road*, by Jack Kerouac.

Nothing was ever the same after a friend in a black turtleneck lent me a copy of Jack Kerouac’s book. I stayed up all night reading about those wild people who seemed to embody the freedom I yearned for. Free to do anything and go anywhere, whenever they wanted. Free to be themselves, whatever that meant, unrestrained by space or time or convention, driving across the country with the sweet night air blowing in the windows, their minds attuned to a fine madness and music pouring from the radio. By morning I knew that I had to leave my home in Montevideo soon. It was 1964, I was already nineteen, and precious time was wasting.

The first leg of my journey took me to Buenos Aires, then west from there across the pampas of Argentina and over the Andes to Chile, on the Pacific coast. From there I took the road heading north.

The bus left Santiago at dawn and by the time it lurched out of the terminal every seat was taken, with everyone’s luggage strapped on top. Two drivers would take turns at the wheel. The bus had a bathroom in the rear, which was just as well since it would hardly ever stop. We’d eat at roadhouses when we stopped for gas three times a day, and be on board the rest of the time, mile after mile, day after day, for seven days and nights. It was the cheapest ride I could find.

The road ran north between the coastline and the foothills of the towering cordillera, and before long we were in the Atacama Desert. Since the bus had neither heating nor air conditioning we kept the windows open during the day. The desert air blasted through the cabin like a dragon’s breath and the metal windowsills were too hot to lean on. We sprawled in our seats, with handkerchiefs covering nose and mouth, drenched in sweat. In the evening, as the sun dipped down into the ocean, the deep blue shadow of the bus stretched out farther and farther across the desert floor until it finally melted into the gathering darkness and disappeared. The temperature dropped like a stone and we all scrambled to close the windows and put on warmer clothes.

Night driving was the best part of the trip. It was sometimes so cold I couldn’t sleep, so I’d stand on the bottom step by the door at the front of the bus, leaning over the railing and peering through the windshield. The meager headlights made the night seem darker. To left and right the land was inky-black, but above us the sky was magnificent. The great chandelier of stars shimmered brilliantly over the desert and my mind drifted in a distant galaxy. “*Lo desconocido*”, the driver suddenly said, and brought me back to earth. I turned and looked at the man, his eyes smiling in the soft green glow of the dashboard. “Beyond the headlights,” he said, nodding towards them. “Out there, in the darkness, the great unknown.” I nodded, suddenly glad not to be alone.

On the seventh day we crossed the border into Peru. We drove all day near the coast, and in the late afternoon came to a crossroads a few miles from the little town of Nazca. The bus was going on to Lima, but I was hoping to hitch a ride east, to Cuzco. After a week of living together on the road it took a little while to say goodbye to all my fellow travellers, but I finally stepped down and stood back and waved. I watched as the bus gradually disappeared into the distance, and then I was utterly alone. I was also without a plan. There were no buildings, no billboards, only the ribbon of roads intersecting in the vast emptiness of the desert as the sun sank in the west. The words ‘the great unknown’ echoed in my mind and I wondered what would happen when darkness came and swallowed me whole. The shadows slowly surrounded me and when the cool night air brushed the back of my neck I didn’t know which way to turn. I thought about the freedom that lay somewhere far ahead, and weighed it against the memory of home, so comforting yet so far behind, in Montevideo, which was all I knew. I waited in the gathering dusk, just a tiny dot on the landscape, struggling to keep a precarious hold on my courage, trying not to panic.

And then, miraculously, a rundown old pickup truck came wheezing out of nowhere, and it was heading east! The driver asked where I was going. “Cuzco!” I said, almost weeping with relief when he told me to hop in. The three tired men in the back looked me over with very little curiosity, and we drove on in silence as night fell and the sky filled with stars.



### Back To The Falkland Islands

After nearly 11 years, I was invited to the Falklands for a second visit. This time, the week I would spend there had more to do with medical matters than tourism. I was to work with the local healthcare authorities on Uruguay's and especially the British Hospital's capacity to ably respond to the urgent and immediate needs of critical patients, as we have done in the past. The changes that have happened in the past decade in the South Atlantic also required that we jointly update our medical relationship with the islands, which has existed for the greater part of the last hundred years.

This time I would travel in November, as opposed to my first visit, which took place in February. I expected the weather to be cooler this time and I searched [www.AccuWeather.com](http://www.AccuWeather.com) for the information. It took me longer than expected to find the Falkland Islands in the website, but eventually discovered them under 'South America'. Even with the long detour flight via Santiago and Punta Arenas and then to Mount Pleasant airfield, I was to remain within the South American region during all of my trip.

It takes virtually 24 hours from home in Montevideo to Stanley. Mount Pleasant airfield is about 60 km west of the islands' capital, a van trip of about one hour, to be added to the duration of the flight times, not counting an overnight stay in Santiago. The flight climaxes on its last short 1:15 hour leg, from Punta Arenas to the Falklands, when the westernmost reaches of West Falkland appear on the window: barren, with very few roads and a house or settlement every now and then. Once on the ground, I took the van ride to Stanley, enjoying the rolling hills, the inlets, the 'stone runs', the distant view of settlements and signs of scattered human activity, on a virtually treeless landscape. I got off the van and into the hotel, appropriately named the Waterfront, on Ross Road, close to the landing wharf, overlooking Stanley harbour. Once in my room, I was initially distressed to find that neither my cellphone was detecting any station in roaming mode nor was my iPad finding any wi-fi signal. Although I did solve it by inserting a local Cable & Wireless SIM card and using prepaid cards, the connection was reliable mainly for local calls and brief e-mail exchanges. The feeling of a relative unconnectedness contributed enormously to the enjoyment of my stay: this was to be a very special trip.

Fortunately, I had visited the camp in both East and West Falkland during my previous trip. This time I saw again the penguin colonies at Volunteer Point with Patrick Watts and one afternoon I biked myself 10 km and back to Gipsy Cove - under wind and hail. With a significant part of time spent in meetings, lunches, suppers and receptions, I stayed mostly in Stanley, walking along the streets and taking many pictures of the houses. But what I most enjoyed was meeting with people, both young and old, listening to first-hand experiences of living in this incredible place in the South Atlantic. Many of the older people had been in Uruguay, as they had travelled to Montevideo on the 'Darwin'. Some of them had received treatment in the British Hospital and shared their memories of their stay there and expressed admiration and thankfulness for those who had cared for them: Dr Rafael García-Capurro, Dr José Russi (senior) and Dr Jorge Stanham (my father). I also met patients and parents of patients who had been evacuated by air for critical care at the British Hospital and had been under my direct care or supervision. Some had been high school students at the British Schools and have continued to travel to Montevideo to meet old friends, to tour the city and the resorts... plus enjoying a good asado. In shops, the supermarket and pubs, I met people who greeted me as 'the visiting doctor from Uruguay' and expressed their appreciation for my presence there. I was made aware by these stories how much Uruguay means to the Falklanders and what we have and continue to share as communities. Beyond the medical link that was the reason for my visit, the Falklands and Uruguay have other links that are open to nurture: culture, sport, education, travel and our common sheep-rearing technology. Someday, a direct air-link will bring us as close as less than a 3-hour flight.

What surprised me most during this visit was evident before a few hours had passed since my arrival. Something had changed. Something was different. It wasn't the same feeling I had when I had been there more than a decade ago. It wasn't the landscape; it wasn't the constructions: it was the people. They were less defensive and fearful. They were happier. They were more assertive. They owned their future. They were a nation. A nation that not only shares the same continent as Uruguay, but common memories and times to come.



## Lamb Chops

by Jonathan Lamb  
vozinglesa@gmail.com

Does your bathroom door open inwards? It shouldn't, according to a lady who was giving her view at a recent residents' meeting in Punta Carretas about the poor design of the building in question. 'Every architect knows that bathroom doors should open outwards', she said. 'I have had to have my entire bathroom redesigned so that the doors can open outwards. What if I fall over in the bathroom and block the door?' There was a pensive silence after this, as those present considered the merits of pushing in a locked bathroom door or trying to pull it open. Then they tried to remember places where they had lived, and which way the bathroom door opened. At this point the silence appeared to go from pensive to polite, as everybody recalled all their inward-opening bathroom doors.



An old man falls over and blocks the (inward-opening) bathroom door in one of the best films of recent years, *A Separation*. This utterly engrossing domestic drama won an Oscar for best foreign language film in 2012. No sex, no guns, just people in a situation. The film describes what happens when love leaves a house, the husband has to engage someone to look after his elderly father, and complications ensue. Like the terrifyingly plausible Argentine film *Sin Retorno*, the family are ordinary well-to-do people who get overtaken by the sort of personal events that could happen to any of us. The difference is that this family lives in Tehran. The actors are terrific. The plot works on all sorts of levels, and is also, in an unspoken way, very Christian: rent it from Blockbuster to watch with the family at Reyes, and you'll still be debating it days later. *A Separation* is an important film, totally human, completely absorbing. The ever-reliable review synopsis website Rotten Tomatoes gives it 99%, which isn't enough. And after watching most of it again as soon as it finished, what LC still wants to know is: who stole the money?

The Anglo downtown has an amazing new basement tearoom: clever red decor, chandeliers, grand piano, enormous wall-sized photos of London. Two months ago this column suggested to the new franchise holders that Newsletter readers might like to see a photo of the place. No photo was forthcoming, so a month later the column wrote again, offering a bit of free publicity in exchange for a nice snap that would show the place off to full advantage, and make readers want to go there. No photo yet, except for one of a red screen, but take it from us that the place is great, and a tremendous venue for Britsoc functions, personal lunches... and excellent cabarets. Here are Jack Sprigings and Guido Garcia, entertaining an appreciative audience on Saturday 15 Dec with Tom Lehrer, Bob Newhart, Monty Python, the two Ronnies, Rowan Atkinson and Flanders & Swann. Tickets included a splendid tea.

Some dates for the diary: 17 and 18 April, Lighthouse Theatre from Wales (the ones who did *Brief Encounters*) at the same location doing an 80-minute version of Oliver Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, sponsored by the Anglo and the British Embassy. Ticket details in due course. Also featuring Robert Rowe, the judge from *The Drama of the River Plate*.

We are not alone in the universe. On every bus-stop in the Milky Way, there is a picture of a complete pillock smirking at having his bottom touched. Actorstouruguay once checked out the price of bus-stop advertising, and it made the eyes water: there must be a million dollars' worth of bottom-smirking here, at least. How many pairs of well-filled boxers do you have to sell to recover that? And judging from his mascara, this chap looks as likely to enjoy having his bottom felt by a lady as Danny La Rue. Still, at least he knows he's got a cod in his codpiece, unlike the blue figure on the Rambla Republica del Chile who has only just discovered his. Happy New Year!





# Crossword Puzzle

By LEONARD THANE

#23

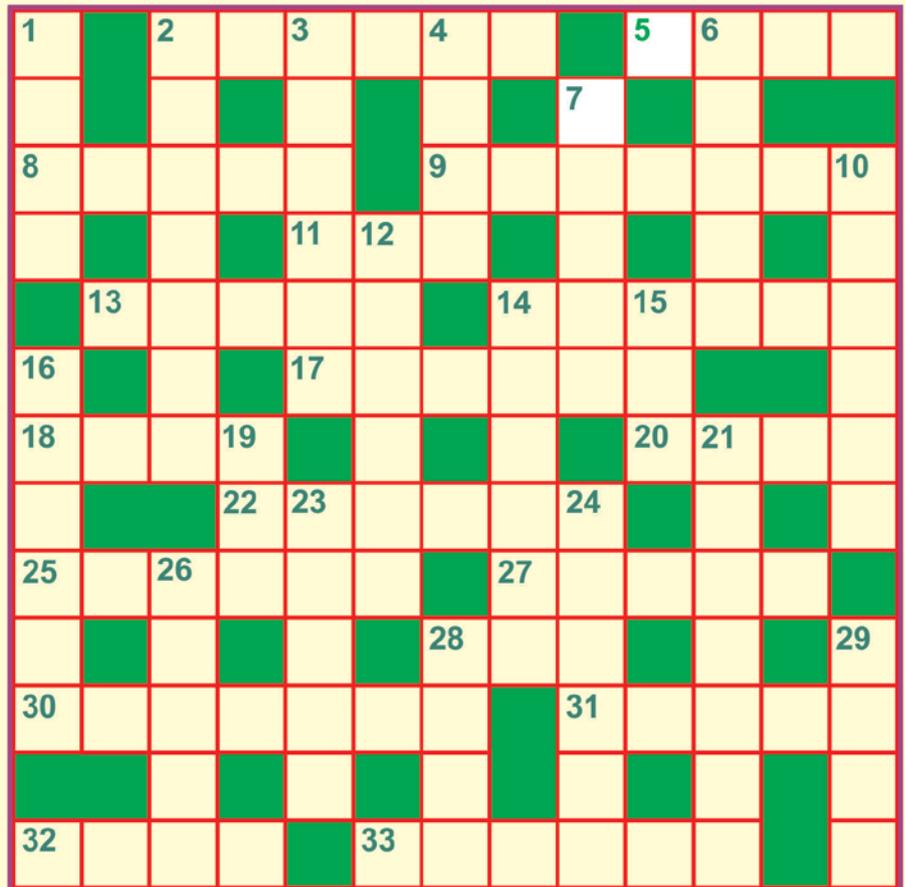
# CROSSWORD PUZZLE

## Across

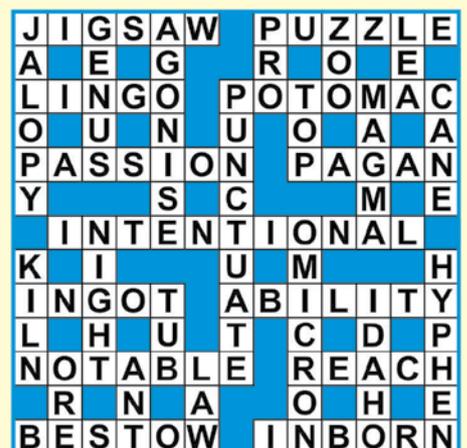
- 2) Spider's net.
- 5) Shrek, for instance.
- 8) Cuttlefish.
- 9) Difficult choice between equally unpleasant alternatives.
- 11) Non clerical or professional.
- 13) Rob, pinch, purloin.
- 14) Social standing.
- 17) Small fish of the carp family.
- 18) Large string instrument.
- 20) Prevaricator.
- 22) Upper house of Congress.
- 25) Covets his neighbor's possessions or abilities.
- 27) Shut.
- 28) 21<sup>st</sup> letter of the Greek alphabet.
- 30) To humiliate or shame by injuring pride or self respect.
- 31) Very hot pepper.
- 32) Romantic meeting.
- 33) Short, rounded stick used to grind things in a mortar.

## Down

- 1) Tightly closed hand.
- 2) Table where goods are displayed in a shop.
- 3) Madhouse.
- 4) Small whirlpool.
- 6) The entire scale or range.
- 7) Ancient Greek philosopher.
- 10) Illogical, utterly senseless.
- 12) UFO crew members, probably.
- 14) To seize by a sudden grab.
- 15) Pointed tool for making holes in leather.
- 16) Unusual calmness in strenuous situations.
- 19) 23<sup>rd</sup> Greek letter.
- 21) To stimulate creativeness, for example.
- 23) Strange and frightening.
- 24) To draw or bring out or forth a response, for instance.
- 26) Russian unit of distance equal to 0,6629 miles.
- 28) Combustible heap for burning a dead body.
- 29) Textile fiber produced by worms.



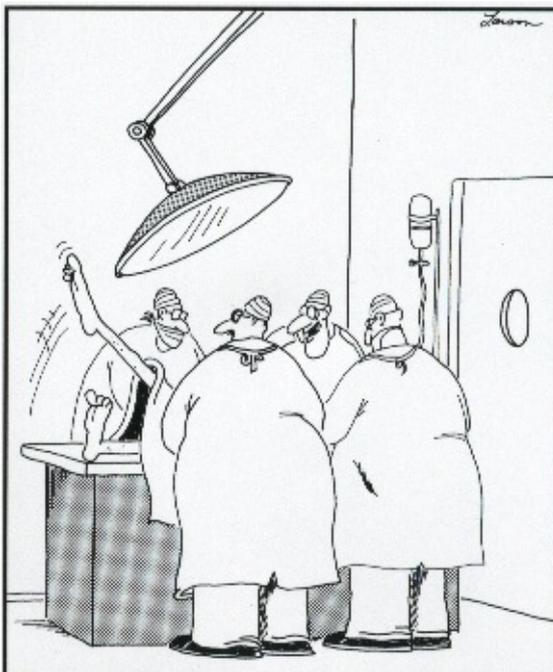
## Crossword # 22





## The Far Side

by Gary Larson



"Whoa! *That* was a good one! Try it, Hobbs—just poke his brain right where my finger is!"

## Link Of The Month

Anyone can make a difference... Happy New Year!

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tyK7kH3fgzM>



## The Society At A Glance

### Executive Committee



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