



2009 – Rolling downhill at a quickening pace

MAIDEN ROAD NEWS

2009:
International Year of Astronomy
International Year of Natural
Fibres
Claude Lévi Strauss died this
year; Noam Chomsky didn't.

Philip's Annus Mirabilis

"Life is all memory, except for the one present moment that goes by you so quickly you hardly catch it going" (Tennessee Williams 1969).

"What? The Noughties are nearly over. Now what did I come upstairs for?" (Philip Rescorla 2009).

Well, I hope that 2009 was good to you and yours. Martin has delegated the newsletter to me this year because he reckons I was the busiest. After all, he's only been writing his book on the origins of grammar which will be published in 2010. I have read the first draft and it's excellent (Me - biased?) and I am very proud of him. Asked him to put in more sex and violence because that's what sells, but don't think he's convinced. He says you don't need grammar for that.



The highlight of my year was appearing in a show at the Edinburgh Festival in August with my two friends Soren and Bradley, better known as **The Sugar Dandies**. We got a great review in the Scotsman which gives you a flavour of the show.

“WINNING the award for campest show at the Fringe outright, the Sugar Dandies are a same-sex ballroom-dancing couple, with a spring in their step and a story on their lips. Together with our amiable, and equally camp host, Philip Rescorla, dancers Bradley and Soren Stauffer-Kruse (they're married) introduce us to their whirlwind life: their childhood experiences of dance, how they met at a gay men's chorus convention and how, after years of slog, they now fill their time with ballroom-dancing competitions. This is a sweet, witty show.”

You can read more on their website at www.sugardandies.com/press.html - but please note that while I may be amiable I am not equally camp.



Other highlights of the year for me were speaking from the stage in Trafalgar Square on Gay Pride Saturday when the Pink Singers got the entire square to do the movements to YMCA. When the Pinkies told me they were planning to sing a 70's Disco medley for Pride, well, at first I was afraid... I was petrified... That works better when you say it.

The Rescorlas were highly visible in Trafalgar Square this year (if you don't count the pigeons) because at the end of August my great niece Siobhan took her turn on the fourth Plinth. See www.london.gov.uk/fourthplinth/plinth/gormley.jsp for more.



The first week in May there was a choir festival called Various Voices at the South Bank Centre. My choir, The Pink Singers, took part along with around 60 choirs from across Europe. There were also two Cabaret stages and I was asked to emcee them on the Saturday and Sunday. This also involved dealing with the artistes who had all

been told they could only sing two songs so the shows didn't overrun. Of course, most of them wanted to do three songs or more and got stroppy when I said no - I am writing a book about the experience called "The Egos Have Landed". In the event the performances ran smoothly and were a great success with the crowds.

As well as singing in London this year the Pink Singers have performed to great acclaim in Paris, Malta, Edinburgh and Manchester (where we came second in a national choir competition). More on www.pinksingers.co.uk

I am still working full time for the Government. Ministers are jittery because of the forthcoming election. Never a good time for civil servants; but as Winston Churchill once said "democracy is the worst political system you can imagine, except for all the others".

Hopefully next year I'll go part time. Then I'll be able to make contact with a television producer and say "Look, I've got this terrific idea for a programme about a man obsessed with the origins of grammar and it's perfect for George Clooney". Until then have a great 2010.

That Techie Stuff

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"God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" is a 15th century carol sung by poor people to rich people for cash. "Do they know it's Christmas time at all?" is a late 20th century song sung by rich people to poor people for cash. Feed the egos.