

News

Volunteers needed for Contact the Elderly tea parties

Contact the Elderly is looking for volunteers to help run its monthly afternoon tea parties for groups of isolated elderly people aged 75 and above.

With the help of Caritas, a Catholic social care agency run by the Diocese of Westminster, the charity aims to widen the reach of the project and recruit more volunteers to help launch a new group in Kensington.

The tea parties are run one Sunday

a month. Each elderly guest is collected from their home by a volunteer driver and taken to a volunteer host's home, where they join a small group for tea, chat and companionship.

Keith Arscott, director of Contact the Elderly, said: 'With our rapidly ageing population, the issue of loneliness and social isolation among older people is only set to grow worse. There are currently 8,200 people, aged 75 and above, living in Kensington. Our vital lifeline can help to make a real difference to those who are isolated and living alone.'

'I would urge anyone looking to make a difference in their local community to please get in touch today.'

For more information about joining the new Kensington group as a volunteer, please contact: Cliff Rich, executive officer for London and the South, on either freephone: 0800 716 543 or email: cliff.rich@contact-the-elderly.org.uk



Carols by candlelight concert for Prostate Cancer

Prostate Cancer UK is hosting a carol concert on December 5 at St Paul's Church, Knightsbridge.

The concert will be led by a choir with a mix of traditional and modern festive songs.

Jemma Redgrave, daughter of the late Corin Redgrave, will be reading, as will BBC Radio 2 DJ 'Whispering' Bob Harris OBE.

This year will also see two new guest readers: EastEnders star Rudolph Walker OBE and actor Neil Stuke, whose character Billy Lamb in the BBC TV series *Silk* was diagnosed with prostate cancer.

Complimentary mince pies and mulled wine will be on offer. Tickets are £10 for adults and £5 for children age 12 and under. For tickets please visit: <http://prostatecanceruk.org/carols2012>

Photograph © Brian Usher



PRINTS'R'US

Brad Faine and Steve Thomas
Chelsea FutureSpace
Hepworth Court,
Grosvenor Waterside
London SW1W 8QP
Until 27 January 2013

A dank mist was creeping up the Thames, clinging to the struts and cables of Chelsea Bridge, and fogging out Albert Bridge to a faint outline further upstream, with the glow from the street-lamps reflected in the wet leaves on the pavements like an Atkinson Grimshaw painting.

What a relief to enter Chelsea FutureSpace and feel the damp, evening mist lift, to be replaced by a blast of sunshine. Both Brad Faine and Steve Thomas have put together a show that lifts one's spirits, so full of fun and colour and wit and expertise.

Steve uses electronic montage to great effect, with *American Pie 1 & 2*, blazing with colourful, clichéd icons

from popcorn to JFK, and from Elvis to Levis, which is the basis for another clever print, *Elvis Lives in Levis*, itself included is in one entitled *Salt Peter Blake*, with the Pop Art guru posing as Hero from the Players cigarette packet. His most recent work is his most retro, with a psychedelic hippy, *Oz Magazine* feel to them, using strict geometric and symmetrical patterns in bright colourways.

Brad Faine is a master of digital printing, and had, as the founder of Coriander Press, printed other artists' work, including Sir Peter Blake, Damien Hirst and Bruce McLean, but is now devoting his skills to producing his own prints. These are complex, multi-layered silk screens, vibrant with colour and texture, which gives each work a discernable depth, particularly with a satin varnish and ultra violet glaze. From pool balls to poker chips, each print is over- and under-laid with type and numerals, making them visual puzzles as well as attractive pictures.

At the end of the evening, it was out of the sunshine and back into a murky night Whistler would have been proud of. And probably painted, too. DG



Upon village green and urban wasteland,
Fallow field and public park,
People muster woolly wrapped and warmly clad,
In night procession bleak and stark

To en masse around the tribal totem,
Symbolic timber clustered spire,
Home to dormant primeval forces,
Entombed within the cold bonfire

A monument of redundant railway sleepers,
Floorboards, planks and crumbled crates,
Post and rail picket fences,
Beams, batons, and broken gates

Caulked with torn jute coal sacks,
Tarry rope, oiled rags, and mattress hair,
Worn out threadbare tractor tyres,
Topped with a tattered old man's chair

Throne for a straw stuffed manikin,
In cast off clothing of mixed lot,
Ragged raiments for a long dead traitor,
Guido! Of the gun powder plot

Blaze away the funeral pyre,
Abetted by petrol poured and paraffin,
Dry kindling, sparks and crackles,
From the inferno deep within

Long licking flames lash the air,
Spurred on by the autumn breeze,
Stoked on hefty stumps of elm
Remnants of once almighty trees

Rising to a crimson crescendo,
A fiery storm or roaring reds
Wary watchers shield their faces
On backfoot, turn away their heads

Soon transformed to intense embers,
A slow dying yet ferocious heat,
Entire in its consuming passion,
Instrument of its own defeat

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