

Dellow Centric

Edition 2 Spring 2009

Client Newsletter



Hackney City Farm



Spitalfields City Farm is a community space that inspires and that everyone can enjoy. The farm is open to volunteers of all backgrounds, ages and abilities and is now working in strong partnership with the Dellow Centre. We recently held a "Romanian party" for all volunteers and staff to welcome 6 new volunteers, originally from Romania who have become an integral part of the volunteer team. The volunteers cooked traditional organic Romanian food which we all enjoyed around a fire (in the snow!). If you are interested in finding out more about the farm and volunteering opportunities please contact Steve or a member of staff.

INCOME- £1,375,944 EXPENDITURE- £1,026,683 RESULT = HAPPINESS INCOME- £1,026,683 EXPENDITURE- £1,375,944 RESULT = MISERY

The history of centre's like Providence Row seems inextricably linked with the history of its immediate environment .It is damn near impossible to separate the two, because no organisation exists in a vacuum. They make their way into the sunlight because forward thinking and far sighted people perceive a need, and a way to satisfy it. If they are sufficiently clever and practical, they detect the shifts and changes in emphasis, and strive to keep at least in step, if not ahead of the game. As times and places and economic circumstances evolve, so do they .And when they have been doing this for 150 years, as Providence Row will have next year in 2010, the only valid conclusion you can draw is that they have been doing something very well for a very long time, so much so in fact that they themselves are part of the fabric of the area, one of its fixtures and fittings, whose loss would be very keenly felt, were it no longer to be there.

Providence Row was founded in 1860 by a catholic priest, Monsignor Daniel Gilbert, who happened to live in a street called Providence Row, and like many such charitable concerns, it was based on Christian compassion for the sick and suffering, the underdog, and the disenfranchised, either through their own fault, or the fault of circumstances beyond their control, where life had turned into a downward spiral of despair and deprivation. The heart of the teeming bustling East End has always had an underbelly of depraved and dark deeds, none more than the 120 year old serial murders of street women in the immediate vicinity of the Dellow's current location by Jack the Ripper. Although the East End was and is home to artists and bohemians, some doubtless attracted by the seemliness of its history it has also been home traditionally to artisans and crafts people and a large underclass of people who where they were able, were employed in local industry. Here that meant a load of craft industries such as glue and match making, leather tanning and of course the rag trade .Even the site of the Dellow centre was a cocoa processing plant until World War Two. But for many years it was the rag trade which predominated, and evidence of this can still be found in local street names- Petticoat Lane, Fashion Street, and Whites Row for example. The reason for this is that it immediately borders the rich area of the City of London, and it was convenient to have ones finery made on the doorstep. This and the service industries already mentioned turned the area into a melting pot, a cauldron of people engaged in the hard an often dirty business of earning a living. The area thus became a dumping ground for the poor and downtrodden, who worked in the menial, dirty, and poorly paid jobs the area offered living in substandard accommodation and developing physical and mental health problems from the abject conditions in which they were forced to live. Poverty fed on poverty, ignorance on ignorance, and the successful intervention of an organisation like Providence Row has impacted on the lives of people here for 150 years. It will almost certainly be doing the same in 150 years from now. The needs and the nature of human beings hasn't changed much, but the material and economic circumstances of people's lives has altered very greatly, and the modern age, with all its so called welfare systems and safety nets, still sees people slip through these provisions. But at least they can put mind and body back together again, rebuild shattered confidence where life has dealt them a rough hand, secure in the knowledge that there is a safety net which won't let them down at the Dellow Centre.

REFURBISHMENT BLUES

There's a cockroach in the kitchen
And a spider in the bed
What's lurking behind the toilet
Is better left unsaid

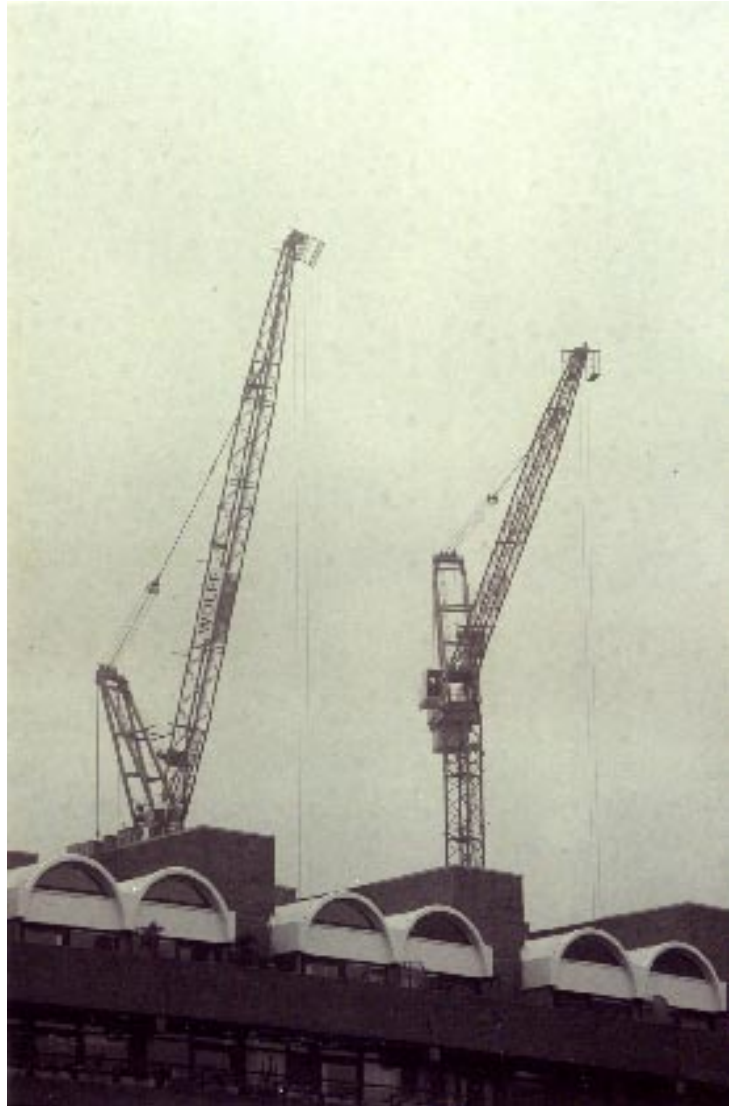
The chimneystack is leaning
And hasn't far to go
And the guttering collapses
When it gets full up with snow

There are dust mites in the carpet
There's a stain upon the wall
And when the grime busters get finished
There will be nothing left at all

There's a coffin in the kitchen
Which is looking rather nice
But I will opt for my remains
To be kept 'ere long on ice

As I sit here full of Trepidation
Reviewing my situation
Sipping my bottle of ale
This is a list of all the events
That goes to tell my tale

Poem and Photograph
By Joseph Williams



ROCKETRY

Rockets lighted by collies.
Lost favour.
Friendship space flight.
Peenemunde one.
Service module.
G: News.
B.
Intercontinental ballistic missiles.
Attitude control.
Escape velocity (my landing bag).
Spacewalking.
Splashdown.
Virgil "Gus".

Poem and Painting
By Toze Figueiredo



'Shlock Up' 2007
Acrylic, Oil, Spray Paint, Crayon and Collage on Canvas

My Story

I had a successful working career, owned my own home and had been with my partner for 14 years. In hindsight my working life was drink orientated, for example, I would often drink after work.

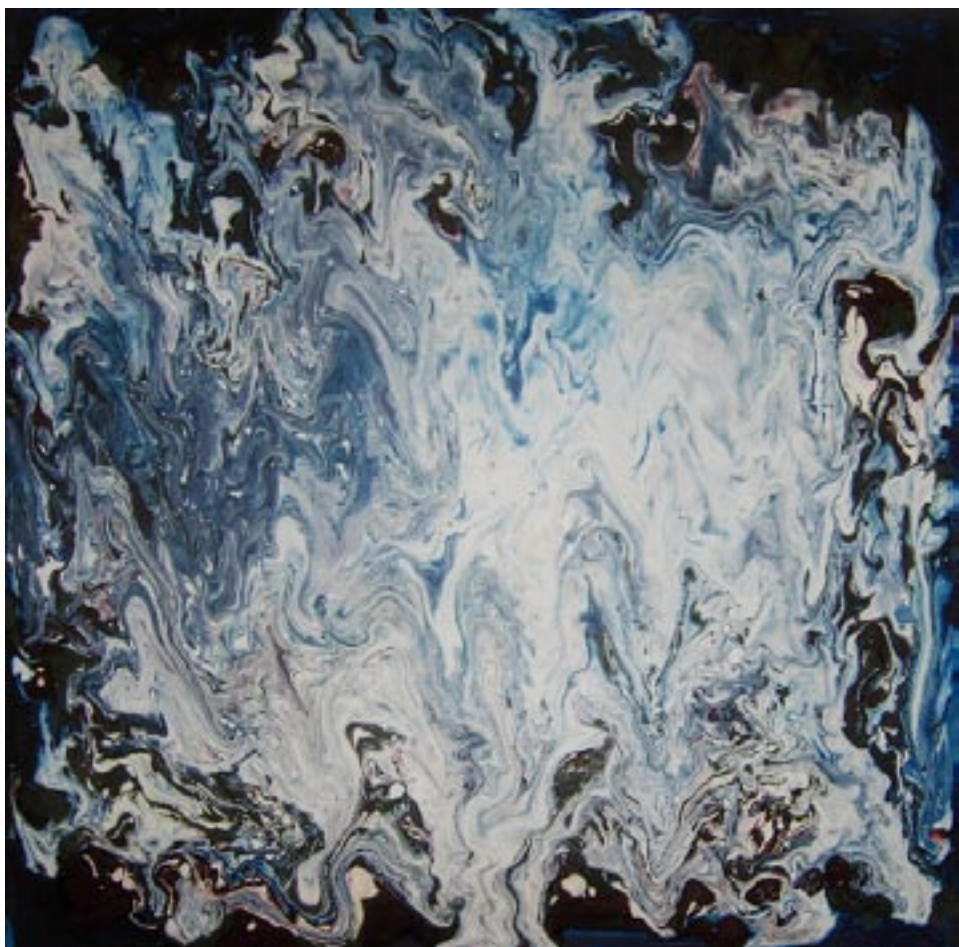
I realised I had a drink problem and it was affecting my relationships with both my partner and friends. I started to attend regular AA meetings, and I thought I had beaten the problem. But that was just the beginning. My world fell apart in May 2008 when after a massive row with my partner I went on a drink binge which would change my life forever. I was caught drink driving, and such was my alcohol intake, I was sentenced to a custodial sentence of 90 days. I served 45 days, but with that my relationship ended and my home was taken away, which I am still battling against. I was in effect homeless, jobless and on my own. I went to the council who basically said because I was not a female, pregnant or gay I should forget about council housing.

I slept rough for a few weeks, some times sleeping round friends until they were fed up with me. Then I contacted London Street Rescue who put me in to the Dellow Centre Night Stop in London. This was only temporary. I then went back onto the streets for about 1 month, sharing some kind of squat with 3 other guys. Then London Street Rescue came to my aid and told me they could place me in a hostel called Cape House. Having been in the cold and damp this seemed like heaven. I have been there ever since. People do not realise the true horror of being on the streets, you do not know what will happen the next day. Hopefully I will be stronger for this, but I do feel for people who live their whole lives on the streets. As far as the mayor saying he will end this by 2012 I find it difficult to believe this problem will ever be solved.

By Gary Nash

Get Involved!

If you are interested in taking part in this client led newsletter or those who are interested in editing, writing, or exhibiting your poetry or pictures speak to a member a staff. You dont need any past experience all you need is the willingness to get involved!



**'Cosmos' By Najafgulu Guliyev
Oil on Canvas 2008**