

HUMANISING HEALTHCARE: ART POETRY & CULTURE

Artists , poets and curators in hospitals; only a distraction ?

Sue Ridge – Artist John Davies – Poet

Looking three different Hospital commissions which have included collaborative works with poet John Davies AKA *Shedman*.

1. ***From the Outside- Navigating the Hospital*** at Eastbourne and Hastings Hospitals, East Sussex.
2. **Our Storeys** - a socially engaged Poetry Project at North Middlesex University Hospital located in Edmonton, North London.
3. **Guy's & St Thomas' Charity** new offices and the new Bermondsey (incorporating Dermatology, Phototherapy and Allergies) Centre at Guy's Hospital, London

FROM THE OUTSIDE IN **Navigating the hospital**

A project looking at your responses to issues of navigation,
focusing on arrival, waiting and departure.



Patients, staff or visitors
Come and talk to us about your journey through the hospital.
You'll find us at our temporary base - the SHED
situated near the main entrance

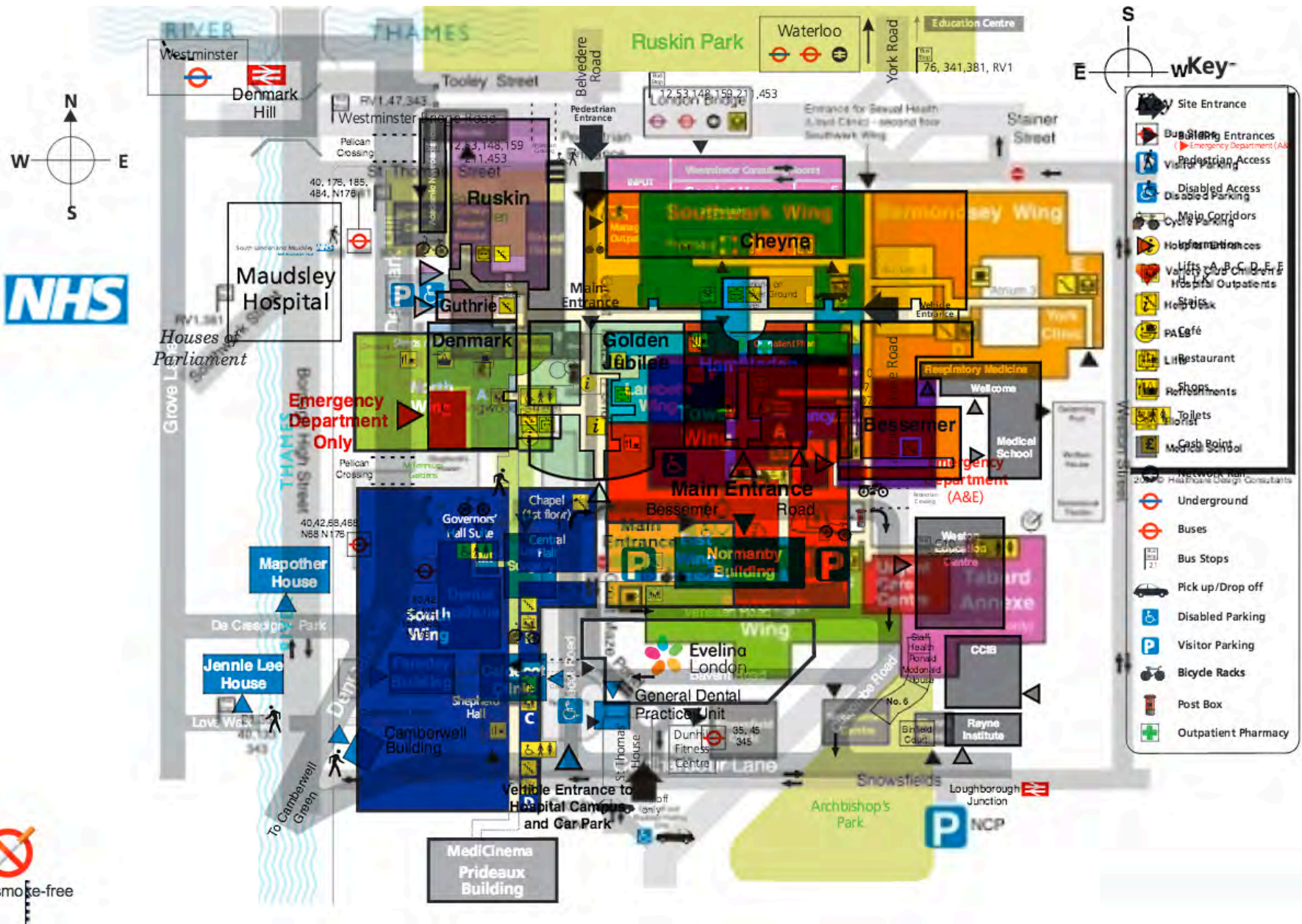
*With artist Sue Ridge +
poet John Davies (aka Shedman)*





From the Outside In
2005

Eastbourne University Hospital and Hastings Conquest Hospital.

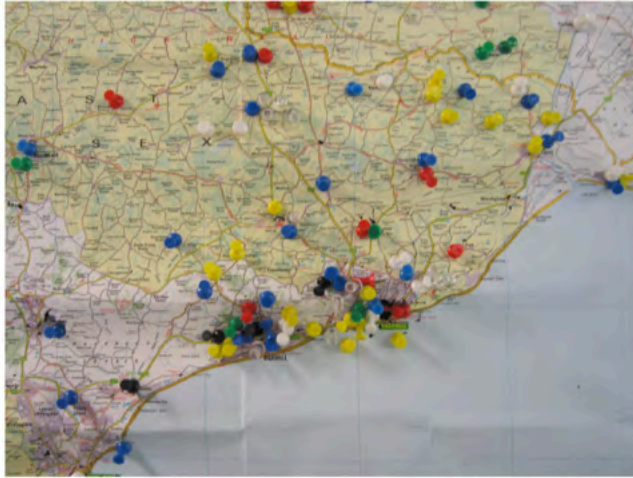


This image can sometimes sum up how you feel on entering a hospital for the first time .



Eastbourne Hospital

The shed became A DISTRACTION and the base from which we could engage with staff and visitors in conversations about navigating the hospitals



Conquest Hospital Hastings

FROM THE OUTSIDE IN - NAVIGATING THE HOSPITAL

A collaborative project by the artist Sue Ridge and the poet John Davies (Shedman) commissioned by Arts in Healthcare - East Sussex Hospitals NHS Trust. We're looking at the responses of patients and staff to issues of navigation, focussed on arrival, waiting and departure.

STAFF, PATIENT & VISITOR QUESTIONNAIRE

How are you today?	
Where do you live?	
What colour are you following?	
How far have you travelled to get to the hospital?	
How long did the journey take?	
How did you travel (eg. By bus)	
If you came by car, how long did you wait in the car park?	
Which department are you visiting?	
Do you know where you are going?	
Which signs have you noticed so far?	
How many signs can you take in?	
How many maps of the hospital have you seen?	
How did they help you?	
In which waiting area have you spent the most time on any visit?	
What colour was the waiting area where you spent most time?	
What shape is the hospital in your mind's eye?	
Which feelings sum up your trip to the hospital?	

please turn over.....

Please draw a line to link up the emotions you felt on your visit here today

angry happy anxious in control lost

cross bored sad confident distracted

disappointed out of control delighted doubting

cheerful fearful fulfilled grumpy calm

add your own words here if you wish!

Please draw a memory map of your journey through the hospital today in the space below

entrance

Questionnaire

From the outside in

Acclimatization

Lying on the floor with his stethoscope he's listening to the sounds of the giant the wheezes and rhythmic thumping the complications flow deep within his bowels.

The organs of the bodiless hummer in all their brilliant separate compartments. Around the Marley furnace in the subterranean involving staff and patients, here are ghosts

who conspire for a fog within the lift's machinery rooms, play fast and loose because the substitution, take time to solve the ducts, their real business is something other.

They embrace the engine of the hospital the symphony of its spiral corridors the light of its wings and pistons the pulse of animals and operations.

He's lying on the floor with his stethoscope listening to something beyond the individual the peculiar harmony of the whole machine through colleagues' question his anastomotic apparatus.



Sur overlaid map upon map upon map to create a composite map of how people navigate their hospital...



"We all travel with many maps, neatly folded and tucked away in the glove compartment of memory." Katherine Harmon

Eastbourne Hospital memory map

Proprietor

The helix I pick for my wife from our garden open and closed, breathing the light, Open, Close.

The hospital breathes purple in the morning, there's never enough room in the car park. Before the rush of evening visitors, there are many spaces.

Take an hour of clothing, with the slightest movement make it come alive, Respiration, Absorption.

The helix I picked for my wife from our garden open and closed, breathing the light, Open, Close.



"It's hard to look at a map without sensing in our bones private hopes and secret fears about change." L. Mercator

Conquest Hospital Hastings memory map



Waiting for his taxi in reception, weighing up the signs, he thinks about the hospital as a body made of all the different bodies he's seen treated here, including his.

Upstairs are the Private Parts, where he had his waterworks examined by cystoscopy. Just thinking of it makes him desperate for a wee.

Next door on the ground floor is the Leo - though he can't remember if it's right or left - the Fracture clinic where Ken had his broken tibia (or was it fibula?) put right.

Down the passage on the other side is the Head. Dozens queue everyday to see the ophthalmologists as best they can. He's started back at many an unknown watcher,

someone sneezing chill in his eye. The Arms are the maternity unit, where Julie gave birth to his granddaughter in a bath. He wasn't allowed in, until, on the final push, Ken had somehow

slipped and broke his leg. So Granddad was the first to hold Charize Pascal, now known as Tammie, while they got her dad

disentangled from her mum and the umbilical cord, he navigates the hospital by body parts and sits now in the Mouth with a cup of tea from the WRVS.

He imagines leaving with a giant's gentle kiss.

FROM THE OUTSIDE IN Navigating the Hospital

Aristo Sur Ridge and poet John Davies (aka Shechtman) look at patient, staff and visitor responses to navigation at two acute hospitals - Eastbourne General Hospital and The Conquest, Hastings

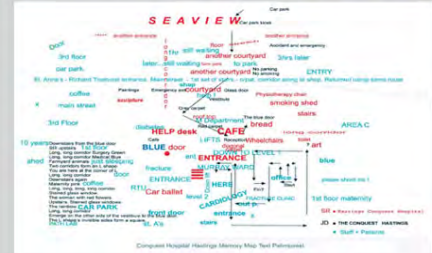


Mapping the body.....

From the outside in we drove and walked, logged our first impressions, made our maps, tried to understand colours and signs by the million. Signs that led somewhere some that led nowhere. "You are here" said the maps but gave little indication of where here really is. Sur the photographer photographed everything. John the writer wrote notes to himself. "Here I met the hospital sign-fixer. Here's the ghost clinic revealed only on Wednesdays, though the sign says it's here all the time. Journeys underground, overground, but always with people, exploring the hospital the big, friendly giant. Most not complaining but most celebrating how they had come to find their way here.



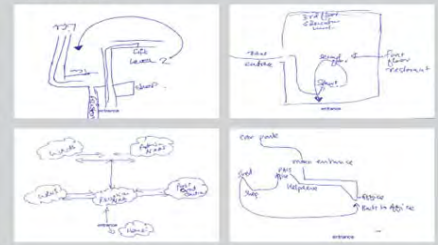
.....we asked patients, visitors and staff



From our first impressions we created our own composite map of each hospital. Then we asked people - staff, patients, visitors, carers - to create their own maps. How far had they come today? Where were they going?

SAFETY AND VISITOR QUESTIONNAIRE	Map 1	Map 2
How are you today?	Good	Good
Which signs have you noticed on the way?	Blue door	Blue door
How many signs can you see from the car park?	1	1
What colour were the signs that you noticed on the way?	Blue	Blue
What signs in the hospital do you find most helpful?	Blue door	Blue door

How long had they spent in the car park or on a bus? We asked lots of questions. They drew lots of maps...



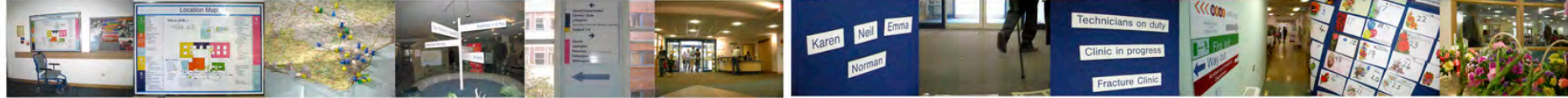
We produced A Navigating the Hospital Handout which was a folded map - in response to the answers given on the questionnaires, with photographs, patient drawings and John's poetry inspired by his conversations and observations. The maps became overlaid palimpsests of everyone's drawings.

Mapping the body



Waiting for his taxi in reception

someone squeezing chilli in his eye.
The *Arms* are the maternity unit
where Julie gave birth to his granddaughter
in a bath. He wasn't allowed in, until,
on the final push, Ken had somehow



weighing up the signs
he thinks about the hospital as a body
made of all the different bodies
he's seen treated here, including his.

slipped and broke his leg
So Granddad was the first
to hold *Charlize Pascal*
now known as *Tommi*,
while they got her dad



Upstairs are the *Private Parts*
where he had his waterworks
examined by cystoscopy.
Just thinking of it makes
him desperate for a wee.

disentangled from her mum
and the umbilical cord.



Next door on the ground floor
is the *Leg* - though he can't remember
if it's right or left - the fracture clinic
where Ken had his broken tibia
(or was it fibula?) put right.

He navigates the hospital by body parts
and sits now in the *Mouth*
with a cup of tea from the WRVS.



Down the passage on the other side
is the *Head*. Dozens queue everyday
to see the ophthalmologists
as best they can. He's stared back
at many an unknown watcher,

He imagines leaving with a giant's gentle kiss.

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John Davies

North Middlesex University Hospital







elevation frame A



View from Main Entrance to ward media wall and Lift Lobby



The Media wall is linked to the Lift Lobby which became the site for **Our Storeys**

YOUR STOREYS? THEY SOON WILL BE.

SHED RAFFLE
WITH SHEDMAN'S SHED

Visual artist Sue Ridge and writer and poet John Davies (aka Shedman) invite you to help create a major artwork for the Main Atrium at the new North Middlesex University Hospital.



• Flyer poster hand out created for the project

Turn your stories into Our Storeys

Shedman will be setting up his shed near The Spice of Life Restaurant on June 29th and you can drop in for free one-to-one creative writing workshops from 10am-2pm on June 30th and July 14th, 17th, 27th and 30th. There will also be free creative workshops around the hospital neighbourhood in Enfield and Edmonton. Find out more at www.ourstoreys.net

So – how are you feeling?

The whole purpose of the project is to let you express your feelings about the hospital. Its role at the heart of the community. Its significance as a setting for major life events or as a place of employment. Its day to day work of healing and care. Its rebirth as the new building.

What are you in for?

The words and pictures will be brought together in big artworks you'll have helped create to decorate the internal walls of the new hospital seen from the Main Reception area.

The writing's on the wall – or soon will be!

You'll be right at the heart of the new hospital.

To find out more, check out the website www.ourstoreys.net

It's your hospital. And your artwork!

Follow us on Twitter www.twitter.com/ourstoreys

Produced by First Aid Art in association with Shedman



Sue & Shedman will also be running workshops for staff, patients and visitors and for contractors' staff employed on building the new hospital.

Come and see us at the Shed in July.

Local schools, community groups, youth clubs, homes and specialist organisations. Get in touch on info@ourstoreys.net

Don't miss out on the opportunity to get involved and make your contribution to this exciting and unusual project. What does the hospital mean to you? Go on – express yourself!



North Middlesex University Hospital NHS

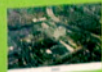


John set up the shed next to the temporary restaurant, this became the hub of the social engagement project and made us visible



The brief was to create a work that connected with the local population so that they connected with their hospital. We invited local poets and writers and 3 poet laureates – Carol Anne Duffy, Andrew Motion and Children's Poet Laureate Michael Rosen to contribute work

There was a tennis court next to the Old Nurses Home



From the Book

There was a tennis court next to the Old Nurses Home
The tennis court was built in 1911
It was one of the first tennis courts in the area
The court was used for many years
It was a popular place for the nurses to go
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Emergency Ward Ten



Angels

Angels
I caught me up at Friday night
I had the presence of angels
I was in the presence of angels
I was in the presence of angels
I was in the presence of angels
I was in the presence of angels
I was in the presence of angels
I was in the presence of angels
I was in the presence of angels
I was in the presence of angels



Emergency Ward Rooms



Angel Road

It caught me up at Forty Hall
followed me to Southgate
I felt its presence at World's End
and in Flim Barnet.

I'll swear it was behind me
as I walked up Silver Street
and I know I've seen it from the bus
in Hornsey and Wood Green.

I've seen it many times before
in Tottenham and Oakwood
in Haringey or Osidge
and along Salmons Brook.

It's been shadowing me for years
It's shadowing me still
from Frezy Water to Bruce Grove
from Enfield Wash to Angel Road

John Davies

From 'The Strange History of John Gilpin'
by William Crompton (1771-1800)

At Edmonton he being with I from the bakery spun the tender basket, wondering much To see how he did ride: 'Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!' They all at once did cry; 'The dinner waits, and we are tired;' Said G



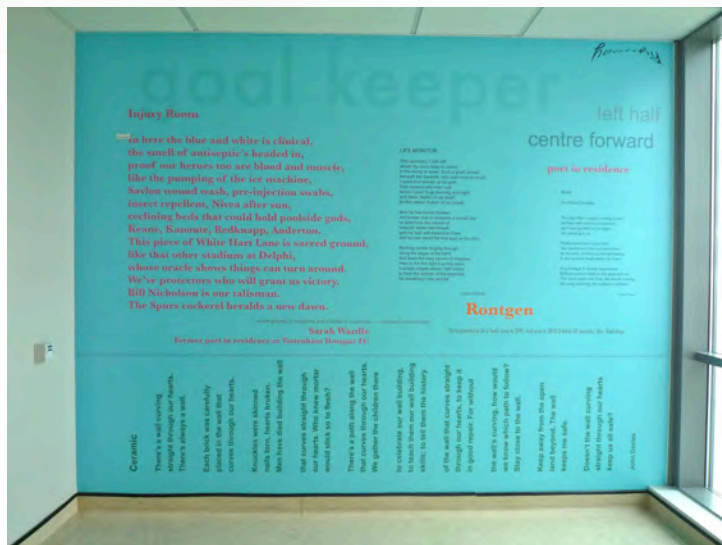
Edmonton Green Southgate Waltham Cross Angel Corner Palmers Green Silver Street Tollymore Park

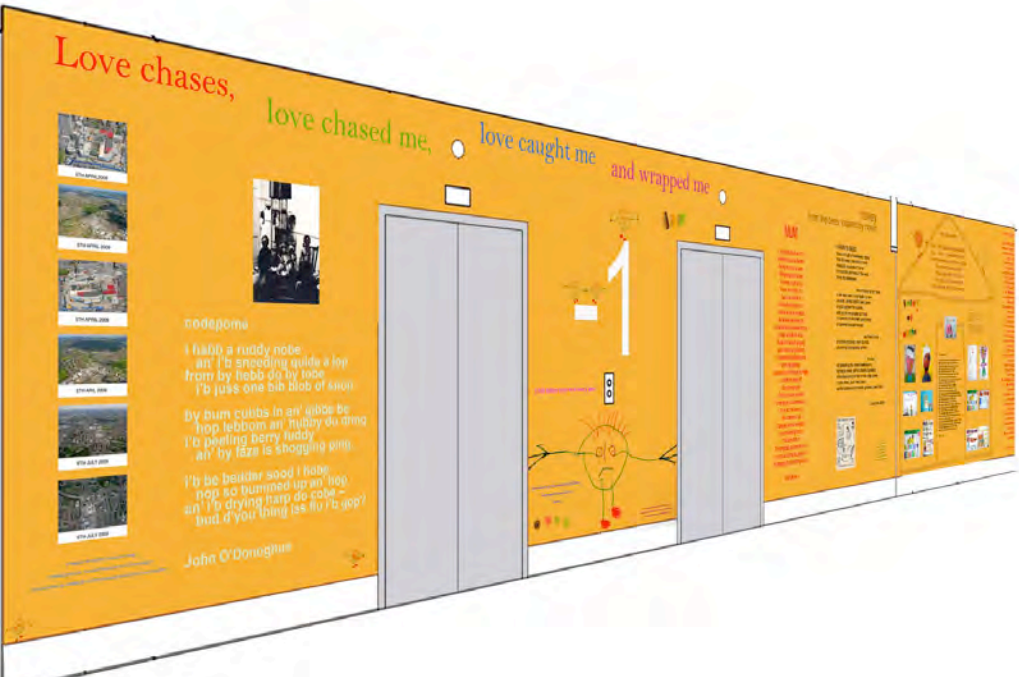
Thomas Hardy Post and Sordist
1842-1928
In 1914 Thomas Hardy married Florence Dugdale at St. Andrew's, Exeter. They were married at Linn and the first leg of the journey had to be made by train from Exeter to Liverpool Street.



from
Pip, pip, nay small pippin
Here you have no home no welcome
Out you go to the cold hillside
Who'll place a herb an older brother
Then under wolf's foot upon your head
In the claw's grip you'll wilt and wizen
Contract like charcoal in the fire
Wear off like dirt from the wall
Evaporate like water from the pail
Grow small as grain of linseed
Smaller than bone of earwig
And so you'll be gone for good

Maurice Riordan







The Ground Floor Main entrance which features staff portraits

Michael Rosen salutes the NHS at 60



Michael Rosen
The Guardian, Thursday 4 December 2008

A [longer version](#)



The NHS. Illustration (detail): Axel Scheffler

This poem was written to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the NHS, and is printed exclusively here.

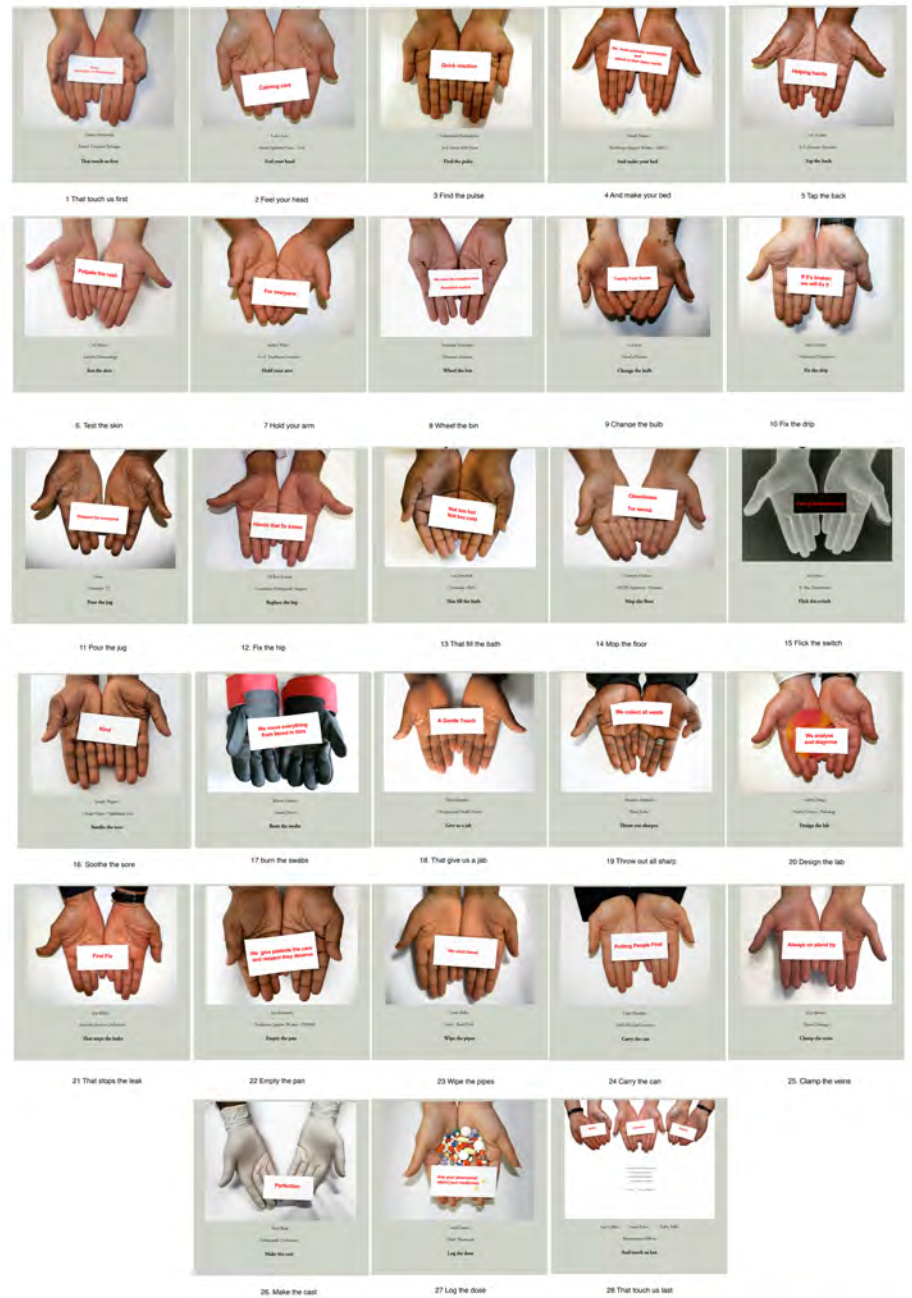
These are the hands

These are the hands
That touch us first
Feel your head
Find the pulse
And make your bed.

These are the hands
That tap your back
Test the skin
Hold your arm
Wheel the bin
Change the bulb
Fix the drip
Pour the jug
Replace your hip.

These are the hands
That fill the bath
Mop the floor
Flick the switch
Soothe the sore
Burn the swabs
Give us a jab
Throw out sharps
Design the lab.

And these are the hands
That stop the leaks
Empty the pan
Wipe the pipes
Carry the can
Clamp the veins
Make the cast
Log the dose
And touch us last.



These are the Hands portraits

On the Ground Floor elevation, 30 images of hands are proposed including the artist and the poet.

The Hands sequence is based on the poem by Michael Rosen which was donated to the NHS for open access.

Each line of the poem relates to a member of NMUH staff. I am photographing the relevant members of staff with open hands (listed below) each person gives me a few words summarizing their job at the hospital.

Sue Ridge

These are the Hands poem by Michael Rosen - Staff Portraits

These are the hands

1. That touch us first - Danny Horsewell - Patient Transport Manager - '*Busy especially on Wednesdays!*'
 2. Feel your head - A+E Tracy Lee
 3. Find the pulse- A+E Becky Matschakate
 4. And make your bed. - Health Care Assistant - Ivor Lewis - Surgical Ward (Old building)
 5. That tap your back- A+E Senior House
 6. Test the skin- Dermatology (Outpatients)- poss Dr Mann
 7. Hold your arm - A+E Healthcare assistant
 8. Wheel the bin - MITIE Waste Porter
 9. Change the bulb - Estates- Leo Ayre - Head of Estates - '*Twenty Four Seven!*'
 10. Fix the drip - Peter Crump - Mechanical Supervisor - Estates
' If it's broken we'll fix it '
 11. Pour the Jug - Teresa - Domestic - TS - '*Respect for everyone!*'
 12. Replace your hip. - Dr. Ravi Coomer - Fracture Clinic
- These are the hands
13. That fill the bath - Domestic - any Ward
 14. Mop the floor Nazmiye Hoskins - MITIE Supervisor - Pymmes
' Cleanliness' - Ter termiz



These are the hands of the artist

15. Flick the switch - James Parker X- Ray - '*Out of the Darkness!*'
 16. Soothe the sore- Staff Nurse Ward -
 17. Burn the swabs - MITIE Waste Porter
 18. Give us a jab - Occupational Health
 19. Throw out sharps- MITIE - Porter
 20. Design the lab. Head of Pathology - Geoff Benge
 21. That stop the leaks - Roy Kirley - Special Services Technician - Estates
' First Fix '
 22. Empty the pan - Health Care Assistant - Ward
 23. Wipe the pipes - Chris Slaffer - Sister- Renal Unit '*We clean Blood!*'
 24. Carry the can- Clare Pannicker - NMUH chief Executive
 25. Clamp the veins - Theatre - Surgical Block - Kim Brown Unit Manager
 26. Make the cast - Fracture Clinic - Valerie Johnson
 27. Log the dose - Pharmacy - Sarla Drayton - Head of Pharmacy
 28. And touch us last. Mortuary - Sam Collins, Susan Evans, Kathy Mills - Bereavement Officers
Dignity ? Empathy
- 'He knows not where he is going
For the ocean will decide
It's not the DESTINATION
It's the glory of the ride.'* Zen Dog Edward Monkton



Lata Jotechah
Domestic AMU

That fill the bath

13 That fill the bath



Jim Parker
X-Ray Department

Flick the switch

15 Flick the switch



Warren Lindsay
General Porter

Burn the swabs

17 burn the swabs



**Cleanliness
Ter termiz**

Nazmiye Hopkins
MITTE Supervisor - Pymmes

Mop the floor

14 Mop the floor



Joseph Wagura
Charge Nurse - Nightingale East

Soothe the sore

16. Soothe the sore

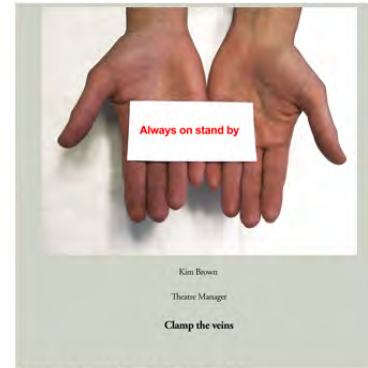


A Gentle Touch

Dola Adeyinka
Occupational Health Nurse

Give us a job

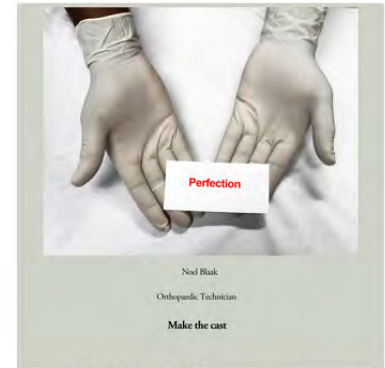
18. That give us a job



Kim Bowen
Theatre Manager

Clamp the veins

25. CLAMP THE VEINS,



Ned Black
Orthopaedic Technician

Make the cast

26. Make the cast



Sula Dryan
Chief Pharmacist

Log the dose

27 Log the dose



Sam Collins Susan Evans Kathy Mills
Recreation Officers

And touch us last

28 That touch us last



SEAS
for Leland Bardwell

Tell me the water's cold
I'll put myself on trial

this brief report
and I slip off my shoes

wade into pebbled fens
Icft by low tide
to test the bite the burns

steel bolts shot
through the ankle

because
I don't know

it's small but strong
towards triumph

a scrap of seaweed's
languid curl
around the foot

the flicker of fish
browsing creatures
nudged aside

(ah, invisible sting
of the underworld)

evidence of daring
dark forbidding elements

with clenched teeth
the body lowering
slow just so I know

it's only waist-deep brine
hands steering
the slippery stones

it's just a swim
in quiet shoals

it's the full immersion

iced skin
bone aches quick
scream to quell electric

shocks from these
odd needs

from freezing water freezing
bites cold
so cold

at last
I've found it now
yes feel it now I do

the warmth of humanity

EVA SALZMAN



Spring

Wait and see, the ancient taunt: to soup
waiting on the canteen's steel top,
to boys who cannot sleep on Christmas Eve,
to prey the lion's yet to trap. Believe,
we're told, and all will be revealed, as if
we're children waiting for a treat like Spring.
But Winter light reveals an awkward truth
of half-truth, half worth waiting for, that's both
good and bad not either/or, etched
with uncertainty. The smiles fetched
through irony's despairing business day
by day mean more than any one can say,
save this: whatever you salvage of
yourself, treasure whatever love you have.

John Davies



Autumn

Blue Rock

Look at this valley
With its routine scree.
Others will be born
To the hawk and its prey.
Trees will be involved.
The altered water
Will baptise parched throats.
Look at the road
With its angry forks.
Trust the fence-line
It leads to the next hill.

Lloyd Jones

Delay's reward is knowledge, Horace says.
Consider all that's worth the wait: fruit,
babies, Guinness, the Number 18 bus,
a bush when you're desperate for the loo,
soldiers coming home, tomato ketchup,
play's resumption after rain, youth's dreams,
boiling kettles, a long awaited trip,
a buttered baked potato, unblocked drains,
a walk with golden dogs through burnished trees,
a well delivered fart or atshoo,
exam results of all kinds, that first kiss,
a refund from the Inland Revenue...
Consider the reward that each can give
and wonder what gifts other waits may leave.

John Davies

codpome

I habb a ruddy robe
an' I'b sneeding quide a lap
from by hebb do by tobe
I'b juss one bib blob of snop
by bum cubbe in an' gibbs be
hop labbom an' hubby do dring
I'b peeling berry fuddy
an' by faze is shogging ping
I'b be bedder sood I hobe
riop so bummed up an' hop
an' I'b trying harp do cobb
bud d'you thing iss I'u I'b pop?

John O'Donoghue



Winter

Wait. Watch a scimitar of heath
chicane above the fencepost silhouettes,
career along the hillside's winward crease,
as drab as the branches where it settles.
Wait. See the ground start up and fly
and leave its long-legged shadows in the snow.
Observe the wing of primrose in the sky,
how long it takes for anything to grow.
Wait. Count barbs on dull silver wire,
the sodium stars that pierce the closing dusk,
the wheat stalks burnt in the stubble's fire,
the total sum of humanity's flux.
Will waiting help us understand how much
of us is there, how much of it is us?

John Davies



Summer

Dear waiters, think on what you're waiting for -
the breadman, DHL or any one
of fifteen different people at your door,
while you are not at home and there is none
to answer for you. Is the back door locked?
The window fast? The moggie in or out?
Would someone peering through the letterbox
be dismayed at how you've left the house?
But these concerns are nothing when compared
with the one by which you're now obsessed.
When you got up this morning and got dressed,
did you put on your own clean underwear?
Or did you, in your apprehension, take
your partner's undergarments by mistake?

John Davies

KWANGJU

The more you tell me, the more often it comes down
to the hard-pressed earth in your grandmother's yard.

Before she swept in the evenings she sprinkled water
as if she was sowing seed and the dust settled at last.

Afterwards nothing moved, not even the day-old chicks
stunned by the length of time it took the sun to disappear.

Sir Andrew Motion



VIRGIL'S BEES

Bless air's gift of sweetness, honey
from the bees, inspired by clover,
marigold, eucalyptus, thyme,
the hundred perfumes of the wind.
Bless the beekeeper

who chooses for her hives
a site near water, violet beds, no yew,
no echo. Let the light lit, leak, green
or gold, pigment for queens,
and joy be inexplicable but there
in harmony of willowherb and stream,
of summer heat and breeze,
each bee's body
at its brilliant flower, lover-stunned,
strumming on fragrance, smitten.

For this,
let gardens grow, where beelines end,
sighing in roses, saffron blooms, buddleia:
where bees pray on their knees, sing, praise
in pear trees, plum trees; bees
are the batteries of orchards, gardens, guard them.

Carol Ann Duffy

OF a beakerful
OF the
warm
south
John Keats



Imagine what it is,
what Keats in the butterline
and yellow air in the glow of hands
then felt as he from London as appear
Because we began with it, looking
it never really felt as yet
but felt as he and when we met about
with each to go. Inevitably,
waiting in those unattainable of delight
above a shrew's manure.
Hold up to us the flower of life
we had forgotten that nature us
gains in ourselves. Or with us a very
silly that we have to listen.

But wait, we dash, get lost in reality
maintained by weak, right through emotion.
map walls, children's games, then,
chipping off the present for those
of hours. Think, making sure that that
has had his line, appear in front of us,
all in smiling rooms, wait at bus stops,
near through children's department,
helpdesk, books, counters, books,
use the grey planet on the side
trying to find a bit of change
for the car park or the meter
of the big bus stop. Absorbing
the chest marks, which chipped
will be spoken? Trying to fit it in,
trying to fit it all in, the sleeping bag,
the line back, no going back,
a bit of history, a family name,
never come and to catch your breath
that it's closing in, changing in.
If you know where to look
you could catch a glimpse.

If you look carefully you can see it
in the photographs of children
having separate memories
concerning intent gapped!
It's looking in the corner
of the picture of the official opening,
remembering to there that's always there
but very difficult to catch in camera
but it catches on all the time
nearly unnoticed.

John Davies

sunshine treatment
A big culture

Heartwood

Of all the trees that once grew here
many now have disappeared,
lost to storm or excavator
- sacrificed to the good that's greater.

The Long Walk, with its avenue
of shimmering poplars, lost from view.
Orchard trees once blossomed near
buildings that have disappeared.

Once convenient for dogs
the ancient cedar's now in logs.
Silver birch, sycamore,
willow and cherry are no more.

Twigs and heartwood, crown and bole
chipped away down time's black hole.
Many were touched by the surgeon's art,
but still some limbs please the heart:

the Bull Lane entrance maples thrive
and bark 'It's good to be alive'.
The magnolia's beauty on a summer's day
stops the traffic on Sterling Way.

See the hospital as a tree
its roots deep in the community
each life sheltered by its canopy.

Its trunk the strength of state goodwill,
its branches of connected skill
reaching out to cure the ill.

Coming and going through it all
the multitudes of different people
- the heartwood of the hospital.

Our Storeys

Art and Poetry in Healthcare



The book about the project
sponsored by Bouygues UK
Written by John Davies and Sue Ridge
is available from – www.shedman.net



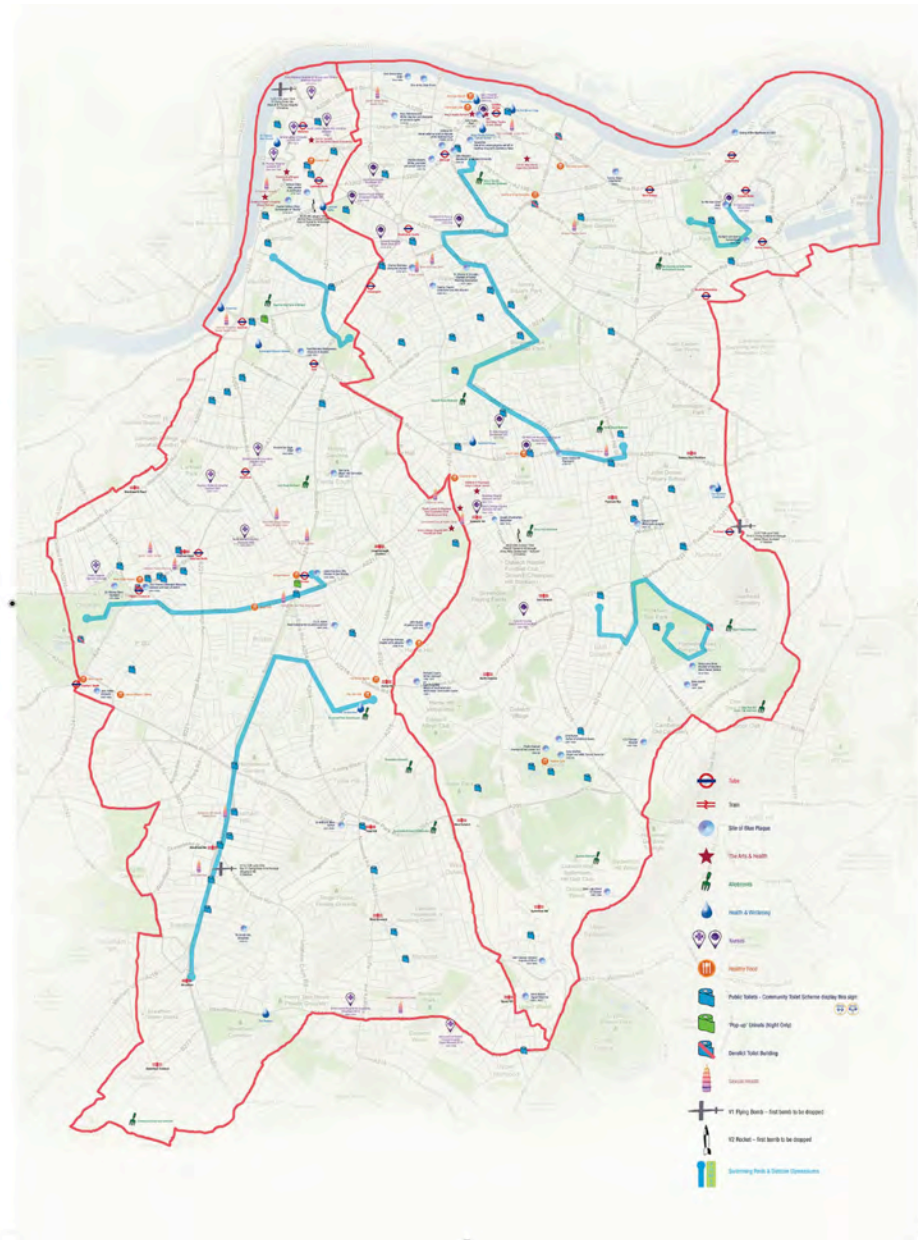
A CATALYST
FOR INNOVATION
IN HEALTH

I was asked by Guy's & St Thomas' Charity to curate and make artworks for their new office at Guy's Hospital .

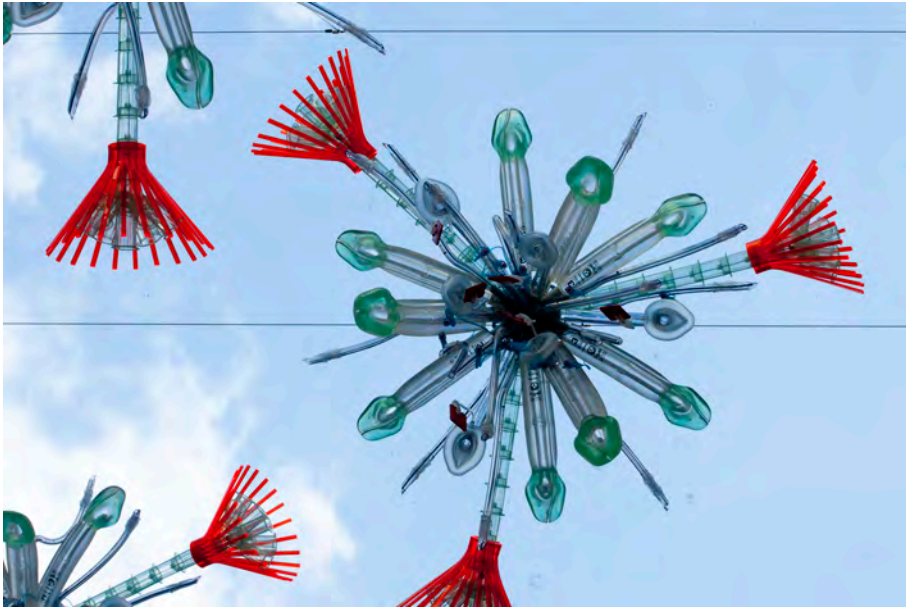


Interpretation panels by University of the Arts, London and Chelsea Camberwell Wimbledon students, 2013

Healthy Lambeth and Southwark

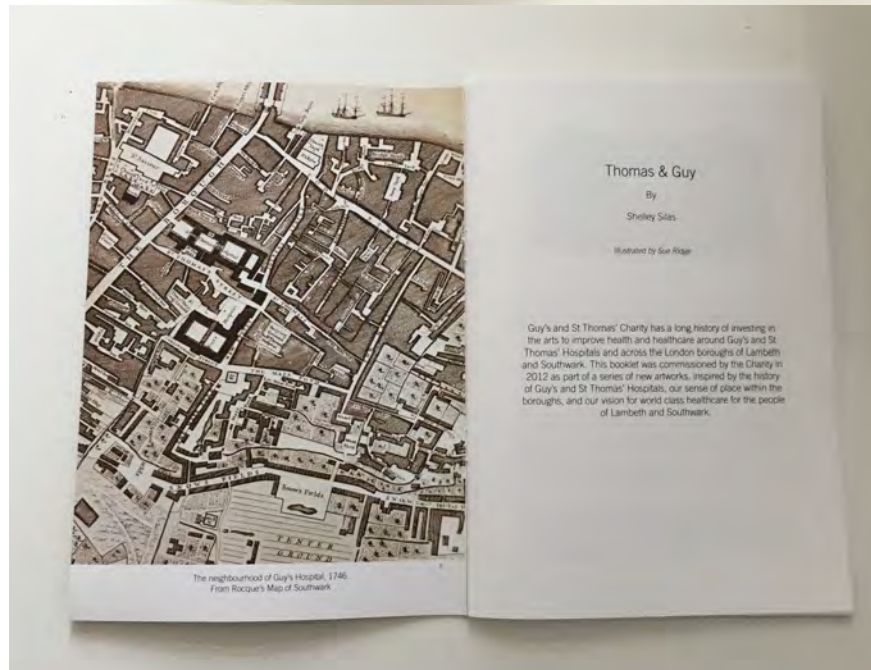


I Worked with UAL Students from Chelsea , Camberwell and Wimbledon to create a map of Lambeth & Southwark , looking at Health and Wellbeing and the History in the area. Each student focused on an area of interest ranging from Public Toilets, fitness centres, healthy food, allotments and sexual health.

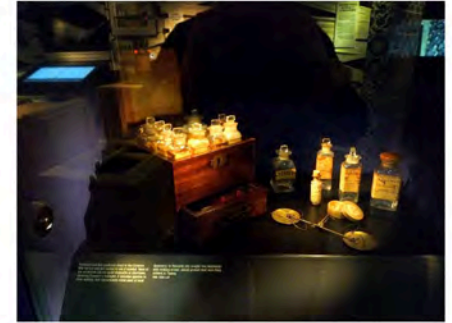


Hsiao-Chi Tsai and Kimiya Yoshikawa – sculpture from hospital plastic waste

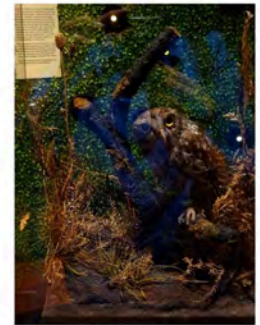




A short story about Guy's and St Thomas' Hospitals - Shelley Silas, Illustrated by Sue Ridge



Old Operating Theatre Museum and Herb Garret



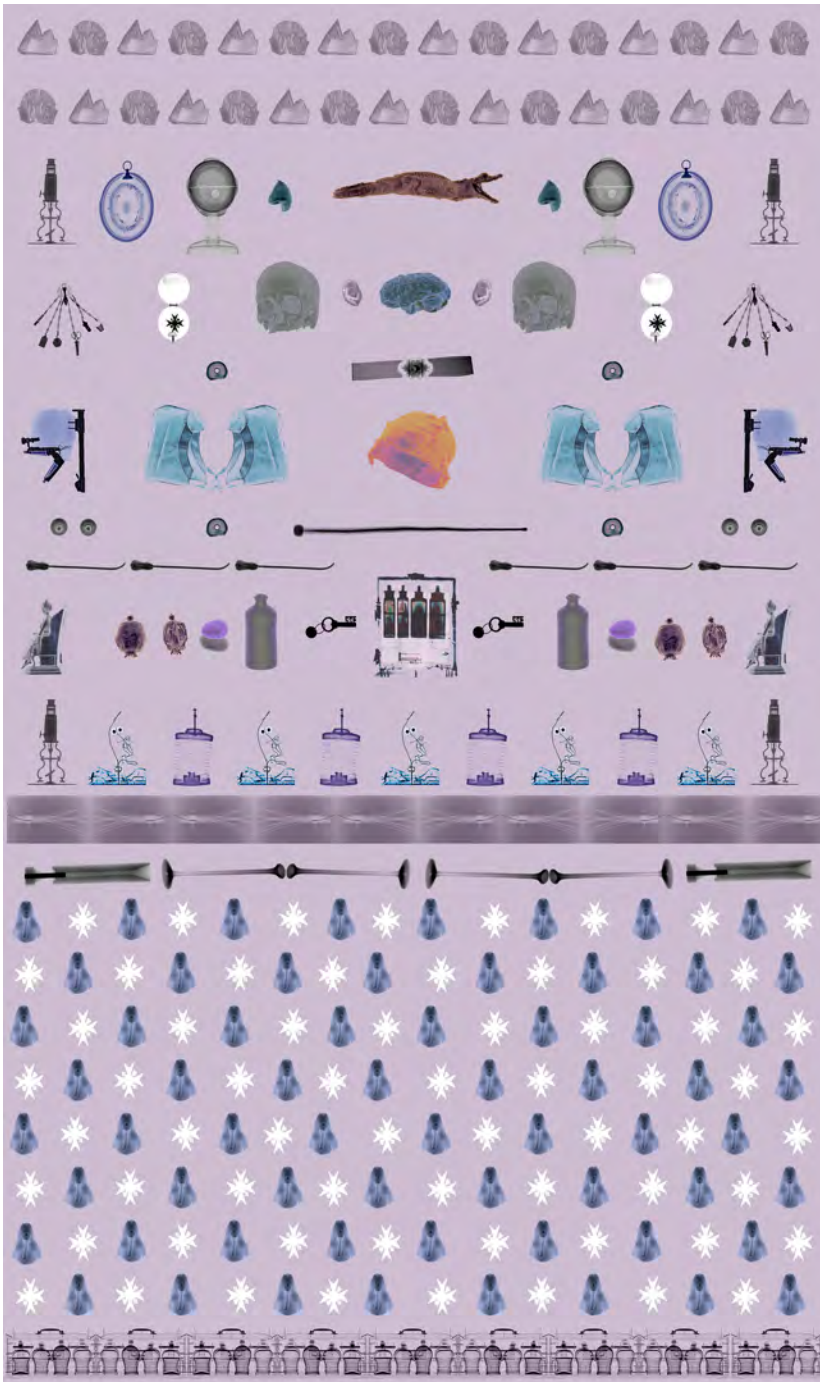
Florence Nightingale Museum



The Gordon Museum



Three museums linked to Guy's & St Thomas' Charity



Digital Wallpaper from the x-ray and MRI scans
The dado rail line is an x-ray of Keats quills
The skirting line is a row of glass leech jars from
The Old Operating Theatre Museum



MY ART

For the new GRIDA Department at Guy's Hospital

Do you know that we are currently building a new department for your services?

Are you interested in art?

Do come and see Sue Ridge, our art consultant who is keen to talk to you about our art proposals and find out what you think.

Sue will be here on Monday 28th July at the following times and locations;



Time	Venue
9.30 – 10.15	
10.30 – 11.15	
11.30 – 12.15	
Lunch break	
1.30 – 2.15	
2.30 – 3.15	
3.30 – 4.15	



As a development from the Charity commission I was asked to be Artist / Curator for the new Bermondsey Centre (incorporating Dermatology, Phototherapy and Allergies) at Guy's Hospital . I worked with the design team, patients and staff to deliver an integrated arts proposal for the scheme



Patrick Heron



3 screen prints by Alistair Grant



Terry Frost

Artworks from the GST Charity collection



"I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs;
 But, in embalm'd darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The numerous haunt of flies on summer eves."

Extract from Ode to a Nightingale by John Keats

Cardboard slippers to be framed in perspex box



print by Elizabeth Fink of a seagull over blue sea



etching and aquatint by Elizabeth Fink titled Marsh Harrier, of a bird flying over green grass, 1974



screenprint by Paul Catherall titled Olympic 4, 2008



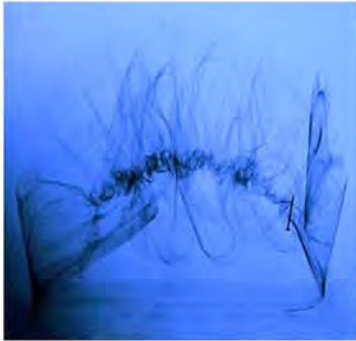
b/w print of a drawing titled Guy's Hospital, by R. West 1738 (?), with figures in foreground and title drawn in scroll



b/w engraving titled Guy's Hospital for Incurables, showing the main building and other views, interiors; printed and sold by John Bowles



Nurse's hat Guy's mini museum



Nurse's Hats



Florence Nightingale medicine chest



Lamp: Turkish fanoo used by Florence Nightingale at Scutari Hospital



Athens, Florence's pet owl taxidermed 1853



Florence Nightingale's Lamp , Medicine Box and Taxidermied Pet Owl



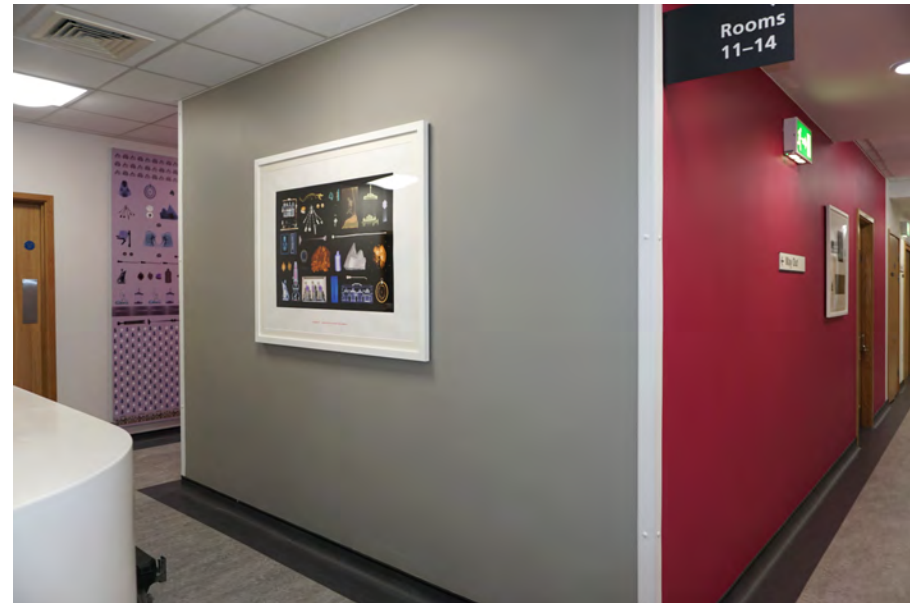
Nurse's Chatelaine
Old Operating Theatre and Herb Garret Museum



Facsimile model of stethoscope
Gay's mini museum



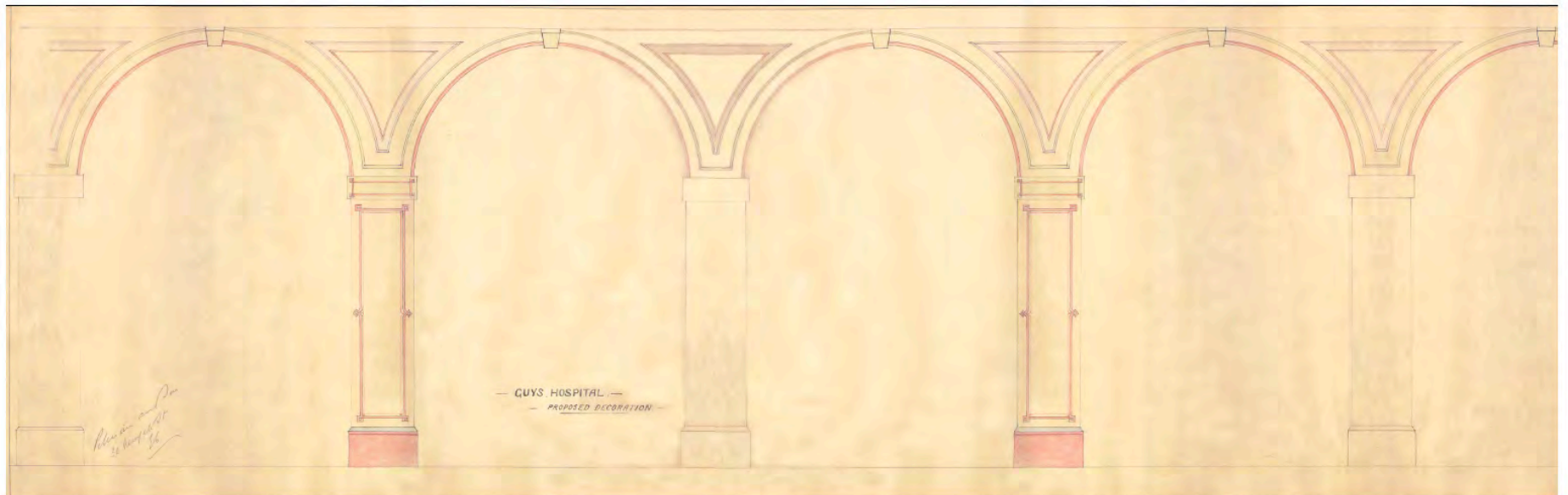
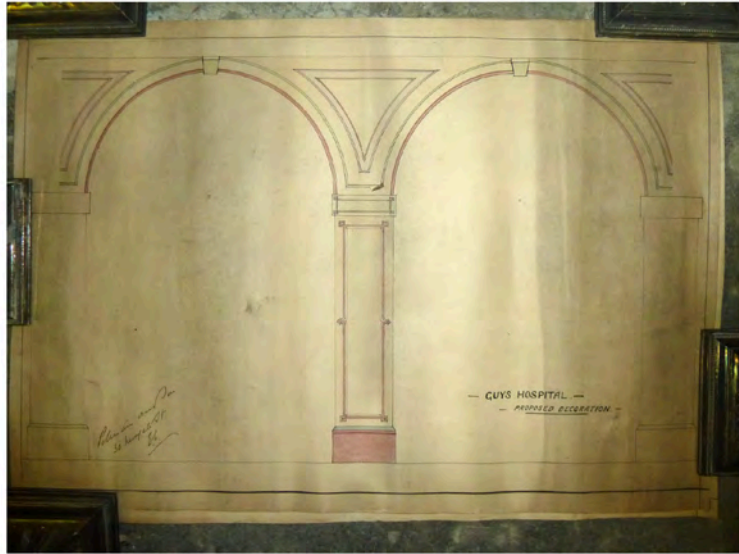
X-Ray of Stethoscope and Nurse's Chatelaine



Re-printed work from the initial Charity commission



This old drawing of the Guy's Colonnade found by the curator of the Collection locked up in an old safe , It was filthy and delicate but Inspired me to digitally re-create the Colonnade in the **main corridor** of Dermatology



Colonnade Drawing for the main corridor 7.8 m x 2.8m

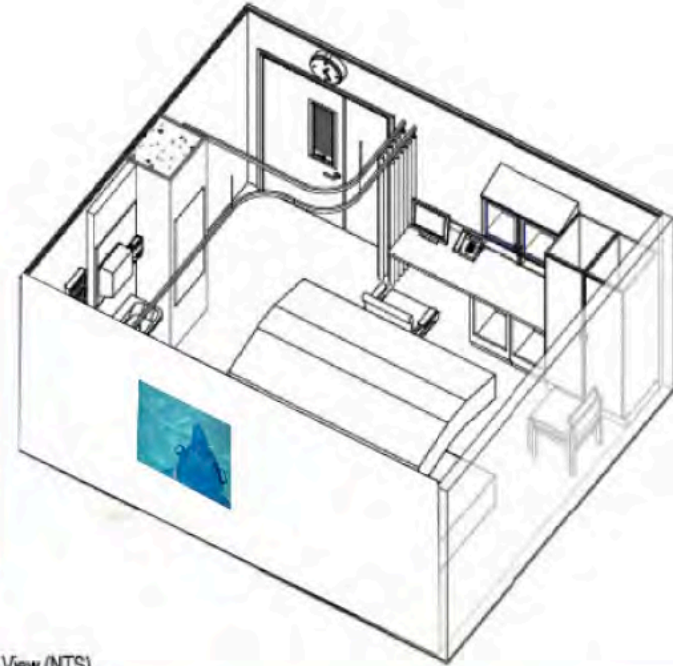
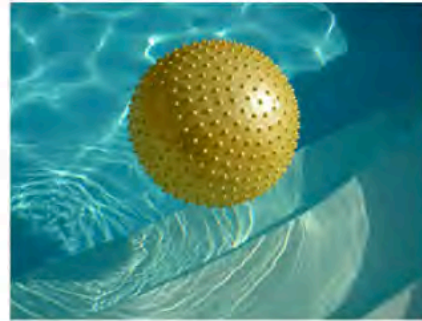
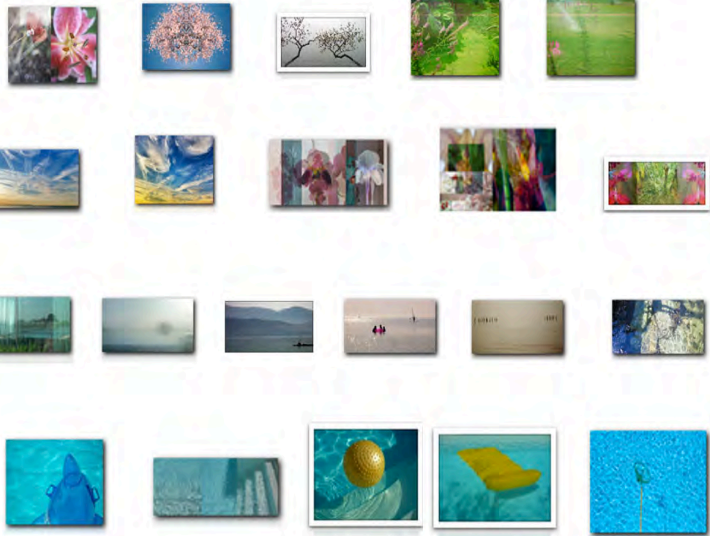


← Day Care Lounge
← Rooms 15-17
Rooms 18-20 →
Way Out →

*Plum in and on
30 Regent St
8/6.*

— GUYS HOSPITAL —
— PROPOSED DECORATION —

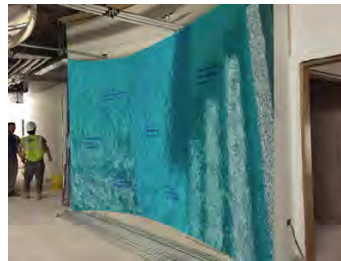
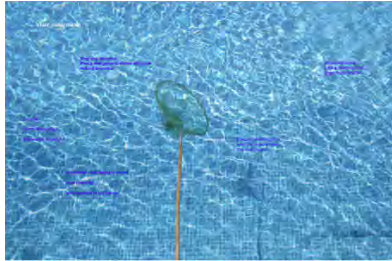
← Day Care Lounge
← Rooms 15-17



GD02 Photo Treatment Room 1 - 3D View (NTS)



Treatment Rooms - images to be polycarbonate panels photo images mounted to the reverse side



Haiku like you!

Working in a healthcare environment provides endless challenge as well as a fund of wonderful stories. One way of handling the challenge is to put feelings and experience into words to bring a degree of control, perspective and release.

But when can you write?

One of the biggest challenges for health carers is shortage of that most valuable resource – time. So we've put together a solution!

A short workshop on short poems for people short on time

Working with poet John Davies (aka Shedman) and resident artist Sue Ridge, we'll focus on that most versatile of short poems – the Haiku, invented like lots of brilliant small things in Japan.

As a general rule
haiku poems have three lines –
five, seven, five syllables.

If you have time ;-) you can find out lots more online!

For our workshop we'll have a Haiku Toolkit – questions to answer, or words and ideas you can use to help you write.

To get you thinking here's one of the most famous haiku ever written, *Old Pond* by Matsuo Basho (1644-94):

old pond . . .
a frog leaps in
water's sound

Have a go at haiku!

Wednesday May 6th – 4 - 6.30 pm

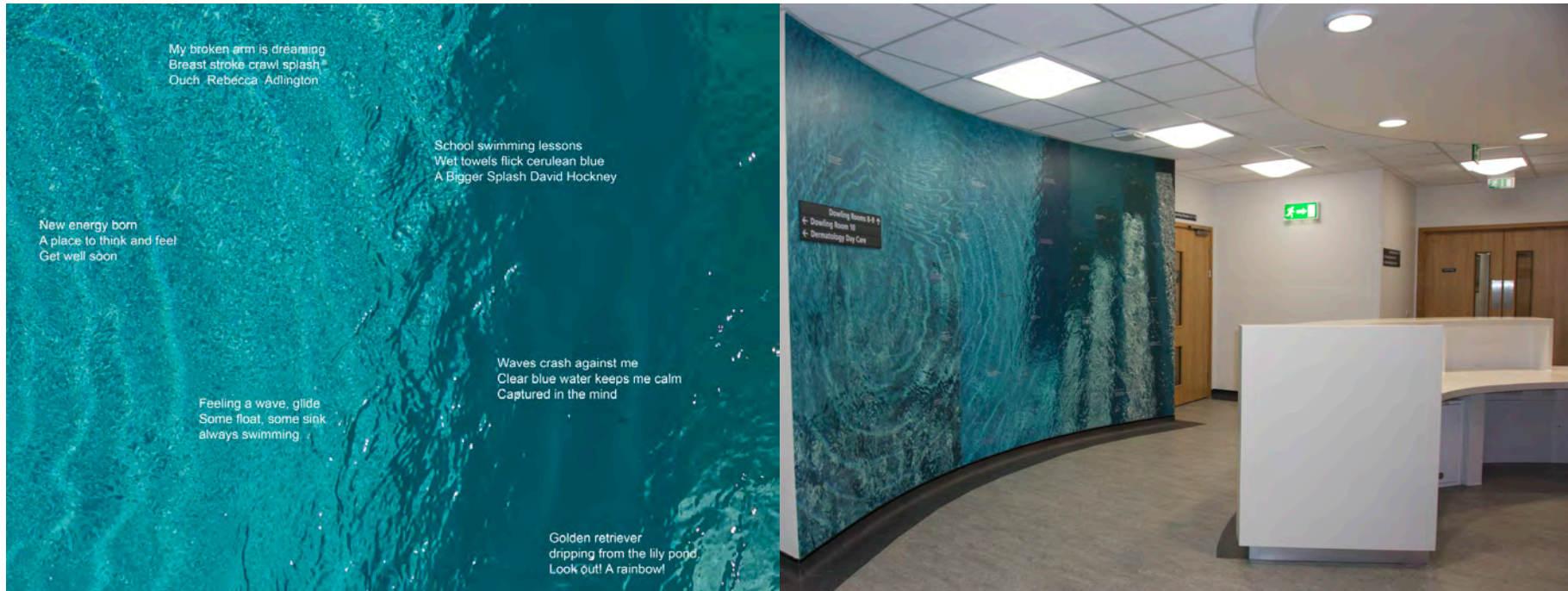
Location : Atrium 3, the new Bermondsey Wing reception/waiting area.

The only problem
with haiku is that you just
get started and then

...
only seventeen
syllables later you want
to write another.

Asked John to organise a Haiku workshop
to enable staff inclusion in the
Phototherapy Department reception wall
artwork

Haikus inspired by water





Dowling Rooms 8-9 ↑
← Dowling Room 10
← Dermatology Day Care

EMBROIDERED MINDS

WILLIAM GOWERS and the MORRIS FAMILY



William Morris:
"Science - we have loved her well,
and followed her diligently, what
will she do? I feel she is so much in
the pay of the counting house..."

The Decorative Artist
Letter to the Tracks Guide, 1877



A Morris Woman:
I am doubled, thought Jenny,
I stand divided. On one side there's
me, an embroidered mind, on the
other is Doctor Q. Should I destroy
him - or myself?

Henny Morris, from the forthcoming novel
Embroidered Minds of the Morris Women

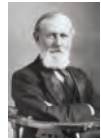
EMBROIDERED MINDS is a collaboration to investigate a 'conspiracy of silence' about epilepsy in the family of designer, poet and social reformer William Morris. A conspiracy still relevant today. Our investigation includes a 4-part novel, each part linked to site-specific exhibitions. While informed by biographical material, the project is not about what *did* happen, but what *might* have.

Here in the archives we interweave work by the collaborators with art and ideas from celebrated neurologist William Gowers - hinting at mysterious connections between the Morrisises and other renowned figures of the 19th-century artistic and scientific worlds.



The Collaborators: Authors of the novel 'Embroidered Minds of the Morris Women': Leslie Forbes (a patient at the NHNN) with Jan Marsh.
Artists: Caroline Isgar, Sue Ridge, Julia Dwyer, Andrew Thomas.
Academic & medical contributions from Professor Marjorie Lorch and Dr. Renata Whurr.

The exhibition has been curated by the Embroidered Minds collaborators.
With thanks to these individuals and organisations for their support:
Queen Square Archives Committee, UCL, Institute of Neurology & The National Hospital for Neurology & Neurosurgery (UCLH)
Sarah Lawton, Librarian, Queen Square Library, Archive & Museum
Anna Mason, William Morris Gallery | Professor Rosemary Ashton | Nina Sandi - our 'universal' Morris woman
Gemma Lewis - A+E Superintendent Radiographer University College Hospitals NHS Foundation Trust (UCLH)
University of the Arts London - CDM Print Services | Metro Imaging London
Spectrum SG Signs & Graphics | Margarita Kovnat, Markov Print, Digital Textile Printing
We gratefully acknowledge the support of the Gowers family

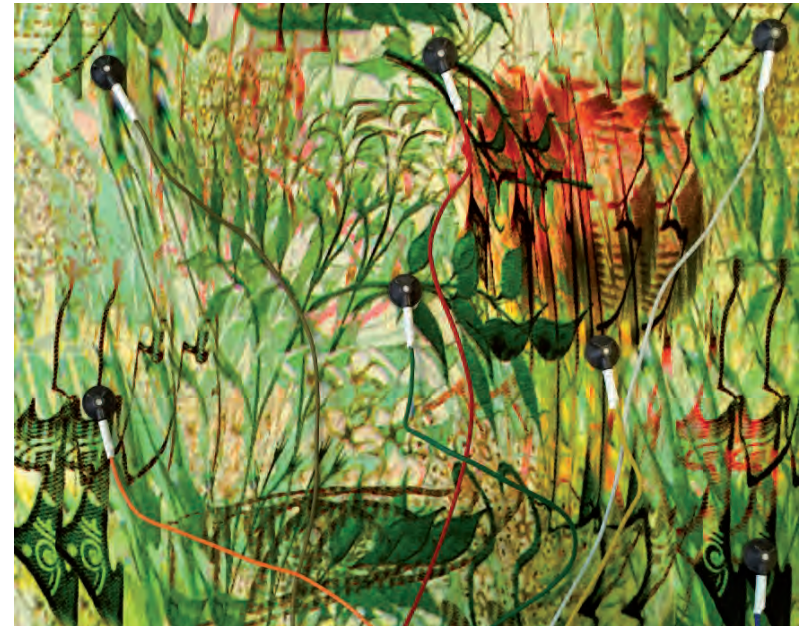


William Gowers:
"Observation alone is certain...
But there is a region in which we
must recognise hypothesis as
absolute. It is the region below
the surface whence no reflected
light can pass, but whence all
observed phenomena proceed."

The Dynamics of Life
an address, 1894

EMBROIDERED MINDS

WILLIAM GOWERS and the MORRIS FAMILY



AN EXHIBITION AT QUEEN SQUARE LIBRARY, ARCHIVE & MUSEUM
NOVEMBER 2015 - FEBRUARY 2016

Part One of a gothic tale in which renowned figures
of the 19th-century artistic and scientific worlds
conspire to hide a tragic secret

This is what I am currently working on a collaborative project about William Morris and Epilepsy and the Conspiracy of Silence surrounding the issue . This is from an exhibition at the Neurological Hospital in Queen Square , London .As it's an artist led project.