

HERE

Sculpture in St John's  
Churchyard Gardens 2025

07 – 06  
July September

Open daily  
9am – 8pm  
Free Entry  
St John's Waterloo  
73 Waterloo Road  
London SE1 8TY



STJOHN'S  
+ STANDREW'S  
at Waterloo





The London Group is delighted to present HERE, a free outdoor sculpture exhibition in St John's Churchyard Gardens in partnership with St John's Church and the Waterloo Festival 2025.

HERE celebrates everything that makes a neighbourhood and community what it is today, all that brings us here, together. It invites a broader understanding of belonging, place and placemaking: residents, wanderers and commuters, physical and digital spaces, nostalgia for the community of yesterday to the utopian ideals of future community building.

The London Group invited its artists to create a visual and spatial narrative of connection—where history meets modern life, and where individual paths converge to create collective meaning.

Mary Branson's 'Silent Choir' holds the echoes of a community—broken, reformed, enduring. The silent mouths of the smoke fired tiles speak without sound but have their presence in resilience. Each crack is a note, each smudge a memory. In the heart of Waterloo, they sing a hymn to togetherness, to loss, and to the beauty of piecing things back together.

Amanda Loomes' 'Safe Guard' considers the complexity of these relationships. Who is included and who is not? What is that we fear? Her installation playfully explores these issues, juxtaposing health and safety signs with historic gravestones in St John's Churchyard.

Alongside this powerful sculpture trail and during the Waterloo festival (10–13th of July) there will be indoor exhibitions across the Crypt at St John's, showcasing 2D work by LG members, local artists, groups and collectives. These will run alongside a series of concerts, workshops and social events, all celebrating the same theme.

This will be The London Group's fifth sculpture exhibition in St John's Churchyard as part of the Waterloo Festival.

As part of the HERE exhibition, members of St John's Creative Writing Club led by local author, poet and tutor Anna Robinson have created ekphrastic poems in response to the sculptures installed by the London Group members. The poems that emerged from this collaboration – Ekphrasis: words meet sculptures – are included in our catalogue below.

# Exhibiting Artists

Barbara Beyer, Paul Bonomini, Mary Branson, Clive Burton and Tisna Westerhof, Paul and Laura Carey, Aude Hérail Jäger, Amanda Loomes, Stathis Dimitriadis, Cadi Froehlich, Alexandra Harley, Chris Horner, Anne Leigniel, Sumi Perera, Paul Tecklenberg.









**Houses** by Barbara Beyer

Ceramic

2x2x3cm

I have made these houses in bursts of excited focused hours picking and building with my ceramic offcuts, a hasty rumpus through delicious leftovers, filling the hours while watching the gas kiln. They ended up in the same kiln in the next firings, I covered them in ash, which fused to glaze and gave them delicious green and brown speckles. Perfect pocket-sized miniatures, it was fun taking them around with me, after they were fired, placing them on a tower, by sea, even arranging them completely unobserved in front of a beautiful row of Delft tiles which showed houses and dwellings in an Amsterdam Museum. Now they sit on the wall, very small with the quiet beautiful garden of ST John's on one site and the loud urban hustle and bustle around Waterloo station on the other.

## **Stones**

by John Sheehy

*A response to 'Houses'*

Stone works dropping down

a house sits on top of the stone works

rounded up with gables

I don't see no windows in the house

In the front gable

I do see things like vents air bricks

in the front gable I see a white line

surrounding this gable

Something looks like a snake

with an evil eye purple in-cuts

Slabbed on top grooved gutted intense

Then I see the snake again raving for hunting

The snake is after frogs frogspawn squirrels. mice rats

anything that's running by

For a few bites this snake

will trap anything that moves





**Pitch** by Paul Bonomini  
Bamboo canes, garden twine, red paint  
150 x 700 x 200cm

Pitch is a series of tepee-like structures constructed from recycled bamboo canes, a transient resting place. A small personal space for shelter rest or survival, here and now.

This piece is a collaboration with Santa and her team of garden volunteers and will eventually be subsumed by climbing plants.



## Angles of departure and return

by Fiona

*A response to 'Pitch'*

First, cut your poles; these will meet at the centre  
as we will meet at the centre from our disparate points.

Draw your line, each point 30 degrees from the other;  
point A to point B, then C, then D;  
already, 90 degrees from where....did I start?

Another line, to point E, then F, then G  
now, 180 degrees. From here to there is the diameter,  
neither stable nor sustainable.

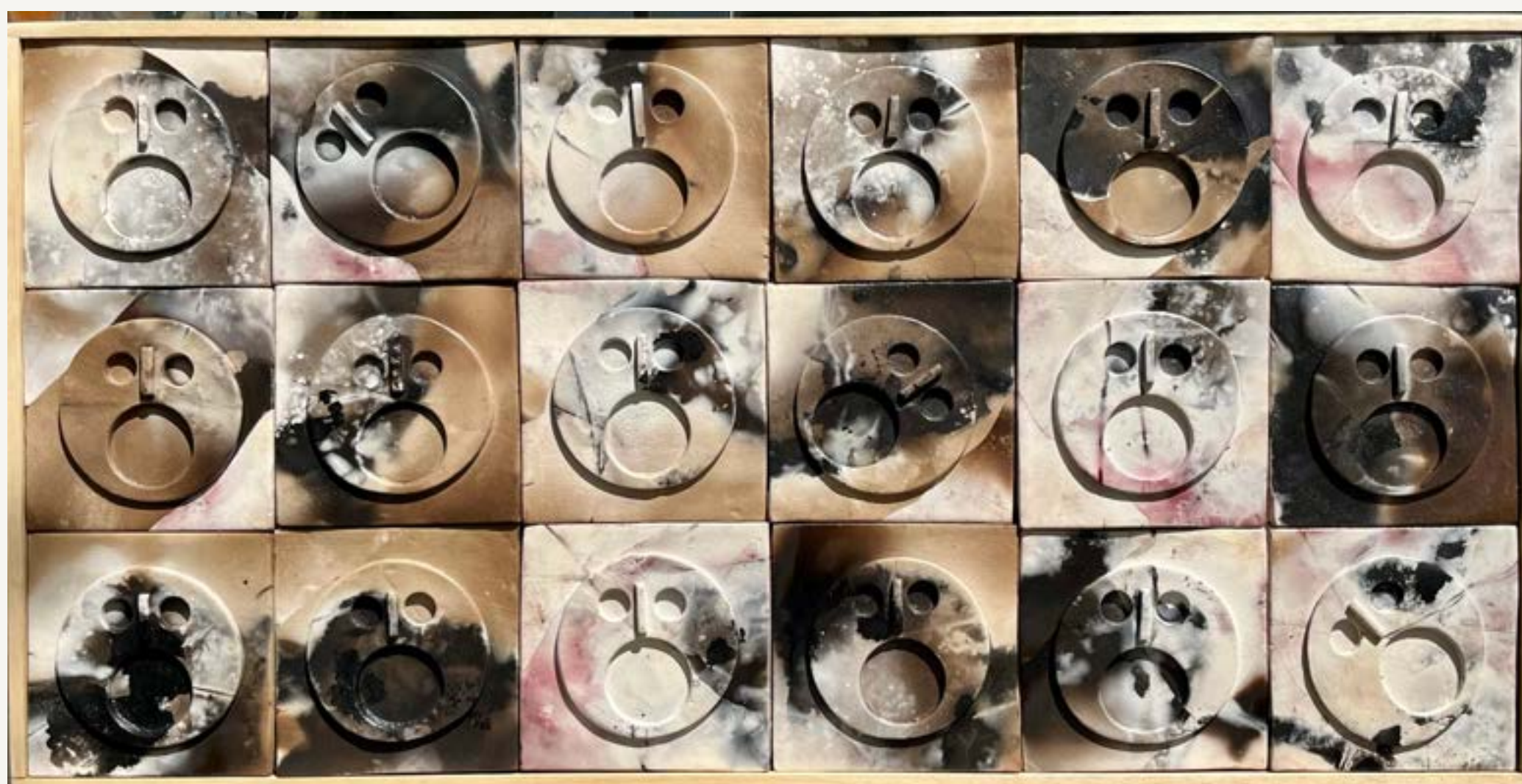
From point G to H, on to I, to J;  
better, but still the wind will blow through  
and chill the bone, and break the bones.

Onward, though staggering a little, now,  
point J to K, then L. Almost there.

Finally, from L to A and full circle, 360 degrees.

Finally, and always, coming home.



**Silent Choir** by Mary Branson

Smoked fired clay frieze

44 x 88 x 4cm

Silent Choir holds the echoes of a community — broken, reformed, enduring. Smoke firing has scarred the tiles, burning away innocence, leaving behind something more layered and truthful, mirroring a collective reality marked by rupture and repair. The silent mouths speak without sound but have their presence in resilience. Each crack is a note, each smudge a memory. In the heart of Waterloo, they sing a hymn to togetherness, to loss, and to the beauty of piecing things back together.



## Silent Choir

by Katerina Jugati

*A response to 'Silent Choir'*

A silent scream emanates from these mouths – yet you can hear them – their silence sounds like thunder. Vibrations crack your grieving mask – tears flow like rivers down your cheeks, but there is no comfort here, no soft singing to make your heart mellow. Your face twists this way and that – it stretches beyond recognition. You're turning into someone else, someone you shall never know, for your name cannot be spoken. You whisper to your God, who doesn't recognise your voice because you can no longer scream. You will be silenced.





**HERE** by Tinsa Westerhof and Clive Burton

Mixed objects, materials

300x200x200cm

'HERE' a collaborative work between Clive Burton & Tinsa Westerhof. A Pop Art Style Sculptural Installation on the theme of 'Here'. It's a Rotatory Clothesline of hanging Clothes with Words stitched upon them. Each item being different as on a domestic washing line. Some reshaped and formed with individual phrases, all missing the word HERE, for example: I NEED YOU . . . LEAVE ME . . . I WILL STAY . . . . . IS WHERE MY HEART IS.

The element of interaction is mentally filling in the missing HERE on the phrases, imagining to whom the clothes may have belonged and their possible relationships, further engaging in creating new phrases from the idea. It is about 'The Sense of Place and Time' and how we relate to the concept and reality of HERE as Spiritual Individuals and Collective Beings.



## **Clothes**

by John Sheehy

*A response to 'Here'*

Here is the creamy pinky blue socks

Here is the yellow one SF written on its legs

Here is white and green with brown on the outside

Here is unmatched delight, bare, opening

Here is a face, with his mouth open and his eyes

Here could be a dead person left to rot

Here is a body buried in a shallow grave





**The Gardener** by Paul & Laura Carey  
Mixed media  
120 x 127 x 70cm

This is a portrait of a Turkish gardener named Nurettin, who works in the gardens at Abdülmecid Mansion, Istanbul, Turkey. In the late 19th century, the mansion's owner, Prince Abdülmecid Efendi, an art enthusiast transformed it into a cultural hub, attracting artists and writers.

To reference Marianne Moore, the American poet and critic (1887 – 1972) the poet's job was to depict "imaginary gardens with real toads in them". In truth, gardens are always imaginary because they are always the garden that you are aiming for rather than the garden you have, but the toads are real and immediate – in this case, the butterfly. In Germaine Greer's amazing anthology, the collection of poems about gardens and gardening, herself a keen gardener was inspirational when sculpting The Gardener Nurettin.

Nurettin dedicatedly works closely with nature and by chance one day taking a well-earned rest was visited by an exotic butterfly.



## The Gardener

by Katerina Jugati

*A response to 'The Gardener'*

My back is killing me! I must rest a while. I have been digging for quite a time now - a hole large enough in which to plant something quite unique. All my life I have dreamed of creating a wonderful new specimen - by cutting and grafting and experimenting with new combinations of soil and fertiliser. Now I think I have it at last! But I shall have to be patient, to plant it and wait and see. Now a beautiful butterfly has rested on my thigh. Folk say a butterfly is the soul of a dearly departed one. And I wonder could this be my wife, so recently passed? Only I know she will be with me forever in this garden.





'Strong and stable for the many not the few' becomes a human scaffolding that draws from the modern myth of the property ladder—the idea that shelter is something to be 'earned or competed for'.

**Strong and stable for the many not the few** by Stathis Dimitriadis

Wooden ladder, ceramic figurines

140 x 110 x 40cm



## The property ladder

by Anna Robinson

*A response to 'Strong and Stable  
for the Many not the Few'*

The grass is perfect – each blade exactly 6 centimetres, the earth it grows from is moist but not wet so it is soft to lie on – the only electric light is from a house two miles away and so the sky is velvet dark and thousands of stars loudly scream Here! Look up here!

This is not my usual address. I own nothing but have built my life in a small flat – too many possessions – few of which I would miss; meanwhile I dream of the palace I'll build when I win the lottery.





**Well Trod** by Cadi Froehlich

Ceramic

5 x 35 x 200cm

The path of my life has been shaped by an EU exchange which led me to my in-laws in Eastern Germany.

While we spent 30 years moving all over the world for work, the heart of our family remains in the farm where 7 generations of the family lived. How we stay in touch has changed, but the farm remains constant.

The cobblestones in the yard are a physical record of the different generations, and these casts capture a point where a new section abuts a very old one.

Some relationships demand a physical interaction.



## Sea Creatures

by Fiona

*A response to 'Well Trod'*

Primordial tortoise-ancestors

grazing the warm, briny, shallow waters

near what will be, in many million years

right here, where you are standing.

Did they communicate, these ancestors, did they sing?

Would we understand them, and they, us?

How did they move? I think... with slow deliberation

stopping to consider the taste and texture of each discovery,

their solemn discernment shared

together at suns' setting.

Soliloquy of stones.





**Hwel** by Alexandra Harley

Wood, ceramic, thread

82 x 23 x 17cm

Hwel is a sculpture where the components have been bound to the stake by several hundred yards of acrylic thread. The movement is subsumed, contained, completely overwhelmed and securely 'here'. There is no room to break free, the clay is completely held but the muscular physicality of the elements shows through. The thread travels up and across the sculpture repeatedly wrapping and binding the pieces and containing them while the thread is free to make new connections and relationships across the sculpture.



## Innocent Heart

by Elyz

*A response to 'Hwel'*

Innocent heart, wide open eyes

jumps into a trap - then loses sight

bleeding heart dries out, the blood...

Turns into a wounded heart.

Blessed heart cleans the scars.

Detoxing the hurts, then rejuvenating.

Never a hardened heart.





**Gothic Spires** by Aude Hérail Jäger  
Ground spikes, wood, metal, figures  
105cm

Years ago, foxes and their cubs settled under the garden shed (and in time destroyed the garden). Ground spikes were sunk under the shed, which stopped them digging further underneath and eventually, they left.

Some years later, the shed was replaced, and I brought the weathered spikes to my studio. And now, more years later, they are found in St John's Garden, arising from the ground as Gothic spires with lone little people sitting on their very points.



## A 2025 Meditation

by David Simoes Brown

*A response to 'Gothic Spires'*

I find

As I get older

That heights frighten me

More than they used to

Too many news

Fearsome spikes

Jabbing tank traps

We should retreat

To the mountain tops where

There is perspective

And conquer our quotidian terror

For lesser fears

Finding a bitter peace in vertiginous isolation.





**PSTD#2** by Chris Horner

Tanking slurry, building sand, cement, PVA, varnish,  
sugar soap, gloss, paint, resin on tarpaulin

199 x 257 x 1cm

This artwork originated from chance happenings and an unknown formula of putting things together. It also displays a somewhat abstract understanding of belonging and place. The surface is a heavy waterproof tarpaulin sheet that was used on the building site. It was a material that was used to help finalise building projects, mostly houses that eventually becomes one's home - a place that belongs to us, which becomes part of our life and status. The tarpaulin still carries its original identity but has also transformed now that it has entered the world of art.



## Map found during archaeological dig

by Fiona

*A response to 'PSTD#2'*

Of ancient, eastern Asia, seen from space,  
a delta spreads its delicate filaments,  
water flowing down from central high lands.

To the north, a vast ravine;  
beyond? There be dragons,  
or gold.

See the gaping hole, a tear in its reality  
when, after long centuries, by chance discovered  
its finder, in haste, ripped the delicate fabric  
unravelling its fragile integrity.





**Joy** by Anne Leigniel

Painted wooden poles, fishing rods, bamboo, wire and metal rods,  
stone, strings

500 x 300 x 100cm

The installation is composed of painted wooden poles, fishing rods, and bamboo canes. These vivid, colorful elements emerge directly from the ground, forming a vibrant, fan-like structure that radiates energy and movement.

Certain parts are connected by rods and fine wires, creating linear paths that suggest invisible forces or connections — almost like lines drawn in space. At the front, a curved bamboo stem bends under the tension of a stone anchored in the earth. Toward the back, another bamboo pole is attached to a tree, responding to the wind's motion — adding a kinetic, responsive dimension to the piece.

Here, Now.

In an atmosphere shaped by uncertainty, this installation becomes a space for reconnection — a call to gather, to share space, and to affirm the simple but vital power of joy as a shared experience.

## Chaos in a Can

by David Simoes Brown

*A response to 'Joy'*

I visited CERN once

A baking hot June day in Switzerland

Feeling disheveled even in my lightweight suit

In an atomic research facility

I'd come to press the flesh

Work the network

But first the obligatory tour

There were a lot of whitecoats they didn't look calm like I expected

The scientist's screens blazed chaos in a can

Spirals of joy wiggles of deviance

Destruction and creation in a perpetual instant

I might have lost myself had it not been for you

Entangling me back to earth

Stone-anchored and in yellow





**Safe Guard** by Amanda Loomes

A collection of Health and Safety signs

60 x 300 x 1cm

'Safe Guard' considers complexity around placemaking and community building. Who is included and who is not? What is that we fear? The installation playfully explores these issues, juxtaposing health and safety signs with historic gravestones in St John's Churchyard.

## Safe Guard

by Katerina Jugati

*A response to 'Safe Guard'*

Signs telling you to slow down

Signs telling you you could drown

Signs telling you "Take Care"

Signs telling you "Beware!"

Signs telling you you can't come here

Signs telling you of crossing deer

Signs telling you "No ball games"

Signs telling you "Light no flames"

Some are pictures , some are words -

Doggie ones tell you to pick up turds-

And on and on and on they go

Warning of wind and rain and snow -

Will they never stop telling us what to do?!

I'm for tearing them down are you?





**Here Is Where We Are...** by Sumi Perera

Wire sculpture and wood

100 x 50 x 20cm

The Fragile Fragmented Human Condition in the 21st Century. Survival is only possible through communal effort of sustainable methods, acceptance, tolerance, support and repair of who we have become.

**Here is where we are**

by Anna Robinson

*A response to*

*'Here is where we are'*

Sticks and stones      and wire  
coils holding it all together

A bundle of sticks under an arm  
on a head    on a bent back

In a dried up river bed  
In the eye of the storm

In a rhyming pattern of bricks  
In an island of people ringing bells





**In Their Shoes** by Paul Tecklenberg

Concrete and steel rebar

150 x 50 x 800cm

I have skewered 14 pairs of shoes through the toes with steel rebar and cast interior in concrete. The casts reveal the structure of the inside of the shoe and records the imprint of the previous owners' feet. They will be in a line and ideally alongside one of the paths, so that a dialogue between the walker and the sculpture is encouraged.



## Shoes

by Elyz

*A response to 'In Their Shoes'*

Haven't you seen through these fourteen stations set before us?

Haven't you been taught to follow these steps?

Like a sheep - quiet, enjoying the smell of grass on a sunny day.

Haven't you lived your life?

I'd rather be a sheep.

Without light, without direction - life is still trapped in these stations,

Even after seeing the world.

Haven't you realized there's a price to pay

To live your life fully?

Freedom is priceless







The London Group would like to thank the Artistic Director of the Waterloo Festival, Euchar Gravina, and the Outreach and Engagement Officer, Abigail Tripp, for their outstanding organisational support and for sharing a common vision of how creative processes can strengthen the bonds of our communities.

A special thank you to the author, poet and tutor Anna Robinson, and the writers John Sheehy, Fiona, Katerina Jugati, Elyz, and David Simoes Brown of the Creative Writing Club for their collaboration with such inspiring, moving and beautifully crafted ekphrastic poems.

Finally, a big thank you to Santa Pedone and the St John's Community Gardening Group for providing such a fantastic backdrop for this sculpture trail.





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