



The Artist in the Gallery Hall





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420X594

HAND-DRAWN SCENARIOS
& NARRATIVE MADE AT
THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

CATALOGUE OF 100 DRAWINGS

VOLUME 1
MARCH 7th 2016 to JULY 7th, 2017

The Artist In The Gallery Hall

A thousand footsteps tread the floors
As people walk through ornate laid doors
Babies cry, people talk, as they look and walk

Through the Gallery Hall.

Art in frames upon the walls
Admired, searched, looked upon once more.
Yet, in all the hustle and bustle,
Only one man truly looks again.

Through the Gallery Hall

He is perched upon a viewing bench,
His hair ginger curled, beard trimmed, glasses straight.
As upon his lap the paper waits.
He looks at all he sees around
And draws the sights despite the sounds.

Through the Gallery Hall

The floors waxed, the walls festooned in patterned green,
The viewers peering, the art work hanging. All is wholly seen.
Even the tired ushers? Yes, even these he saw.

Through the Gallery Hall

Look down, look up, down, up, down again
His hand afloat with his dancing pen.
A look, a stance, shadow, stare, he has it all marked there,
Each stroke carefully placed, never an opportunity goes to waste,

Through the Gallery Hall

People look as they walk past, although they look, it is too fast
For they have come to see the art, failing to see on their part,
That art was being created for us all,

By the artist in the Gallery Hall

Incidental Poet, 2016

the artist in the gallery hall

A thousand footsteps tread upon the floors
As people walk through the ornate laid doors.
Baby's cry, people talk as they look and walk.
Through the Gallery Hall.

Art hangs in frames upon the walls.
Admired, searched, and looked upon again.
Yet in all this hustle and bustle,
Only one man truly looks again.

Through the Gallery Hall.

He is perched upon a viewing bench,
His hair ginger curled, his beard trimmed, glasses straight.
As upon his lap the paper does wait.
He looks at all he sees around and draws the sights despite the sound.
Through the Gallery Hall.

The floors waxed, the walls bespoken in patterned green,
The viewers peering, the art work hanging, all this is holly seen.
Even the tired usher? Yes, even this he saw.

Through the Gallery Hall,

Look down, look up, down, up, down again
His hand afloat with his dancing pen.
A look, a stance, shadow, stare, all this artist has placed there.
Every stroke carefully placed, never an opportunity did he waste
Through the Gallery Hall.

People look as they walk past, but although they look it is too fast.
For they have come to see the art, failing to see on their part.
That art was being created for us all,
By the artist in the Gallery Hall!

21.3.2016



NAMING CEREMONY – A YOUNG MAN'S POEM

Composed and gifted to me as I was drawing Room 29 [NGA2BW2016005]

March 21st, 2016

Thankyou for your inspiration
and your work!
Please keep for with the drawing!



P.S. Please excuse
my simple
poetry.

the first 100
drawings

"Thankyou for your inspiration and your work!
Please keep for with the drawing!
P.S. Please excuse my simple poetry."

March 21st, 2016



ROOM 11 - VISITORS AT VERONESE
 NGA2BW2016001 | March 7th, 2016





ROOM 30 - DATA BREAK
 [CHRIST HEALING THE PARALYTIC AT BETHESDA. MURILLO]
 NGA2BW2016002 | March 7th, 2016





ROOM 11 - PHONE BOY AT TINTORETTO
 [SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON. JACOPO TINTORETTO]
 NGA2BW2016003 | March 18th, 2016





JAPANESE GIRL AT SCORN
[DRAWING THE ARTIST]

NGA2BW2016004 | March 19th, 2016





ROOM 29 – NAMING CEREMONY
 NGA2BW2016005 | March 21st, 2016

