

The Artist in the Gallery Hall





The Artist in the Gallery Hall

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

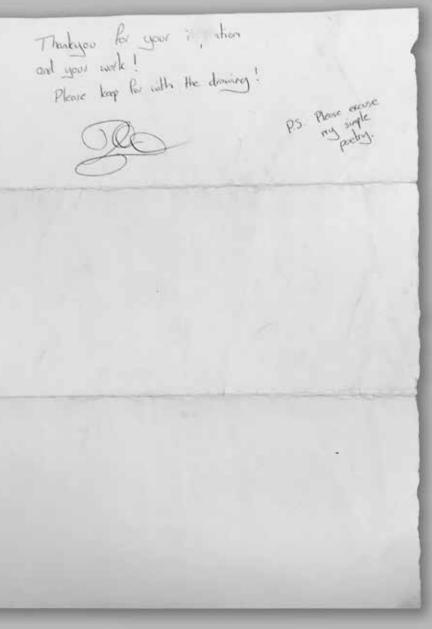
A thousand footdeps trend upon the floors As people walk through the arnote lound doors.

Baby's cry, people talk as they look and walk.

Through the Gallery Hall. Art hangs in frames upon the walls. Admired, societed, and looked upon again. Xt in all this hostle and bostle. Only one man truly bods again. Through the Galley Hall. He is perched open a viewing bench, His hoir ginger corlect, his beard trimmed, glasses straight, As upon his lap the paper does want. He looks at all he sees around and draws the sights dispute the sound. Through the Gallery Hall. The floors waved, the walls bespooned in patterned green, The viewers piering, the out work hanging, all this is holy seen. Even the fired when? Yes, even this he saw. Through the Golley Hall, Look down, look up, down, up, down again His hand allost with his dancing pen. A look, a storce, shadow, store, all this artist has placed there. Every stroke carefully placed, never an opportunity did he washe Through the Gallery Hall. Reaple Took as they walk post, but although they look it is too For they have come to see the art, builting to see on their part. That art was being created for us all, By the artist in the Gallery Hall

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! PS. Please excuse my simple poetry."

March 21st, 2016

the first 100 drawings

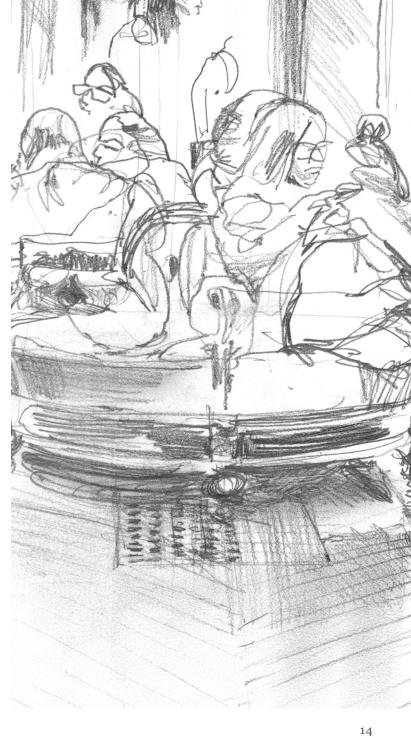


ROOM 11 - VISITORS AT VERONESE NGA2BW2016001 | March 7th, 2016





 ${\rm ROOM~30-DATA~BREAK}$ [Christ Healing the paralytic at bethesda. Murillo] ${\rm NGA2BW2016002~|~March~7th,~2016}$





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

