IN THE VESTIBULE

to the Galleries
where the verbal representation of visual representation is automatic there are some drawings practised from photographs.

The space responds to numerous columns.

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Are those donkeys being watered near Moreland Cottage, in Henrietta Street and whatever happened to the donkey that ate the pencil?
Singing pencil and paper … paper and pencil… that's the way the runder that's the way the runder thumbles, rumbles, thumbles …
Were they taken on to the sands for children's rides? The hard alum shale.
That cobbled road on Tate Hill … has it been redrawn [since The War]?
Beyond the houses … the piers and the sands of Collier Hope, named because colliers during bad weather, would run in through the harbour entrance to beach themselves on the sands on a falling tide, which would leave them high and dry safe. Settled?
Below the cliff … a miscellaneous range of temporary buildings … what can be foreground … have they submitted … do they extend as far as the Spa Ladder?
No … they are laced on a stone bench and the buildings doodle with a walking charcoal outside a thatched cottage [let's **parlay**].Falling apart today, tomorrow, will be gestures with everything.

by the way

thumbles,

the sailing

… but …

seen in the

stick of tomorrow

Cast sur