

***Observations: Luiz Zerbini in conversation with Frank Walter***

By Barbara Paca

**THE CONVERSATION: Walter and Zerbini**

**Author's Note:** This is a conversation between Frank Walter (1926-2009) and Luiz Zerbini (b. 1959). As the curator for the exhibition, I feel compelled to inform the reader that I have served as little more than an observer and an editor of their writings and statements, which I have edited together in an exchange, eavesdropping on their dialogue as they complete each other's sentences and, in their painting, their brushstrokes answer one another. A seamless relationship between two artists entwined through knowledge, curiosity, and a full embrace of the natural world.

Luiz Zerbini in a studio conversation with Barbara Paca, Rio de Janeiro, July 2025

I think that painting is a kind of collaboration.  
Plants are the most incredible and interesting beings in this world.  
They are responsible for our existence.  
I owe a lot to them.

*Intellect the Basic Property of Life*, by Francis A.W. Walter, 7 November 1987

Intellect is like a tributary.  
Flowing from a common library,  
Somehow in nature stored.

*Studio International*, Luiz Zerbini and Joe Lloyd, 18 January 2021

Once I heard from someone somewhere that paintings can talk. I thought it was a metaphor. But with time – spending months and months, sometimes eight, nine months looking at the same painting, waiting without knowing what to do – I understood that paintings really talk. After that, I treat a painting as an oracle. The painting gives you everything you need to keep going. All the answers. It shows you the ways, suggests images, ideas, thoughts. It gives you an explanation why you should do this or that. I have no doubts about that, but you need to be patient. The answers come with time. You need to be open to see and courageous to accept and try. If you act, the answer will be a question. And so on. A painting is the result of a sincere conversation between the artist and his craft. If you have a chance to sit in front of one of my paintings for a long time, looking at the small details, you would certainly have better answers than this one. And please don't be shy. Ask the painting your question, ask everything you want to know and wait.

*The Living Cosmos*, by Francis A.W. Walter, 11 April 1990

Nature is mother of all organic molds.

Origin designed the mother to all things,  
While father origin educates and scolds.  
Making for each specific order lesser kings.  
And life keeps wake and,  
Torsion to infinity.  
In time and distance.  
A work of art by fractions and by the positive the soul eternal plus,  
And we mortals conscious of our status to this day make advance.

Coqueiro, [Palm Tree] by Luiz Zerbini October 30, 2025

It is beautiful to think that, centuries ago, from an Asian palm tree, a coconut fell into the sea.  
Drifting, it crossed a thousand oceans until it rolled onto the white sands of the Caribbean beaches and the mangroves of Rio's coast.  
And it sprouted.  
And we, tropical beings – brought from Europe and Africa – painted, on little pieces of wood and fabric, its many-eyed face, tousled by the wind...

Nature gives all Humans Scholarship, by Francis A.W. Walter, 8 November 1987

Where an academic scholarship is seen supreme,  
Measuring all other intellects,  
So to deem,  
That of all other holders,  
Such scholarship takes the cream.  
The soul there cheats the best in nature's scheme.

Studio Conversation with Luiz Zerbini, July 2025

We are looking for the same thing – with the same eye, with the same color – it is very similar. I recognise myself in the work of Frank Walter.

The Sculptor, by Francis A.W. Walter, 1994

Whatever we perceive or copy from nature's store  
So to give shape only  
With a sharpened artist's tool  
Whether it is shown or abstract  
Never seen before  
We know that it is something  
Nothing for a fool  
Something is seen  
Whether appreciated  
It stands and states its story  
A sculptor makes it tell

If ever a critic somehow feels aggravated  
I mentor soon would ask  
The sculptor sell  
It is all right grotesque  
Or aesthetic  
For needless to say  
We continue to chisel and to shape  
And care not who shall massage or prick  
The world at large is watching behind our nape.

*A Vida é Paródia da Arte* [Life is a Parody of Art], by Luiz Zerbini, Rio de Janeiro,  
September 23rd 2001

My dear Waly

I'm able to imagine a person  
Any person  
Doing anything  
However absurd  
When such a thing exits your mouth  
I read and re-read your poem

Life is a parody of art  
I decided to make a drawing for each  
"stanza"  
Then a drawing for every line and  
Then a drawing for each word  
And so many drawings for each word  
First the sand  
I'll paint the sand  
I'll paint all grains of sand  
Of all types of sand  
And all shells and their colors  
I'll paint the transformation of a snail  
into sand  
I'll paint the age of the Earth.

*What Art Is*, by Francis A.W. Walter, 1994

In summer when light shines brightly by the day  
Out in the open  
Nature does beam out all nature's art as seen  
In flowery display  
So comes the artist to dispel inertia and doubt  
We are all artists no doubt, it is so  
It is whether shapes are copied from nature's sway

Whether in the warmth or out in the snow  
There is something we see to be copied each day  
Virtuosos are only ones who play the best role  
In music or painting or sculpture or drama  
Or whether in commercials  
We talents invest  
Yet, not being an expert  
Should not efforts bar  
Life itself is the greatest expression of art.

*I Am a Painting*, by Luiz Zerbini, Rio de Janeiro, 2021

Painting is an oracle where I hold a consultation with myself. I was thinking about those things I didn't see yesterday, but started to perceive today, when I arrived here ...While I paint, I process the things that I have seen and see, and the world is revealed, explained, and life lives its theater in a single act. Through what I do, I understand the world, it is constructed and presented. I comprehend the world through my painting. I understand it profoundly, physically, biologically. I understand its molecular composition. I am transformed into the things that I paint because I recognize myself in them.

...

Seeds sprout from the splatters that bring me memories of walks in the mangrove – and they can both disappear, vanish, if, by chance, the non-chance makes the seed sprouts, giving birth to a tree that grows and will cover the seeds that were the splatters planted by chance. It can grow and cover its own history. The history of its origin. That's why I am here to tell about my conversations, about my listening. The laws that govern painting are like the laws of nature. They follow similar principles: coexistence, tension, unleashing, and understanding.

If I were to decide not to follow these laws, I would need to know in advance what I wanted, and I don't want anything, I want everything. I would need to have a will that I don't have, a certainty that doesn't exist within me. I am a painting.

*A Planter's Feeling*, by Francis A.W. Walter, 1994

If my soul should ask me what makes you feel so comfortable;  
I would answer the question positively, "I am very certain. It is the tableau."  
In my mind's eyes, I behold a crowd feasting silently upon my artistry.  
Silent and fixed against a wall  
There endowed with the virtue to appreciate just what they see  
Silently, silently, they stand awe-stricken  
Almost frozen to the ground. Motionless.  
As somehow each person's mind was taken to such a realm  
Where Art they should possess.

I watched in silence too.  
Awe-captured.

For then assuming that they saw, and were pleased,  
Or something more,  
The lot seemed raptured.  
I too felt comfortable seeing what I released.

Happy I am that my mind and hands  
Had set to work to capture what I saw in every picture  
Each majestically stands  
And commanding all to drama  
Made none of straw.

Poem published in *Rasura*, by Luiz Zerbini, Rio de Janeiro, 2006

It is not only about what you are seeing  
It is about what one hears while one is seeing  
It is not about what one is hearing while seeing  
It is about what one is feeling when one is hearing while one is seeing  
It is not about what one is feeling while one hears what is being seen  
It is about what one thinks while feeling what one hears while seeing  
It is not what one thinks when feeling what one is hearing while seeing  
It is not what is felt when hearing what is being seen  
It is not what is being heard when one is seeing  
It is only what is seen

*What Art Is*, by Frank Walter, LOCATION, DATE [Barbara, do we have a date?]

Art is a festival in which a narrative is told  
It makes its drama constantly and speaks in human flesh  
The actor ever bold  
On canvas wood or paper  
An audience it seeks  
Cold stone or clay or wood or metal  
The sculptor writes to some endearment of those  
Who inevitably upon the scenes do call  
Even when rude and vulgar lips comment  
Just what one sees is what one sees  
And seeing art is also  
Having it and hearing it.

*Viver é Ruminar Paisagens*, [To Live is to Ruminant Landscapes] by Luiz Zerbini, Rio de Janeiro, 2021

To live is to ruminant landscapes. Maybe that's why I recognize myself in the sweet, lost, silent gaze of a cow that spends its life ruminant. Chewing the cud of its life experience, while dreaming of memories. To paint, one must be standing in the field, feet in the grass, staring vacantly at the horizon, unwittingly grinding up landscapes, dreams, and memories.

Like someone out of their mind. Pacified in their madness. Medicated, stupid, slow witted. A painter's intelligence is sacred like cows in India. Intuitive reason is a concept created by Malevich in 1913. Ever since I first heard it, it has seemed like a perfect idea to me.

*A Leaf and a Dewdrop* by Francis AW Walter on the 4th of July 1988

I saw sun is by origin,  
Set to make dewdrops and leaf hard by.  
All the organic orders to begin.  
Leaf is like faith!  
Relieved, I sigh.  
Dewdrop is innovative!  
So I grieved.  
Sparkling beauty on the earth.  
But such a beauty soon deceived,  
As so that thought more constant mirth.

I saw that God is origin.  
That sun is Governor of the day.  
So innovation should be sin,  
So unlike faith to melt away,  
And dewdrops pass away so soon!  
While leaf still flutters in the light,  
And brighter grows still past the noon,  
Dew passes swifter than day from night.

Luiz Zerbini, Rio de Janeiro, 2009

Observing is a path that leads straight to god.  
The shortcut reveals itself in the very act of observing.  
It is the comprehension of the universe in a single instant.  
And that's how I created god:  
in images and likeness.  
As I suppose He might have done, if that were the case.  
Unpretentiously.  
Childishly.

What leads me to consider light in a painting is the vertigo I feel when I look at the orange colors of May, hitting a building's hard white blank wall. In it I feel the presence of the sun, its distance, the atmosphere it filters, the steam rising from the ground, the movement of the stars that changes everything's position quietly, keeping their boring, repetitive motion. This light that touches the planet before hitting the vertical walls of all the buildings that the clouds and other flying things have not obscured with their floating masses. Coloring the blind walls and projecting the horizon line that, in a slow movement, reveals that the night is the absence of what a flaming ball gave us and what we are capable of reaching with our eyes.

I am the last remnant of a tribe yet to come.

## 1. Nature is Mother

Frank Walter and Luiz Zerbini are in alignment with the natural world, intersecting on a plane that few artists ever reach. Although their manner of communicating is strikingly different—Frank Walter's oftentimes esoteric rustic poetry, and then the direct, seemingly effortless prose Luiz Zerbini—their art connects spontaneously, meeting through a shared way of observing real and imagined surroundings. Armed with the power of observation and resulting wonderment, their work is universal, unapologetic, demanding much of its audience—and an immediate emotive response takes the viewer by surprise.

At the core of this exhibition, Zerbini's work collides with Frank Walter. Startlingly so, with the same unrelenting concentration of expression on a relatively small format. Intensely present, and at the same time calming. Unfiltered. Truth lurks here.

Taking a step back, their process is pure in that what others might discard becomes a source of fascination for both artists. At first, it seems somewhat sentimental—a twisted piece of paper or perhaps a seashell. However, this gathering up is a part of their need to classify as botanists—as their encyclopedic mind is in constant search of life systems—the fuel of their creative work.

The first time I saw Frank Walter's landscape work was when I was sitting with him over twenty years ago. He was speaking with his trademark arresting eloquence while holding a small painting on his lap. It was difficult not to collapse into the picture in spite of its miniature scale. For in that painting was all I ever needed to know about Frank Walter—his knowledge of life systems, his unique ability to manipulate color, sensitivity to the fleeting quality of light, and so much more. The first time I experienced Luiz Zerbini's landscapes was in his studio in Rio, and it too was a powerful moment, for I could see in this work made purely for himself a similar intimacy. And as with Frank Walter, I felt a deep connection to his environment even though I had never spent time in it. Zerbini's work inhabits calm and often silent worlds where one has the sense of his focus—places where he spent time gazing deep into the natural world, raising his children, listening to songbirds, music or nothing at all. These artists share a gift for observation, and their detachment from the trivial allows for a kind of focus that never underestimates the response of the viewer.

Zerbini modestly recounts how earliest memories involve the privilege of spending time outdoors. His paintings haunt you as a kind of experience you have when you're trying to remember the name of the flower or reimagine the fragrance of a childhood garden. His work reminds one of the way it feels when immersed in an unfamiliar landscape where everything is interesting and new in a pleasing way.

As with Walter, highly improbable color schemes become normal in Zerbini's landscape paintings—when did you last see a burgundy sky at night with steep black and white mountains standing side-by-side? All of this somehow becomes normal. The sky is preoccupied with fine line work, expressing clouds, sunsets, sunrise, and surreal reflections bouncing off of mountain peaks, cliffs, and moody seascapes. Even the smallest pebbles are detailed—personalized—and are so individual that they become active figuration departing from the landscape itself. How does he abstract landscapes into figuration? Zerbini's painting, *Menino do Rio* [River Boy] (1988) is centered on the *rückenfigur* of a young man as he ventures out on a narrow boat into uncharted territory. As with Frank Walter's work, the figure follows German Romanticism albeit in a Latin American manner.

## 2. My First Printing Lesson

Born in São Paulo in 1959, Zerbini shares an amusing story of his boyhood pastime of ping-pong with his brother as the unlikely setting for his first class in printmaking. By 1973 he was taking lessons in painting and photography, and by 1975 surfing introduced him to the maritime world and a challenging way of looking back toward landforms. Walking to the mountains in the middle of the forest as a daily ritual remained a part of his memories.

*At the age of about 12, on one occasion when I was playing ping-pong with my brother, the ball fell among the blue, prickly leaves of an agave plant at my parents' house. I was carefully trying to retrieve the white ball from the middle<sup>1</sup> of the plant without getting pricked when I noticed the designs imprinted on that bluish surface. It was my first lesson in printmaking, given to me without my realizing it, as I would only understand it many years later. Thirty years later, I came across a mysteriously perforated prayer plant leaf. It had small holes in a symmetrical and orderly arrangement. I thought it might have been the work of some insect architect, one of those that are constantly building little things that are indecipherable to anyone who is not an indigenous person, a woodsman, or a biologist. Tiny holes laid out in parallel, and colorful little balls stuck under leaves. Little sticks sewn together with threads of straw. I also considered the possibility of extraterrestrials. I always do.*

## 3. The Scientific Artist

Luiz went to Bahia with an artist friend and while there met with a Candomblé *mãe de santo*<sup>1</sup>. She asked him what he did and when he told her he was an artist, she seemed surprised, stating emphatically, *You are not an artist, but you will be very successful with science*. Initially he was depressed by this prophecy, however years later he realized that she was correct. Zerbini's genius is attributed to the fact that he is as much an artist as he is a scientist.

Zerbini's studio and his work read like a private herbarium. And this is not just the result of living close to the botanical garden in Rio. His large-scale paintings are epic as they ask the viewer many questions—in order to comprehend, one must pay attention to the composition.

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<sup>1</sup> A *mãe de santo* is the spiritual leader of a Candomblé community, called a *terreiro*.



And it is no less so the case for small words which possess a quiet powerful emotion. Zerbini's studio is as personal as his series of paintings. Located in central Rio, he is close to the botanical garden and situated at the end of a secluded road his studio spans the street. The small format paintings comprising his book *Sábados, Domingos e Feriados* [Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays] reveal his innermost thoughts, his process, how he achieves painterly expression. As with the work in this series, the studio is a reflection of his innermost thoughts. Everything in his space is thoughtful and, in many respects, sentimental. Nothing is haphazard. In this environment one senses the artist's intention – an inquiry – from making sculptural works featuring rocks and sardines to a seemingly random pattern made in a plant by an insect boring. Zerbini is fascinated with all of it, stating: *it is like a message*. He surrounds himself with a small museum of items he has collected in nature – each has a story, each teaches him a lesson that informs his art.

*For years I have been collecting small objects, photos, texts, and memories — my personal archive, where everything I create originates. The pieces in this collection are important individually, and especially in the relationships and comparisons possible among them. In this room [the studio], besides the selected objects, their relationships are also on display, in an attempt to go beyond what can be seen — to address questions about the representation of things in the world, a subject that interests me and connects me to those who made the first philosophical journeys to Brazil. Because I place great importance on the colors of living things, and since modern alchemy cannot preserve them in lifeless matter, I have kept nature's living colors in glass jars—using illusion and suggestion as my tools.*

Zerbini and printmaker João Sanchez's Estudio Baren create botanical monotypes, and they honor not only the breadth of flora, but the depth of possibilities for expressing horticulture. These monotypes, which press plants into an artistic herbarium, are the answer, thirty years later, to Zerbini's ping-pong ball lesson, and with Edimar, the gardener at Inhotim, he had the privilege of working with any plants he chose from the massive landscape gardens.

Part of Zerbini's monotype series pays tribute to Roberto Burle Marx (1909–1994). The artist created a collection inspired by Burle Marx's 20th-century landscape at *Sítio*, his home and living laboratory, which houses one of the most important collections of semitropical and tropical plants within the natural habitat of the Atlantic Forest. The *Sítio* stands as the landscape architect's enduring legacy, where he lived from 1973 until his death. For Zerbini's presentation at the exhibition *Nous les Arbres* [Trees] at Fondation Cartier, in 2019, botanist Stefano Mancuso wrote about the thickness of Zerbini's monotypes, with a depth where plants strike into the paper like petroglyphs. Professor Emanuele Coccia also contributed to the Cartier catalogue, concluding that Zerbini's process of making art is revolutionary in the fact that it allows species to practice art in the same way that humans practice it.

*In 2008, I was invited to take part in an exhibition about Domenico Vandelli, an Italian naturalist, who together with Dom João VI, king of Portugal, organised the scientific/artistic expedition to Brazil in the 19th century. For this show, I made my first installation using plants and leaves. For about five years now, I've been working with [art printers] Studio Baren in Rio, making monoprints using real leaves as a matrix, which have opened a new world of possibilities.*

One of the most arresting things about Luiz is his awareness of the power of observation and his ability to work with clues toward a final piece. In 2008 Zerbini staged *The Cabinet of Curiosities of Domenico Vandelli*, an exhibition at the picturesque botanical gardens in Rio, where he entered into a unique conversation with yet another posthumous thinker, the 18<sup>th</sup>-c. Italian naturalist Domenico Vandelli (1735-1816). Zerbini dedicated a residency there to the study of the archives of Vandelli who, as a friend and colleague of the Swedish Carl Linnaeus (1707-1778) is one of the most important horticulturists to work in the New World. Vandelli was invited to Portugal in 1764 by the Marquis de Pombal to reform the University of Coimbra with a specific focus on chemistry and natural history. Combining scientific expertise with diplomacy, he quickly won the admiration of government officials and was invited by King Dom José I (1714-1777) to coordinate information regarding the natural resources of Brazil. Although he never actually traveled to Brazil, Vandelli corresponded with leading Brazilian scientists from his base in Portugal, sponsoring the foundational series of 'philosophical voyages' to acquire knowledge of the colonies' biodiversity and gather samples to send back to the metropolis. Vandelli, one of the leaders of this initiative, published *Viagens filosóficas ou dissertação sobre as importantes regras que o filósofo naturalista nas suas peregrinações deve principalmente observar* [*Philosophical voyages or dissertation on the main important rules that shall be observed by the naturalist philosopher in his pilgrimages*], in which he advised traveling naturalists about what to inventory and how to go about collecting, drying, and transporting material so that it might be used for scientific purposes.

As I stood in Zerbini's studio, steps away from Rio's magnificent botanical garden, I could sense how the Portuguese equivalent of Vandelli's Ajuda Garden represented Vandelli's artistic laboratory. His vision was one for the revival of the Portuguese kingdom, and its emergence from cultural isolation would be achieved through a renewed focus on nature and scientific progress. Domenico Vandelli, studied by Zerbini, found a place in his spoken words as we stood in his studio—his cabinet of curiosities—reviewing the exhibition's fake plastic plants clad in acrylic paint, immersed in slender test tubes of water, looking like the real thing. Zerbini proclaimed, *I am an artist - I am a liar*.

*I was sitting down, looking up at a tree on which a thin branch was swaying in the wind. A breeze that I couldn't feel from where I was. It moved back and forth as if in slow motion. It had sparse, thin leaves, and one of them was vibrating at a different rate. Its position in relation to the wind direction made it stand out amidst the overall calmness of the scene. It looked uneasy. At first, I thought it was an animal, an insect, something clinging to the leaf and flapping its wings. But it wasn't; it was just the leaf fluttering in the wind in the sunlight. Then, a small brown bird alighted on the branch, and the swaying got heavier. For being thin, and very long, the branch bent downward by more than a meter, I imagine. It responded to the bird's slight weight, revealing the hidden forces at play in what was happening. The bird stood still, clutching the branch, which was now serving as a seesaw, bobbing slowly up and down. This slow bobbing was in contrast to the natural tension of small birds. Where does all that fear come from? A hawk, a toucan, or other predator. The owner of the tree, of the fruit, a boy with a weapon. Perhaps this was not its territory? Another male might be nearby, warning that it had encroached on its demarcated territory. Was it really fear? It looked in every direction, jerking its head all about. Like a nervous tic. Only its head moved. Then, like a spontaneous hiccup, it hopped, switched feet, moving to another position on the branch.*

*And then it gave a leap. Now it was on the same branch, but upside down, hanging there, bobbing. It was aiming to eat something that was impossible to identify from where I was. From my viewpoint, I could only suppose. It might have been a small fruit, a tree bud, or an insect. It hung there with its head downward, bobbing for a few long seconds, did what it wanted to do, and then flew away. It disappeared. The beauty of this scene lies not only in the colors, shapes, and lines. The beauty lies in the totality of what I **suppose**.*

#### 4. Tributes to the Poetry of Waly Salomão and Frank Walter - *I am a painting*

*I have a friend, a very good poet who threw a poem (A Vida é Uma Paródia da Arte) [Life is a Parody of Art] at me on a crumpled-up piece of paper and asked me to illustrate it, but it was so full of imagery it was impossible. I decided to not make an illustration and wrote him a letter explaining why I couldn't do it. The letter became a poem. (the nerve of me to write a poem to a poet –!) The way it came out was very poetic. Something happened, and I was really surprised.*

Zerbini shared with me the amusing story of his friend, the poet Waly Salomão (1943-2003), who was also a frequent visitor to the botanical garden in Rio. Salomão passed Zerbini one day while seated on a bench there, and threw a poem at him imploring him to make an image of it. Luiz dutifully pasted the poem on the wall of his studio, shell-shocked by its rich imagery. After struggling to make a painting, he wrote a letter of apology to his friend for being unable to fulfill his request. A letter that reads like a poem, to a poet!

Zerbini has also composed a poem for Frank Walter, but in this case it is in the painted form of *Coqueiro* (2025). The trunk and branches audibly reach toward the sky and the fruit reveals a deep artistic knowledge of horticulture as its skilled brush strokes are by the same hand that deftly employs the fruit of cannonball trees, applying it to the press for monotypes. *Coqueiro* is the sister painting to Walter's similar painting featuring a wind surfer under a coconut palm with the sea beyond.

#### 5. Zerbini as innovative artist in another New World (of still and moving images)

During our first conversation, I asked Luiz to identify pieces in his studio that have a reluctant place there—the things that he doesn't share with others—scribbles, notebooks, ephemera that remain in his studio for reasons unclear. He didn't pause, and shared fascinating assemblages of 35mm slides. Carefully collaged together, reading as viewers and miniature canvases for his painting and obsession with grids and squares, they scale up and down. Tucked away in his studio, everything is organized in a deliberate way, and these small works, which are very private, inform his large-scale masterpieces.

Both artists use photography in unique ways. Zerbini painting with a narrow brush on 35 mm slides and Walter using Polaroids and black-and-white and color photographs as his canvas. With great skill, Walter adapted the backs of what appeared to be discarded photographs as the ultimate surface for his paintings, working to perfect the medium of oil paint on the

challenging surface. In fact, there was nothing accidental about his selection of photographs as they connect to his paintings, and art historians Krista Thompson and Mia Matthias have written at length on the subject. Kenneth M. Milton, who has been working as the Walter family conservator for twenty years has studied how he even went through the trouble of creating a gesso layer as one would prepare for a canvas, on the back of photographs as well as on cardboard and Polaroid film cartridge boxes adapted as canvases.

Luiz Zerbini's videos offer further insight into his gifts as an artist and his incessant need for experimentation. Although we have yet to discover video footage shot by Walter, we know that his homemade box camera was innovative and a work of art in its own right. *Sertão* (2009) is a film by Zerbini in which the reflection in the water supersedes the actual landscape. In *Cerco* (2013), Zerbini creates a mirror image of Frank Walter set in a misty maritime landscape. Walter, who was able to paint a figure in the landscape and then become the landscape itself, finds his presence at the very end when just this happens. He once told me a story of how he transformed himself into an island, describing the sense of stability of his shoreline shifting with the waves, as well as the gentle breezes that flew through the canopy of palm and mahogany trees he supported.

Frank Walter was obsessed with pushing all boundaries in art and science, which wasn't unusual, as he was a person who also believed he could change his complexion based on his environment—pure white in cold climates and “sable,” kissed by the sun when in equatorial locations. In an oftentimes dizzying, accelerated manner, Luiz Zerbini paints effortlessly, between deep dives into natural phenomena and beautifully invented worlds. For both Walter and Zerbini, it is their practiced familiarity with life systems and the natural world that allows them to break all of the rules, and their creative departures from real and imagined worlds lead to spectacular concepts that impact the viewer in the best possible way.

Gratitude to Fortes, D'Aloia & Gabriel, Ana Luiza Fonseca, Thomas Barzilay Freund, Luiz Zerbini, and of course, the Walter Family.