





FRANK WALTER

(previous page image 1)

Ingleby Gallery



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Francis Archibald Wentworth Walter, self-styled *7th Prince of the West Indies, Lord of Follies and the Ding-a-Ding Nook*, was born in Antigua in 1926. His remarkable gifts were the product of a fertile but fragile mind: prodigiously talented as both a writer and artist, but flawed by delusions of aristocratic grandeur. Namely, Walter believed that the white slave owners in his ancestry linked him to the noble houses of Europe, from Charles II to Franz Joseph of Austria and the Dukes of Buccleuch.

His most intense period of creativity came towards the end of his life, the last 25 years of which were spent without electricity or running water in an isolated shack on an Antiguan hillside. He wrote more than 25,000 closely typed pages of history, philosophy and autobiography, and made several hundred extraordinary paintings and carvings: always small in scale and always speaking with an unmistakable and visionary voice.

His subject ranges from miniature landscapes to abstract explorations of nuclear energy; to portraits, both real and imagined. Painted with a rare immediacy, on whatever material came to hand, they announce the discovery of one of the most intriguing and distinctive Caribbean artists of the last 50 years.

We are very grateful to Barbara Paca, Art Historian and Landscape Architect, for first introducing us to the works of Frank Walter and now collaborating with us in this project. Thanks also to Sean Donnola for his photographs that document Frank Walter's astonishing world.

Richard & Florence Ingleby



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It was a long hike up to Frank's hurricane-struck hut, impossible to access by car. On the ascent I dodged thorny acacia, swatted sand flies and listened to Jules's melodic voice as he recounted childhood tales of his cousin Frank's curious life. Frank's shack was poetically sited at the saddle of one of Antigua's most picturesque mountain ranges. Too severe to be merely beautiful, the setting was melancholic, with ravines leading down to a long stretch of beach, the Ding-a-Ding Nook, the 18th-century slave traders' port. Iridescent hummingbirds darted across the sky, feeding on tall narrow agave plants blooming and standing as centurions to protect us in this wild place.

We arrived. Respectfully, Jules knocked on the wall, addressing Frank in Latin. The two men conversed through the flimsy partitions *en vers Classique*, while Frank prepared within for his unexpected visitors.

Passing through the wind-torn remnants of a vestibule, I saw a perfect still life: Frank's art meticulously arranged around a large black and white photograph of the Prince of Wales. Miniature landscape paintings framed in old Polaroid film cartridges sat on small tables; mahogany and lignum vitae sculptures populated

the hallway; and fragile handmade wooden frames and carved wooden toys sat in carefully stacked piles on the floor of another small room. Surrounded by heaps of weather-stained typewritten manuscripts, notebooks, decades-old foreign correspondence, and writing pads, Frank was seated majestically, cross-legged on his bed, improvised from a discarded door.

Complete shock and a sense of nausea at his magnificence hit me immediately. For there sat the soul of Antigua, right before my eyes - his integrity obvious, despite his strange costume (an owl-printed sarong in bright orange and royal blue made from what might once have been a curtain). In his bizarrely harmonious world, Frank was fully composed. He was possessed of a clarity of purpose and directness of gaze that said more than one could imagine. Addressing me as Eileen (who, I later discovered was his first real love) Frank whispered about last seeing me in Scotland's Grampian Hills, adding, "What are we, but great houses and a tombstone?" This is how I first met Frank Walter and if it is at all possible to feel a kind of intellectual and aesthetic love-at-first-sight, then this is where my story begins.

Jules and I continued our mountain ascents and dialogues with Frank over the years; learning of his artistic pursuits, his life in Antigua and of the insights he gained from his extensive travels to Europe and Great Britain. Jules introduced me to the writer Selwyn Walter; former politician, and the brother of Prime Minister Sir George Walter, Frank's closest childhood friend and relation. Selwyn described Frank's mind as one that was "vulnerably intricate," adding that he had a significant place in history as the first person of colour to open the door into professional life for other Antiguan by becoming manager of a sugar plantation.

After a few years I asked the photographer Sean Donnola to document Frank's extraordinary world. Not wanting to dilute the intensity of Sean's first encounter with Frank, I explained little as once again we climbed up the mountain to Frank's hut - it was important to me that Sean's interpretation of the artist be unfiltered. From this detached vantage point, I saw - felt - almost heard - Sean's world fracture as he put out his hand to greet Frank. As a form of introduction, Sean presented Frank with a magazine in which he had shot a story. There was an image of Naomi Campbell. When Sean explained who she was, Frank

commented on her "most pleasant visage," and immediately construed her as Lord Beaverbrook's daughter.

Whenever Sean and I were with him, which luckily for us was often, we felt liberated, particularly at dusk, when Frank would go silent. Sounds shifted from songbirds to tree frogs. For a man with neither electricity nor running water, this was his clock, and we waited for him to adjust to the darkness as we lit candles and mosquito coils. That is when his artwork would glow and his best stories would begin. While we knew that his romantic past had been ruptured by brutality and injustice, it was impossible to resist the escape and calm of his peculiar tales. St. Francis of Antigua. Botanical Genius. Orator. Sage. And always, Frank Walter, the Universal Man.

i Frank Walter through the window

ii Frank Walter's table

iii Frank Walter at home

All photographs by Sean Donnola, 2007



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FRANK WALTER: ARTIST *Barbara Paca*



I solved my problem of dressing for Quinn's party, by making a bold decision to go in sports wear. My Bow Tie was attached to my shirt collar, by clips. That tie was fascinating to me, because I had never had one like it before, it was colorful with red polka dots, on a light yellow background, with other colors to blend.

Frank Walter, from his 6,800 page autobiography

(previous page image 2)

Throughout his life Frank Walter steered an awkward path. As a young man in Antigua he worked his way to the top of his profession, and at 22 he was promoted to the remarkable title of Plantation Manager, securing his place in the island's history as the first native Antiguan to hold such rank. White peers immediately recognized young Frank's superior intellect, and his unrelenting, argumentative genius. Having achieved this equality, he set a new standard of hope for all aspiring black Antiguan, but having earned his privileged position he soon stepped aside from it, turning down an opportunity to manage the entire Antiguan Sugar Syndicate, opting instead for an industrial Grand Tour of Great Britain.

His aim, in leaving Antigua, was to pursue the promise of a larger world, and to discover technological secrets capable of emancipating his homeland from third-world poverty. He travelled to Europe to understand modern industrial practices and theories but instead found small-mindedness and racial prejudice that restricted him to menial tasks. With hammer, mop, rag, or broom in hand, Walter nonetheless acquired some of the skills he sought, but he also found himself excluded from society. His wanderings continued for several years, often on foot, becoming an increasingly solitary creature as he moved from place to place, often finding short-term positions and in between enjoying the quiet shelter afforded by the libraries of Northern towns. Here, he began to write, beginning the histories and journals that kept him company throughout the rest of his life and which finally amounted to more than 25,000 pages of manuscript.

My twenty-seventh job was working in a Tile Factory somewhere in Lower Hanley. I was employed to keep the floor of the shop clean. A Sweeper. I wanted to see the inside of that factory, so I accepted the Job of Sweeping the floor. The floor in certain processes was to be kept dust free, because it was discovered that certain dusts had spoilt the color of certain materials, when they were being set for firing, so the floor in the area was to be kept clean and free of impure dust all day. I was told by the Manager, after he had observed my capacity, that as far as he was concerned, I could one day become the General Manager of that firm, only because I could use the broom well, and my name is Walter. It was only for a day or two that I held on to the job, as sweeping anything was a bit too simple for me. It is true that I had seen the inside working of the whole factory, because I used the broom to get me into all the departments.

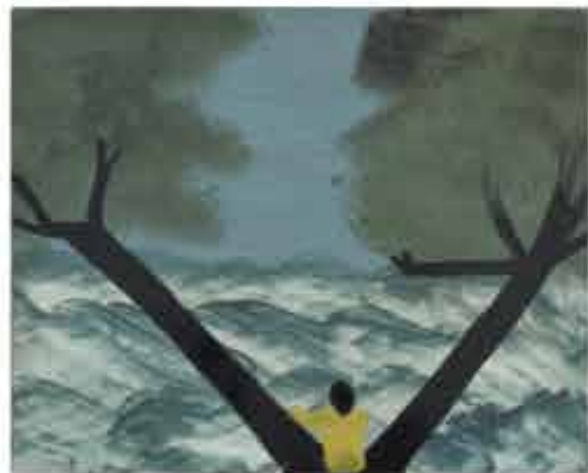
Returning to the Caribbean in 1961, Walter found himself deserted by both blacks and whites, as kin, friends, colleagues, and strangers distanced themselves. Walter took solace by ascending Mount Olympus in Dominica, and then Antigua's bucolic Bailey's Hill, isolating himself within the confines of his rustic garden and hurricane-struck hut.

I had developed a pensive personality, I wanted to leave people alone, and asked in exchange that I should be left alone. I believe nevertheless, that I was quite congenial with people when I chanced to mix, but I had also known that in order to become a good Artist and Thinker, one is constrained to detach one's self from the rest of the gang.

Secluded from society, Walter found solace in his art and in nature. An extraordinary series of paintings of 'self portraits' insert a lonesome figure into the landscape: Walter's link to the natural world buffering him from the gnawing isolation of his situation. His tree series paintings are eerily calm and lonely, his sense of the architecture of branches and the way that light filters through leaves speaks of his deep, rare familiarity and comfort with the natural world, somehow suggesting the self portrait presence, even when the figure is absent. At a glance these look like very simple paintings, and in a sense they are, but their uncommon directness and immediacy should not be mistaken for naïvety. Walter was untrained as an artist, and by temperament he could be seen to belong to what is sometimes described as the outsider tradition, but for all the instant appeal of his vision these paintings are often very sophisticated in their making: balanced and nuanced with a deft touch and each stroke of paint feathered into place.



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It is unclear exactly when Frank Walter started to see himself as an artist, although it seems likely that his career began in earnest soon after his return to Antigua in the 1960s. He was never an exhibiting artist, although for a period in the 1980s he ran *Frank's Photo Studio* in the Antiguan capital St John's: a street-side shack front from which he occasionally sold a painting or a hand-made sign, painted on a small plank or wooden panel: *Please Don't Spit... Beware of the Cross Dog... Learner Driver*. More often the photo studio operated as intended, recording, and preserving, the daily passage of a small community - from passport photos to new brides to schoolchildren in their first uniform.

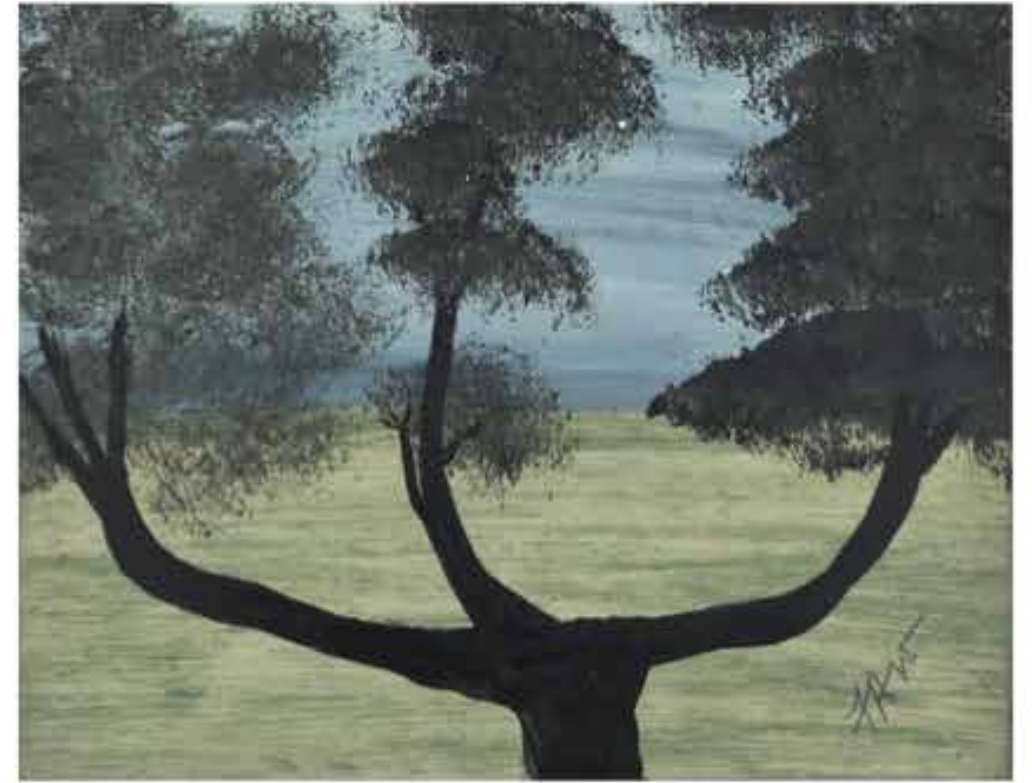


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The images that remain from Frank's photo studio capture a social history of the Caribbean in the 1980s, including a curious series of images of the island's airport, but perhaps more importantly they also supplied a ready stock of paper on which Frank would make future paintings - the photographic emulsion providing a tough yet fluid ground for his paints. Typically Walter would work on whatever material came most readily to hand, whether that be an 8 by 6 inch print, the back of a box of soap powder, the side of an old cardboard box or, as was so often the case, a precisely measured rectangle cut from a small box of polaroid film.



7 Front



9 Front



8 Reverse



10 Reverse



11 Front



13 Front



12 Reverse



14 Reverse



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Tiny Landscape Painting shown at actual size

Over a working career that lasted around 40 years Walter made hundreds of paintings, of which nearly half belong to the category that he defined as his *Tiny Landscape Paintings*, always measuring a precise 10 by 8 cms and often presented in the black metal tray that held the film and which, expelled by the camera, became a rudimentary framing device.

These little paintings tell the story of his life through landscapes both real and imagined, observed or remembered. They depict deep, green Antiguan hillsides; forlorn trees; hurricane skies; dark Scottish hills and soaring cliffs. Occasionally an animal or bird, a boat or plane, punctuates the view, but for the most part they celebrate landscape pure and simple.



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As an agronomist, Walter understood his subject: he knew the difference between raw, wild country and fields that could be made productive, and as an artist, he felt the rhythm of the land and expressed it in microscopic detail. Although fuelled by the landscape in which he lived these little paintings were mostly painted from memory, recalling the significant sights and incidents of his past.

Walter survived many hurricanes, and one of his recurring motifs was a red sky recalled from the night of Hurricane Dog, the storm of 1950, believed to be the worst in Antiguan history, which destroyed his hilltop home on Vernons Bluff. His description of the event is as poetic as his visual depictions:

Just before we had completed our 1950 Crop at the Tudways the Hurricane Struck Antigua. The North Eastern Section of Antigua got a heavy blow.

The Day opened up fair and fine. Not a storm-cloud was seen anywhere, and this pleasant atmosphere prevailed as a particularly comfortable calm, not without normal north east winds, which constantly cooled the bodies of the men bathed in sweat, but still working comfortably.

Out of the tranquility of this morning came an intense heat wave that parched the lips of everybody in the field. There was a certain glow in the skies which ranged from orange to light red. The heat became so intense, that I opened up my shirt to the stomach, wiping away the sweat from my body.

...By nightfall there was no change in the temperature of the evacuated sky. Cloudless and even more intolerable hot, the dusk passed into night, then came scattered showers of convection like any normal convectional rain, a little later however, spasmodic gusts of wind forced against windows, and the wind seemed to have been coming from an odd direction. Western swirling gusts began to pick leaves from nearby trees. The leaves of the trees that I began to see in the glow of night fall, were all turned back to front, and bowing branches, bowed in opposite directions.

A little later, galvanizes rumbled. The extraordinary rustling of trees, the rattling of galvanize, and the banging of windows became more and more intensified. Too often I had gone to open back my bedroom windows on the southern and western sides. The wind became more and more relentless.



"What sort of strange wind is this." The rain began to drizzle in white misty, slow downpours something like what I imagined that a Blizzard would look like to begin a Snow Storm. Weather Birds were flying eastwards at this unusual time of evening, fast progressing into pitch black night save I for the glow in the sky covering St John's and the Sugar Factory Areas, as well as the Villages of Freeman's, All Saints and Sea View Farm. I had stopped to watch clouds at night, and moon beams drifting along over those areas, tonight

in this threatening sky, I saw fury, and anger. I heard sounds coming from the atmosphere that I had never heard before.

I felt thrilled by the force of the wind, and tried to taunt it, waiting for a moment for another puff to force upon me, I felt dauntless, and provocative, when another more powerful gust gave a great box tossing the outer shutter into my face, it startled the whole company, to the extent that they shuddered. I had realized then that we were all now in trouble. I had alternated the closing of the other half of the shutter as the wind had done the western half; and retreated into the centre of the room to take a seat for a short while. The older ones began to pray, and to read their bible, as some I believed had brought something to read.

I withdrew myself from the company in the dining room. I went into my own bedroom, and stretched myself out on the bed. I was concentrating on the Power of God to stop the storm, for it has reached its point of fearful battering.

I raised my hand to the Roman Salute, as I had often done in greeting somebody. I addressed my salute to the four corners of the house. But God was not with me in this act. He was too not annoyed with me, but he wanted to teach me a lesson. Instead of holding my hand to make me realize that his hand would be needed in the act, to appoint my hand to his power, he seemed to have rolled his fist, and punched the east window off of the house. This was a neat operation, for almost everything in my room went floating and swirling about the room. The wind had poured into my room. Then pushing his hand further into my room, he punched off the west window, with a cracking force, then spontaneously drove his fist into the south window with a still mightier force, tearing now some of the wall from the southern side. I stood bravely trying to secure window after window but his fist followed me around the room punching the room to bits, without touching an hair on my head, tossing things about the room without hurling them upon me. I do not know how any other person would have accepted the revelation of God's might and power. I realized that I had asked for it.



Whilst the red sky paintings tie his art inexorably to his deeply rooted Antiguan experience, so too the blues and blacks and whites of his Scottish sea scenes point to one of his greater eccentricities: his insistence on a direct kinship with Scotland and in particular with the Scottish aristocracy. His convoluted genealogical ramblings run as a back beat through several thousand pages of autobiography and appear in complex charts and family trees that bind the Walter family to the Scottish Dukes of Buccleuch.



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According to Walter, Scotland was his family's principal seat. He travelled there once whilst on his grand tour, and the story of his journey there beginning in May 1960 is a riveting one. He awoke in his cramped bedsit in industrial Northern England to a hallucination so compelling that he set out in search of what he believed to be his family's historic home.

I began to see balls of light project themselves from my eyes, in pulses, as beautiful as the Rainbow. Something then like the Diode Electric Effect on a Gas filled Chamber when Ions begin to leave the gas and drift. Perhaps I was a diode valve, or Ancestors are to our bodies as ions are to Diodes. My ancestors and Ancestresses had begun to leave my body. They floated about the room, spreading perfumed scents into the small but Art Filled Room at 1 Grant Street. Some made patterns in the atmosphere like diffraction rings, and through such rings faces appeared in the most beautiful florescent figures. Some turned to Roses and Rose petals filled the room. Then came Charles II, arrogant, tall,

and almost conceited. He held a white Handkerchief by the thumb and index finger, which he draped alongside his tall white linen coat, as he turned disdainfully aside. He was the last to lead the train out of my eyes and brains, no longer fixed on the balls of my eyes like the picture on a television screen played for my inner man to see.

He turned aside as if he was beginning the Quadrille. He dusted a pinch of Snuff on the back of his hand and sniffed, then he turned to me. "You are us!" Lazy you are!" Now out of bed see to our graves to Scotland, and immediately lad!" England sleeps, and sleep is death and you hold her life." Go see what death is made of!" Death is made of graves." Yet you still live." Matters not what the world may think, tis you who live." We live!" He floated to and fro like a scopic, expanding and contracting a diffraction ring." I was floated out of bed, in the midst of this drama, much as would be said, of one who is deemed spirited away.

I went to the Stoke Railway Station, and bought a ticket to Scotland Just as I was directed, as the apparition returned to my body and joined my inner man. Thus began my Pilgrimage to Edinburgh, Dalkeith, Kelso, Jedborough, Melrose, and a long walk through the Countryside of Scotland to record my name at Jedborough Castle, beneath the portrait of Henry Stuart Darnley. There now in the register is written the name Francis Archibald Wentworth Walter, and I thereafter began to know of a truth how I came to be called by all my names. They fit like the parts of a Jigsaw Puzzle.

Walter's description of rainbow pulses and diode valves seems to anticipate his own abstract paintings with their insistence on colour patterns and an implicit awareness of scientific theory. It is unusual for an artist working so far outside the mainstream to be drawn to such abstract images, but Walter probably didn't see them as such. Indeed most of his apparently abstract paintings have quite specific scientific titles, such as *Molecule*, *Deuterium Oxide*, and *Psycho Geometrics*. This balance of scientific enquiry and creative genius is typical of a man whose written papers include a long discussion of the origins of nuclear energy. His sophisticated treatment of shape, colour and form suggest a deep and instinctive understanding of what makes a picture work, and his sense of unified design links these abstract paintings closely to his studies of heraldic imagery.





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The walls of Walter’s home on a hillside in Antigua featured his abstract paintings alongside his work on heraldry and family histories, including an image of his own passport and a self-portrait in the company of Queen Elizabeth II and King Charles II. For Walter, his paintings, sculptures and carvings of heraldic figures were akin to plant taxonomy. As with the flora and fauna paintings of his nature series, members of aristocratic families were intricately organized, and curiously, all linked to his Antiguan forbears.

Is it possible that in his lightning fast jolt to the top of the corporate ladder, Walter lost his social footing, reinventing his family history as a means of maintaining a sense of self esteem in the company of his new found friends and educated peers? In his Antiguan genealogies, Walter drifts off into the lineage of European nobility, revealing an encyclopaedic knowledge of all the crowned heads of Europe. Walter weaves his own family into that roster of royalty, inserting himself as *The Seventh Prince of the West Indies*. Referring to the “Private Names” of various noblemen was Walter’s way of compensating for the disturbing knowledge of white ancestors who kept black concubines and their children as house slaves.

(previous page image 24)



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There have therefore been from 1493-1669 Black Europoids on the Island of Antigua before the first Negro was brought to this Island. I was the synthesis of the greatest and most Royal and Imperial of them all right here in Antigua which began as an official Royalist Colony, inhabited by the Exiled British Peers...

Walter's obsession with race and gender are evident throughout his work and writings. He was not entirely comfortable with the colour of his own skin and had many unresolved issues with fellow black Antiguan. Ironically, towards the end of his life he believed he was white, and created the term Europoid as a way of linking his family in Antigua to white Europeans.



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Indeed I was a Sunkissed Europoid. How many generations of us allowed the sun to kiss us so dark was never so important to me or any rational member of my family.

The belief that black men could not have white blond ancestors, is only a boggy aimed at stealing property, carefully registered, and transmitted to generations who may never know what their progeny shall look like just as our forefathers never knew what we would look like.

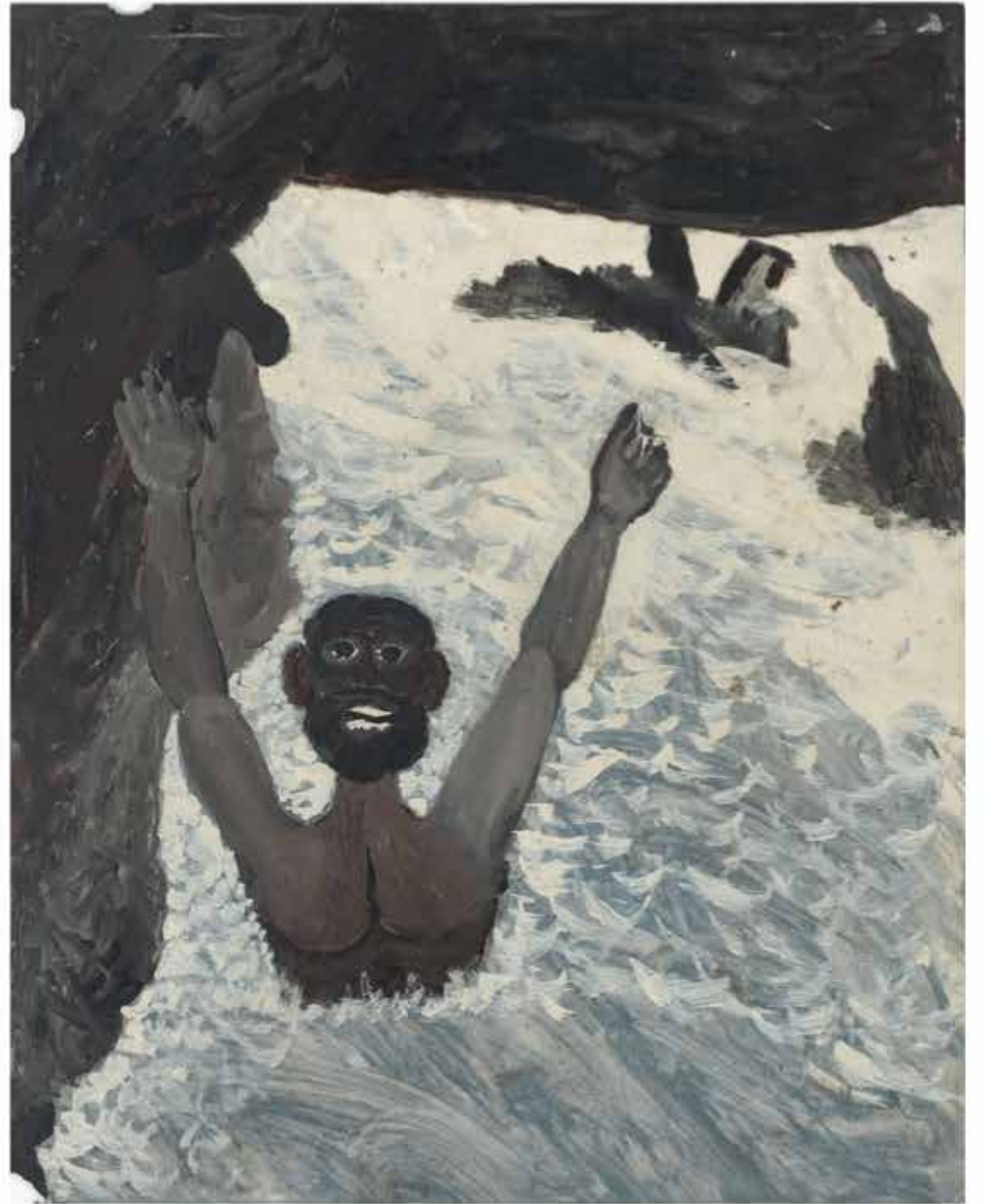
We live in different climates, different topographies, different hydroscopic zones, different thermionic zones. We live in Snow, Sleet, and Ice, and we live in the Sunlight of never ceasing summers. One Branch is sunkissed, the other is hidden from the sun. The fruits are sunkissed, and ripen faster, on the sunny side...

Race and colour are a recurring theme of his portraits; gender too, makes an appearance. His portraits of women reveal a seemingly innocent intimacy between the subject and the artist. In many respects he was more comfortable in the company of women than men, and this is reflected in his paintings as well as his writing:

I believe that wherever I had gone I was fortunate to have met the best and most beautiful women in the vicinity... I have been envied and accused from my boyhood days because I had been able to monopolise the company of the best women in the neighbourhood. Some called me an Aunty Man, others said that I was slow, others that I was careless, but I had always tried to be perfect.



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Many of Walter's portraits belong to the world of the story-teller: snapshots of a wider narrative that hover between real and fantasy worlds. *Man Eaten By Shark*; *Woman Frightened by a Lion*; *Drowning Man*; *Woman and Giant Bird*; *Yacht in Peril* blend the lived experience of life on a Caribbean island with a highly personal and sometimes dream-like narrative.



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Similarly his hand-carved sculptures introduce a cast of characters that seem to populate their own history: some of them imagined, others based on actual acquaintance. He had a superstitious attachment to these creations, claiming that the figures kept him company: a constant presence staring from the shelves that lined his house. These sculptures, lovingly carved from scraps of salvaged wood are imbued with a sense of life and mystery that emanates from the edges of the acacia, pine, mahogany and desiccated *lignum vitae*.

Elongated totems of men and women with their hands on hips, or with pots on their heads are reminiscent of carvings by the Caribbean Arawak or African Dogon people; balancing,

like so much of his work, an apparently naïve style with a very sophisticated touch, and a delightfully quirky world-view. The mahogany cutouts and carvings depict various elements of Antigua - from animals to fish to farmers, wrestlers and cricket players, all speaking of Frank Walter's small island.

Walter may have deliberately distanced himself from society, but in his art and his words he demonstrates an acute awareness of the vulnerability of his fellow man. This sensitivity, combined with a deep understanding of the natural world and an unmistakably personal style, introduce an artist of rare standing. He was unsung in his lifetime but as his works begin to make their way into the world his legacy confirms him as one of the most intriguing and individual Caribbean artists of recent times.



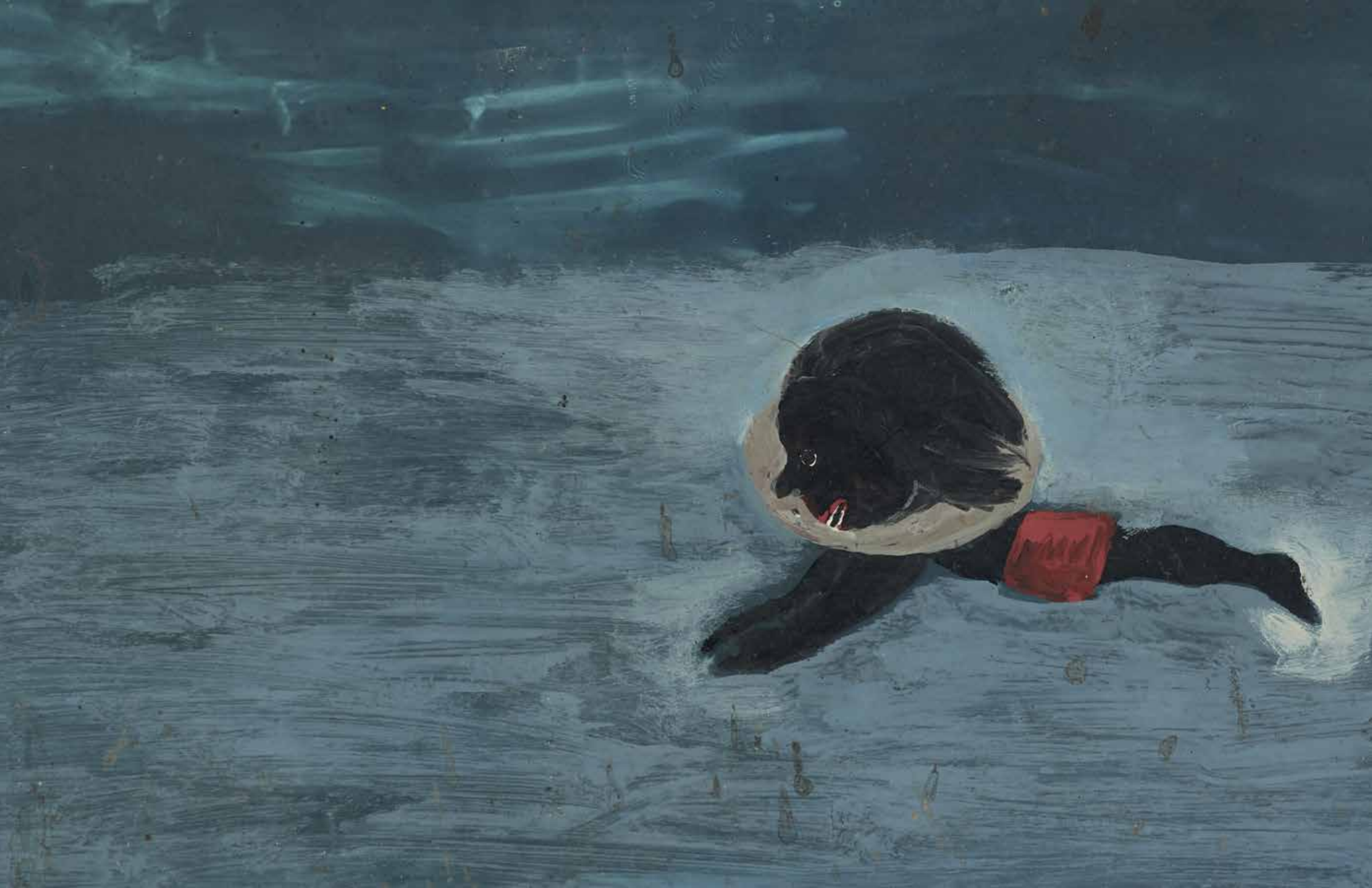
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LIST OF WORKS

Cover - *Complex of Life*
oil on board, 25.3 x 50.8 cm

01 - *What People Say: Clean Words Make Good Company*, oil on wood, 14.8 x 47 cm

02 - *Man Eaten by Shark*, oil on photographic paper on card, 20.2 x 25.3 cm

03 - *Self Portrait: Bow Tie*, oil on card, 26.7 x 34.7 cm

04 - *Self Portrait Series: Flamboyant Trees*
oil on photographic paper on card
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05 - *Self Portrait Series: Yellow Shirt*
oil on photographic paper, 20.2 x 25.2 cm

06 - *Frank Walter outside his photo studio, St John's, Antigua, c. 1980*

07 - *Tree Series: Through the Dark Trees*,
oil on photographic paper on card,
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08 - *Reverse of Tree Series:
Through the Dark Trees*

09 - *Tree Series: Three Branches*,
oil on photographic paper on card,
20.2 x 25.2 cm

10 - *Reverse of Tree Series:
Three Branches*

11 - *Tree Series: Beach through Trees*
oil on photographic paper, 20.2 x 25.2 cm

12 - *Reverse of Tree Series:
Beach through Trees*

13 - *Tree Series: Seascape through Trees*,
oil on photographic paper, 20.2 x 25 cm

14 - *Reverse of Tree Series:
Seascape through Trees*

15 - *Tiny Landscape Painting, Antigua:
Boat in Full Sail*, oil on Polaroid card in
original frame, 13.6 x 9.3 x 1.8 cm framed

16 - *Tiny Landscape Painting, Antigua:
Yellow Sky*, oil on Polaroid card, 10 x 8 cm

17 - *Tiny Landscape Painting, Antigua:
Aeroplane over Beach*, oil on Polaroid card,
10 x 8 cm

18 - *Tiny Landscape Painting: Black Hills
and River*, oil on Polaroid card, 10 x 8 cm

19 - *Tiny Landscape Painting, Antigua:
Beach and Hurricane Sky*, oil on Polaroid card,
10 x 8 cm

20 - *Tiny Landscape Painting, Antigua:
Hurricane Sky, Black Jagged Hill*,
oil on Polaroid card, 10 x 8 cm

21 - *Tiny Landscape Painting, Scotland: Three
White Birds*, oil on Polaroid card, 10 x 8 cm

22 - *Tiny Landscape Painting, Scotland:
Black Peaks with White Birds*,
oil on Polaroid card, 10 x 8 cm

23 - *Tiny Landscape Painting, Scotland:
Three Black Birds*, oil on Polaroid card,
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24 - *Abstract Science: Molecule*,
oil on board, 25.4 x 45.8 cm

25 - *Abstract Science: Portrait of a Lady*,
oil on wood, 30.2 x 33 cm

26 - *Abstract Science: Light*
oil on board, 22.5 x 25.2 cm

27 - *Royal Ancestry*
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28 - *Boy*, oil on card, 14 x 11 cm

29 - *Girl in Red Dress*
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30 - *Rabbi*, oil on photographic
paper, 20.1 x 25.2 cm

31 - *Out of the Swim*
oil on cardboard, 51.4 x 11.7 cm

32 - *Yacht in Peril*
oil on photographic paper
25.2 x 20.2 cm

33 - *Drowning Man*, oil on
photographic paper, 25.2 x 20.2 cm

34 - *Woman and Giant Bird*, oil on
photographic paper, 25.2 x 20.2 cm

35 - *Woman Frightened By Lion*,
oil on photographic paper, 25.2 x 20.2 cm

36 - *Figure*, carved acacia
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37 - *Figure*, carved acacia
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38 - *Figure*, carved acacia
28.5 x 7 x 9.5 cm

39 - *Self Portrait Series: Red Trunks*
oil on photographic paper, 25.2 x 20.2 cm

40 - *Please Don't Spit*, oil on wood
12.8 x 45.1 cm



Ingleby Gallery and Barbara Paca would like to thank:
Selvyn and Kathleen Walter, Jules Walter Snr, Jules Walter Jnr,
Dr Joycelyn Walter, Julisia and Julayna Walter, Trevor Thomas,
Clarence Brown, Glenroy Michael, Mary Shanahan, Lynne Cheney,
Nina Khrushcheva, James Stourton, Bill Zachs, Alastair Letch,
Jo Deans and John McKenzie. We are grateful to Sean Donnola
for his wonderful photographs of Frank Walter, and to Philip and
Tilghman Logan for their patience.

Published by Ingleby Gallery in an edition of 1,000 copies

ISBN 978-0-9566692-7-8

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Photographs by Sean Donnola (p4, p6, p9) ©Sean Donnola.
Photographs of Frank Walter's art by John McKenzie

Design by Jo Deans Identity
Printed by Allander, Edinburgh

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