

RAWVISION

O U T S I D E R A R T B R U T

RV 126

SPRING 2026

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DRAWING ATTENTION: CANADIAN OUTSIDERS

SHANE DRINKWATER

JUDITH McNICOL

MUTONIA

DANIEL MARTIN DÍAZ



SAM DOYLE (1906 - 1985)

THE BOB ROTH COLLECTION



SAM DOYLE, WE WE (C 1975/80), HOUSEPAINT ON CORRUGATED METAL, 50 X 26 IN, 127 X 66 CM

OUTSIDER ART FAIR [BOOTH A12]
19TH TO 22ND MARCH 2026

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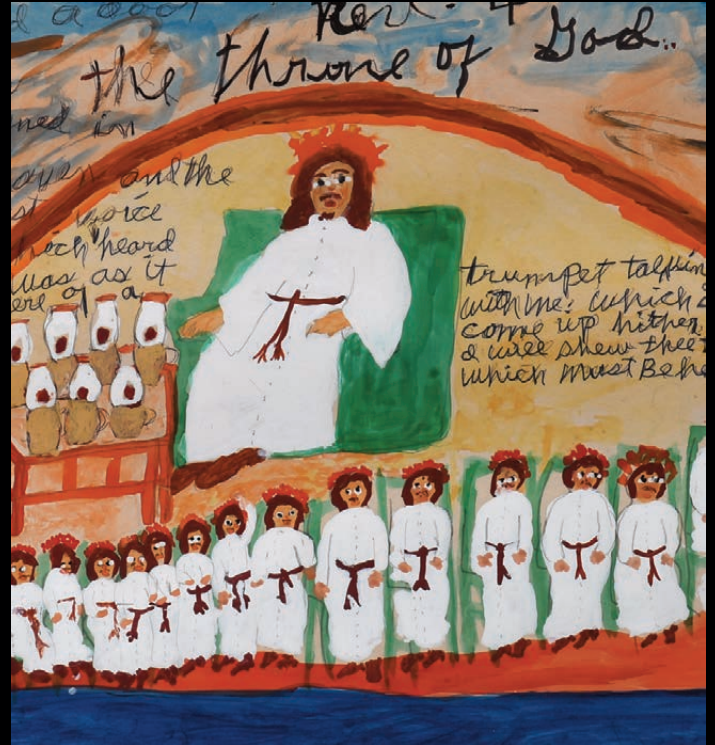
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April 25-26, 2026



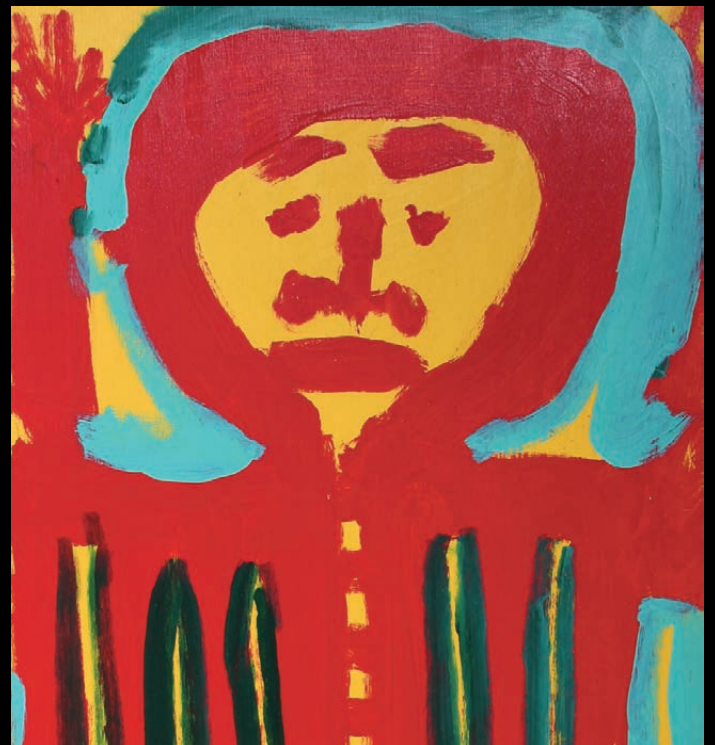
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formerly represented by Phyllis Kind Gallery

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Boys Against the Girls, oil on canvas, 48 x 60 ins.

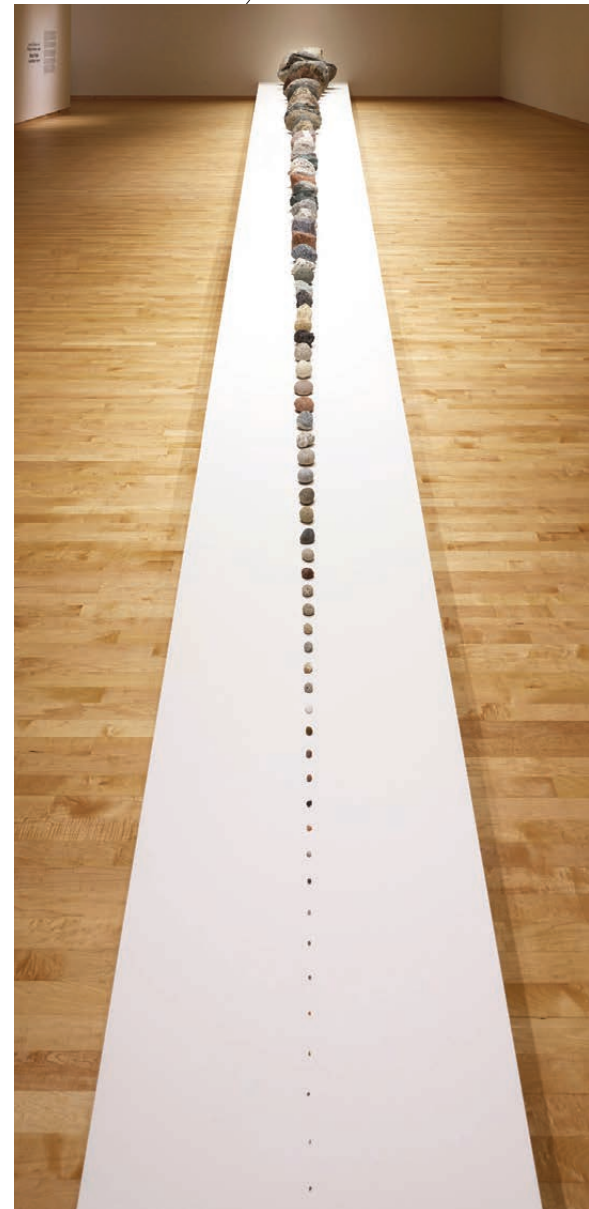
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Counterclockwise From Top: Emily Endo, *Orphic Diadem*, 2024; glass, stainless steel, and fragrance; 22 x 22 x 10 in. Photo: Margeaux Walter. Lenka Clayton and Phillip Andrew Lewis: *Rock Fade (= 45 Billion Years)* installation view, 2026. Art Preserve of the John Michael Kohler Arts Center. Photo: Durston Saylor.

John Michael Kohler Arts Center

LEDBETTER

OUTSIDER ART | SELF TAUGHT ART | FOLK ART AUCTIONS

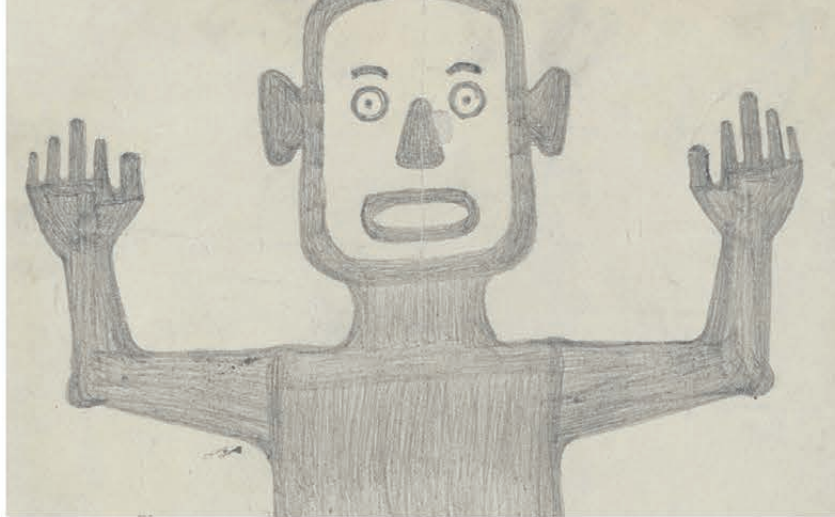


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TikTok





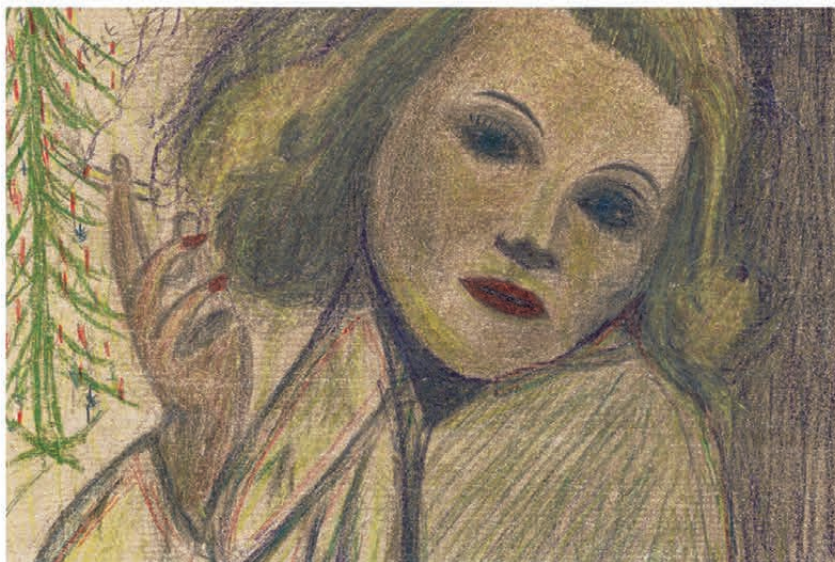
**ART BRUT
EN SUISSE**

**DES ORIGINES
DE LA COLLECTION
À AUJOURD'HUI**



**50 ANS
1976-2026**

50



**28.02. –
27.09.2026**

**COLLECTION
DE L'ART BRUT
LAUSANNE**





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art museum
gallery
art room

Pioneering Global Outsider Art
with

RAWVISION

RAWVISION126

SPRING 2026

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PUBLISHED by Raw Vision Ltd
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tel +44 (0)1923 853175
email info@rawvision.com
website www.rawvision.com

ISSN 0955-1182

COVER IMAGE

Karine Labrie, *Marie-Antoinette
et sa Petite Chienne*, 2010

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8

RAW NEWS

Outsider art events around the world, and some sad goodbyes

20

CANADIAN OUTSIDER ART

Creators on the margins are stepping forward in Canada

30

SHANE DRINKWATER

From multiple, unknowable origins: a Tasmanian native's mark-making

38

JUDITH McNICOL

A natural evolution from geologist to artist, and the links between

46

MUTONIA

A community of robots and artists live in harmony in a corner of Italy

54

MARGARET MOUSSEAU

Trauma and guilt from a past life processed in otherworldly drawings

60

PICHAİ RATTANAPORNCHAI

The sidewalks of Bangkok are an artist's canvas and emotional refuge

68

JO SUNSHINE

The pastel works of a sight-impaired artist shine bright in Glasgow

76

RAW CLASSICS

Breaking down the multiple frequencies of a Daniel Díaz Martin work

78

REVIEWS

Outsider shows from LA to London and on to Lausanne

88

GALLERY & MUSEUM GUIDE

Details of notable international venues



MEDAILLE DE LA
VILLE DE PARIS



BEST DESIGN
MEDIA AWARD



AMERICAN FOLK ART
MUSEUM VISIONARY AWARD



WORLD'S BEST
ART MAGAZINE



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PRESS AWARD



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예술은 감각과 감성을 자극해 우리의 인식을 흔들고,
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예술은 새로운 대화창을 열어주고, 개인의 상상력을
공동체의 상상력으로 확장한다.

MUSEUM VERSI LAUNCHES KOREAN RAW VISION

The Korean-language edition of *Raw Vision* is now available, published in collaboration with art museum Versi – in South Korea's Gyeonggi Province – and its CEO, Park Chan Ho. More than a translation, the new publication opens a wider dialogue around outsider and self-taught art, connecting Korean, wider Asian, and international perspectives. Rooted in the museum's long-term commitment to art beyond conventional boundaries, it also marks an important extension of *Raw Vision's* global readership.

For ordering information or further details, please contact:
rawvisionkorea@versi.co.kr or visit: www.yes24.com/product/goods/171567575



Park Chan Ho,
CEO of art museum Versi

RAW NEWS

The latest in the world of outsider art

HOWARD FINSTER'S WORLD'S FOLK ART CHURCH 제계관

올해 Finster Fest는 25년간 문이 닫혀 있었다 Howard Finster's World's Folk Art Church가 복원 작업을 마치고 마침내 재개관한 순간을 기념했다. 5층 규모의 이 상징적 건축물은 에베레스트와 비잔틴 조각 작품이 가득하며, 조지아주 Summerville의 Paradise Garden 중 상에서 다시 빛을 발하고 있다. 건물은 1980년대 작은 시골 예배당 위에 세워졌으며, Finster가 꿈꾸던 "지상 위의 천상의 주택(heavenly mansions)"이라는 비전을 가장 잘 구현한 작품 가운데 하나이다.

이전 복원은 Paradise Garden Foundation과 보존 건축 회사 Lord Auld-Sargant가 주도해 진행되었다. 이틀간 열린 축제 기간 동안 방문객들은 새롭게 단장된 공간을 둘러보고, 70명 이상의 예술가가 참여한 프로그램, 라이브 음악, 공연 등이 마치며 Finster가 남긴 영향과 상상력의 지속적인 유산을 기념했다.

PARADISE GARDEN
200 North Lewis Street, Summerville, GA
30074, USA
paradisegardenfoundation.org



TERRA DEL SOL GALLERY

2025년 1월 30일까지

"Model World"는 Elliott Hundley가 초영 유채 아티스트로 참여한 그림이다. Tierra del Sol 스튜디오 소속 작가들과 외부 작가들이 함께 참여해, 각 장 조각이 주변 세계를 어떻게 해석하고 탐색하는지를 탐구한다. 참여 작가로는 Claire Chambliss, Carlissa Hackman, Chiffon Thomas, Christopher Suarez, David Romero, Joe Zaidav, Karl Hamrick 등이 있다.

TERRA DEL SOL GALLERY
7414 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood, CA
90046, USA
tierradelsolegallery.org



Charlie Dingler at Folk Fest; photo: Ted Degener



Christian Hamrick at Folk Fest; photo: Ted Degener



위협적이면서도 숭고한 차원으로

예술가 가문 출신 Gertrude Honzatko-Mediz
— 아버지와의, 그리고 사후의 어머니와 함께한 협업적 창작

엘마 R. 그루버(Elmar R. Gruber)

1893년, Gertrude Honzatko-Mediz가 태어난 지 몇 달 뒤, 그녀의 부모는 오스트리아의 작은 도시 Krems를 떠나 Dresden에 정착하기로 결정했다. 그들은 둘 다 예술가였으며, 활기찬 미술 환경이 있는 이 독일 대도시에서 성공하기를 바랐다. 그녀의 어머니 Emilie Mediz-Pelikan은 오로지 예술만을 위해 살고 싶다는 욕망을 숨기지 않았고, 그녀를 열렬히 사랑한 남편 Karl Mediz 역시 그 길을 따랐다. 그들이 고향을 떠나던 곳에서 예술적 소명을 추

구하는 동안, 딸은 Krems에 있는 할머니의 보살핌 아래 남게 되었다. 할머니는 자신의 딸에게 했던 것처럼, 손녀의 창의적 재능을 북돋아 주며 사랑과 지지를 아끼지 않았지만, 거의 끊임없는 부모의 부재는 어린 Honzatko-Mediz에게 상처를 남기지 않을 수 없었다.

어머니는 1908년 46세의 나이로 뜻밖에 세상을 떠났고, Karl Mediz는 길을 잃고 삶의 의미와 목적을 상실하게 되었다. Karl에

all artwork shown: Collection of Mediumistic Art, unless otherwise stated

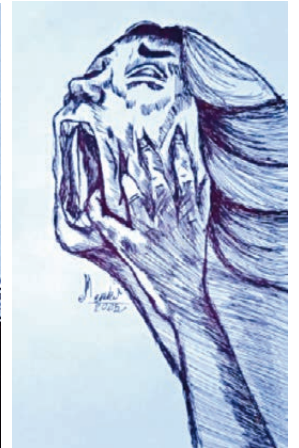
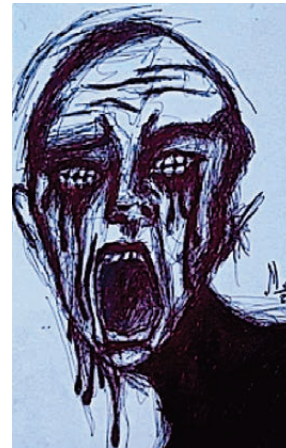
above: Untitled ("Commissioned") by Honzatko-Mediz's mother from beyond the grave, 1910, ink and pencil on paper, 12 × 8.5 in. / 31 × 22 cm



GAZA ARTIST RECORDS HORROR OF WAR AND DEATH

Marah Kalad, a young artist living in Gaza, is self-taught to date and has worked throughout the violence and bombing, to powerfully depict the horror and suffering that she has witnessed all around her for over two years. Having lost their home several times, she and her family have been tent dwellers through the cold winter. Kalad showed her work in a tent gallery that she made but it was destroyed by storms and her work lost. Kalad dreams of going to art college and becoming a professional artist.

A digital and printed book on her work is available. Contact: hello@ko-fi.com; visit: <https://ko-fi.com/s/f829616cd0?ref=shopemail>; or search for the artist on Instagram and X.



L.V. Hull; photo: Bruce West



L.V. HULL

Mar 20 – Jun 14, 2026

The Mississippi Museum of Art presents “**L.V. Hull: Love Is a Sensation**”, the first major museum exhibition devoted to self-taught artist L.V. Hull (1942–2008). Coinciding with the opening of the **L.V. Hull Legacy Center** in Mississippi, the show brings together 300 works alongside documentation of Hull’s home-based art environment, which transformed her modest house into an immersive space of assemblage, colour and pattern. Hull’s home, now listed on the National Register of Historic Places, stands as a landmark of self-taught creativity and community-rooted artmaking in the American South.

MISSISSIPPI MUSEUM OF ART
380 South Lamar Street,
Jackson, MS 39201, USA
msmuseumart.org



OUTSIDER ART FAIR, NEW YORK

Mar 19–22, 2026

The Outsider Art Fair returns to New York's Metropolitan Pavilion. Now in its 34th year, the fair continues to be a key international showcase for self-taught, *art brut*, Indigenous and disabled artists, bringing together more than 65 exhibitors. The 2026 edition will include a special curated focus on Inuit art from Canada.

METROPOLITAN PAVILION

125 W 18th St, New York

NY 10011, USA

outsiderartfair.com

RICCO/MARESCA GALLERY

From March 19 to 22, at the **Outsider Art Fair** in New York, Ricco/Maresca Gallery presents works by self-taught masters, including William Hawkins, Bill Traylor, James Castle, Hiroyuki Doi and Purvis Young.

In conjunction with the Outsider Art Fair, Ricco/Maresca Gallery hosts its annual **Winter Party** on March 20 from 6 to 9 pm. The party includes the opening reception for two solo exhibitions presenting the work of Martín Ramírez and Domingo Guccione.

RICCO/MARESCA GALLERY

529 W 20th St, 3rd Fl, New York, NY 10011, USA

riccomaresca.com

Katharina Detzel



PRINZHORN COLLECTION

Jun 28, 2026 – Jan 31, 2027

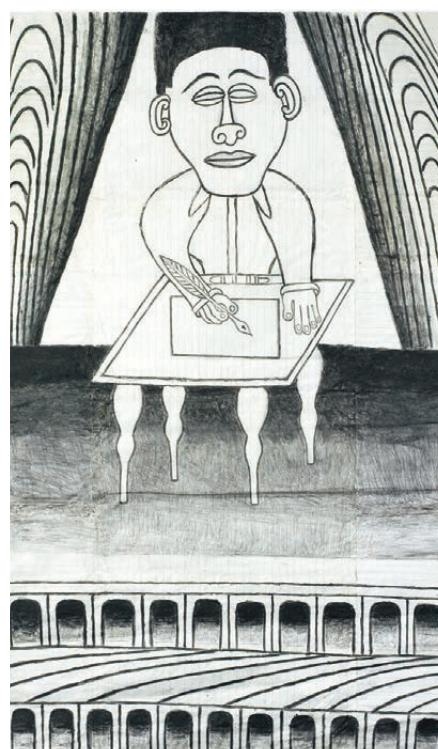
The anniversary show "**All Art? 25 Years of the Prinzhorn Collection Museum**" marks 25 years of the museum's exhibition practice and reflects on how works by artists with experience of psychiatry are presented. Featuring key works from the collection, including work by Katharina Detzel, handmade banknotes by Else Blankenhorn, a reconstructed textile floor work by Marie Lieb and the first public display of an embroidered carpet by Emma Mohr.

SAMMLUNG PRINZHORN

Voßstraße 2, 69115 Heidelberg, GERMANY

sammlung-prinzhorn.de

Martín Ramírez



CUBAN OUTSIDER ART

until May 23, 2026

Group exhibition "**No Seasoning**" brings together works by seven Afro-descendant Cuban outsider artists, all of whom live and work in Cuba:

Pedro Pablo Bacallao, Gloria de la Caridad, Misleidys Francisca Castillo Pedroso, Isaac Crespo, Daldo Marte, Luis Manuel Otero Alcántara and Martha Iris Pérez.

Featuring collage, drawing, sculpture and photography, the show addresses intersecting forms of racial and social marginalisation.

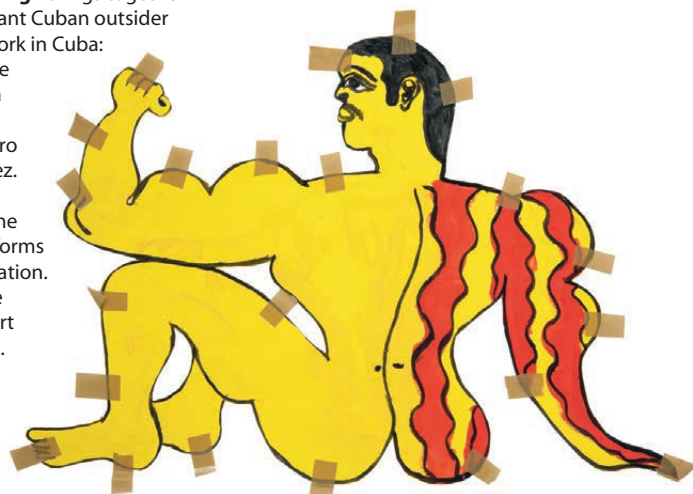
The works are drawn from the **NAEMI** Collection (National Art Exhibitions of the Mentally Ill).

COPPERBRIDGE FOUNDATION

373 NE 125 St. #1 North Miami,

FL 33161, USA

copperbridge.org



right: Misleidys Francisca Castillo Pedroso

iam

**The art museum
reimagined**



Intuit Art Museum

outsider | self-taught | art brut

On View Now

Henry Darger: The Room Revealed

art.org

Installation view of Henry Darger: The Room Revealed

FOLK ART MESSENGER COMES TO A CLOSE

After nearly four decades, *Folk Art Messenger* – the advertising-free, triannual journal of the **Folk Art Society of America** – published its final issue in 2025. Issue 116 marked the end of an award-winning publication devoted to self-taught and folk artists, featuring articles, reviews, news and an international events calendar.

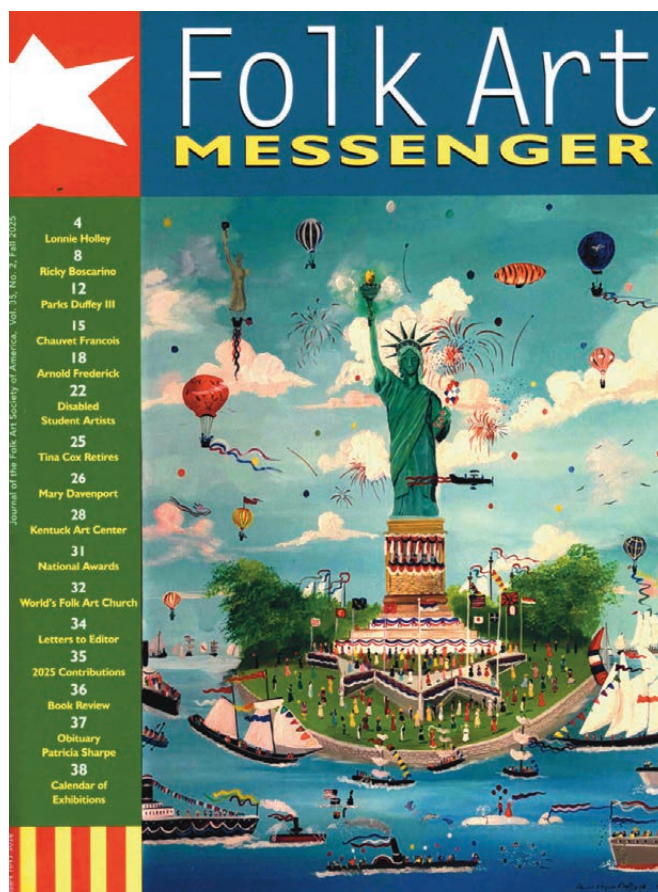
Founded in 1987, the Folk Art Society of America has played a vital role in documenting, preserving and advocating for contemporary folk art. Memberships are no longer being renewed but the website will continue to host news, provide an online calendar of art exhibitions, and sell back issues of *Folk Art Messenger*.

In a closing message, Executive Director **Ann Oppenheimer** pays tribute to the many contributors who shaped the publication over the years and helped make it a lasting record of the field, including editor and longtime collaborator William Oppenheimer, designer John Hoar, and the wide network of writers, photographers and supporters.

Ann Oppenheimer's forthcoming self-published book, *A Half-Century of Folk Art: My Recollections*, is due for release this spring and will be available to purchase at folkart.org.



Ann Oppenheimer in 2023; photo: Clair Hamner



Cover of the final issue of *Folk Art Messenger*



above: *Mythology* by Julon Pinkston and Waltrip High School students



above: *Milan* by David Best

HOUSTON ART CAR PARADE AND FESTIVAL

Apr 9–12, 2026

On April 11, 2026, Houston will once again host one of the world's most exuberant celebrations of mobile creativity when the 39th Annual Houston Art Car Parade rolls through downtown and along Allen Parkway. Part of the four-day Houston Art Car Parade and Festival, the free public event is organised by the **Orange Show Center for Visionary Art** and is expected to feature more than 250 wildly transformed vehicles from across the US and beyond.

Since its beginnings in the late 1980s, the parade has grown into the largest art car event in the world, drawing hundreds of thousands of spectators each year. On parade day, the route opens in the late morning for close-up viewing, before the procession begins in the afternoon, turning the city into a moving exhibition of humour, invention, personal vision and unfiltered artistic freedom. thehoustonartcarparade.com



right: *Madonna Iguana* by Kimi Bainter

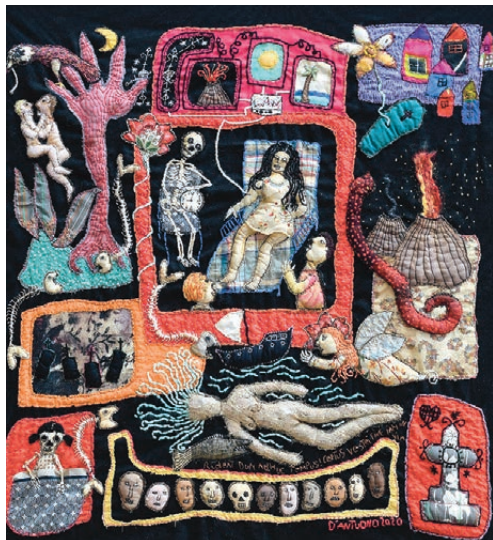
photos: Larry Harris

**Mar. 15
2026
—Jan. 17
2027**

Rudolf Horacek, Horacek Rudolf in Mannswörth, Detail, 1984, Private Foundation – Artists from Gugging, Photo: © Private Foundation – Artists from Gugging
museum uaucaia – NO Museum Betriebs GmbH Paid Advertisement



Barbara d'Antuono II



HALLE SAINT PIERRE

until Jul 31, 2026

"L'Étoffe des Rêves" (*The Fabric of Dreams*) brings together works by 36 artists exploring the expressive and experimental possibilities of textiles. Drawing on techniques such as weaving, embroidery, tapestry and sewing, the show examines the capacity for textiles to carry personal and collective narratives.

HALLE SAINT PIERRE

2 Rue Ronsard, 75018 Paris, FRANCE
hallesaintpierre.org



Johann Hauser



Bill Traylor



Marko Djurdjevic

AMERICAN FOLK ART MUSEUM

Apr 10 – Sep 13, 2026

The American Folk Art Museum presents **"Self-Made: A Century of Inventing Artists"**, an exhibition examining how formally untrained artists in the United States have represented and defined themselves from the early twentieth century to the present. Bringing together 90 works, largely drawn from the museum's collection, the exhibition explores strategies of self-fashioning through self-portraiture, alter egos and signature forms, placing American figures such as Henry Darger, Martín Ramírez and Thornton Dial in dialogue with international artists including Aloïse Corbaz and Adolf Wölfli. Curated by Valérie Rousseau, the show offers a focused survey of artistic status, creative aspirations, intentions and agency from this field-defining period.

AMERICAN FOLK ART MUSEUM

2 Lincoln Square, New York
NY 10023, USA
folkartmuseum.org

GALERIE GUGGING

until May 22, 2026

In the show **"Marko Djurdjevic – On the Path"**, Galerie Gugging presents the work of emerging artist Marko Djurdjevic, whose oil paintings and wood prints unfold like an open diary, shaped by memories, experiences and places. A striking blue, central to his work since 2020, functions as an emotional and biographical filter. Born in Vienna in 2001 and now based in Klosterneuburg, Djurdjevic is a self-taught artist whose creative practice is deeply autobiographical, exploring themes of belonging, reflection and personal experience.

GALERIE GUGGING

Am Campus 2, 3400
Klosterneuburg, AUSTRIA
galeriegugging.com

20 YEARS OF MUSEUM GUGGING

Mar 16, 2026 – Jan 17, 2027

In 2026, Museum Gugging celebrates its 20th anniversary with a major exhibition across the entire museum, presenting works by 20 Gugging artists. Central to the show are **August Walla** and **Johann Hauser**, marking what would have been their 90th and 100th birthdays respectively. The anniversary year also acknowledges 40 years of the House of Artists and highlights the museum's ongoing commitment to inclusive practice.

MUSEUM GUGGING

Am Campus 2, 3400 Klosterneuburg, AUSTRIA
museumgugging.at



Carpet detail with motifs from works in the museum's collection

OPEN ART MUSEUM

Mar 15 – Jun 7, 2026

In **"Stranger Than Paradise"**, the Open Art Museum highlights the massive collage carpet that delighted visitors at the 2025 OLMA fair in St Gallen. Many of the pictures featured in the carpet are works from the museum's collection depicting paradisiacal scenes and romanticised idylls. However, closer inspection reveals that the interplay of these scenes is often disconcerting, and the apparent harmony fractured or exaggerated. Displaying original artworks used for the carpet and complementing them thematically with additional works, the show questions the notion of paradise as a harmonious natural idyll or heavenly place, and demonstrates that paradise is a fragile fiction.

OPEN ART MUSEUM

Davidstrasse 44, 9000 St Gallen, SWITZERLAND
openartmuseum.ch

PROJECT ONWARD

Apr 17 – Jun 13, 2026

"Rust" presents works by ten artists from Project Onward, examining deterioration as an end point and a site of transformation. It is on at the Whitney R. Oliver Gallery, Chicago, from April 17 to May 9.

From May 15 until June 13, "Between Us" is a collaborative exhibition by Project Onward and Japanese studio **Atelier Corners**, bringing together neurodiverse artists from Chicago and Osaka through a mail-based exchange. Works are jointly authored and shown concurrently at both galleries.

WHITNEY R. OLIVER GALLERY AT PROJECT ONWARD
1200 W 35th St, Chicago, IL 60609

CORNERS GALLERY

1-chōme-6-13 Kyōritsudōri, Osaka, JAPAN
projectonward.org

Andrew Hall



Stephanie Lucas

FOUNTAIN HOUSE GALLERY

Mar 21 – Jul 15, 2026

From March 21 until May 13, "Encased: A Study of Skin and Wrapping" highlights what is visible and what is shown, with the implication that what lies beneath could be altogether different. From May 28 until July 15, "Compulsive Genius: New Work from Fountain House Studio Resident Artists" celebrates a complexity of colours, textures, and patterns.

FOUNTAIN HOUSE GALLERY
702 Ninth Avenue, New York
NY 10019, USA

fountainhousegallery.org



Susan Spangenberg

AMERICAN VISIONARY ART MUSEUM

until Sep 6, 2026

"Fantastic Realities: Truth Stranger than Fiction" brings together artists, scientists and futurists to reveal richly constructed alternative realities across a wide range of media.

AMERICAN VISIONARY ART MUSEUM
800 Key Hwy, Baltimore, MD 21230, USA
avam.org

Frank Diaz Escalet



FRANK DIAZ ESCALET

Mar 5 – Apr 11, 2026

A solo exhibition of work by self-taught Puerto Rican artist Frank Diaz Escalet (1930–2012) is presented at **Hollis Taggart**. The show focuses primarily on leather works from the 1970s and 1980s, with selected paintings from the 1980s and early 1990s.

HOLLIS TAGGART
521 W 26th St, New York, NY 10001, USA
hollistaggart.com

MUSÉE D'ART BRUT

until Apr 26, 2026

The Musée d'Art Brut in Montpellier, southern France, presents a posthumous exhibition of works by self-taught sculptor **Edmond Barrial**, following the discovery of an extensive body of previously unseen sculptures in the attic of his home in a remote Cévennes village. Featuring around 40 unique wooden works drawn from a much larger hidden output, the exhibition brings to light a private practice developed in isolation and sustained over decades, largely outside of public view.

MUSÉE D'ART BRUT

Rue Beau Séjour, 34090 Montpellier, FRANCE
musee-artbrut-montpellier.com



Edmond Barrial

COLLECTION DE L'ART BRUT

until Sep 27, 2026

Marking its 50th anniversary, the Collection de l'Art Brut presents the exhibition **"Art Brut in Switzerland. From the Origins of the Collection to the Present"**, looking back to 1945 when Jean Dubuffet coined the term *art brut* during visits to Swiss institutions. Featuring over 300 works, the show spans the collection's development from its origins to today.

COLLECTION DE L'ART BRUT

Av Bergières 11, 1004 Lausanne, SWITZERLAND
artbrut.ch



Adolf Wölfl

TAPU SINGOLARE

Apr 4 – Jul 12, 2026

From April 4 to May 3, self-taught artist **Alessandro Il Canile Palese** presents new, unpublished works. This is followed by **Rosario Rizzo's** "Realtà Allucinazione Infinita" (May 9 – June 7), a series of large-scale works exploring altered states of consciousness, and "Teatro dell'Obliquo: Cyborg, Isolationists, and Plastic Men" by **Nicola Retino** (June 13 – July 12), examining themes of cyberpunk and post-humanism. Taking place in Venice, Italy, all the exhibitions can be visited by reservation only. Tel. +393534753398

Instagram @tapu.singolar



Nicola Retino

ART BRUT REBELS IN PŁOCK

until May 8, 2026

The exhibition **"13 Niepokornych / Rebelles / Rebels"** presents works drawn from the AK Art Brut Collection of Andrzej Kwasiborski and includes drawings, paintings, sculptures, objects and notebooks by figures known internationally – among them Henryk Żarski and Stanisław Zagajewski – alongside artists first recognised by Kwasiborski himself, such as Władysław Szymczyk. The show's closing will coincide with the opening of the second edition of the BRUdoc festival in Płock.

MASOVIAN MUSEUM

Tumska 8, 09-402 Płock, POLAND
znalezienie.pl



Władysław Szymczyk



Solange Knopf

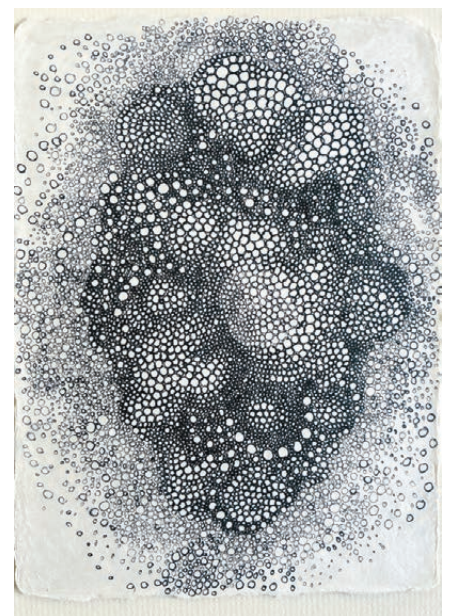
HIROYUKI DOI

Mar 30 – Apr 11, 2026

Hiroyuki Doi marks the 25th anniversary of his New York debut with an exhibition at the paper store **Ozu Washi**. First shown internationally in 2001 at Phyllis Kind Gallery and the Outsider Art Fair, Doi is known for his intricate circle drawings in black ink on handmade *washi* paper.

OZU WASHI

3-6-2 Nihonbashihoncho, Chuo-ku
Tokyo 103-0023, JAPAN ozuwashi.net/en



Hiroyuki Doi

CAVIN-MORRIS GALLERY

May 21 – Jul 3, 2026

"Solange Knopf: The Inner Darkness"

presents a new series of drawings by the self-taught artist (b. 1957, Brussels). Created through an intuitive, unplanned process, Knopf's densely worked drawings explore personal experience and inner states, reflecting an approach to art-making rooted in discovery rather than predetermined outcomes.

CAVIN-MORRIS GALLERY

529 West 20th Street, 3W, New York, NY 10011, USA
cavinmorris.com

INTUIT ART MUSEUM

Apr 9, 2026 – Mar 21, 2027

From April 9 until October 4, 2026, Intuit Art Museum is showing **"Drawing with Metal: Sculpture by Bill Brady"**, presenting more than 40 tin-plated metal works, as featured in *Raw Vision* 112.

"Impressions of a City: Drawings by Marvin Young" – inspired by everyday life and Chicago's architecture – runs from April 9 to August 23, 2026. From April 9, 2026 to March 21, 2027, **"Life is an Art: The Collection of Jan Petry"** features works from a recent gift to the museum by the much-missed, long-time board member of the Intuit Art Museum.

INTUIT ART MUSEUM

756 North Milwaukee Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60642, USA
www.art.org



Bill Brady



Mary Whitfield

PHYLLIS STIGLIANO ART PROJECTS

until Jun 28, 2026

"My Ancestors: Mary F. Whitfield (1947–2023)", on show concurrently with an online viewing room, features the artist's emotional watercolours inspired by her personal visions of the tragic legacy of slavery in the American South, shaped by her upbringing in Birmingham, Alabama. The exhibition also includes recently found photographs of Whitfield painting. Visits available by appointment.

PHYLLIS STIGLIANO ART PROJECTS

62 Eighth Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11217, USA

@phyllisstiglianoartprojects, artjump2@gmail.com, artnet.com

LA FERME DES TILLEULS

until Jun 21, 2026

"Maisons-mères" explores alternative architectures imagined, built and inhabited by individuals driven by utopian ideals. Curated by film director Philippe Lespinasse, the exhibition brings together preserved sites and lesser-known or since-vanished environments encountered through global journeys of discovery. A special focus is given to Swiss photographer Mario Del Curto, who has documented these singular constructions for over 40 years.

LA FERME DES TILLEULS

Rue de Lausanne 52, 1020 Renens, SWITZERLAND
fermedestilleuls.ch



Erwin Schatzmann, Winterthur, Switzerland; photo: Mario Del Curto

Catherine Legrand



HORS CADRE 3

Mar 7 – May 10, 2026

"Hors Cadre 3: l'Art Singulier y Met les Formes" brings together 16 outsider artists at the Collegiate Church of Sainte-Croix in Loudun. The exhibition presents radically personal works by artists from across France and Belgium, united by an urgent, unconstrained need for expression.

COLLÉGIALE SAINTE-CROIX

Place Sainte-Croix 86200, Loudun, FRANCE
ville-loudun.fr



Krejčíř in 2024;
photo: Jiří Huryta

ANTONÍN KREJČÍŘ (1961–2025)

The international art community mourns the loss of Antonín Krejčíř, who passed away in December. A pivotal figure on the Czech outsider art scene, Krejčíř spent over a decade building bridges between the world of artistic genius and the margins of society.

In 2012, he founded the Atelier KreAt – a space where artists with mental disabilities and psychiatric health problems could flourish – in the city of Brno, in the Czech Republic. Under his leadership, KreAt moved beyond therapy into the realm of high art, emphasising the raw power and aesthetic value of “art without adjectives”. A master of international networking, he connected Brno with organisations such as Créahm in Belgium, which similarly works to highlight and promote art produced by artists with special needs.

Krejčíř was hugely instrumental in the integration of the outsider art community across Central Europe. Through his long-standing collaboration with the Czech Savings Bank Gallery in Brno, he curated

numerous exhibitions that brought international outsider art to the Czech Republic. He was also the driving force behind Art Brut Brno Conference, an international platform and a crossroads for psychologists, art historians and curators across Central Europe, which celebrated its 14th and final edition under his lead in 2025.

As well as an art lover, Krejčíř was a true bibliophile and published several exquisite catalogues. He also produced limited-edition books which combine his two passions, merging classical literature – such as Guillaume Apollinaire’s 1911 *Le Bestiaire ou Cortège d’Orphée* – with contemporary outsider illustrations.

Antonín Krejčíř will be remembered as a man of great empathy and relentless energy, who believed that art is the ultimate language of human equality. In Atelier KreAt, and in his work towards cross-border collaboration and integration in the Central European outsider art community, he leaves a valuable legacy.

JAROMÍR TYPLT



TAYA DORO (1934–2025)

Taya Doro seemed to live several lives, evolving from being a youthful seamstress to a caregiver and, in midlife, the creator of an art environment.

Born in the Dutch village of Heemstede and taught to sew at an early age, she was taken out of school by the time she was 13, her mother telling her she had learned enough and should not try to rise above her station. At 18, legally free from her mother’s control, she joined a religious service organisation where she stayed for over a decade, performing charitable tasks under the institution’s strict command but also training to become a psychiatric nurse. In the mid-1960s, she moved to the US to work in an Ohio hospital and, in her free time, she made jewellery, which she sold in the hospital gift shop. People began to call her an artist.

By 40, Doro had moved to the San Francisco Bay Area and enrolled in art school. After completing her BFA, she bought a little clapboard house on a busy corner in Oakland. She married – meeting her husband John Mitchell after mistakenly dialling his number while trying to contact a friend – and when, ten years on, he developed Alzheimer’s, she insisted on nursing him herself at home.

In 1989, their house was badly damaged by an earthquake. Carrying



CLYDE JONES (1936/7–2025)

Known as “the critter man”, Clyde Jones lived in a world populated by animals. The walls of his home were daubed with sea creatures, while his yard was a menagerie of brightly coloured, whimsical beasts that he crafted from pieces of old wood.

Jones came to art-making in middle-age. A lifelong resident of Bynum, in Chatham County, North Carolina, he worked in the town’s mill until it closed, then turned to pulpwood logging. When an accident at work left him seriously injured in 1979, he was told he may never walk again. During his long recuperation, he spent time gardening, adding interesting objects to his yard, such as car parts, old ornaments and oddly shaped driftwood. It was a piece of wood resembling a pig’s head that inspired him to begin creating animal sculptures, crafting them roughly from natural materials, guided only by intuition. Gradually, he filled his yard with “chainsaw critters” of all shapes and sizes – some ten feet high – until he had made a whole art environment of polka-dotted giraffes, canines with lemons for eyes, and fantastical creatures conjured from his imagination. On the clapboard sides of his house, he painted butterflies, dolphins, penguins and turtles, while snakes slithered up the chimney. In the cold winter months, he worked inside, painting yet more animals on old boards.

Jones’s roadside creation attracted thousands of visitors. He became a Bynum celebrity who would traverse the town’s streets on a sparkly, purple riding lawnmower, wearing his trademark baseball cap, with his dog Speck at his side. His artwork has graced local restaurants and stores, as well as museums further afield, including the Smithsonian and Baltimore’s American Visionary Art Museum.

For Jones, his art was about the love and joy of creation, and always something to be shared with his community. He rarely sold his work, preferring to gift it, particularly to children and children’s charities. He also gave away the little money he earned – from mowing lawns and raking leaves – to “anyone who needed it”, choosing to live in poverty himself. He was generous with his time too, giving critter-making presentations at hundreds of schools across North Carolina. “He was like a medieval saint,” says Roger Manley – who curated several shows of Jones’s work, including the first one of his critter sculptures in 1985 and of his paintings in 1988 – adding, “All children instinctively loved him.” In 2002, an annual children’s folk art festival was established in Pittsboro in Jones’s name; titled ClydeFEST, it has celebrated the artist and his work ever since.

Clyde Jones died in December, 2025. He touched the lives of many, and his critters – with their humour, whimsy and roughly hewn character – live on, an enduring, joy-filled contribution to outsider art environments.

ML



left: Clyde Jones’s yard in Bynum, Chatham County; photo: Roger Manley, c. 1987
above: Jones with his dog Speck; photo: Roger Manley, c. 1987

out repairs, Doro Mitchell began to cover the cracks in the walls and ceilings with assemblages made from pen tops, bottle caps, beads, buttons, jewellery, and trimmings and accessories from thrift stores and flea markets. Cutting and pasting, she intuitively glued the ornamentation together in grand Baroque style, creating multi-tiered strata of elegantly symmetrical designs. Her early training as a seamstress, with her eye for pattern and her sense of craft, infused her work with an intricate, tapestry-like aesthetic. As her husband’s health deteriorated, not wanting to leave him alone, Doro Mitchell began to decorate the walls of his sickroom as well. She indulged her artistic ambitions as she bestowed a measure of tranquility on them both.

After her husband’s death in 2009, Doro sold the house, moved to New Mexico, and remarried. For several years, it seemed that the Oakland property would be preserved, but later owners stripped it, destroying her art environment. She kept painting, sculpting and partially ornamenting the walls of her New Mexico home, and had hoped to find a permanent place for her creations, but with no success.

Taya Doro died in December, 2025, two days before her 91st birthday.
Jo Farb Hernández



above: the living room in Doro’s Oakland home; photo: Jo Farb Hernández, 2009
left: the artist in 2011; photo: Richard Whittaker

EMERGING FROM THE PRAIRIES

With its unique roots and context, outsider art in Canada was undefined and overlooked for years – but now it is coming out of the shadows

LINDA RAINALDI





Canada is new to the conversation about outsider art. The terms “primitive,” “folk,” “naïve” and “provincial” were once used to describe idiosyncratic creators like Quebec artist Arthur Villeneuve and Toronto-based Scottie Wilson, with the term “outsider” only introduced comparatively recently. Not surprisingly, appreciation and interpretation of the genre varies across the vast country, reflecting both its European roots and its proximity to the USA.

Today, outsider art in Canada is not seen as a branch of folk art, but regard for that genre surely paved the way for its acceptance, and discussions about outsider art often start there. The creations of self-taught immigrant pioneers – with themes of seafaring life in the Atlantic provinces, Quebec’s claim to generations of *les patenteux* (inventive tinkerers), and veneration for the art of settlers in farming communities – are also key to the subject. As Jean Dubuffet was proposing his anti-cultural manifesto with his collection of *art brut*, Canada was experiencing post-war immigration and growing ethnic diversity which – alongside changing social values, the threat of American cultural imperialism, Quebec sovereignty debates, and Indigenous land claims – led to the government proclaiming legislation of

multiculturalism. During this time, the work of self-taught artists contributed to a uniquely Canadian identity, particularly folk artists like Maud Lewis. It is important to note that the art of Canada’s Indigenous population (First Nations, Inuit, Métis), does not sit in the outsider world; it inhabits an art world of its own.

Most European *art brut* collections include a body of work by artists with disabilities and mental health issues – but this is not so in Canada where psychiatric institutions were closed decades ago during the global deinstitutionalisation movement. While there are, of course, prolific Canadian artists who live with both mental and physical disabilities and illness, there are no publicly accessible collections of art by these artists and so their work is not as visible as it is overseas.

Canadian outsider art may only be in a nascent stage and have differences in its makeup compared to that in other parts of the world, but it is a genre of growing significance. Dubuffet did not have an opportunity to consider the concept of *art brut* in a country so unlike his own, but he would certainly recognise the work of Canada’s outsider artists, their compulsion to create, and that magnetic pull one feels when viewing their art, as seen in the work of those featured here.

opposite: William Kurelek, *Where Am I?*, 1953–1954, watercolour on paper 23 x 29 in. / 58.5 x 73.5 cm

above: Menno Krant, *Untitled*, 2000, acrylic and oil on canvas, 36 x 36 in. / 91.5 cm x 91.5 cm



above: *The Maze*, 1953, gouache on board, 47.5 x 36 in. / 121 x 91 cm

below: *I Spit on Life*, 1953–1954, watercolour on board, 37 x 25 in. / 94 x 63.5 cm

William Kurelek (1927–1977)

A prolific painter, William Kurelek created thousands of works in less than 30 years – images of an idyllic prairie childhood as well as tormented scenes of his struggles with mental illness. The son of Ukrainian immigrants, he grew up in farming communities in Manitoba and Alberta, an anxious, withdrawn child with a gift for art. He went on to study art in Canada and Mexico but was then overcome by what he described as depersonalisation and depression (later diagnosed as schizophrenia). Seeking treatment in England, Kurelek was admitted to Maudsley Hospital in 1952 where he thrived in the art therapy programme. He was released a few months later, but relapsed and was readmitted the following year. It was at this time that he painted *The Maze*, which he described as the inside of his skull. The multiple compartments contain scenes of his difficult childhood and allegorical images of his troubled state of mind. He depicted his mental state again in *I Spit on Life* (1953–1954), the title deriving from an image within of a hanged body with a sign bearing those words. Other hellish scenes in the piece include a child being bullied, a horse beaten, a caged woman cutting herself, parents vomiting on a tied-up child, a faceless figure handing out leaflets for a poignantly titled play, *My Lost Youth*. In a self-



portrait of this same period, *Where Am I?* (1953–1954), we see the artist stumbling, blind, over barren terrain.

Kurelek converted to Roman Catholicism while in hospital and, on returning to Canada in 1959, he painted images of an apocalyptic, post-nuclear world, likely reflecting his views on the amorality of secularism and his worries about the Cold War. But he also made happy, nostalgic scenes from his youth on the prairies, thought to express his new faith and spiritual joy at being home.

He sometimes works in the dark, explaining that red is still red even if he can't see its true colour.



above: Untitled, 2005, acrylic and oil on canvas, 12 x 12 in. / 30.5 x 30.5 cm
top: Untitled, 2000, acrylic and oil on canvas, 36 x 36 in. / 91.5 x 91.5 cm

Menno Krant (b. 1950)

There was a specific point in time when painting took over Menno Krant's life. He made a decision in the 1990s to move out of his Toronto apartment to live in his car. He wasn't homeless; rather, he made a conscious choice to trade a life of accumulating "stuff" for a simpler, more meaningful existence. He took up drawing to fill the long evenings spent in his old vehicle when his day of freelance work ended. On weekends, he drove to a nearby lake and began to experiment with art supplies, learning as he went, scratching images through canvases thick with paint and testing the effect of water on his finished work. Art became an all-consuming project.

Today, Krant lives in a house in rural Ontario that overflows with hundreds of Basquiat-like portraits. If one is removed, another is immediately created to take its place. He understands the world, he says, only through images. He is a keen observer of others and records the feelings he observes in strangers he encounters on the street. His works are not portraits of individuals but of the emotions that emanate from them. He perceives them as limp with exhaustion, lost in their own thoughts, and trapped in the lives they unwittingly fell into.

It has taken years for Krant to feel confident about his art. He progressed from what he describes as primitive "blockhead" figures, to fluid drawings on paper, to huge six by nine foot canvases thick with paint. The canvases begin with an abstract painting, with layer upon layer of acrylic and oil paint gradually added, one spontaneous stroke suggesting the next, and so on, until a portrait forms. Krant prefers an aerial view of a work in progress and lays his canvas on the ground to paint. He sometimes works in the dark, explaining that red is still red even if he can't see its true colour. He shines a light through the back of a near-finished piece to study it from a different perspective. He paints every day, even if it is a small work on a cigarette pack or cereal box.

Krant gives none of his pieces titles, leaving the viewer to take from them what they will. While his dark colour palette and his disconcerting take on the human condition are unsettling to some, it is not work that can be forgotten or ignored.



above and below: Greaves made *The Cathedral* in 2001



Richard Greaves (b.1952)

The vast Canadian landscape is home to numerous outsider environments, most famously that of Richard Greaves. In the mid-1980s, Greaves left Montreal for a remote rural area of Beauce County, several hundred kilometers away. With no training in architecture and no building plans, he embarked on a project that would eventually cover a huge area the equivalent of four city blocks. With a haphazard collection of materials taken from abandoned barns and houses, along with other discarded items, including household appliances, sports equipment, typewriters, toys and umbrellas, Greaves assembled 20 fantastical structures – all without the

use of nails. Nails, he reasoned, would not easily allow the asymmetrical shapes he desired and would inhibit the site's evolution. Ropes, on the other hand, were pliable and more suited for the irregular designs he envisioned.

The interiors were crammed with mirrors, book pages, cuddly toys and anything else at hand. Each building was fitted with a wood stove and a toilet, and most had beds, sofas and chairs. The project was a work-in-progress until about 2009 when others joined Greaves on the land and, unable to adjust, he abandoned the site. The structures have since been dismantled, likely by locals who did not want visitors crossing their land to see Greaves's creation.

**Greaves assembled 20 fantastical
structures – all without the
use of nails.**



above: one of the larger buildings, made of old materials, all bound together with rope

below: inside, the structures were filled with an assortment of discarded items
all photos: Ted Degener, 2006





above: *Guardian of the East*, c. 1965, pen and coloured ink on paper, 31 x 24.5 in. / 78.5 x 62.5 cm



Joan of Arc, 1960s, pencil, crayon and coloured ink on paper, 24.5 x 31 in. / 62.5 x 78.5 cm

Alma Rumball (1902–1980)

While European *art brut* and Canadian outsider art have different roots, there are often parallels between the images and the method of creation. Ontario artist Alma Rumball comes to mind for her similarity to legendary English outsider artist Madge Gill (1882–1961). While Gill created automatic drawings under the direction of her spirit guide “Myrninerest,” Rumball communicated with turbaned entity “Aba Pasha” who came to her when she was in her fifties and whom she believed was the spirit of God. She maintained that this “Hand” chose her materials and created her intricate, layered pen and coloured pencil drawings on its own. Apparently, Rumball was conscious and aware as the Hand drew, but claimed she was merely a spectator – as excited as anyone else to see the art that appeared before her. Considered a key figure in Canadian outsider art, Rumball created close to 5,000 drawings, with subject matter including Joan of Arc, numerous Tibetan deities and Atlantis.

Her collection is held at the Art Gallery of York University, Toronto; and the life and works of the reclusive artist and medium feature in Jeremy Munce’s award-winning 2005 documentary, *The Alma Drawings*.



left: *Aristocratic Ladies*, 2010, ink on paper, 7.5 x 9.5 in. / 19 x 24 cm

below: *Marie-Antoinette et sa Petite Chienne*, 2010, ink on paper, 14 x 17 in. / 36 x 43 cm



Karine Labrie (b. 1976)

Quebec artist, Karine Labrie, is consumed by drawing, by historical fashion and by the monarchy. Her fantasies of life in the Royal courts of eighteenth-century France are a rich source of images, with an opulently attired and bejewelled Marie Antoinette and her entourage appearing in hundreds of her ink drawings. The paper is so entirely covered in design that the queen is virtually indistinguishable from a background crowded with textured wallpapers, patterned tapestries, decorative items, and other richly dressed fashionistas. It is a world of exquisite detail – and of subtly nuanced interaction – that demands close examination.

Congenitally deaf, Labrie took to drawing intensively as a young child as a way of escaping the rejection and bullying of other children. Her parents grew concerned about the heavily marked sheets accumulating in her

room, which were so deeply scored that the pen lines threatened to tear through the paper. But drawing was Labrie's way to connect with a world from which she felt excluded, and she continues to draw every day, even while engaged in other activities.

Like Rumball's creations, Labrie's artworks – with their intricate ornamentation – have some similarity to those of Madge Gill, but while Gill and Rumball were inspired by the spirit world, Labrie's ideas spring from her own imagination and her very real love of the fashion of previous periods in history as worn by the demoiselles and other members of high society. She also creates assemblages and masks from items she finds in thrift stores, but it is ink and felt pen on paper that are her main media and she admits to having "far too many" piles of drawings in her home.

An opulently attired Marie Antoinette and her entourage appear in hundreds of ink drawings.



Martel calls each drawing *un cadaver exquis* (an exquisite cadaver)...



opposite: *Tabula Rasa*, 2015, ink and acrylic on paper, 22 x 30 in. / 56 x 76 cm

above: *Terrain Miné (Minefield)*, 2010, watercolour, acrylic and ink on paper, 16 x 12 in. / 40.5 x 30.5 cm

Sylvain Martel (b. 1967)

Also from Quebec, Sylvain Martel does not call himself an artist; he is just a man who likes to draw. Drawing has been a constant in his life, starting in early childhood and still occupying most of his free time today; his way of bringing his world into focus.

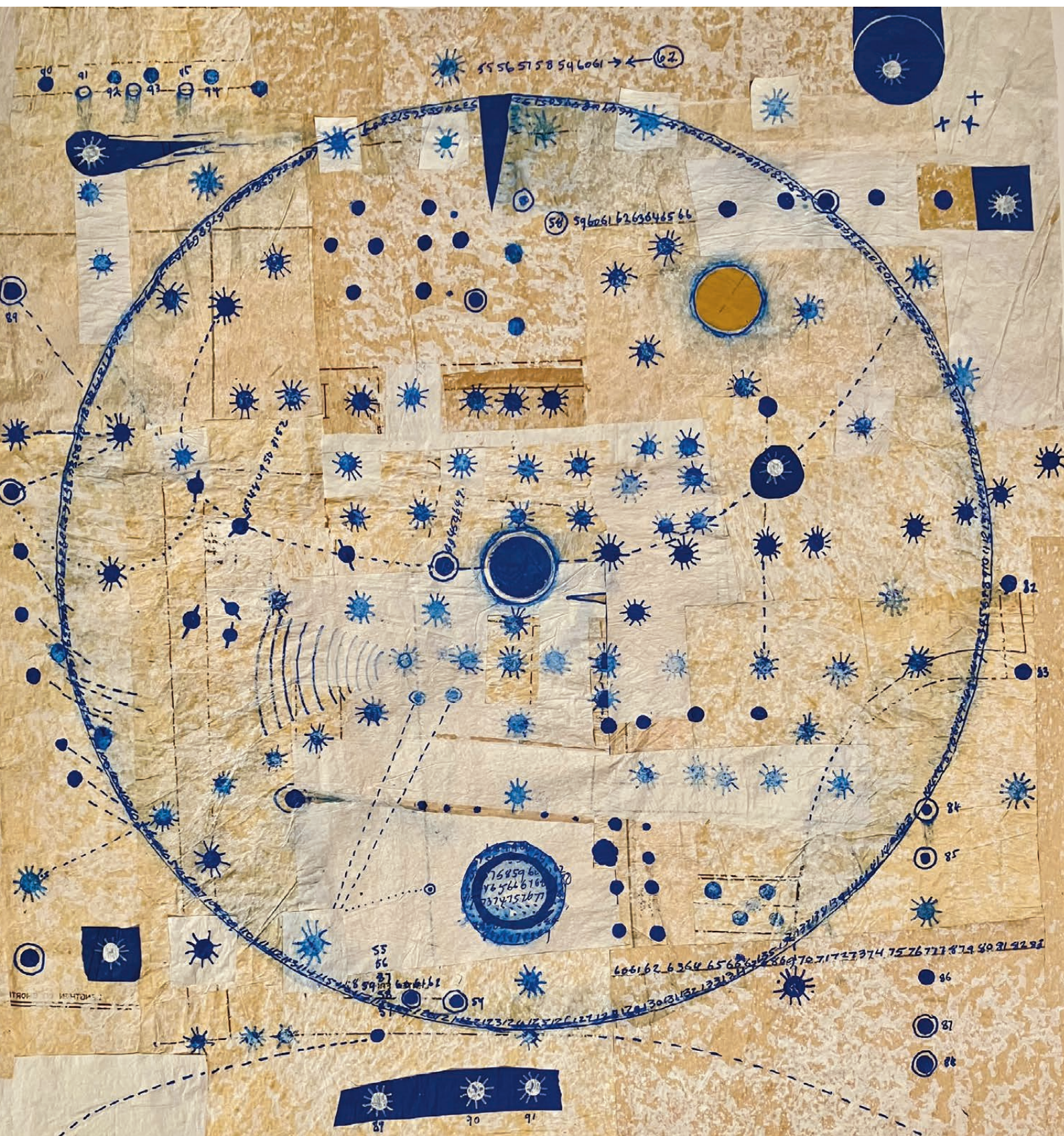
One thing that has influenced his work, he says, are the paintings of Spaniard Antonio Saura (1930–1998), with their spontaneous tumble of lines and shapes covering the canvas – “like savage drawings made by a crazy child”, Martel says with admiration. Another is music. He wears headphones as he draws, with avant-garde chords of free jazz producing chaotic, frenzied images, while classical compositions lead to more contemplative work.

Martel’s creations are also inspired by people he sees on the bus, by the news on TV, by the book he is reading. He describes an endless flow of ideas and images, and the joyful freedom of combining watercolours, inks and acrylics. A large artwork can take him between four and eight weeks and, while he works, new images appear in

his head – the final fragments of the painting, which he describes as “the sediment of his brain” – and he must also get these down on the paper before they evaporate into thin air. For Martel, creating art is an exorcism of sorts with him expelling images from his head onto paper.

Stacks of books fill his room, some lying open on his work table: illustrated volumes on human anatomy and zoology, poetry collections, the Bible, and a variety of reference manuals. Taking a deconstructivist approach, he opens a book at random, chooses a phrase or sentence, then opens another book until he assembles a kind of statement to accompany a drawing. The intricate images that morph from these statements are mesmerising; it is hard to look away from the anthropomorphic shapes and swirls of ink and colour, except to read the cryptic text and search for the elusive meaning. Martel calls each drawing *un cadaver exquis* (an exquisite cadaver) but says they are about life: “While you can change many things about yourself, you cannot change your interior. It is, perhaps, the one constant in life.”

Linda Rainaldi is the author of *Outsider Art of Canada: What Else Can Art Be Like?* (5 Continents Editions, 2024). She lives in Vancouver, Canada.



all artwork shown: Untitled, acrylic, ink and collage on vintage paper, 21.5 x 21.5 in. / 54 x 54 cm, unless otherwise stated

above: Untitled, 2024

opposite: the artist in his studio, 2025; photo: Fabienne Drinkwater



A CHOREOGRAPHY OF COGNITIVE FUSION

Maps of astronomy or astrology, medieval pilgrimage or Aboriginal songlines? Tasmanian-born synesthete Shane Drinkwater provides no key to his art

LORI LANDAU

A circle orbited by rings of numbers. A latitude and longitude of shapes on parchment paper, implying an ancient map. The cartographic works of Shane Drinkwater suggest linear stories but then defy them. His obsessively geometric work seems encoded with definitions, but he would prefer that viewers react viscerally to make their own meaning.

Drinkwater is dyslexic. He says his art is all about mark-making, that the elements themselves create meaning by generating sensation in the body. This creation of meaning is something that he did not

experience when looking at words on a page as a child – a lack of elucidation that traumatised him.

He makes his paintings on vintage paper – at first using the old dress-making patterns left in his mother's studio, now hunting for them online and in bric-a-brac shops – dying and painting it to texturise and strengthen. He uses acrylic paint, ink pen and some collage on the parchment-like surface to make art that is schematic, illustrative of intimate fields comprised of repeated elements: circles, crosses and, in particular, numbers, but also stars, arrows and dots. Compositionally, they give the



Untitled, 2024

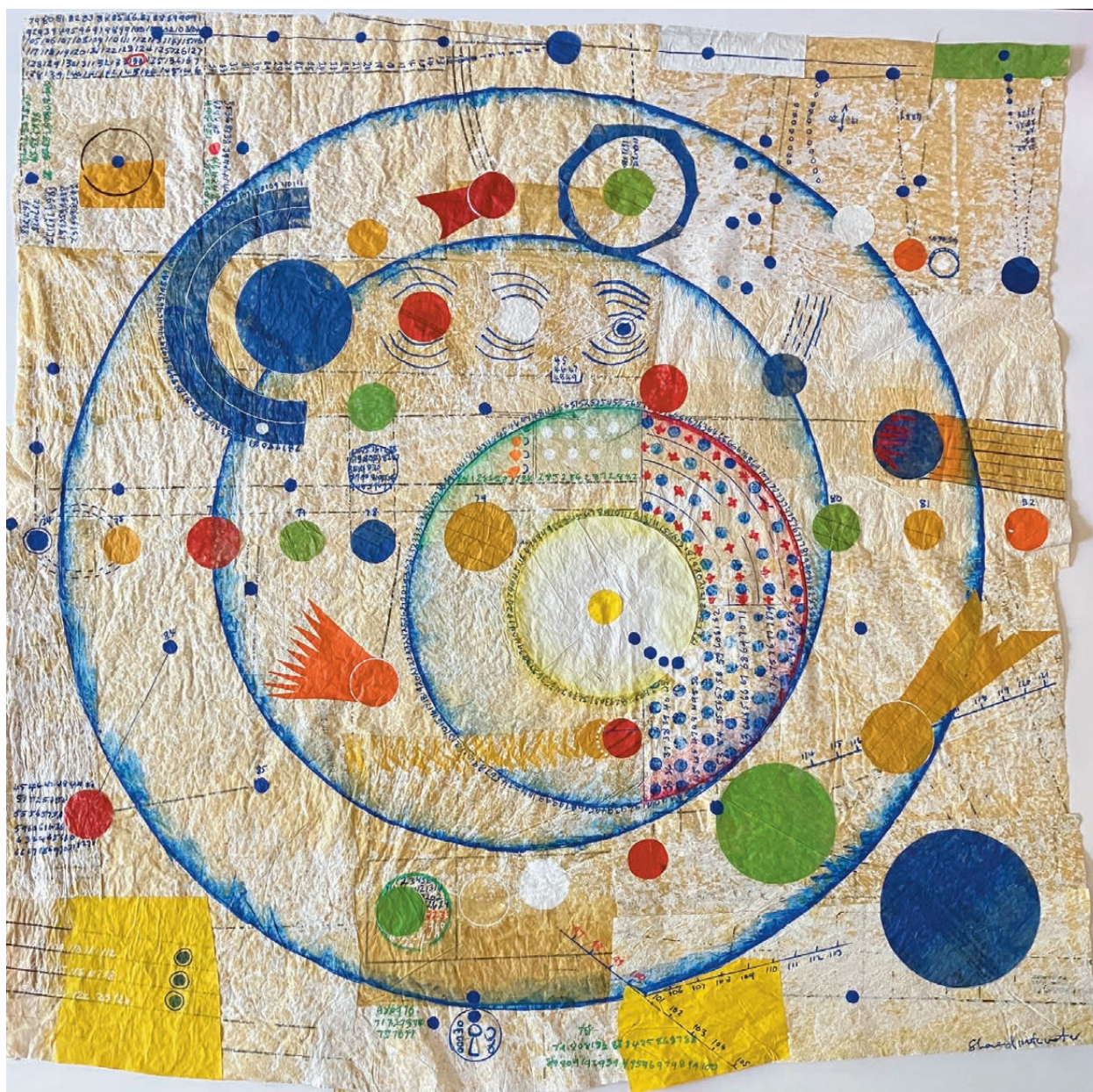
impression of topographical maps or aerial landscapes, reminiscent of the interplay of zodiac symbols with solar systems, or of Tibetan *thangkas*, those sacred paintings in which the cycles of time, the movement of the cosmos, and the weight of karma are depicted as visual meditations, nudging viewers toward enlightenment through their incantatory patterns.

Drinkwater's work also calls to mind cellular structures, biological interiors where circles revolve around spheres, lines undulate in grids, and bony strokes perambulate. The overall effect insinuates codification or symbolism, though the artist provides no key to unscramble their significance (very few of his works even have titles),

leaving the viewer right where Drinkwater wants them; left to engage with their own relationship to the shapes that repeat, twist and switch perspective the more one gazes at them.

A piece from 2024 is divided into vertical sections within which hopscotch-like grids contain dots, crosses and numbers, and where shapes branch off out of their enclosure giving the impression of disorder within order. In one area, arrows flow south toward a large, red dot which sprouts a thermometer of sorts. That shape in turn, backs into a black circle that hints at an orbit of numbers. The circle draws the eye as though it has significance, but offers no easy explanation. The whole piece seems askew,

This perceptual phenomenon, synesthesia, couples one sensory pathway with another...



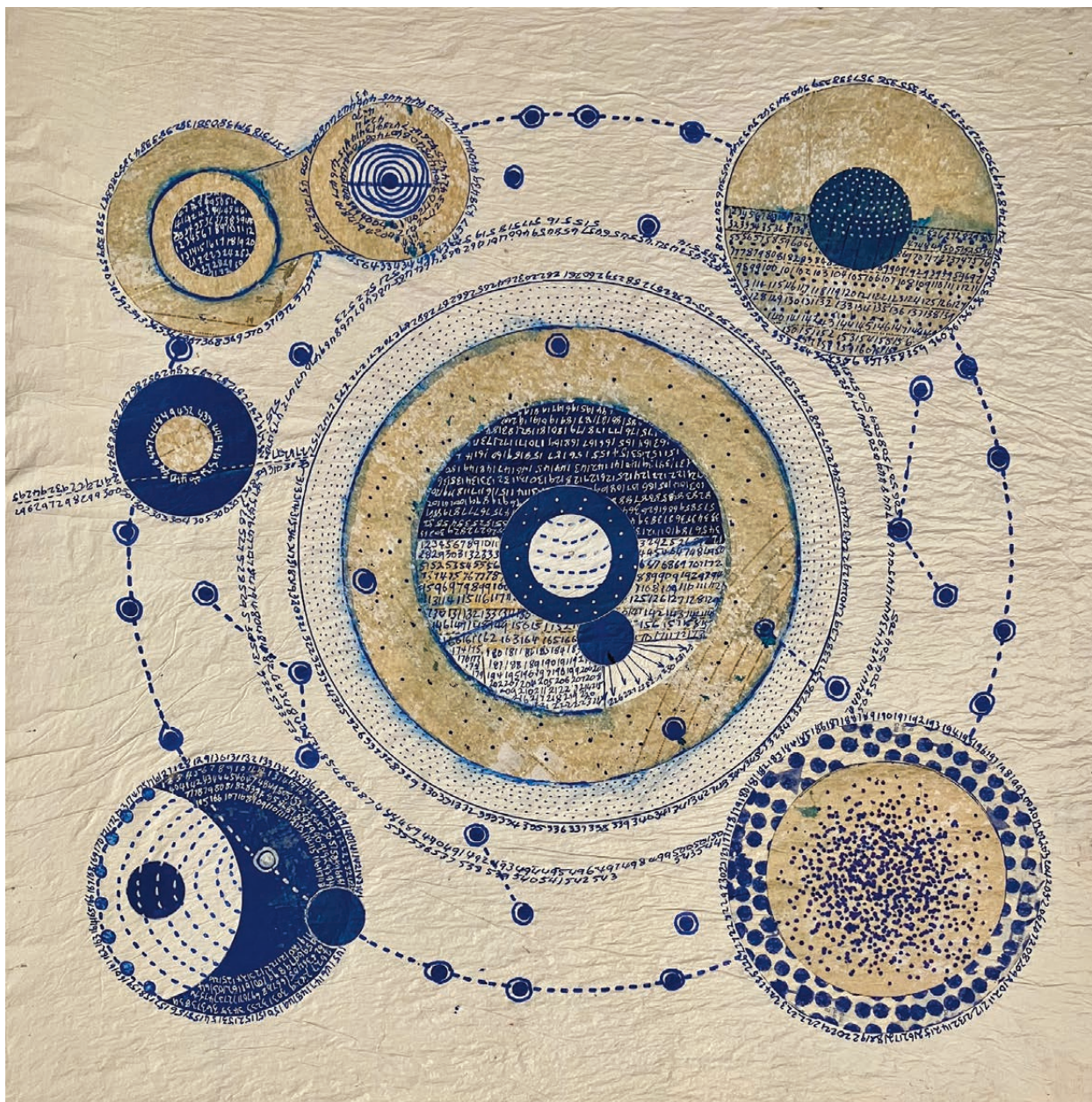
Untitled, 2024

a tilted panoply of geometrics that creates riddles rather than solving them. The “map” has no obvious destination, giving an impression of disjointed navigation, leading everywhere and nowhere.

In Drinkwater world, repeated configurations often seem directional, meandering across the paper, pointing inward as though highlighting the centre of a mandala, or gesticulating outward toward the cosmos. In a work from 2023, squiggles of numbers appear to inch away from a yellow central ovum. Curved, numbered arrows stream outward toward a starry background but at the edges, where the arrows would make their logical exit, they curve back inward instead and do not break out of the

form. There seems to some internal sense of order yet in Drinkwater’s works – like the elements within them – the meaning drops off into gaps and forms that ultimately leave the viewer guessing at his intention.

Numbers figure prominently, filling spaces like sentences. In fact, Drinkwater has a self-proclaimed obsession with numbers. At an early age, he realised that they were more than numerical tallies for him, they were also symbolic of colour. This perceptual phenomenon, synesthesia, couples one sensory pathway with another, a cognitive fusion that many artists have experienced, for instance, Wassily Kandinski who saw colours when he heard music, and Vincent Van Gogh, who once described



Untitled, 2024

green as having the sound of a violin. The artist Hilma Af Klint, who like Drinkwater links art, science and religion in his work, is also thought to have been a synesthete.

Perhaps it is due to this coalescence of sensorial stimuli that the elements in Drinkwater's paintings feel charged with energy. His work is vibrational and gestural, which gives off a sensation of movement.

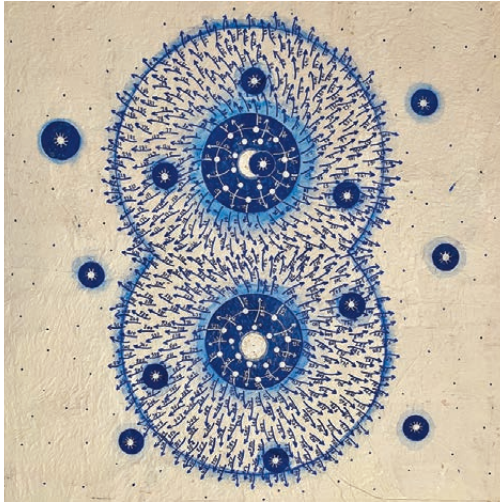
To some, his patterns and repetitive mark-making evoke Aboriginal art, but Drinkwater – who was born in Sheffield, Tasmania, in 1960 and now lives an hour south of Brisbane in Queensland – is not Aboriginal and flatly eschews any link. But remember, this from the artist who insists we find our own meaning within his work.

Similarly, his themes could be mistaken for being in kinship with the Aboriginal concept of songlines, ancient Aboriginal pathways across Australia that use song, story and art to map the land, sky and sea, forging past, present

and future through creation stories. Drinkwater's art, along with his practice of long-distance walking, has plenty in common with the tenets of songlines, such as a deep relationship to land, people and culture. But ask him and again he will deny a connection, and reassert that what drives his process is mark-making and numbering.

Drinkwater's own affinity for the land is corroborated by his regular trips to France, where he lived for six years and met his wife, Fabienne. When there, he spends time "body reading the land," letting his thoughts drift as he concentrates on his surroundings. As he walks, he counts, which lends a meditative quality to his travels, and may also be a kind of mark-making within the environment.

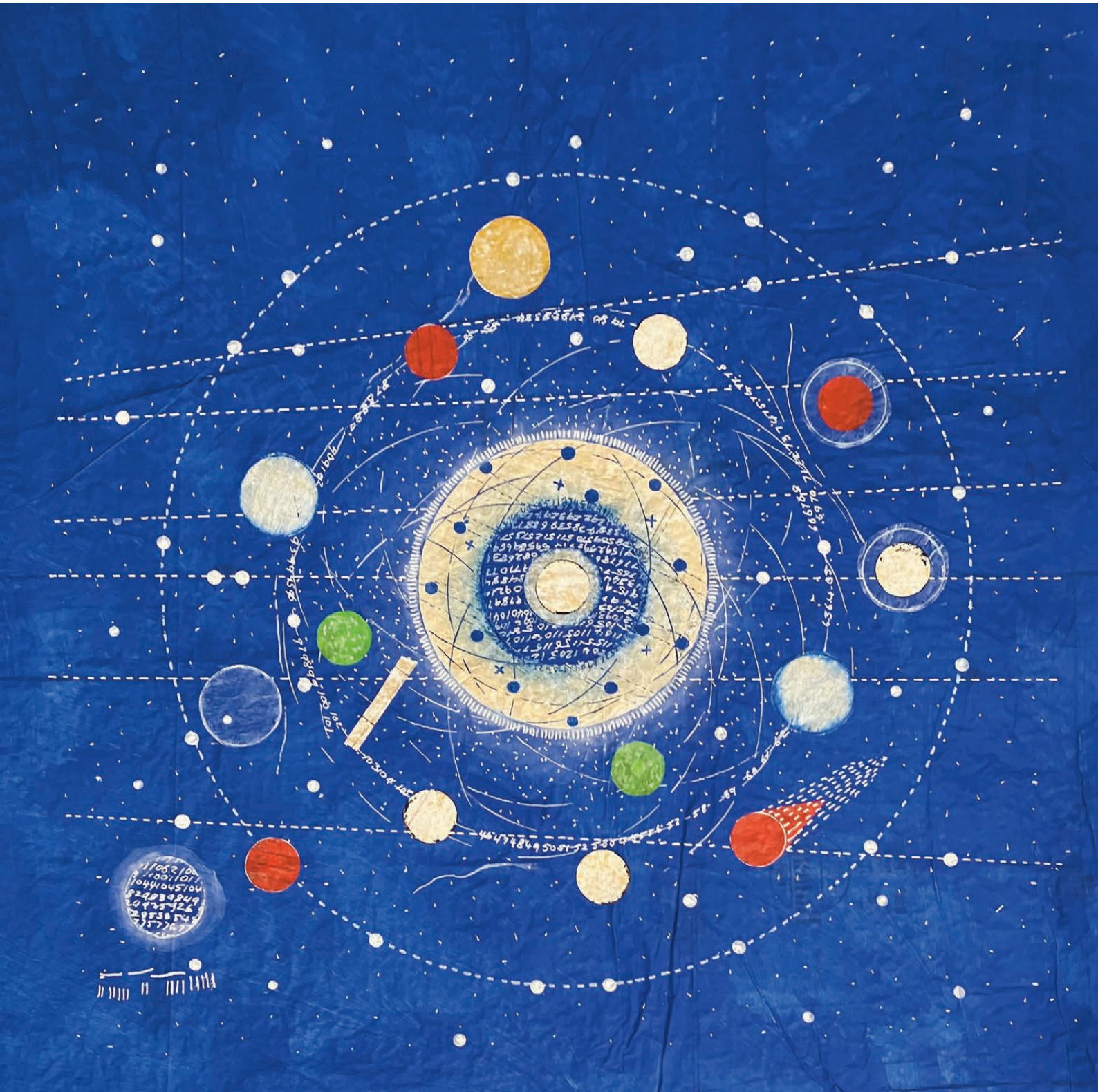
Typically, his walks are spread over a five and a half week period, which is enough time to wander and have adventures outside of the studio. Drinkwater has ambled along numerous trails, all pilgrim routes of 750 to 900 km,

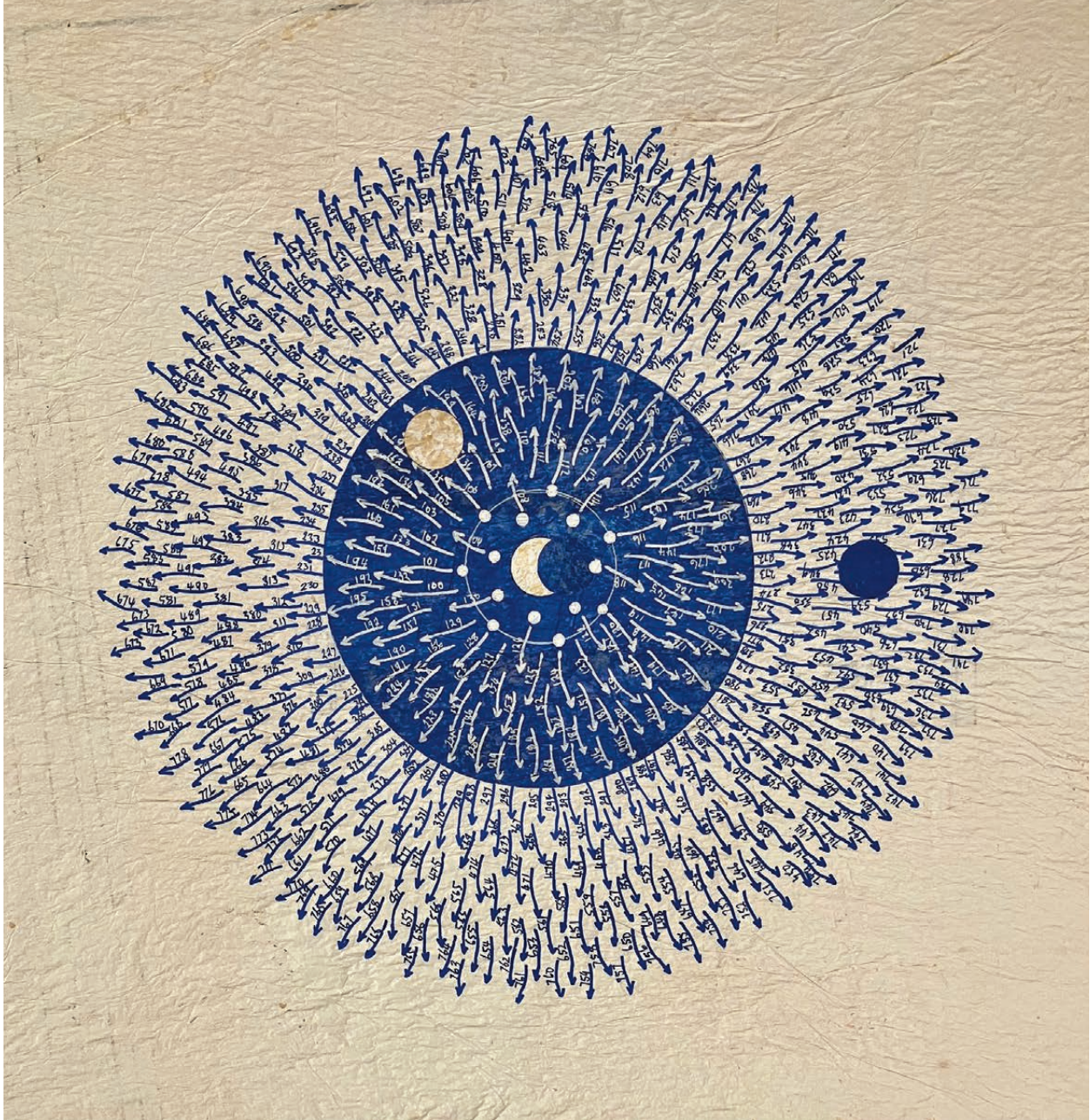


left: *Comets, Asteroids
& Meteors*, 2025

far left: *Untitled*, 2024

below: *Untitled*, 2024





Untitled, 2023

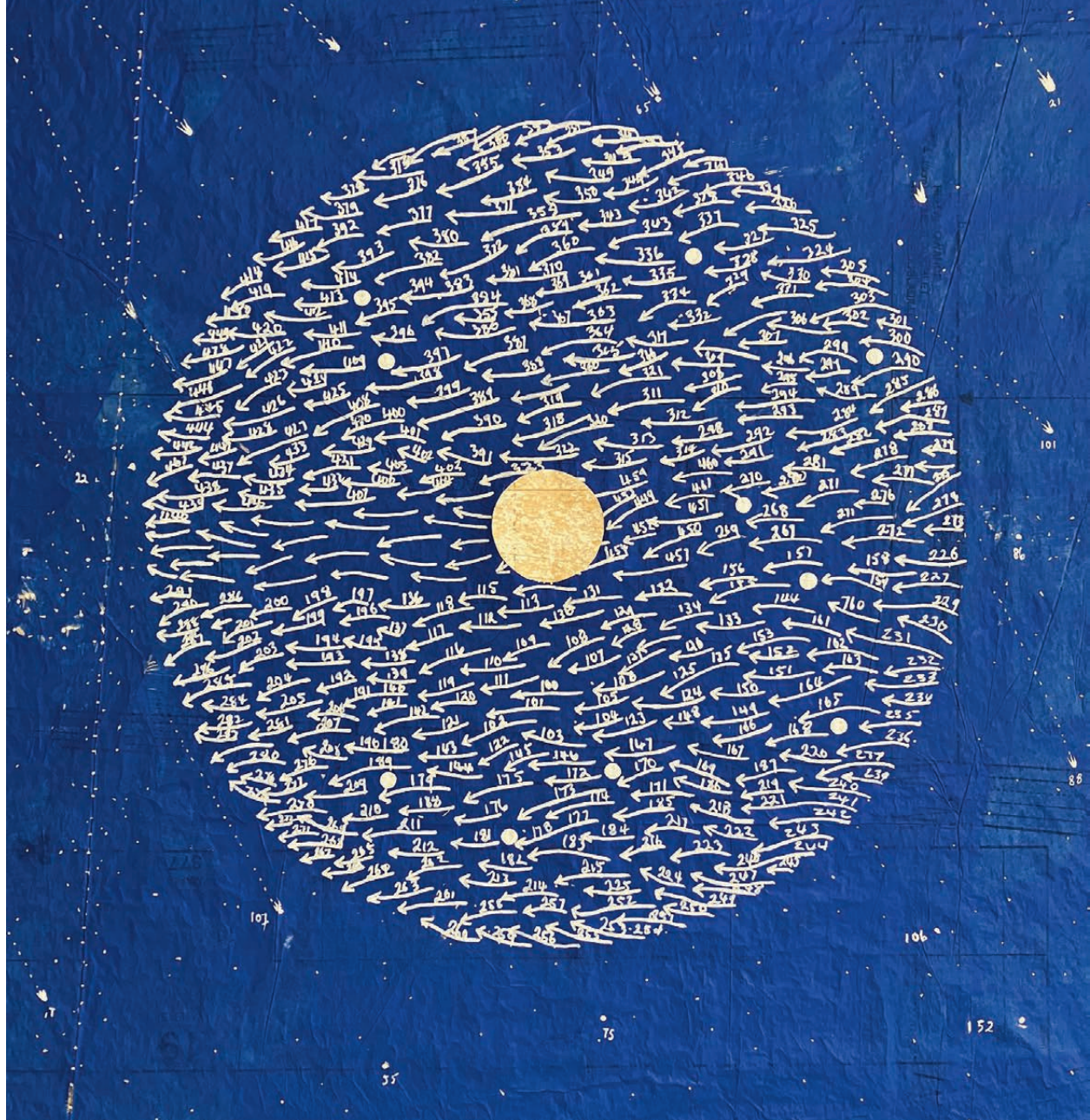
finishing in the Pyrenees. He has also trekked the Camino de Santiago – a series of roads that once connected ancient territories in Northern Spain and was also a pilgrimage route – ending at the tomb of St James in Santiago de Compostela. For Drinkwater, walking is a process that allows him to distil things down to their essence, and amplifies the liminal spaces that he tracks within his imagination. These flights of fancy include envisioning the millions of people who have walked the same paths throughout history.

He is fascinated with historical treasures – medieval maps, religious iconography, primitive paintings – that to him communicate history visually. Engaging with them gives him a sense of belonging. He intuitively feels that the ancient items and landforms that he encounters on his travels have stories to tell, felt-sense narratives that illuminate his own links to the past. Walking then is a living, mnemonic device for Drinkwater – a kind of memory-mapping that allows him to tap into visual language and to create artworks that look like they belong

more in a medieval city than present-day France.

Drinkwater has always preferred experiencing the world intuitively, through his body and the more primal parts of the brain rather than through words. The non-conformist artist flunked out of art school in Tasmania, but not before learning to consider his own work as something created in spite of him, a concept he found profound. He applies a sense of endless discovery to his art, often reflecting on where a finished work came from because his process is instinctual rather than analytical. And he believes in keeping his mind where his hands are, and that being skilled with one's hands is an integral value in Australian culture. He says that to let the process of creating lead the way “means trying to be empty of anything having to do with an idea”. However, sometimes an artwork is already fully formed as an image in his head.

With his acrylics and inks, Drinkwater employs a limited palette of black, white, blue, green and red; rich blues for sea, red for earth, dark brown for mountains, a system reminiscent of the colours that numbers evoked



Untitled, 2023

for him as a child. He keeps the dimensions of his vintage paper to 21.5 by 21.5 in. (54 cm by 54 cm) because of the restricted floor space in his art studio.

The studio is situated in his old timber worker's cottage which dates from the 1950s and which he has renovated extensively, doing much of the work himself. He designed a lush garden where he and Fabienne grow fruit, wild herbs and salad vegetables.

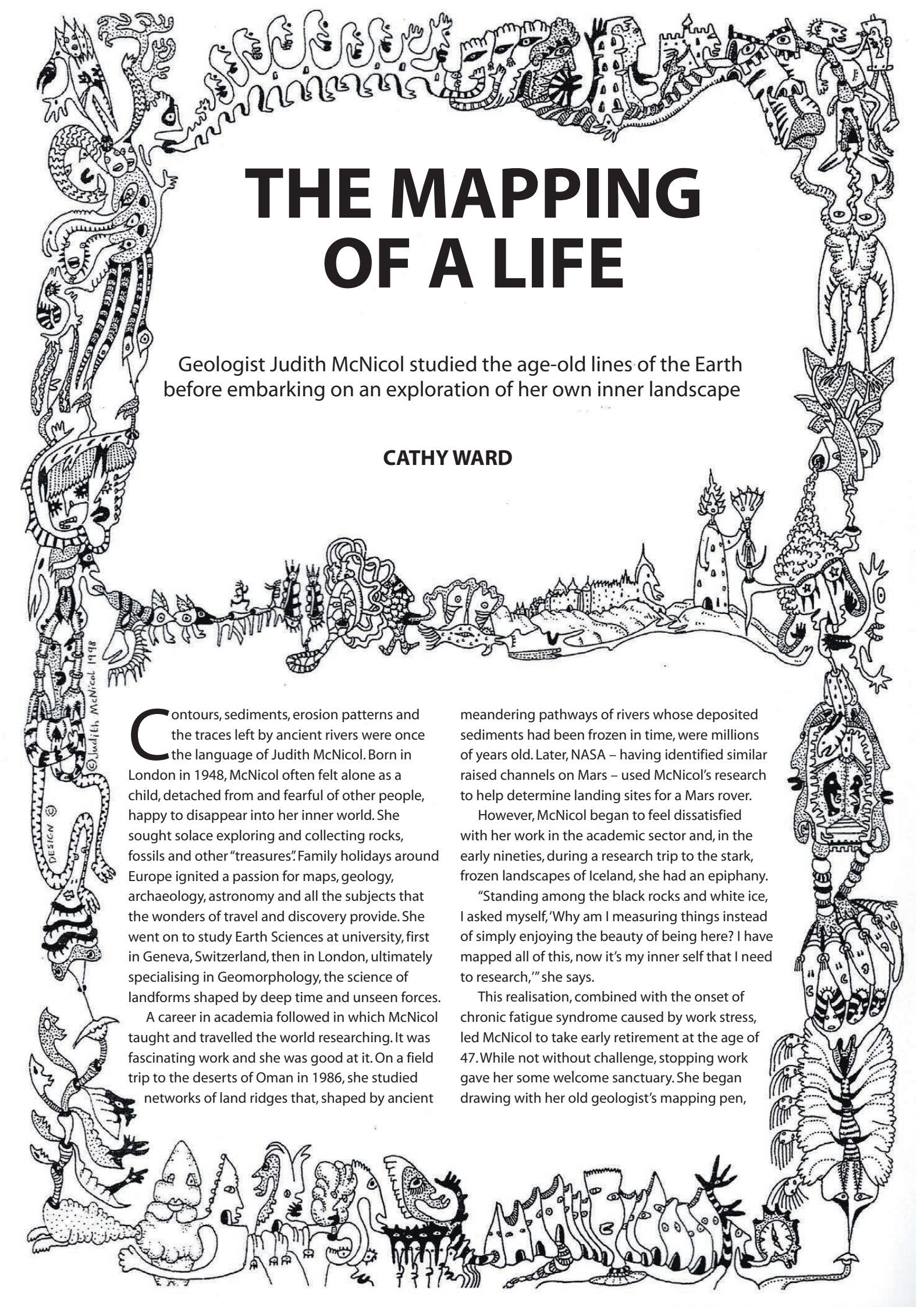
When he isn't tending his garden or making artwork, Drinkwater earns a living as a decorative painter, like his father before him. He works designing restaurant interiors and holiday apartments but strongly believes that living without having to take on other day jobs is essential – and overlooked – in the art world.

Despite his juggling of activities, Drinkwater has found success with his art with solo shows on several continents – Australia, North America, Europe and Asia. He is represented by Cavin Morris Gallery in New York, Pulp Gallery in Massachusetts, Gagné Contemporary in Toronto, and the Copenhagen Outsider Art Gallery

in Denmark. He has also been a part of group exhibitions in Mumbai, Amsterdam, Brooklyn and multiple locations in Australia; and his works have been published in *Harper's* magazine and *Polity*, the Journal of Northeastern Political Science Association (University of Chicago Press).

Long before science gave us ways to understand the world around us, our ancestors made up myths and created art to explain the unexplainable, the mysterious forces of galaxies, planets, the movement of the sun and the moon, and the existence of the stars. And, despite what we have learned, there is still so much we do not know. Shane Drinkwater's work reminds us that we do not need to. His art is a celestial map that leads us inward to that which makes us most human – our ability to feel, to question, to consider ourselves as elemental, as stardust, as particle and wave of the ancient and arcane – and allows for that to be enough.

Lori Landau is a writer and artist whose work documents presence, relationship, and attentive participation with nature and (her) elements.



THE MAPPING OF A LIFE

Geologist Judith McNicol studied the age-old lines of the Earth before embarking on an exploration of her own inner landscape

CATHY WARD

Contours, sediments, erosion patterns and the traces left by ancient rivers were once the language of Judith McNicol. Born in London in 1948, McNicol often felt alone as a child, detached from and fearful of other people, happy to disappear into her inner world. She sought solace exploring and collecting rocks, fossils and other "treasures". Family holidays around Europe ignited a passion for maps, geology, archaeology, astronomy and all the subjects that the wonders of travel and discovery provide. She went on to study Earth Sciences at university, first in Geneva, Switzerland, then in London, ultimately specialising in Geomorphology, the science of landforms shaped by deep time and unseen forces.

A career in academia followed in which McNicol taught and travelled the world researching. It was fascinating work and she was good at it. On a field trip to the deserts of Oman in 1986, she studied networks of land ridges that, shaped by ancient

meandering pathways of rivers whose deposited sediments had been frozen in time, were millions of years old. Later, NASA – having identified similar raised channels on Mars – used McNicol's research to help determine landing sites for a Mars rover.

However, McNicol began to feel dissatisfied with her work in the academic sector and, in the early nineties, during a research trip to the stark, frozen landscapes of Iceland, she had an epiphany.

"Standing among the black rocks and white ice, I asked myself, 'Why am I measuring things instead of simply enjoying the beauty of being here? I have mapped all of this, now it's my inner self that I need to research,'" she says.

This realisation, combined with the onset of chronic fatigue syndrome caused by work stress, led McNicol to take early retirement at the age of 47. While not without challenge, stopping work gave her some welcome sanctuary. She began drawing with her old geologist's mapping pen,





above: the artist with McNicol's Bird Gallery, 2025
right: miniature paintings and sculptures fill the three-storey gallery

all photos: Cathy Ward

previous page:

left: ink border, 1998, Indian ink on paper, 8.5 x 11.5 in. / 21 x 29.5 cm

right:

The Gates of Unknowing, 2003, Indian ink on paper, 11.5 x 16.5 in. / 29.5 x 42 cm



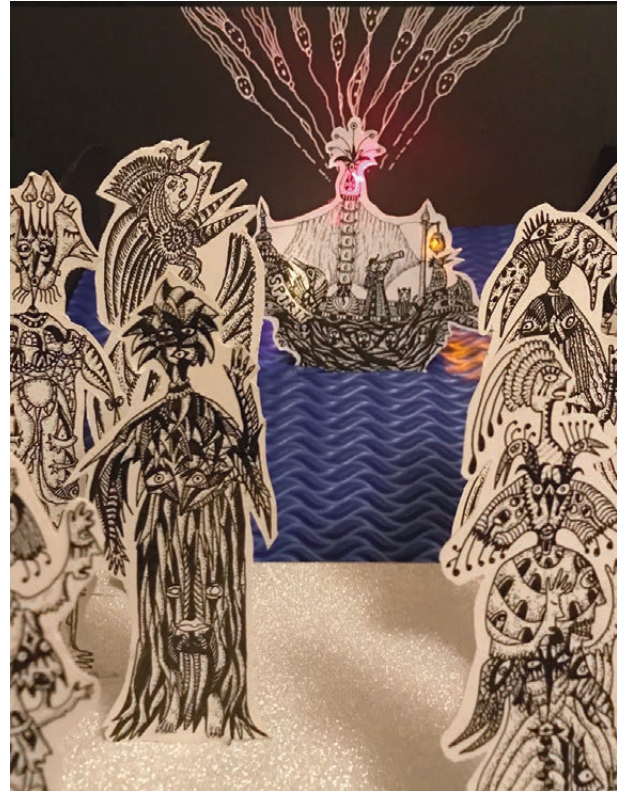
creating fantastical "drawinks" of her inner world, where her mind could wander freely. This "life-line," as she calls it, guided her to a deeper understanding of her psyche.

"The first two or three pictures I drew symbolised my feelings of illness, powerlessness and alienation," she later said. One of these, *The Heavy City* (1994), depicts a woman lying beneath a huge mass of buildings, no sign of human life above, relaying the emotional weight McNicol had felt working in academia: "My whole spirit was being crushed by trying to survive in that environment," she says. It was in these early days of exploring her creativity that she first felt the presence of "Heralda" – her "spirit guide". In *The Heavy City*, Heralda can be seen in the crow's nest of her ship "Bountiful Spirit" as it navigates not an ocean but the turbulent inner waters of illness, loss and creative rebirth. "She is offering me my escape route," says the artist.

Drawing became a form of excavation for McNicol, an unearthing of long-buried emotional strata. The images

she was creating did not merely express her suffering, they revealed it with a clarity she had not known before. Her 2002 drawink, *Life Is Doing My Head In*, appeared to her like segmented brain matter, as though the psyche were laid bare in cross-section; and her highly detailed, dramatic *The True Nature of Dark Matter* (2006) likewise emerged through a growing awareness of emotions she had suppressed for years. Today, the artist asserts that the true nature of "dark matter" lies not in outer space but inside each of us. "The drawing portrays the vast web of anguish, rage and despair we may each be carrying, whilst also portraying a river cutting through the web as it bears our embryos of hope and compassion," she explains.

By 2004, McNicol had recovered from her illness, and her creative output was expanding into a symbolic universe populated by hybrid creatures, mythic figures, and birds – not only as ink drawings but as creations made from things she scavenged from the streets. Using



above: *The Journey of the Lost Souls* (detail), 2021, Indian ink on paper
 left and above, left: avian sculptures inside McNicol's Bird Gallery
 below: *Shell Bird*, 2008, mixed media including shells and found materials, 10.5 x 21.5 x 6 in. / 27 x 55 x 15 cm

plastic, wood, metal, shells and discarded objects, she made assemblages, sculptures, buildings, temples, boats and mechanical towers, some wired for light. McNicol's Bird Gallery, completed in 2008, is a miniature, three-storey art gallery (plus roof garden) exhibiting tiny sculptures of weird and wonderful avian creatures, and even tinier, framed portraits of birds on the walls. For McNicol, the animals embody her creative vitality, while their meticulously crafted houses are sanctuaries for that spirit to inhabit.

Over the years, McNicol's spirit guide Heralda has appeared in many of her drawings, sculptures and assemblages. The artist says that, in 2021, Heralda visited her carrying a staff with a light at the end. "She came towards me, pointing the staff and the light towards my heart. I felt this electric shock through my body and a surge of energy. ... She healed me in those moments." Between 2020 and 2024, through Heralda's

> page 45



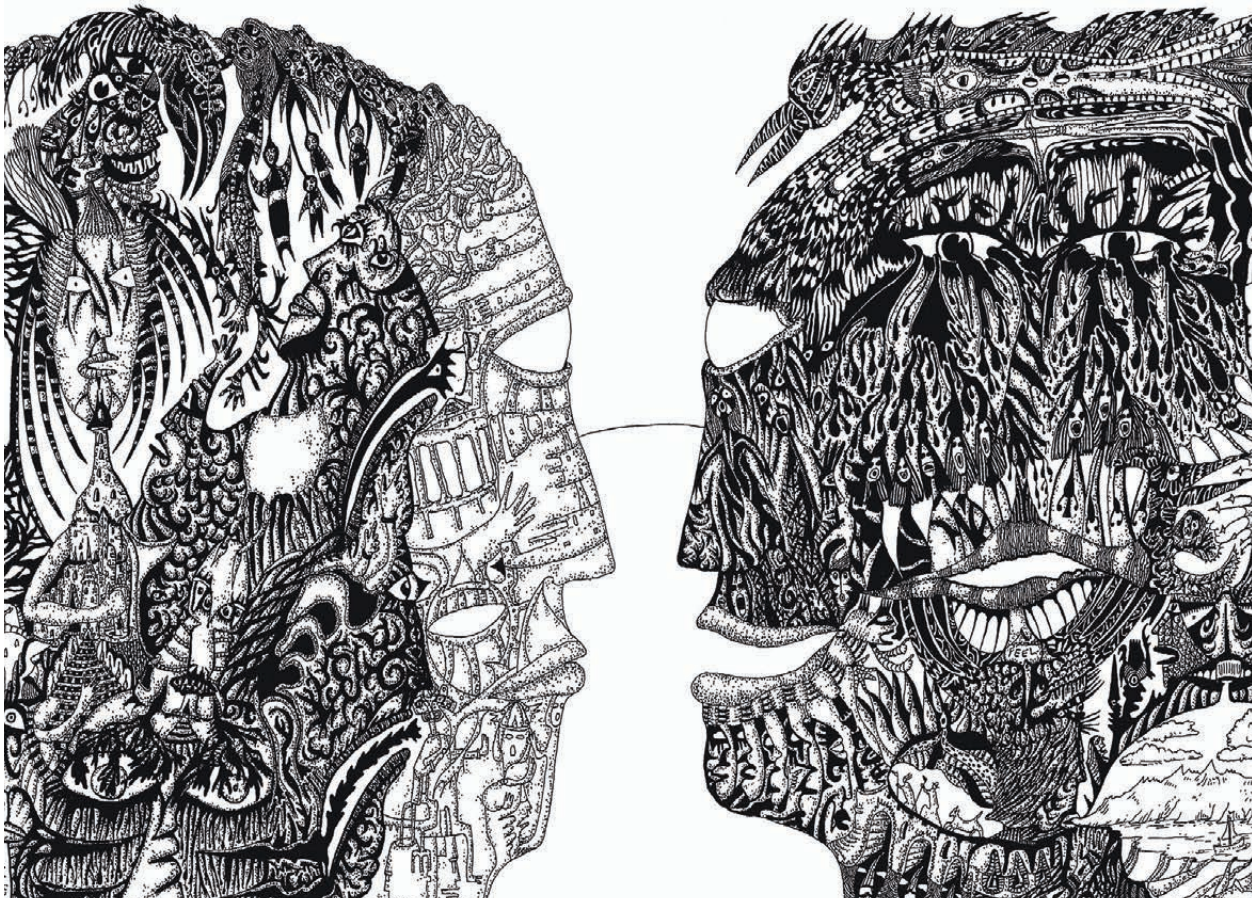


“Why am I measuring things instead of simply enjoying the beauty of being here?”



opposite: *A Loving Light*, 2017, marker pen on paper,
11.5 x 16.5 in. / 29.5 x 42 cm

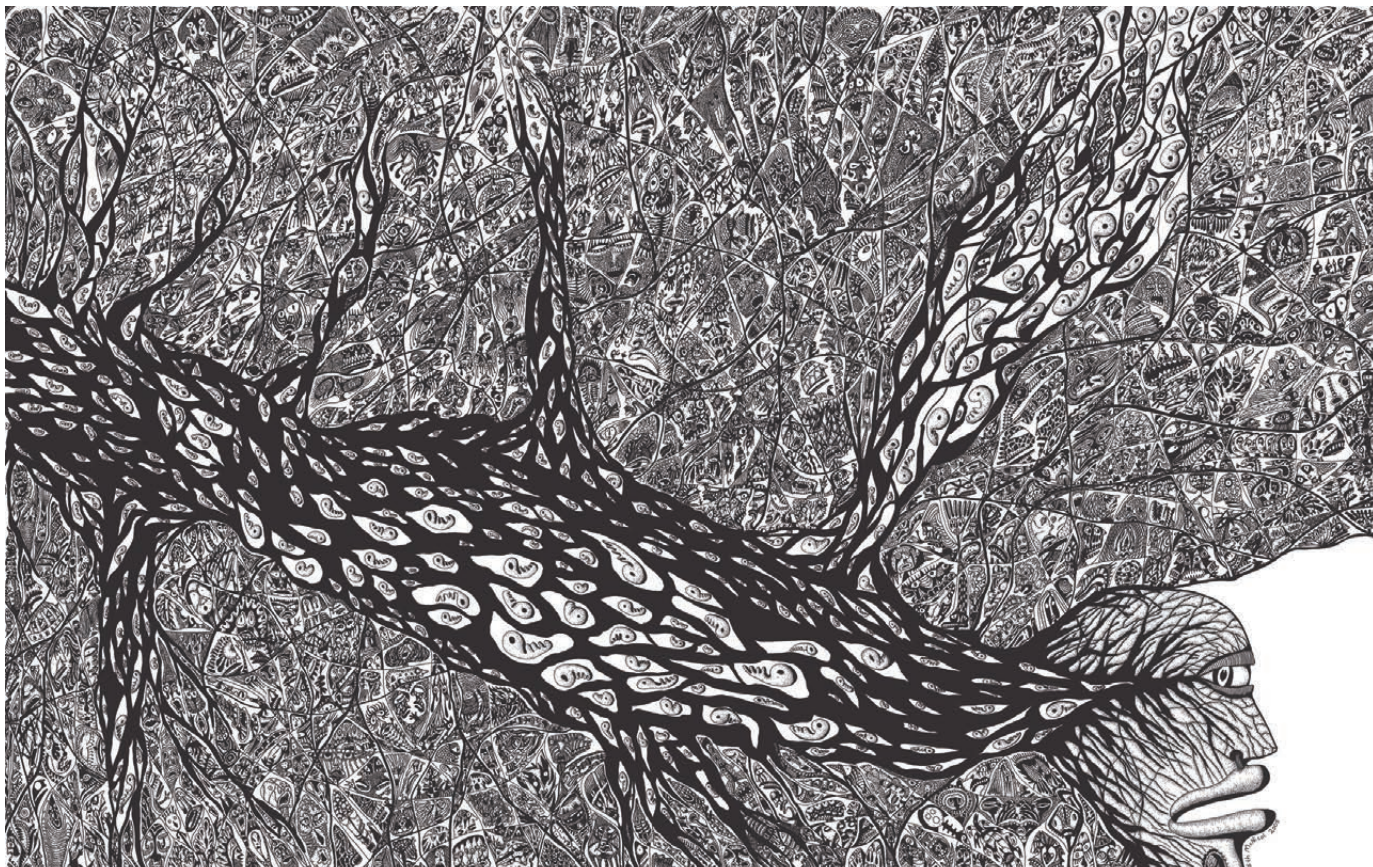
above: *Waiting for the Light*, 2021, marker pen on paper,
11.5 x 16.5 in. / 29.5 x 42 cm



above: *The Silent Voice*, 2013, Indian ink on paper, 11.5 x 8.5 in. / 29.5 x 21 cm

below: *The Heavy City*, 1994, Indian ink on paper, 19.5 x 16 in. / 50 x 40 cm





above: *The True Nature of Dark Matter*, 2005, Indian ink on paper, 45 x 28.5 in. / 114 x 72 cm

below: *Life Is Doing My Head In*, 2002, Indian ink on paper, 11.5 x 16.5 in. / 30 x 42 cm

presence, McNicol produced a series of 3D drawings titled "The Journey of the Lost Souls," symbolising our life's journey towards the eternal. The "lost souls" are 5cm-high, ink-drawn figures on card, slotted into an avenue of paper trees, heading towards the gates of the Golden City, where Heralda waits to welcome them.

McNicol's diverse body of work – drawings, shell sculptures, bird-creatures, assemblages – with their varied aspects of symbolic meaning, guide her toward deeper understanding of herself. She has also worked to help other, like-minded artists. In 1999, she set up an arts charity "Artesian Arts" (with its own magazine until 2005) to celebrate and exhibit art that "spontaneously wells up from inside" and to offer the creators a community.

Her path through illness took McNicol, not back to the person she had been, but to someone more aligned with her spirit. She feels that the journey inward, guided by Heralda's steady light, has revealed a sanctuary she did not know she needed – one built of imagination, creativity and the patient forces of time, rather than stone or certainty. Trusting herself to allow whatever needs to "well up" to do so has been integral to her development, while creating art with freedom from cultural constraints has been liberating, empowering and healing, she says. It has been a journey that has taken her from being rooted in the earth and the cosmos to embracing the esoteric, the spiritual and the sacredness of self. Judith McNicol has discovered that while the landscapes we traverse shape us, the landscapes within us shape us even more.



Cathy Ward is a neurodivergent artist who exhibits, writes and curates. *Liberty Realm* (Strange Attractor Press, 2000) is a book of her artwork.

LAND OF THE MUTOIDS





Post-apocalyptic, steampunk, futuristic all at once: a quarry in Italy is inhabited by Mutonia, a village of monumental mechanical inventions built from scrap

MARCO COLOMBO

On the banks of the Marecchia River, just a stone's throw from the centre of Santarcangelo di Romagna – a small, historic town near to Rimini in northern Italy – the hum of welding machines mingles with the whisper of the wind in a place seemingly outside of time. It feels suspended between dream and reality – a village that looks as though it has emerged from a post-apocalyptic film, where waste becomes art and finds new life in new forms. What was once discarded is now reclaimed, transformed and reimagined. This is Mutonia: an artistic village, a permanent theatre of mechanical invention that breathes life back into what consumer society deems finished and throws away.

To understand what Mutonia truly is, we must return to its origins. London, in the 1980s: punk and squatter movements multiply in protest against a society in which many can no longer see themselves. Out of this ferment,

the Mutoid Waste Company was born – “founded” by Joe Rush and Robin Cooke – a collective of artists and performers who used waste and scrap to construct their works. Inspired by the aesthetics of *Mad Max* films and 2000AD comics, the Mutoids built monumental sculptures from industrial debris, dismantled car parts, discarded furniture and rusty television sets, giving new life to what others considered beyond repair. Their creations illuminated the raves and illegal free parties of the London suburbs, standing as both spectacle and social critique – a denunciation of a culture that prefers disposal to repair, convenience to consciousness. Their aesthetic was a cry against mass production, a hymn to metamorphosis. “We use what we find. Everything that has been thrown away can be reborn,” Rush once said. It was not art in the conventional sense – there was no pursuit of beauty for its own sake – but rather an urgent,

opposite: a towering, hybrid hulk of discarded, old parts, *Blad* was made by Mutonia artists Lu Lupan, Pepè and Mauro Pirredda
all photos: Alessandro Costa

above: *Riù*, by Lu Lupan and Pepè, has a soulful, almost human quality in his robot gaze





necessary art: one that exposes and challenges, that reclaims the right to transform decay into vitality.

By the late 1980s – coming up against Margaret Thatcher’s crackdown on countercultural movements, and police raids on their warehouse base – the collective moved from the UK and began to roam across Europe. Berlin, Paris, Barcelona – their mutant machines appeared at underground festivals, in fields and in abandoned industrial sites, bringing sparks and music to off-the-beaten-track corners of the continent.

In 1990, they were invited to the Santarcangelo Theatre Festival in the Italian town of Santarcangelo di Romagna. Here, something unexpected occurred. In an abandoned quarry along the Marecchia River, the artists found a place that resonated deeply with their philosophy: raw, marginal and free. They decided to stay. Mutonia was born – a word as hybrid as the place itself, fusing “Mutoid” with an ending that evokes “utopia”. Mutonia is, literally, the land of the Mutoids: an alternative world, a permanent mutation.

Since then, Mutonia has grown like a living organism. What began as a camp became a village: dwellings

fashioned from old storage containers, caravans and whatever could be made habitable stand alongside colossal sculptures, forming a veritable open-air museum where even the homes are art. Today, over three decades on, Mutonia is home to 30 or so artists – as, over the years, like-minded individuals gradually joined the original group – living and creating together in an ecosystem where art and everyday life merge seamlessly. Over time, mistrust from nearby inhabitants has given way to admiration and affection for this community that has enriched the surrounding landscape. What was once seen as marginal is now viewed as visionary.

Those who live in Mutonia do not simply produce works – they live with them. The sculptures are not static installations to be contemplated, but companions on a journey: inhabited, exhibited and transformed day by day. Rescued from a scrapheap fate, materials such as car scrap and engine parts, battered furniture, household appliances and electronic gadgets, pipes, bolts and brackets, plastic bins and mannequins, are all reimagined and brought back to life. Each object retains traces of its industrial past, yet bends into new shapes, > page 52

opposite, clockwise from top, left: *Blastr* by Lyle Doghead; *Joe Cule* by Wreckon; *Android* by Debs; *Dr Livingstone* by Lu Lupan

above: made collectively, *The Henge* creates an imposing, megalithic-like silhouette



above: old caravans and other vehicles were painted with dramatic imagery by a group of street artists during an event called Vertigo Truth

opposite: *Exoskeleton*, a wearable sculpture made of recycled plastics, created by Mauro Pirredda

**When the wind moves through their joints,
they seem to sigh – a mechanical echo
of something human.**





An old car with a superhero paint job leans incongruously against a tree



An innovative scrap-art bust by Mutonia artist Su-E-Side

welded into fresh harmonies. Reduce, recycle, reuse: a motto central to today's environmental discourse, but one that Mutonia's residents have always lived by, instinctively and without rhetoric.

Some of the most impressive sculptures rise from car frames, wind turbine blades, wheels and engines. Others are small, intimate, poetic: iron faces peeking through grass, mechanical birds, tribal masks. The aesthetic is unmistakable – post-apocalyptic, steampunk, tribal and futuristic all at once. It evokes a civilisation that might come after ours, where machines and nature exist in fragile balance. Mutonia transforms industrial wreckage into mythic creatures – in fact, walking through the village is like stepping into a story of mechanical mythology. Steel dragons and robotic animals stand out against the sky; four-metre-tall humanoid statues seem to breathe; car skeletons twist into human shapes. Many sculptures move, or at least appear to be about to do so. Wheels and gears suggest movement, while wings and articulated arms evoke a vital potential. At every turn, the air hums with silent energy, as though the metal itself were waiting to awaken. The smell of iron, oil and burnt wood mixes with the scent of grass and river water. Rust gleams under the sun like old gold, and shadows stretch across the dust, softening the harshness of steel.

There are no closed studios or boundaries here. Every space is a workshop; every gesture, art. Residents move among the sculptures as if among friends; creation flows naturally from the rhythm of life. Mutonia has no leaders,

no imposed aesthetic. Each artist creates freely, guided only by what the materials suggest. A piece of metal may sit for months before revealing its potential – until one day it finds its place beside another scrap and suddenly becomes something entirely new. "It's the iron that decides what it wants to become," says resident artist Lyle Doghead. "You just have to listen – and wait." This surrender to the unexpected, this trust in matter itself, is the true poetry of Mutonia, the essence of its art.

Among its inhabitants is Debs – a magnetic force. Her works are not mere sculptures but living presences moving through space. Her performances, often improvised, are rituals of transformation. Metal becomes flesh, sound becomes body. Flames reflect off oxidised surfaces; the rhythm of iron beats like a pulse. In her art, object and gesture are one – an alchemy that turns the inert into the living. During her shows, the boundary between human and machine dissolves. Sparks rise like fireflies, and spectators watch in reverent silence, aware that what they are witnessing is not just theatre, but something ancient and primal: the rebirth of matter through motion.

Doghead is more reserved but equally visionary. His works combine the primal force of myth with mechanical precision. He builds real, functioning robots in every shape and size – a rhino that walks and breathes fire, an old sidecar resurrected into motion. He scavenges Fiat engines, pistons and panels from nearby scrapyards, assembling them with the skill of a mechanic and the



Skank Angel by Wrekon brings a serene, majestic presence to Mutonia

eye of a sculptor. Each piece is crafted with care that belies the roughness of the material, monuments to the silent dialogue between man and machine. When the wind moves through their joints, they seem to sigh – a mechanical echo of something human.

A few steps away, Lu Lupan interprets Mutonia with a more meditative gaze. Her works and installations turn matter into memory; in her hands, even the most humble fragments seem to carry whispers of their former lives – plastic bottles, cracked helmets, forgotten toys, all find redemption through reinvention. Hybrid creatures, half animal and half dream, stand sentinel outside her home. Plastic reigns supreme in her practice: bent, fused, reshaped into a post-apocalyptic seahorse or a colossal gorilla breaking free from its symbolic cage.

Different styles, different visions, yet all linked by a single red thread: here, it is the material that leads the artist, not the other way around. A dialogue in which each creator listens to the matter that they have before them. The process is fluid, improvised, open to chance.

Daily life in the village unfolds to the rhythm of creation – amid sparks, laughter, music and encounters. There are no divisions between artist and neighbour, builder and musician. Everything intermingles. Mutonia is a living workshop in constant evolution, where individual authorship dissolves into collective expression. Each sculpture is a fragment of a larger story, a word in the shared language of the camp. Every object carries the memory of another form, another life. A tractor wheel

might become a wing; a gas cylinder, a torso; a pipe, a bone. Nothing is destroyed – everything is transformed. The inhabitants of Mutonia do not discard; they transmute. What was once waste is reborn. They see potential in iron, renewal in rust. Rust, far from symbolising decay, is proof that matter still breathes.

The sculptures of Mutonia grow together, observe one another, converse. They form constellations of metal and memory. When the sun sets and light passes through them, they seem to stir, like animals waking from sleep. Some even come alive during festivals – wheels turning, mouths spitting fire, arms lifting skyward. In those moments, the boundary between art and life disappears completely. These works are not meant to be merely seen, but lived, walked through, and felt.

Visitors to the village often arrive expecting chaos, noise, dystopia. Instead, they find quiet, calm and care. Among the iron figures, silence often reigns. When the sun dips behind the trees and the first lights glow among the sculptures the field turns golden and alive. The shadows stretch, intertwine, and the space transforms into an open-air cathedral. In that moment, one sees that Mutonia is not just a place but a state of mind: a way of seeing a world in which nothing is ever truly lost, and every scrap every fragment, still holds the power to become beauty.

Marco Colombo is an Italian freelance journalist, writing about political and cultural movements and the various forms they can take.





RISING TO THE SURFACE

Vermont artist Margaret Mousseau lets the stories of her past flow out of her through unearthly, twisted, vine-like strokes of colour

ALLISON C MEIER

Winding lines in vivid coloured pencil connect figures, forms and curious creatures in the drawings of US artist Margaret Mousseau. Each work is layered with pattern and detail that draw a viewer in to notice things entwined in the scene, like the tendril of some otherworldly flora or the multicoloured body of a bird. Her spontaneous style gives the feeling that these drawings are still transforming as she responds to both joyful and haunting experiences of the past and present.

"My way to deal is to try and draw a feeling," explains Mousseau. "It flows from me to the paper, and maybe that's the end, or maybe I continue and draw more, draw what the image is telling me. I often have an idea from personal experiences, the news or other situations."

Born in Rhode Island in 1955, Mousseau worked from 1977 to 1999 as an X-ray technician in a hospital while

raising two boys. It wasn't until after she retired in 2016, when she was in her early sixties, that she took up art at the encouragement of her younger son.

"My son had this idea that I should draw to help process some of my emotional traumas and situations from childhood," she says. "I told him I cannot draw, but he sent me paper, pencils and art books. I thought you had to go to art school to be an artist. I guess he knew I had a story to let out, and eventually I did start to draw my feelings."

Her medical career, with its process of looking within and revealing what is hidden, now lends a penetrating perspective to the art that Mousseau makes in her Vermont home. For hours each day, she draws on surfaces such as found pieces of wood and scraps of cardboard, the asymmetrical shapes giving her cathartic work,

opposite: *Girl with "Attitude"*, 2018, coloured pencil and ink on paper, 9 x 12 in. / 23 x 30.5 cm

all artwork shown: coloured pencil on paper, unless otherwise stated

above: *Axial View Sinking Away*, 2023, 14 x 11 in. / 35.5 x 28 cm

populated with elongated animals and unearthly vines, a further sense of the fantastic. She used her earliest pieces to respond to her experience as a teenager when she was forced to give up a baby for adoption, with images of an infant in a basket floating downstream – just out of reach of mother figures hovering above – regularly appearing.

In the triptych *The Trilogy* (2017), she depicts this harrowing memory as both her loss of childhood innocence and a son. In the first scene, she is playing in the street; in the next, she is being forced to leave Rhode Island for Florida, where she had to secretly go through pregnancy and then give her child up for adoption. The recollection of how she was treated at the hospital and the lack of clarity about what happened to her baby, who was just suddenly gone, informed each panel of the work. In the last scene, a wide-eyed figure walks across a beach holding a small sign that reads: "No one helped."

"My first attempts at drawing helped me process this old trauma and the guilt of not knowing if the baby was alive and happy," she says. "My drawing was crude then,

as I felt that I was shedding my life, not actually trying to make art. Amazingly, a few years after I began to draw, I was reunited, after 50 years, with my first child and two grandchildren. These emotions became drawings, too."

Although after the reunion with her first child the theme of loss became less recurrent in Mousseau's art, motherhood, family and childhood are still perpetual subjects. In *My Bicycle Keeps Me Safe* (2019), a carefree girl rides her bicycle as she is watched over by tall, strange trees that appear to have vigilant eyes, with one holding a whole house in its green leaves as if to protect it.

The brightness of Mousseau's work feels like a ward against the sadness that frequently shadows it. Vivid yellow appears in many pieces. In the 2021 piece *Portrait of the Artist's Mother in 1935*, she puts an image of her mother – drawn from a memory of one that hung on the wall of her childhood home – on a brilliant yellow background, which serves to bring the focus to her distant gaze, surrounded by an intricate frame of layers of tangled and feathery forms.

Mousseau gives the same bright backdrop to the

Little Bird Crash on an Edge of a Ledge, 2024, 12 x 9 in. / 30.5 x 23 cm



“My drawing was crude then, as I felt that I was shedding my life, not trying to make art.”



above: *The Trilogy*, 2017, each panel approx. 9 x 12 in. / 23 x 30.5 cm

below: *My Bicycle Keeps Me Safe*, 2019, 14 x 11 in. / 36 x 28 cm





below: *I'm Still Beautiful Even Though I'm Broken*, 2025,
11 x 14 in. / 28 x 35.5 cm

above: *COVID-19 Psycosis [sic]*, 2020, 14.5 x 12.5 in. / 36 x 31 cm



portrait *Visiting Professor of Physic and Modern Art from Syria Speaking on Climate Change* (2019). Experimenting with materials, she has used glitter nail polish to further enhance its subject, a woman whom she had heard lecture at a local college.

"She'll go through something or talk about something on the phone, and a month later that situation will manifest as a scene or situation in a drawing," says her son Matthew López-Jensen, who first encouraged her to draw and who is himself an artist.

"It has been amazing to watch certain ideas, icons and forms develop into a distinct style," he says. "For example, I know she has an extreme fear of bugs and birds – and yet, for some reason, they make delightful appearances in almost all the work."

Sometimes the artist's reasoning can be easily deciphered. She frequently uses both the front and back of her drawings to further process her thoughts. "Many of the drawings, if you turn them over, there are texts



above: *Visiting Professor of Physic and Modern Art from Syria Speaking on Climate Change*, 2019, coloured pencil, ink and glitter nail polish on paper, 11 x 14 in. / 28 x 35.5 cm



above, right: *Portrait of the Artist's Mother in 1935*, 2021, coloured pencil and ink on paper, 9 x 12 in. / 23 x 30.5 cm

right: Margaret Mousseau in 2019; photo: Matthew López-Jensen



and notes explaining what she was thinking, or responding to, in the work," López-Jensen says. "Sometimes she uses the pencils so furiously that she rubs right through the paper."

Mousseau has exhibited her work in group shows at the Museum of Naïve and Marginal Art in Serbia, as well as at a UK gallery, a New York gallery, and the Intersect Chicago Fair. Most recently, some of her artworks were presented at the 2024 Outsider Art Fair in New York by the Brooklyn-based gallery Stellarhighway, which also hosted her first solo show – "Love, Mom" – in 2021. The gallery holds its exhibitions in the parlour room of an apartment, a domestic setting which resonated with Mousseau's themes of family as well as her process of creating art at home.

"I was immediately drawn to its bold colours, intricate lines and interwoven elements," says Clayton Flynn of Stellarhighway. "Though she had never really thought about making art before her retirement, it's become a

vital part of who she is, and I'm told her living room has been overrun by her studio."

Mousseau's work is becoming more ambitious as she spends time honing her practice, filling her drawings with increasingly kaleidoscopic forms. Now memories of being an artist inform some pieces too. A particularly evocative example of this is the self-portrait *COVID-19 Psycosis* [sic] (2020), acquired by the Bennington Museum in Vermont. The piece has an overhead view of Mousseau frenetically drawing with long, twisted arms; coloured pencils are scattered over the table while books tumble to the floor. The piece channels the anxiety of the pandemic. But today, in contrast to when she first started drawing, Mousseau uses her art as an outlet during good times as well as bad. As she says, "I continue to draw how I feel, be it sad, happy or frustrated ... I draw from my insides."

Allison C Meier is an art and culture writer for several publications, and editor of *Fine Books & Collections* magazine.



THE CRYPTIC SCHEMATA OF A BANGKOK ARTIST

For over 20 years, Pichai Rattanapornchai has been drawing on the pavements of his home city trying to fulfil a very personal mission

STEPHEN LORRIMAN

Walking the streets of Bangkok, in the city's swelter, it is best to stick to the shade – and to stay alert. Cockroaches scurry across cracked paving stones as motorbikes trespass in a city constantly delivering. This metropolis, perennially in transition, is never dull; there is always something to catch your eye.

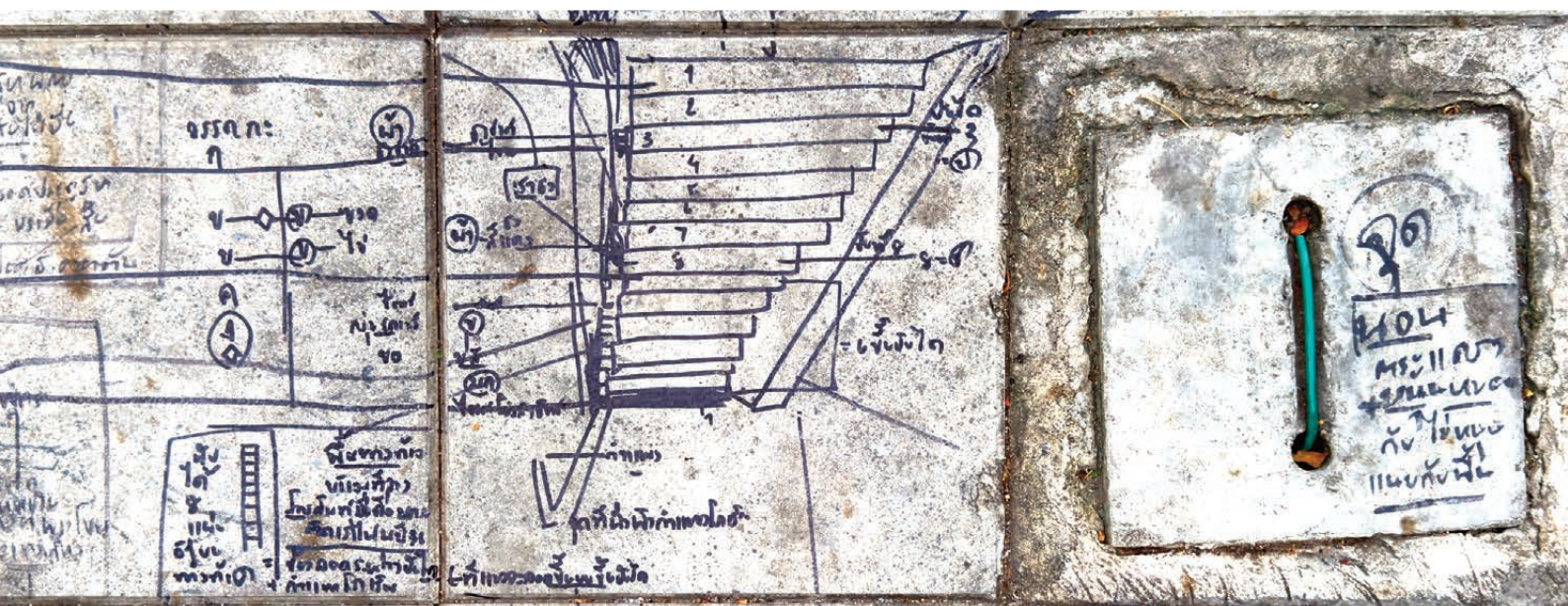
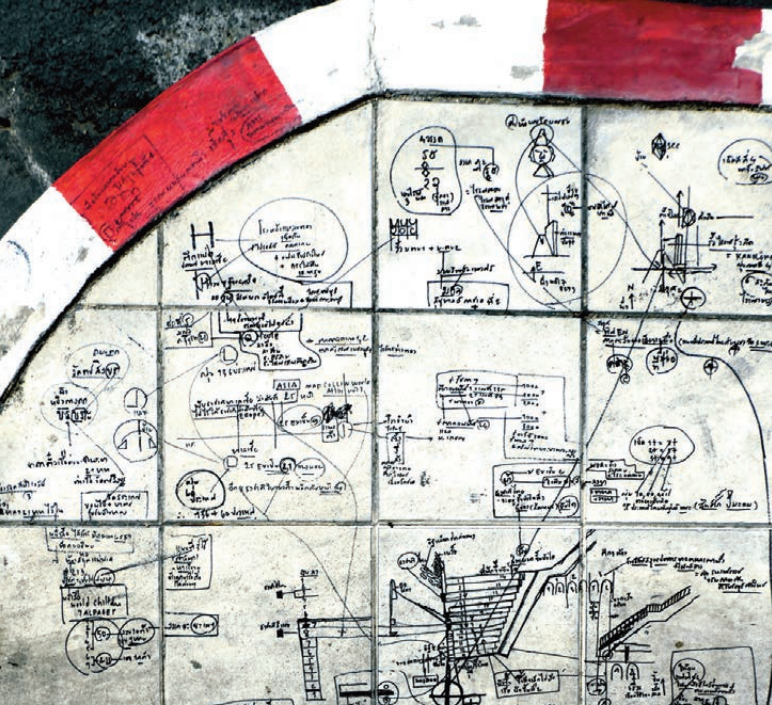
So it is when you first encounter the drawings of Pichai Rattanapornchai on the pavement. At first you may think

that a government engineer has scribbled such diagrams; perhaps they are finally taking down the city's infamous tangles of electrical wires. But look closer, see what you can make out. A kettle? A no-stopping sign? A building of a certain architectural style? The South Korean flag? The British Isles? And amidst the scrawled Thai fragments, the occasional English word or phrase, such as: "Map Collin World". You're caught in the intricacies and the

above: Pichai Rattanapornchai in 2025
all photos: Stephen Lorriman and Tim Williams

opposite: pavement drawing comprising numerous disparate elements, such as a kettle, a river bend, the South Korean flag and the British Isles





above: footbridge steps deciphered mathematically

top, left: a Khmer statue, product logos and diagrams drawn near a kerb
top, right: figure eight paving tiles dissected for clues

ciphers in the work. A surreal riddle, and you find yourself wanting to know more.

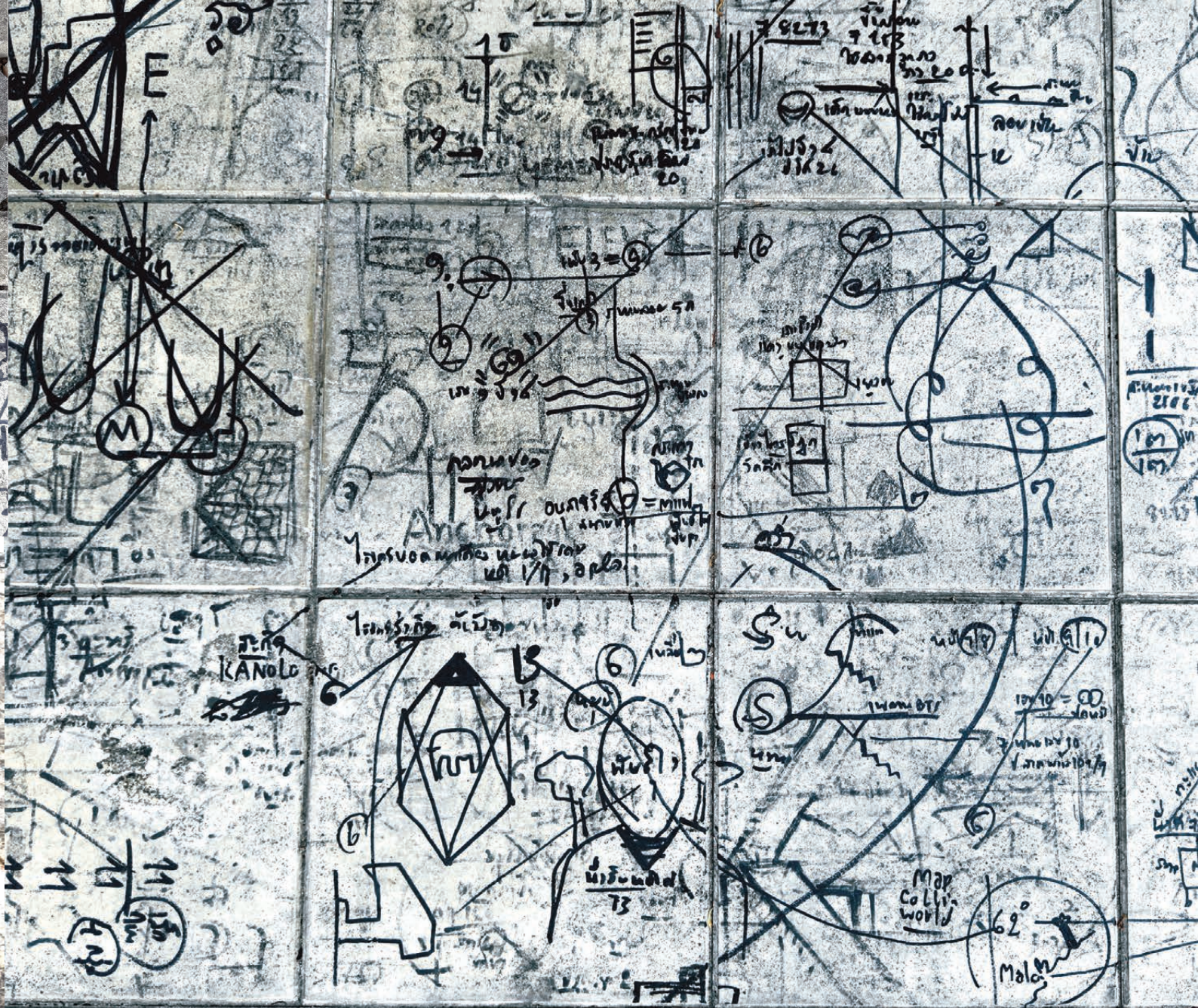
In the distance, a slight man crouches on the ground, a blue bin bag at his side, cheap marker pen in hand. "People say these are mind maps," says Rattanaornchai, "They're not. They're city plans. The city plans of other countries." What these "city plans" actually mean, however, is unclear – even to native Thai speakers.

For Rattanaornchai, he is not making art. He is scratching away at the surface to collect evidence. "I don't care whether it's beautiful. I'm collecting evidence about what happened to me," he says. He's sticking to a plan, a mission to fulfil "a promise I made to myself".

His drawings receive a mixed response. In the past, he's been detained by the authorities for defacing public property, and on occasion institutionalised, yet locals can often be seen engaging and following the lines of his work. "He's clever," says one fishball vendor, "when he

thinks of something, he draws." The artist has become widely known among foreign residents as well as Bangkokians, either hailed as a genius or dismissed as a comic figure. Some onlookers are curious, others indifferent. Most leave him in peace; except for those who don't. Theft and violence come with living on the streets, and the artist is guarded when anyone approaches.

Rattanaornchai's life was captured in Raphael Treza's 2019 documentary *Mystery Mind Maps*, and artwork that he has made on cardboard has been exhibited at the Bangkok Art and Culture Centre twice – once in the 2019 show "Figures of Unknown Beauty," a Thailand-Japan ART BRUT collaboration, and again in the Bangkok Biennial 2020. For both, the artist used the pseudonym Peerachai "Samer" Patanapornchai. He usually makes up a name and other details with people he doesn't know. It is a method of protecting himself. And so the biographical details surrounding him are much like his work: shifting,



above: amidst a mass of workings and diagrams, a Bodhi leaf (middle, right) connects to an unknown figure (bottom, middle)

overleaf, left: a map links local bridges and buildings
overleaf, right: references to Kampuchea and The Eagles' Hotel California

fragmented, elusive. Online sources differ regarding his name, age and marital status. According to the man himself, he was born in 1963 and raised in Bangkok's Chinatown. His father, Nipol, was a barber, and his beloved mother, Ploenchit, a housewife. Names are significant for the artist. The famous Ploenchit Road, in central Bangkok, sometimes features in his work in a map or in words, as it is the same as his mother's name. He draws the famous Singha lion beer logo, "because the name of my maternal grandmother was Boonrawd" – the same as the brewer.

Family once meant everything to Rattanaornchai. He fondly recalls boyhood memories, such as playing chess with a neighbour, or his mother taking him to see Roger Moore arriving at Don Muang airport to film the latest Bond movie. "My childhood was very happy," he says, "before my family was shattered." It is this tragedy that has defined how he has lived for close to three decades.

As a teenager, Rattanaornchai attended a vocational

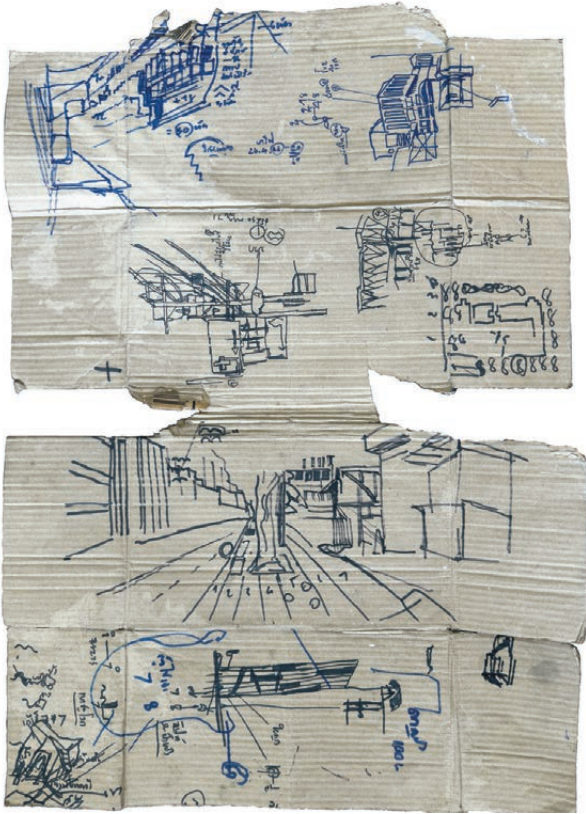
college, before briefly studying Law at Ramkhamhaeng University. (The thirteenth-century King Ramkhamhaeng Inscription, a standing stone bearing the earliest example of Thai script, often features in the artist's drawings.) At 20, he joined the navy where he worked as a clerk for 14 years. (Warships, boats and even Popeye appear in his creations.) Then, in 1999, in his mid thirties, he suddenly found himself homeless, his life turned upside down, when his mother, brother and uncle all died around the same time from an unknown stomach ailment. Rattanaornchai believes they were poisoned. And it is this belief – and the compulsion to make sense of it, to follow the clues – that lies at the heart of everything he does, the countless hours he spends drawing, rarely pausing in his forensic dissections.

Time and numbers carry immense meaning for Rattanaornchai ("I lived at number 126. The house is no longer there," he says, drawing a circle for a

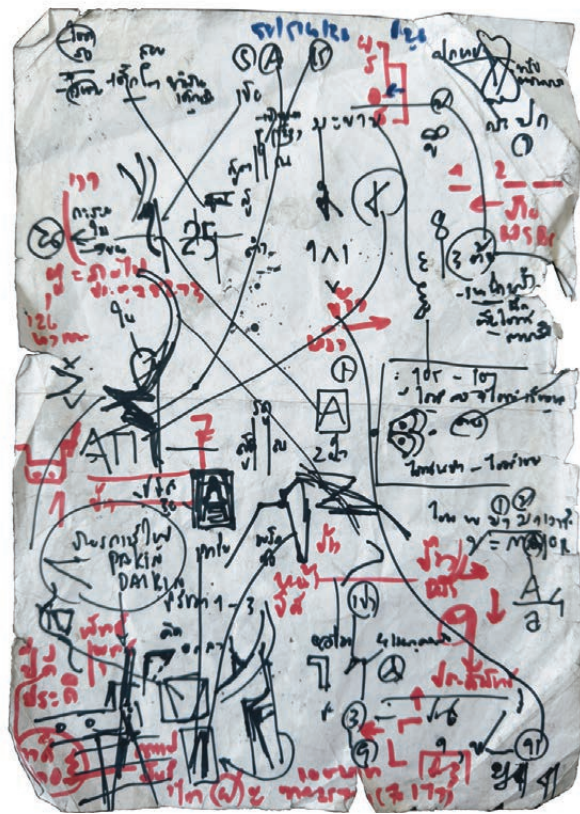
> page 66







On a flattened box, a sketch of a guitar itself drawn on a pavement



Rattanapornchai sometimes carries out his workings on A4 sheets

clock and writing "12" at the top, "6" at the bottom), and he is familiar with several ancient numerical systems, including Mayan and Babylonian. Every glyph and dot, a further tool for revealing the truth. The buildings that he renders with architectural precision and the contrasting cartoon-like scrawls of figures and faces are set all amongst geometries and equations, linked by lines to brand names and fragments of sentences. Perhaps there are echoes of ancient Thai war manuals. Or *yants*, those living diagrams that channel sacred energy. Yet Rattanapornchai has no time for this kind of analysis. He is investigating, gathering evidence and piecing together not just what happened to his family, but greater unseen dark forces, and future existential threats to the world.

When he talks, Rattanapornchai appears to conflate family with country, shifting from one to the other. A family house trespassed upon; Thailand invaded by Cambodia. World leaders entering conflict, seizing land and resources; his brother, about to clear his mortgage, before being murdered. The devastating trauma of family loss, recast perhaps, as a greater global conspiracy. He talks of the arrogance of the US and its involvement in war – of China and Russia, too. He warns repeatedly of World War III. "People," he says, "need to know the truth about their leaders."

He takes everything from everywhere, from his life story, from local and international geography; a full-on psycho-geography and then some, writing on whatever he can: the cardboard box nets on which he sleeps outside the various 7-Eleven convenience stores dotted around the city; sheets of paper or exercise books; and

his skin – hands, arms and legs so often marked with workings out. He draws on the pavement, because he must. City plans require city space. "I wouldn't draw on the sidewalk and bother people with my drawings unless I had to," he says.

He prefers to use a certain marker pen because it "doesn't rub", but he knows the ink will vanish after a few weeks; more quickly in the rainy season. Examine his drawings and you'll often find the horse logo of the pen's brand, or the safety warning diagram it bears of a child crossed through.

In the paving tiles that surround the trees on the city streets Rattanapornchai sees the figure eight; he copies it, slicing it into two to make two "3s"; flips and reverses those into "Es". He observes a nearby 7-Eleven sign, draws the "7"; turns it 90 degrees and sees there a soldier's salute or else the resting arm of the Reclining Buddha.

In Buddhist thought, everything is interconnected, and Rattanapornchai is working it all out, discerning patterns among the modern, the historical, the spiritual, the commercial, the personal, the global, the human and the animal. He records the local goings on from street fight to shop fire, sees connections to past global conflicts such as Iraq or Sierra Leone's civil war. By bus or foot, wherever he goes, Pichai Rattanapornchai makes notes. Discharged after a hospital stay two years ago, he drew the hospital building, the oxygen mask and the gown. Everything is interconnected. Even his own hand holding the pen.

Stephen Lorrman is a published writer, resident in Bangkok, Thailand, where he has lived since 1998.



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Handwritten graffiti and drawings on the sidewalk tiles, including a large drawing of a person and various text in Thai script.

FINDING SUNSHINE



After losing her sight in a car crash, Scottish artist Jo Sunshine brought colour and light back into her world in the only way she knew how

KATHERINE SUTHERLAND

Picking up a paintbrush, Jo Sunshine thought that she might as well try using it. Like her father, she used to draw friends in the pub when she was younger. She would also paint murals or make art to give away. But she had given up a long time ago.

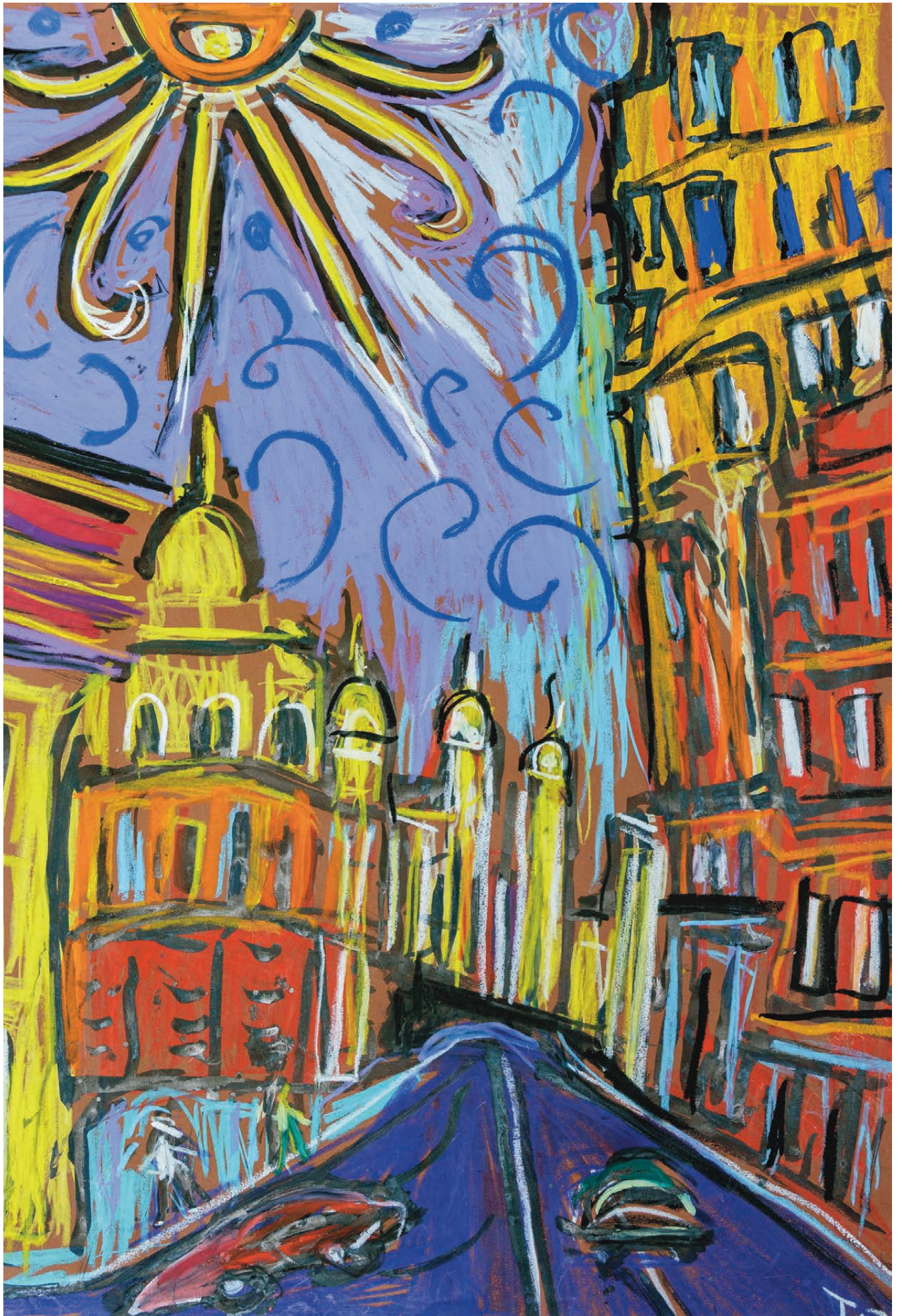
She was 48 years old when her life was wrecked, alongside her car which span out of control and flipped over on the M8 motorway between Glasgow

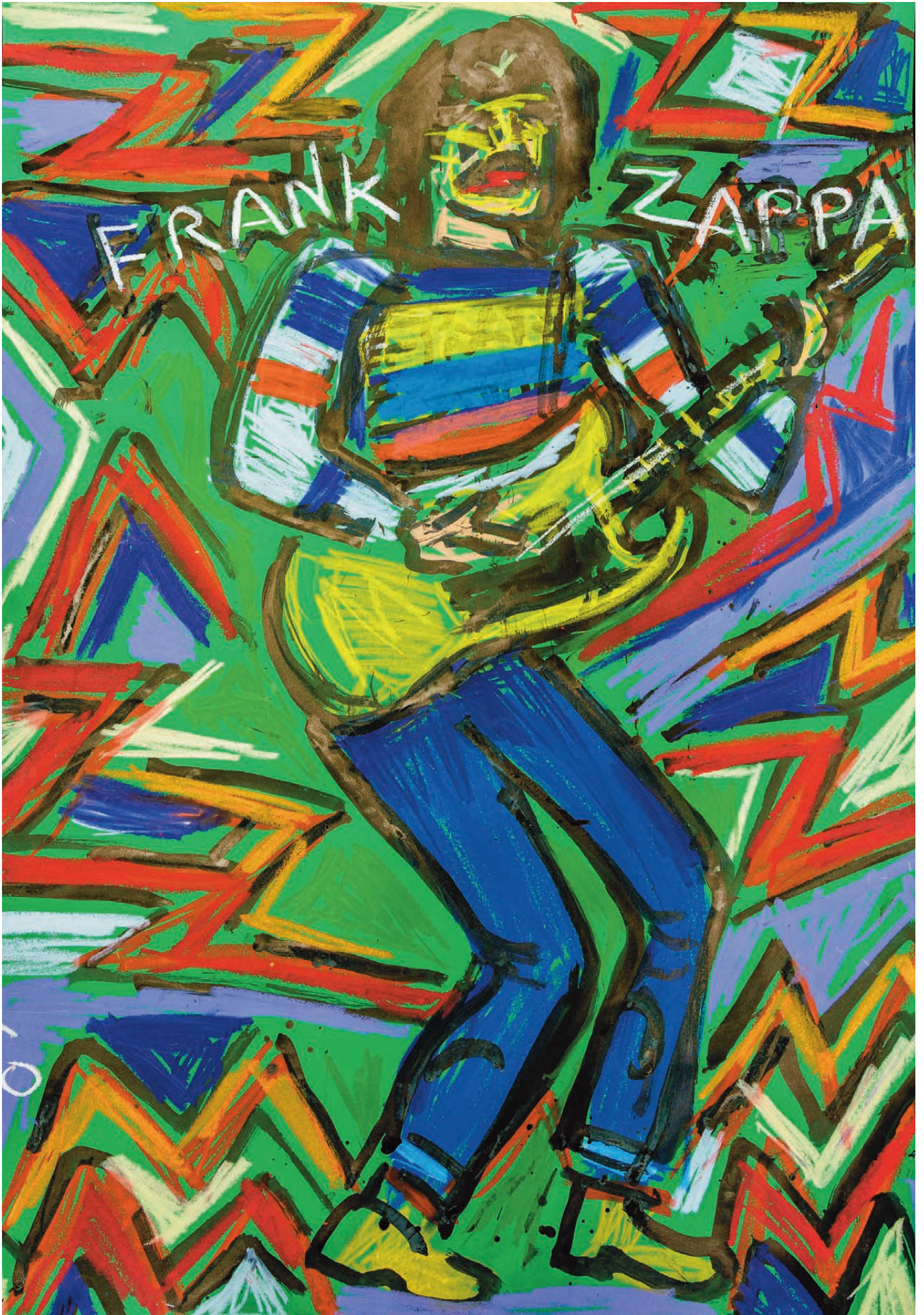
and Edinburgh, Scotland. "At least nobody else was hurt," she says. But she still doesn't remember what happened.

What she does know is that months of rehabilitation turned into years of grey uncertainty. Her busy, bright days of working four jobs and drawing pictures of her friends in the pub were over. She endured two brain surgeries and was declared legally blind. She resigned herself to spending her days indoors, or carefully tapping

all artwork shown: oil pastels, water pastels and ink on paper, 23.5 x 33 in. / 59.5 x 84 cm, unless otherwise stated

above: Sunshine in her bedroom-studio in 2025; photo: George Wright
opposite: *George Street in Glasgow*, 2024







opposite: Frank Zappa a Memorable Musician Died 4/12/1993, 2024

above: My Bed Collapsed Ha Ha, 2025, 33 x 23.5 in. / 84 x 59.5 cm

her way to the local shop with her white cane – until several years later, in 2014.

Sunshine was born Joan Anderson in 1958, and grew up in Edinburgh. Her father had been an army captain during World War II and went on to become an accountant. Her mother stayed at home.

“We didn’t even have a picture up in the house – not one. In my room, I had Marc Bolan and Slade posters on the wall. But we had no art in the house at all. They had brass monkeys, I remember, and a wee wooden boat. And mum liked her Doulton China,” says Sunshine.

She goes on, “My dad was an alcoholic. He was always in the pub and he liked to draw people in the pub. He did teach me a wee bit. But my mum’s not [creative].” Sunshine describes her home as a “war zone” with her parents not getting along. Things got worse when, as a teenager, she began to go out partying: “I’d always had my freedom but as I grew up they took it away.”

She left home at 16, moving into a shared flat in Edinburgh. It was then that she began her journey as an artist. Her brother – an accountant, like their father – would visit, and the two would draw and paint together. Three years older, he was able to buy her Caran d’Ache wax pastels – the same medium she uses now. Her

parents’ relationship was so strained that she now met her father in the pub rather than at home, and learned a little by watching him draw his fellow drinkers.

However, art was always just a hobby. “I always had at least two jobs. Aerobics teacher, barmaid, gardener and chambermaid, all at the same time. So I was up in the middle of the night painting my walls or doing a drawing,” she says. “She accumulated a small stack of pictures that she was proud of. Then, in her late twenties, she studied for a high school qualification in art. She gave details of the assignments to her brother so that he could follow the course too.

For 20 years or so, Sunshine juggled multiple jobs, her art hobby and life. Then, in 2006 or 2007 (she is not sure which), the accident happened. She has no memory of it, but accepts that she might have fallen asleep at the wheel. “I was up till two in the morning playing the Playstation, up at six for work. Driving to Glasgow, (my car) rolled off the motorway.” She shrugs. “So, hell mend me.”

Waking up in hospital, she was disoriented: “I thought I was in a bird’s nest in a tree. I was in Cloud Cuckoo Land. But I survived. I was very jammy – I wasn’t supposed to survive, but here I am.”

Her recovery was slow, with some ups and downs. She



No Winner in the US Election Yet, 2023, 33 x 23.5 in. / 84 x 59.5 cm

tried to get back to normality but her life changed dramatically. She was left completely blind in one eye, and her vision in the other was reduced to a misty blur. Unable to work, she was advised to move from her home in the Scottish countryside to the city to be closer to essential services. She became homeless, and started selling *The Big Issue*, the street newspaper set up to help those with no fixed abode to earn an income.

Eventually, Sunshine was allocated a small flat in a local authority-run tower block in north Glasgow's notorious Wyndford estate. She lives there still and says, "It's wild out there. The blocks are getting knocked down so most of the scumbags are away. But there's still quite a few hanging about. I don't go out at night...."

For the second time in her life, she was living in a difficult home with no pictures on the walls. It took a long time for her to try making art to fill them. "I didn't draw for eight or nine years, thinking I never could again." Again, it was her older brother who encouraged her.

She began by painting a bedroom wall with suns with bright, shining rays. Next, she covered another wall with images of the tower blocks outside her window. It was around this time that her assistive technology was being set up. Asked for a name to programme it with, she chose "Jo Sunshine".

Growing in confidence, she experimented with art. Her brother told her that she should begin drawing on paper, but with her severely diminished sight Sunshine did not think she could manage to draw that small – but she gave it a go. "I got some crayons, one wee pack of crayons and

some paper. I thought, ooh, I can do this. I've never missed a day since," she says.

It has given her a new career, one from which she says she will never retire. "I gave myself this job. I feel it's my job to draw everything good and nice and happy," she says. She also sees it as her duty to reflect current events by drawing them every day.

This broad approach leads to the most compelling aspect of Sunshine's body of work – the startlingly eclectic variety of instantly identifiable topics amongst the artworks that are piled high all over her flat. "I cover every subject there is. If somebody wins at the football, that's it, I draw it," she says. "Someone wins at the darts, golf, whatever, I do it. I just like drawing everything." She carries her iPad with her everywhere, taking pictures that she can enlarge and copy when she gets home.

Talking with Sunshine, it is clear that she is an artist in spite of having a visual impairment, not because of it. The world she creates seems to flow back and forth between the paper she works on and her clothing, her home, even the way she talks and lives.

Before the accident, she used the same brand of pastels ("crayons," as she calls them) as she does today, utilising black ink outlines and bright colours. However, the work is more striking and more vibrant now. Unable to work well on a small scale, she always draws on large sheets of paper, and she draws her ink outlines thicker. She uses a brush instead of pen and ink, so she can see the shapes properly. The colours are brighter and she can only pick them out if she works on dark paper. Her limited



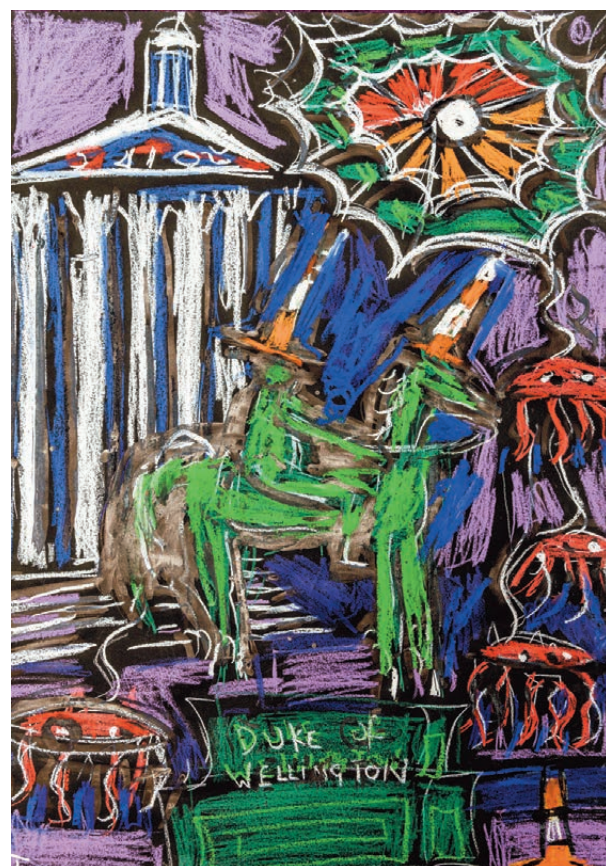
Knife Angel (27 feet tall made from 100,000 surrendered knives, by Alfie Bradley – amazing), 2021



Greyfriars Bobby (died 14 January, 1872, a Skye terrier watched his owner John Gray's grave for 14 years – he is an Edinburgh legend), 2025



Princess Catherine Looking Lovely, 2025



Duke of Wellington at Halloween, 2024



"I can actually see my pictures better than I can see anything else."



left and right: Sunshine lives and works on the sixth floor of a tower block on a notorious estate in Glasgow; photos: George Wright, 2025

sight also means some shades are easier to use than others. She says, "Red is good for me, yellow is good for me. Yellow and black together works really well." She tried oil paints, but couldn't judge the thickness of the paint and the colours were too subtle. She can only see differences in colour when using the same pastels she's used since she was 16 years old:

"... These crayons are terrific. They're neon colours, they're bright and I can kind of make out what I'm doing, surprisingly. I didn't expect it at all. I can actually see my pictures better than I can see anything else." It's a unique insight into how the world looks through her eyes.

However, Sunshine herself can never see the full result. She is only ever able to see her drawings in sections. Her impairment is so profound she cannot see a full picture – it becomes a blur. Instead, she photographs each one, then zooms in to inspect one small area at a time.

She works in her bedroom, sitting alongside her bed with a board balanced on a small table. On the bedspread are different shaped tins, each holding a specific colour of pastel. Although she draws quickly, she is often unable to

find the pastel she wants as she can only see the colour of each one when it is held up close to her right eye. If she drops one on the floor, it can take a long time to locate it.

While it is not the most convenient of arrangements for her, Sunshine wouldn't change her studio for the world. Her flat is high up in the tower block, and the brightness of the daylight which streams through her bedroom window is another essential tool for her work. She says that for this reason alone, she will never move home again.

Her art materials cost around £300 a month, so she sells pictures via social media to try and cover the expense. Her brother manages her money. She is clear that, while she is delighted that people want to buy her work, it does not impact on what she chooses to create.

"The universe guides me, I've got nothing to do with it. It comes in my window and goes, 'Right there you go'. The universe is very clever – it's not daft, the universe, is it? Other folk would think it's Jesus and God and all that but I think it's the universe. It can't really be me."

Why not you? Shyly, she says, "I was never that bright."

opposite, top: *An Old Tram in Glasgow Gallowgate 1961*, 2024, 33 x 23.5 in. / 84 x 59.5 cm

opposite, below: *They Enjoyed their Walk Along the Canal with the Dogs Lovely in the Sunshine*, 2024, 33 x 23.5 in. / 84 x 59.5 cm

Katherine Sutherland is a journalist based in Glasgow, Scotland. She freelances at BBC radio and her background is in national newspapers.

Jo Sunshine's work is in "The ACCORD Annual Art Exhibition 2026" at The Art Department, Paisley, Scotland, April 2–25, 2026, in aid of ACCORD Hospice.

DANIEL MARTIN DÍAZ

Celestial Harmonics

LORI LANDAU explores the sacred geometry, cosmology and quantum vibes of a monumental artwork by the Mexican-American artist

Like Leonardo da Vinci's iconic *Vitruvian Man*, the figure in Daniel Martin Díaz's *Celestial Harmonics* expresses the artist's profound interest in the relationship of human form to mathematics within a metaphysical sphere.

A musician as well as an artist, Díaz, 58, grew up under the starry skies of Tuscon, Arizona, in a Mexican-American household – factors that inform his orphic style. A blend of family history, religious iconography and the deeply spiritual atmosphere of America's southwest fuel his preoccupation with the unseen, sparking the powerful frequency found in his eclectic artworks that depict connections between sacred geometry, cosmology, biology, quantum physics, consciousness and technology.

Díaz – whose work has been commissioned for music album covers as well as church panels and large public art pieces – encodes the physical forms in his drawing with otherworldly energy. In *Celestial Harmonics*, painted last year, he infuses an outlined man with mystic sigils that orbit within a cosmic enclosure encasing his head, filled with colourful planets, stars and geometric shapes. Here, man and spirit are connected by radiating lines that spell out the interconnection between Earth, sky, body and the mysteries beyond. At the centre of the enclosure is a triangle, with its connotations of power and balance, and its multitude of triadic symbolisms.

Eyes – suggesting consciousness or profound awareness – stud the man's body, and are interspersed

with dots and three colourful polygons reflecting the “three brains” in their positioning; one at the pineal gland, or third eye, one at the heart, the seat of emotions, and one positioned at the chakra that governs creativity. Díaz echoes the “as above, as below” theme by grounding the lower half of the body in rainbow-coloured circles and mirroring the starry sky where grass would ordinarily be.

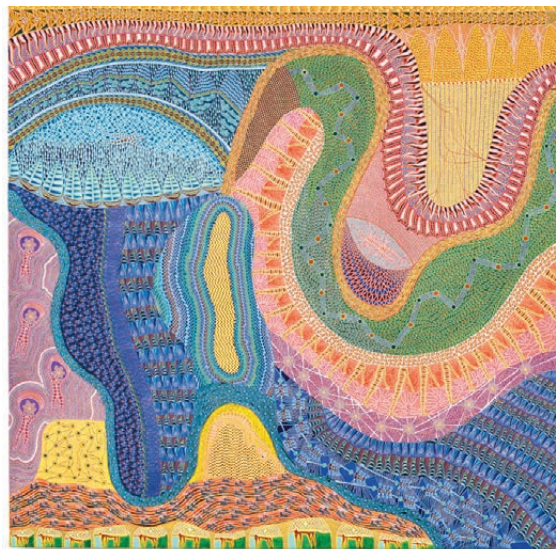
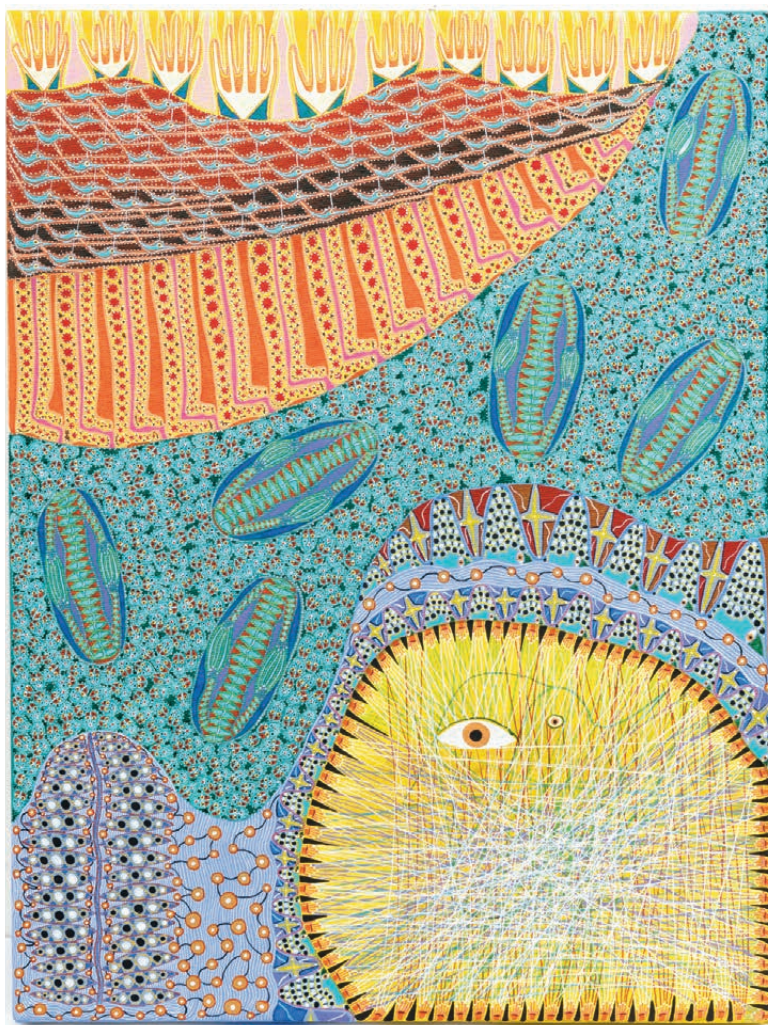
Historically, in many ancient philosophies, the head has represented the receptacle for divine spirit. The artist reveals his belief that emotions are cosmical by placing a star to the right of the man's head (the left to the viewer), the right side symbolising the future metaphysically. On the left (viewer's right), the receptive, more feminine side, he repeats the triad of brains with three eyes to illustrate that emotion and spirit are inextricably bound.

Díaz decodes his artwork in its own borders, hinting at his belief in a transhuman world with a “key” that diagrams how the nature of technology intersects with the future of humanity and our collective responsibility to one another. He embeds this key with pictogrammic elements including vibrational waves, geometry, and perforations that suggest dominoes or computer paper. Notably at the top centre of the border is the all-seeing eye with lines that branch in all directions, suggesting the source of all things, while along the bottom, slightly off centre, a hieroglyphic figure of a man, floats, supine, with his hands rigidly by his sides, insinuating both the end of the life cycle and a portal for it to begin again.

Lori Landau is a writer and artist whose work documents presence, relationship and attentive participation with nature and (her) elements.



Celestial Harmonics, 2025, gouache, inks and oil paint on birch wood,
60 x 60 in. / 152.5 x 152.5 cm



above: *An Offering to the Spirit / Delighted by Truth / A Task / Create*, 2024

right: *Untitled*, 2016

right, top: *...Each One Its Special Radiance...*, 2025

DOMENICO ZINDATO: ON THE DOTTED LINE

Andrew Edlin Gallery, New York
November 7 – December 20, 2025

Since the early 1990s, Domenico Zindato has worked at an intricate scale that over the three decades of his career has become more elaborate in detail and colour. This latest exhibition – the Italian-born, self-taught artist's fifth with Andrew Edlin Gallery – presents some of his newest kaleidoscopic works. Zindato's art is best appreciated up close, where the level of discipline and creative expression is revealed in its vibrant vortexes. In these topographies of trance-like, abstract patterns, figurative birds, eyes and people can be found, embedded in the overall cacophony.

"On the Dotted Line" is the first solo exhibition at the gallery's new, second-floor Tribeca space. Lined up in a rhythm of differing sizes and shapes around the ample walls, each of Zindato's pieces is given its own meditative moment. This fits the artist's ritualistic, mark-making process, where he allows the work to unfold and expand as he intuitively adds geometric forms or bestial and humanistic figures. Having lived in Mexico for almost 30 years, Zindato has been influenced by the nature and architecture of the country, as well as the art of its Indigenous people, for example the bright beadwork and yarn paintings made by the Huichol or Wixárika. It is delightful to make discoveries

in the dense layers of Zindato's works, such as the array of bird heads gazing upwards at the two central avian figures in *At Exercises' End / An Indistinct Nothing / A Luminous Elation / A Soul And A Soul / Through* (2024), or the pattern of what looks like raised hands at the top of *An Offering to the Spirit / Delighted by Truth / A Task / Create* (2024), while a procession of floral-clad legs marches below. One of Zindato's most recent creations, the Proust-inspired *...Each One Its Special Radiance...* (2025), has figures emerging from the primordial flow, with heads that burst out as flowers and lines of colour arching through their hands.

Along with the canvas paintings saturated with recurring patterns and motifs in acrylic, ink and vinyl paint, there are artworks created on dried leaves, mostly from the *Bauhinia monandra* orchid tree. These Zindato collects from the lush natural environment around his home in Cuernavaca, Mexico. Their butterfly-wing shapes give a more symmetrical frame to his otherworldly imagery, while their fragile texture and smaller size (approximately six-inches squared) give them a more ephemeral quality. Zindato's art always captures the energy of its creation. While the larger-scale paintings are the most mesmerising and lead the viewer to getting lost in exploring their free-flowing, labyrinthine visions, these more compact, delicate works have the most immediacy to them, as their natural vegetal material and meticulous painted details capture a time and a place.

ALLISON C MEIER



above: *Untitled (Pierre)*, 1957
left: *Untitled*, 1959

LAURE PIGEON: INFINIMENT BLEU

Collection de l'Art Brut, Lausanne, Switzerland
October 10, 2025 – February 1, 2026

The Collection de l'Art Brut in Lausanne opened its doors in 1976, the first museum in the world devoted to this marginal art form, thanks to a large donation from Jean Dubuffet. Now, the institution is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary with a major exhibition devoted to one of its historic collections: the Spiritualist work of Laure Pigeon (1882–1965).

Discovered shortly after the artist's death, the 450 drawings and mediumistic writings were acquired by Dubuffet. Fascinated by the visual and poetic power of the work, he regarded it as one of the outstanding examples of *art brut* and chose one of Pigeon's drawings for the poster of the 1967 group exhibition of *art brut* – the first of its kind – at Paris's Musée des Arts Décoratifs.

Little is known about Pigeon's life. Born in Paris, she lost her mother at an early age and went to live with her grandmother in Brittany. She married a dentist at 34 but, discovering his infidelity, left him and lived alone in the Paris region. She discovered Spiritualism in her fifties, and began writing and drawing in a trance, in blue ink, filling notebook after notebook. Words intertwined with delicate, free-flowing, continuous lines, knotted and unravelled in profusion. Believing that her pen summoned the departed, acting as a

messenger from the beyond, Pigeon said that her practice allowed her to "repair past lives".

The Collection de l'Art Brut opens the exhibition – curated by Anic Zanzi – with this first period, which spans from 1938 to 1951. In the centre of the room, a drawing from the late 1930s is projected onto a large screen, allowing the delicate lace of lines and words to be seen in detail. Visitors then enter a bright room, beneath the museum's old beams, where large drawings from Pigeon's second period (1953–1964) are displayed – dazzling in their mysterious dexterity. The sheets of watermarked paper are covered with dense, organic patterns and veiled female silhouettes, and sometimes bear the name "Pierre", like that of the apostle. Pigeon's blue ink grows more intense, the finely striated masses dancing across the paper with such energy that they seem to press against the very edges of the compositions. The eye is drawn, among the works, to a drawing dated 28 October 1959, in which – emerging from a tangle of tightly packed lines – two masked women stare at each other in silence.

For Dubuffet, Pigeon's drawings were "a long hymn to death". That is true. Yet we might be tempted to rephrase it – apologies to the father of *art brut* – as "a long hymn whose vital force is so strong that it awakens the dead."

An accompanying book *Laure Pigeon, Infiniment Bleu, Infinite Blue* (5 Continents Editions, 2025), includes essays in English and French.

LUC DEBRAINE

Installation, *Untitled*, 1938





above: Jimi Hendrix, 2025
left: Street in Marino Italy, 2025

above: Arthur C Clarke and Pepsi, 2025
top: Figure on Wood, 2025
top, left: Keith Haring Visits Howard Finster, 2025

RYAN POLLIE: HERO WORSHIP

LAX gallery, Los Angeles
December 3, 2025 – January 3, 2026

As an indie rock musician, Ryan Pollie was always drawn to American primitives: the Shags, Daniel Johnston, and other naïve outsiders who create sounds far beyond the norm. Pollie feels the same way about his painting, a passion which only began in the last year or so and allows him to embrace his whims and mistakes in new ways. At his debut exhibition, "Hero Worship," at the LAX gallery – a new gallery and music space in Downtown Los Angeles – he is showing 13 portraits and other disarming works that are raw and playful.

For the prolific LA-based musician and record producer, painting began as a creative outlet to keep him sane when the music wasn't flowing. He had never before given that form of artistic expression any thought but, in 2025, he started using paints his girlfriend had around the house, and bought whatever canvases were available at a low cost. He soon found what he describes as "an access point into that meditative flow-state/prayer headspace that you can get into with a lot of different art forms." There are, of course, DIY connections to his music in his artworks, but while the songs tend to be focused inward, the paintings explore other obsessions.

In "Hero Worship," Pollie's smaller works (about 16 x 20 in./

40.5 x 51 cm) are mostly images of famous and semi-famous faces, from Jimi Hendrix to Keith Haring Visits Howard Finster. His portrait of David Hockney, in a fedora and aqua t-shirt, is depicted in thick, unstudied brushstrokes of beige, pink and yellow, appearing like a warped Don Bachardy likeness. Another sci-fi icon Arthur C Clarke has the aging author cradling a one-eyed black chihuahua named Pepsi. Recently moving to larger canvases, after randomly finding some in a Craigslist ad, Pollie has been inspired to depict sports heroes from his childhood: from basketball star Michael Jordan to hockey great Wayne Gretzky. Anonymous subjects make an appearance too, such as: *Figure on Wood* and *Pondering Alien*.

In a corner of the gallery, a small, white television plays a VHS video recording of an abstract film, with spectral waves of ambient sounds, that Pollie made in 2023. And, on the opening night of the show, he had three indie bands playing (Short Frenzy, Deloyd Elze, and Bedbug), giving his introduction as a painter the energy of a live concert without him having to get onstage.

Two days after the opening, Pollie sits surrounded by his bright, winsome paintings, describing each canvas as though it were a song from an album. "I'm going to keep doing it and grow, but the idea of getting better, I've never been super interested in that," he explains. "If I like it, then I'm growing."

STEVE APPLEFORD

The Baptism of Mary, 2024



My Grandmas Old Blue Willow, 2004

Mend Us All, 2003



MARY PROCTOR: THE STRENGTH TO BE JOYFUL

American Visionary Art Museum, Baltimore

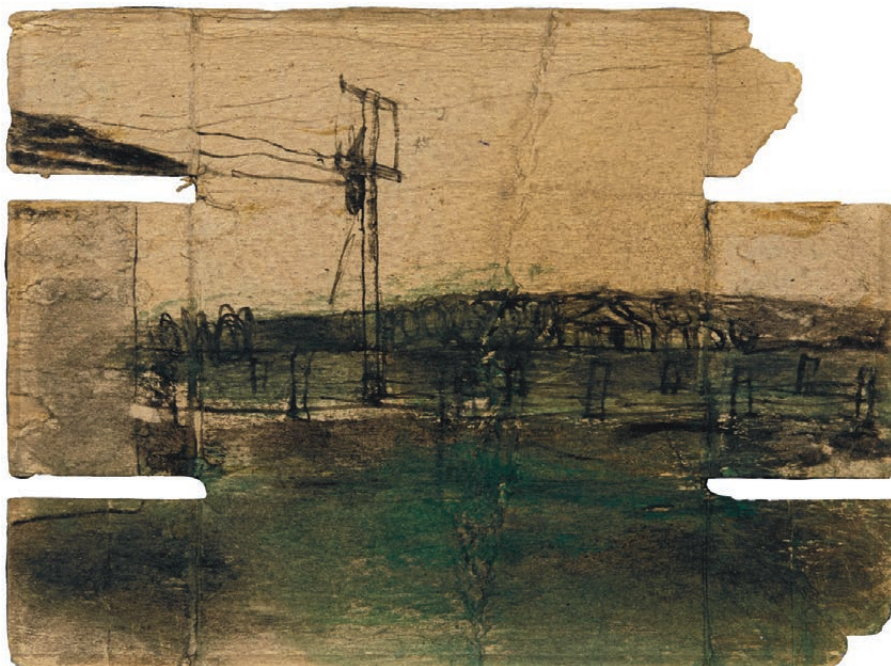
August 2, 2025 – August, 2027

For the two-year display at the American Visionary Art Museum, curator Gage Branda installed roughly 40 pieces in a major exhibition to evoke a pilgrimage to “missionary” Mary Proctor’s house in Lloyd, Florida. “Mary Proctor: The Strength to Be Joyful” surrounds visitors with artworks displayed on brightly painted, curved walls and columns within the space; while an enlarged photograph of the artist’s house seems to blend in with the gallery walls.

Proctor considers herself a preacher foremost, while her artworks support the message of faith and show the love embraced by her practice. The paintings are often populated by vivacious Black women, their arms lifted upward toward God, or curved downward to comfort a child. The artist frequently includes text in her works, and stories are retold about gardening, sewing, sharing with neighbours, and her childhood – like the time Proctor accidentally broke her grandmother’s favourite piece of Blue Willow-patterned china. Her grandmother’s forgiveness remains a profound memory and *My Grandma’s Old Blue Willow* (2004) is a standout in the show. Other particularly striking pieces are *The Baptism of Mary* (2024) in cut and painted wood, and *Mend Us All* (2003) which shows a maternal figure bending toward a child, both gloriously clothed in collaged buttons.

Born in 1960 to a mother who was still a child herself, Proctor was raised by her grandparents and then worked as a nurse’s aide. After an injury left her partly paralysed, Proctor opened a thrift shop. She first created art as a hobby – an early piece, *A Child is God* (sic) *Gift* (c. 1990), features many characteristics of her later work, all in one picture: drip painting, clusters of pottery fragments, buttons and beads – but she began making art as a vocation in 1995, when three family members, including her beloved grandmother, died in a fire because their door had expanded in the heat and couldn’t be pried open. God appeared to Proctor in her grief, telling her, “Paint the door.” Her first works after this vision, *The Things My Old Grandmama* (sic) and *My Grandpa* (sic) *Old Overalls* (both 1995) are important pieces in this exhibition. Since then, Proctor has painted on scores of doors, as well as aluminum siding, canvas and discarded metal or wood in all sizes, using house paint embellished with broken ceramics, buttons, cloth and any other materials she finds. “The Strength to Be Joyful” is an exuberant reminder that joy and kindness can be acts of courage.

EMILY B SCHILLING



Untitled, n.d.



Untitled (Red Jacket Construction), n.d.

Untitled, n.d.



Untitled (Farmhouse with Freestanding Door...), n.d.

JAMES CASTLE: THE ARCHITECTURE OF SILENCE

Ricco/Maresca Gallery, New York
November 20, 2025 – January 10, 2026

Ricco/Maresca Gallery's unforgettable "The Architecture of Silence" comprises 21 drawings and collages – four of them double-sided – by Idaho artist James Castle (1899–1977). As he was deaf and never learned to speak, read or use sign language, Castle's prime means of communication was through his artworks. He created thousands of pieces, mostly from memory, not giving them a title or date, and was known for pushing saliva, soot and found pigments into the surface of his artworks.

Castle lived with his family and made art all his life, including drawings, constructions and books, using scavenged materials like product packaging, old calendars and string. An exceptional example in this show is *Untitled (Farmhouse with Freestanding Door in Front of Shed)*, created on a flattened Amalgamated Sugar package. A farm building behind a sort of outsized doorway is the central subject of the drawing, and the dark foreground contains lines and patterns where the folded cardboard absorbed extra pigment. Above, faint patterns from the product label on the back of the packaging can be interpreted as clouds in the sky.

Castle appears to have allowed his support material to influence

the method and composition of each piece. The folds and crumples in discarded cardboard and paper add depth and texture to his works; some look like lithographs. An uncharacteristically abstract drawing – roughly half sky, half featureless land – sensitively celebrates its surface (possibly re-used baking parchment). In another work, Castle's sky incorporates wrinkles in the paper, as well as a couple of holes, to masterful effect. Textures are gorgeously indicated in his mark-making, as well, and patterns including tweed, herringbone and a plain cross-stitch are repeated. Among the mostly monochromatic drawings in the show there are a few that include some colour; a double-sided work on torn, die-cut packaging includes exquisite green smudging, while *Untitled (Red Jacket Construction)* recreates the top of a shirt or coat in folded and sewn maroon paper.

Throughout the exhibition, viewers are given a strong sense of Castle's interest in intersections between open and closed, horizontal and vertical, land and sky, indoors and out. Chairs, doorways and windows are neatly contained, their frames important. All the works are replete with stillness, and "The Architecture of Silence" is hung to echo this quality: the wall facing a salon grouping is left empty, lit as if to highlight an artwork although nothing is there.

EMILY B SCHILLING



above: *Apple #1*, 2025
left: *Horse #1*, 2025

SATOKO MORISHITA

Enorme, New York
October 11– November 8, 2025

For her first exhibition in the USA, self-taught Japanese artist Satoko Morishita presents two main bodies of work. One is her stitched fabric birds, the second is her acrylic on canvas and board paintings. Both are imbued with a sense of stillness and calm; the birds always have their wings closed, the paintings have solitary apples or horses in planes of mottled, uneven colour. Their shared muted palettes are dominated by beiges, whites and greys, giving them a delicate, almost fragile feel.

The solo show is at Enorme, a gallery and shop in a loft building off Manhattan's Union Square. Many of the artists it presents have a handmade yet elevated quality to their work. The intimate setting of the space gives a domestic scale to Morishita's pieces, such as one bird resting on a lace doily. Titled *Bird That Harbors Something* (the artist refers to all her bird sculptures as "Birds That Harbor Something" and says that what they harbour depends on the viewer), it is installed below the painting *Warmth* (2025) which – one of the more abstract compositions in the show – has just the murky outlines of shapes in its off-white paint. If the stitched bird wasn't positioned beneath it, the viewer may not connect that one of the painting's amorphous forms is also a bird; together, the two artworks both suggest a creature remembered as if from a dream.

Where the soft sculptures are smooth and simple, with drapes of fabric or rings of stitches suggesting wings, the paintings are rougher in texture. Some have backgrounds that appear marred or scratched away, akin to the sgraffito technique that reveals the surface underneath, or like a wall painted too many times and left to decay. The simple purity of the figurative subjects in them gives these paintings a tenderness that offsets the deterioration, whether a horse with friendly eyes or a perfectly shaped apple.

There is an invitation to pause with all of these artworks (something emphasised by Enorme positioning a teapot on a stool near an installation of a flock of bird paintings). And, while only minimal information is shared on Morishita's life in the exhibition text, you could imagine these works were created in an atmosphere just like this, where every stitch to shape a bird's tiny beak or stroke of paint to form a horse's wavering legs was done with care.

ALLISON C MEIER



right: *Bird That Harbors Something*, 2025
above, right: *Warmth*, 2025



The Children of Albion, 2025

BEN EDGE: CHILDREN OF THE ALBION

The Fitzrovia Chapel, London
November 6–26, 2025

In a Byzantine-style chapel on the site of the Middlesex Hospital, at the altar where King Charles III gave his Christmas 2024 address, hangs a large, Bosch-inspired, oil painting. Ben Edge's *The Children of Albion* (2025) is the centrepiece of this titular exhibition.

The painting is of a Peter Blake-type arrangement of figures and scenes from British folk traditions and history. The figures frolic under the Vitruvian arms of William Blake's *Albion* (from the etching with watercolour, c. 1794), rising like the sun over a priapic London Shard. Other monuments depicted in Edge's exhibition are more ancient and Pagan, such as the Rudston Monolith and Orkney standing stones, sheela-na-gig carvings and a dolmen (portal tomb).

London-based Edge is a key actor in Britain's folk and Pagan revival, which has grown significantly in the last few years. Featured in *Raw Vision* 110, he continues to explore "the connections between folklore, identity, nature, and oral storytelling traditions" in his paintings of folk rituals and customs across Europe. This interest was sparked when Edge came across a Druid ceremony while recovering

from depression – though Facteur Cheval's *Le Palais Idéal* was an earlier revelation, he says.

In his "Children of the Albion" exhibition, the artist reworks our broken bond with nature, connecting us with our folk origins via colonialism. He encourages us to reflect on "where we all come from and why we tell ourselves the stories we tell ourselves," as art critic Jerry Saltz says of the work. The wonder in Edge's paintings is the level of detail, and the terrific glow that seems to come from the skies and torch lights. They tell stories about the position of Pagan and folk rituals and traditions today.

Edge also makes documentaries and music, and has collaborated with a rock band, as well as a footwear company (to make folklore-inspired creepers). That collaborative spirit comes through in his paintings: "As contemporary Britons, I believe we're all part of this evolving story," he says. "It transcends time and heritage, forming a diverse, interconnected whole." This sense of unity is something we all need now.

The Pagan and folk revival links us to others and to practices that late-stage capitalism doesn't reach. This may be the greatest appeal of Edge's work. "You can see the creativity running through the blood of Britain," he says. You can certainly see it running through his.

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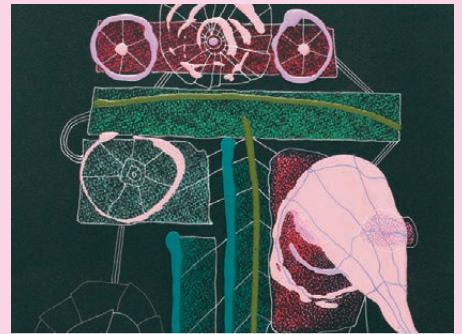
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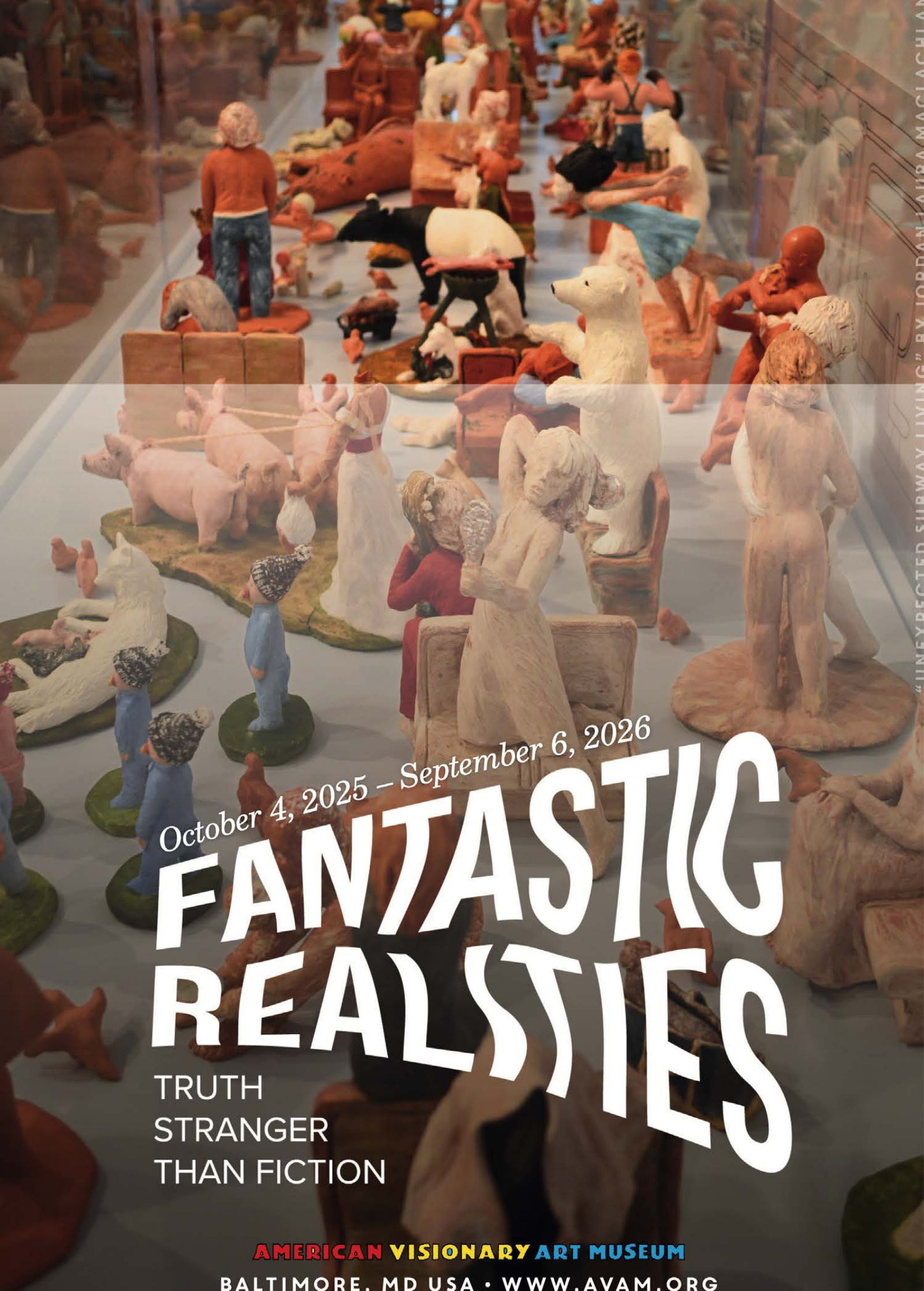
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