

# Roger Cardinal: Castles are Elsewhere

A lifetime of wandering, conversations,  
observations and friendship

1940 – 2019

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# Introduction

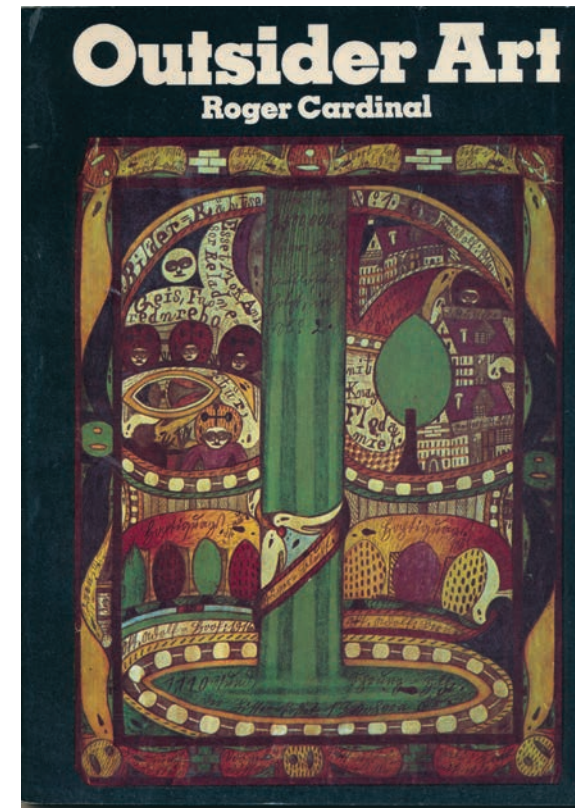
*Castles are Elsewhere*, a title taken from one of Roger's diaries, commemorates the life of a great man whose fascination with the extraordinary led him on a wondrous odyssey upon which he encountered creativity in the most unexpected places.

His archive is a testament to this lifelong journey and the enduring friendships he made along the way. Letters from Jean Dubuffet and André Breton's family are included, as well as the handwritten notes on his ground-breaking *Outsiders* exhibition at the Hayward Gallery, London in 1979. There are files of correspondence with artists, many of whom gifted their works in gratitude for Roger's support and understanding of their art. Works by Michel Nedjar, Gérard Sendrey, Valerie Potter, Ody Saban, Zinnia Nishikawa and Ted Gordon are just a few that form part of this highly personal and treasured collection. Other artworks in the collection were given to Roger by fellow explorers and collaborators of self-taught art. A Joseph E. Yoakum from the late Phyllis Kind is just one example of the gratitude that Roger's generosity of knowledge and time could evoke.

Roger's professional legacy is considerable and includes the hundreds of students he guided, and the books on French poetry, Art Brut, German Romanticism and Surrealism he wrote that will continue to inspire for generations to come. On a more personal level, it is his volumes of personal diaries (93 in total) that offer the greatest insight into his inner mind and the way he saw the world. His thoughts, poems, dreams, observations, chance encounters and events, collaged with ephemeral cuttings, form a visual cornucopia of new and thought provoking connections.

Roger liked to find fragments liberated from their original context, like a stray playing card, a misplaced jigsaw piece, discarded tickets, maps and images from magazines. No doubt he would have approved of this book, which brings together fragments of his life seen through the recollections of those he knew. It represents his life's achievements from covers of his books, to the treasures in his art collection and a selection of pages from his diaries. It is a fitting memoriam to a man we all admired and who encouraged us to look at art and life differently, to see that castles are elsewhere.

*Vivienne Roberts and Jennifer Gilbert*



*Outsider Art book cover, 1972*

## Roger's Biography

Fifty years ago Roger Cardinal wrote *Outsider Art* (1972), the first UK published book about Art Brut. His writings on self-taught art in Europe and America include *Primitive Painters* (1978) and the co-authored *Marginalia. Perspectives on Outsider Art* (2001), as well as essays on the Outsider Aesthetic, Outsider Architecture, Autistic Art, Prison Art, Memory Painting, and the Arnulf Rainer Collection; and many studies of individual Outsiders including Madge Gill, of which his study will be published posthumously.

In 1979, he co-curated with Victor Musgrave the pioneering *Outsiders* exhibition at the Hayward Gallery in London. During the 1970s, he put on three exhibitions of Madge Gill's work, and in 1999 co-curated *Messages from the Beyond* at the Halle Saint-Pierre in Paris. He was an adviser to the Collection de l'Art Brut in Lausanne, and during 2003-2010 chaired the selection panel of the international INSITA Triennial exhibition of autodidact art in Bratislava.

Cardinal was also an authority on Surrealism and the early modern avant-garde. His own PhD was on the surrealist conception of love, of which he gained a first from Cambridge. He wrote *Expressionism* (1984), co-edited *The Cultures of Collecting* (1994), and co-authored *Kurt Schwitters* (2011). His *Figures of Reality* (1981) is an essay on the modern poetic imagination. Before his passing he was Emeritus Professor of Literary & Visual Studies at the University of Kent, Canterbury, England, having worked there for fifty years.

Cardinal passed away in 2019 leaving a rich legacy of published works and over half a century of diaries.



Roger at the Phyllis Kind Gallery in New York



Roger in front of a Madge Gill calico at Phyllis Kind Gallery in New York

## Agnès Cardinal on Roger

I met Roger whilst swimming in Lake Geneva on a hot summer's day in 1961. We pulled ourselves out of the water onto a float, got chatting, and discovered that we were in the same class at the University of Lausanne, both following a course on 'Le Nouveau Roman'. Roger had arrived from Cambridge and I had come from Zurich. Together we began to explore the town and its environment, and do our coursework on park benches. In no way did we, at the time, imagine, that years later, with the establishment of the Musée de L'Art Brut in 1976, that Lausanne would become such an important point of intellectual and professional orientation for Roger.

Right from the start I knew that, in Roger, I had met an extraordinary young man. Even though he was clearly very British, he spoke French and German well, without an English accent, and he knew more about literature and the arts than any one I had ever met before. He was also very courteous, funny, and wonderfully irreverent towards everything I had hitherto been taught to respect. Above all, he always managed to amaze me by his quirky ability to see beyond the obvious and the conventional. This was an aspect of his persona which was still thrilling me fifty years later as his life was ebbing away. When we arrived at the Hospice in Canterbury in October 2019 Roger, barely conscious, smiled up at me and said: 'Et voilà, the motel at the end of the road'.

Our marriage of nearly 55 years turned out to be an extraordinary adventure for both of us. For me it was a triumphant leap into the kind of freedom that a conventional life in Switzerland was unlikely to offer me. For him, I think, I represented the 'thrill of the exotic'. Indeed, in no time at all Roger had picked up my family's Swiss German dialect, chatted to my father about local customs, and endeared himself to my mother by appreciating her Italian cuisine. He was, even then, clearly fascinated by Swiss cultural oddities, from the bizarre village masks



*Roger and Agnès' first meeting in London in 1963*



*Roger writing his diary somewhere in Manitoba in 1966*



*Summer in Winnipeg with son Daniel in 1967*



*Roger, his son Felix and the cat on a chair in 1976*

of the 'Tschägäättä' to the burning of the Böög by 'Beduins on Horseback' during Zurich's Spring Festival. What we both shared was the need to get away from the familiarity and ordinariness of our places of origin. And so, having finished his PhD, Roger applied for university jobs all over the world, and in 1965 accepted a Lectureship in French at the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg.

Having settled into married life, Roger encouraged me to further pursue my studies and when baby Daniel arrived in 1966, he cheerfully did his share of minding, cooking and washing so that I could write my essays. We never limited our travelling or staying out late, Daniel simply came along wherever we went. He was dipped, two months old and screaming blue murder, into the Pacific Ocean on Vancouver Island, he was devoured by mosquitos in a campsite on Lake Winnipeg, and exposed to a potential bear attack whilst asleep next to our provisions in the Rocky Mountains, while Roger and I went for a walk.

In the end Roger felt that Canada was too far away from his European sources of interest. We returned to England where a job at the University of Kent offered us the perfect location, being so close to the Continent. There now followed years of a kind of routine of nine months teaching and three months travelling in Europe. On these summer journeys, Roger took us to many of the 'secret places' such as the sculpted rocks of Abbé Fouéré at Rothéneuf, the Maison Picassiette in Chartres, Ferdinand Cheval's Palais Idéal, the Junker Haus in Lemgo, Caspar David Friedrich's Chalk Cliffs on Ruegen, the Prinzhorn Collection in Heidelberg, or the Gugging Museum outside Vienna, where Leo Navratil was often our most charming host.

In Switzerland we had a base in my grandmother's old house in Uezwil in the Canton Aargau. It is there during many long, hot summers Roger wrote the first drafts of his books on Surrealism, German Romanticism, Expressionism and Paul Nash, and where he also began to collect and put together images of 'a different kind of art'. We visited Elka Spörri at the Waldau in Bern to inspect the drawings of Adolf Wölfli and other unusual Swiss artists, we went to the Museum of Swiss Folk Art in Appenzell and found our way to the barn in Borgonuovo

where Giacometti had fashioned his first works. In Montreux Roger discovered Christine Sefolsha as she created her haunting paintings and in Paris we made friends with Michel Nedjar, puppet maker extraordinaire.

Inevitably with Daniel starting school and Felix having arrived in 1974, our nomadic life was now somewhat curtailed, but we did manage to get away for a year in 1976 to the University of Toronto on an exchange. From there we dashed off to the Gaspésie in the footsteps of André Breton, and then went for a longer stay to Chicago where we started wonderful friendships, especially with Phyllis Kind, who had just opened a gallery of Outsider Art. Through her we met a galaxy of thrilling local artists, notably the sculptor Cosmo Campoli and the painter Arlene Becker, as well as Whitney Halstead who showed us not just his paintings, but also his extraordinary collection of tribal artefacts from all over the world. Discussions about definitions tended to be lively, even then!

With the publication of *Outsider Art* in 1972, things began to change for Roger. What had initially been just his personal interest now became an issue for academic scrutiny and controversy. Even though in Britain the book was initially largely ignored (which Roger did not seem to mind very much), it did elicit a surge of responses - first in the United States and then further afield. In time, invitations for lecture tours started to arrive from all over the place... Sweden, Helsinki, Vienna, Bratislava, San Francisco, Melbourne, and so on. Outsider Art had suddenly become an interesting and eminently debatable part of the art world.

Roger's reaction to all this was ambivalent. Even though he enjoyed teaching and giving lectures, liked travelling and encountering like-minded people, he was not really a very public person. He loved and appreciated his many friends, but preferred to meet them on a one-to-one basis, and in a private space.

He loved quiet, uneventful days and greatly enjoyed our secluded cottage, which continued to amuse him as a kind of 'bolt hole', totally hidden from public view. He busied himself contentedly with the observation of creative processes around him, collected the doodles his colleagues made during meetings, filed away the

childhood drawings of our sons and their friends, and brought home many 'objets trouvés' from his walks through town and countryside. In the 50 years we have lived in our small cottage, not once was he even remotely tempted to consider a move to a bigger, more 'suitable' abode. The potential upheaval seemed to him a totally unnecessary waste of time and energy.

What he enjoyed most was the peace of mind to be able to think and to orient himself within his own world. In this, his 'Logbook' was a crucial component. Here he recorded, in his neat handwriting, the events of the day, and his current thoughts, dreams, encounters and experiences. He illustrated his prose with cut outs from newspapers and magazines, added his own sketches, an odd poem, quotations from books and conversations with friends and colleagues, so that every page of these 93 volumes of diary became a complex visual and textual record of Roger's life. Indeed, nothing happened in the morning until Roger had finished 'doing' his Logbook. As holidays started, trains or ferries were often missed, appointments postponed at short notice; and many times we arrived at an exhibition or a museum at closing time. But none of this mattered much. There would be another, maybe even better, opportunity later. Yet I always observed with some amusement that when it really mattered, at work for example, or for an important meeting, Roger was always totally punctual.

We never booked a hotel when travelling, since there was no knowing how far we would get in our itinerary on any given day. In consequence, we did spend nights in some wonderfully odd places from a dusty attic belonging to a very drunken Breton farmer, to a palatial annexe of a tiny chateau on the Loire, or a tatty old caravan in a wet field on the Mosel.

In his years at the University Roger had somehow managed, against all the odds, to move from the French Department to 'History and Theory of Art'. Kent allowed him an extraordinary freedom to widen his range of teaching topics, and the students did flock to his very unconventional modules such as 'The Absurd', 'The Sublime', 'The Mind', 'Travel Literature', 'Memory and Museums', 'Everyday Images', and 'On Photography' to mention but a few.

Our sons grew up and spread their wings. We grew old. Roger accepted his failing health with stoicism and wry humour. The last entry in his Logbook, written with a very shaky hand reads:

*{I paus for five or six seconds and make hast to shake off.. amnesia...(?)  
Will I experience its symptoms and make it min ?*

He didn't close that particular bracket.



*Roger and artist Ted Gordon in California, c.1993*



*Roger on Tahiti, on the trail of Gauguin in 2003*



# *An Intercontinental Perspective*

## – An interview with Roger Cardinal by Laurent Danchin

*First published in French in Civilisations Imaginaires, Halle Saint Pierre, 1997*

LD: Roger Cardinal, it was your book *Outsider Art*, published in 1972 in Britain and America, which first launched the formula ‘Outsider Art’. Nowadays, the term has achieved wide currency, but has also become somewhat elastic and imprecise. I believe you once told me that, at the time, it was your intention to write a book about Art Brut, and that it was your editor who insisted on producing a fresh term more acceptable to the Anglo-Saxon ear. How exactly did that happen, and was the expression ‘Outsider Art’ really synonymous with ‘Art Brut’ at the outset?

RC: Exactly so! My book dealt directly and explicitly with Art Brut, which is the term used throughout the text. In fact, the formula ‘Outsider Art’ occurs only on the title page, though the clear implication is that it was proposed as equivalent to Jean Dubuffet’s formula. Among the separate studies of individuals in my book, over half are artists included in the Collection de l’ Art Brut. Since this was the first book on the topic of Art Brut ever to appear, it was suggested I submit the entire first half of the typescript – the theoretical section – to Dubuffet, who wrote back to say that he was very happy with what I had written and gave me permission to include illustrations of artists such as Palanc, Emmanuel, Maisonneuve, Laure, Cheval and Clarence Schmidt, as well as artists from the Prinzhorn Collection and elsewhere. My point was not slavishly to adhere to the Dubuffet line, but to include artists of my own choosing, and to represent Art Brut both as a critical concept and as a field for debate. From the start I wanted to raise issues of definition and evaluation, querying for instance

the status of Gaston Chaissac.

LD: In France, the notion of Art Brut is sometimes applied in an extremely orthodox and strict fashion, sometimes very loosely. ‘Outsider Art’ is an expression which has a similarly vacillating usage.

RC: I recently spoke to the American specialist Jane Kallir, who is writing a book about the phenomenon and who is desperately trying to produce an exact map of what she calls “our field”. I think anyone who has some idea of how nomenclatures arise will see that the situation is not really so unusual. Throughout history, pioneers and experts have identified all kinds of phenomena for the first time and proposed terms they have thought appropriate to what it is they have discovered. When Columbus came to the Americas, he found what he called the ‘West Indies’: the name is a misnomer, since he was nowhere near the actual Indies, yet nobody disputes it anymore, and it’s a normal reference in English (I notice that the French are more sensible and say ‘les Antilles!’) The critic Louis Vauxcelles who, in 1905, reviewed an exhibition of work by Matisse, Vlaminck and others and called them fauves, that is: ‘wild beasts’, was hardly being complimentary, and was not seriously trying to designate a painterly style. In this case, a gratuitous insult was adopted as the popular name, and today ‘Fauvism’ is perfectly recognisable as an art-historical rather than a zoological concept. Amusingly, Vauxcelles made something of a career of inventing such misnomers, and when he spoke of Braque’s “bizarreries cubiques”, he launched the term ‘Cubism’: but Cubism was to mean a lot more than just painting cubes. The point is that when we make use of a historical expression, we shouldn’t have to rehearse the entire debate about its original coinage. Once usage has consecrated the term, we simply say ‘Vlaminck was a Fauve’. We don’t mean that he lived in the jungle, but that he painted in a certain expressive style, using unmixed colours, and so forth. And anyone who is not mischievous can understand that.

LD: In other words, the origins of a term may have nothing to do with its subsequent application. Do you mean that a term like ‘Outsider Art’ can in fact be precisely defined?

RC: When we refer to 'Cubism', it is a particular style developed by Braque and Picasso, one which has been so closely mapped by the experts that its origin in a playful phrase is entirely superseded. 'Cubism' and 'Fauvism' are now recognised technical terms with clear definitions. Now, the terms 'Art Brut' and its anglophone equivalent 'Outsider Art' had the advantage of entering cultural history with clear definitions attached to them: these were spelled out in an accompanying discussion, something like an 'instructions for use' label, so that the terms were at that time entirely clearcut. However, the disadvantage of words like 'brut' or 'outsider' is that they are not neologisms, and trail a history of previous usage in the language, so that their new application needs special emphasis if the fresh meaning is to be communicated. Unfortunately, both words had many other connotations, some sensational, some awkward, and not all of them were appropriate to the new situation. (I do however enjoy the association of 'outsider' with the idea of the horse which is given the betting odds of 100 to 1 in the race for primacy!) Also, a series of commentators, whether out of ignorance of the originating discussions, or because of their enthusiasm led them to confuse similar yet different types of art, have in the course of time mis-applied these terms, altering their connotations, stretching their scope and generally blunting their efficacy. These technical terms were intended as tools of discrimination, that is to say: they functioned to mark a clear dividing-line between different things. As technical terms, they need to maintain their sharpness, for a blunt instrument is, in this context, clumsy and even dangerous.

LD: But if terms are misused, and this misuse becomes widespread, what can anyone do about it?

RC: You are quite right. One cannot legislate for popular usage, as indeed the French Academy should have recognised by now. The way people choose to use words is a complex matter of fluctuating fashions and pressures, and nobody can safeguard a term once it enters popular parlance. Of course, the word 'art' is itself a notorious instance of a term which alters its shades of connotation day by day. Nothing is, nor should be, guaranteed eternal stability, and it seems perfectly obvious that we need to adjust our definition of art if we are able to

maintain a clear focus upon new developments in the creative sphere. There is no doubt at all that what we have been calling 'Art Brut' or 'Outsider Art' has been in a state of flux since the very beginning, and that we are today faced with a crisis of definition produced by two things: the thoughtless manipulation of the instruments of definition that has compromised their accuracy, and the sheer proliferation of discoveries over the past few years.

LD: Would you wish to retain these terms, then, given that they are being stretched to breaking point?

RC: I think I am beginning to accept the point made by Christian Delacampagne towards the end of his book *Outsiders* (1989), where he speaks of a golden age of Art Brut which came to an end in the mid-1960's. He makes a good case for seeing a number of powerful artists of more recent vintage as in a distinctly different situation from that of the classic Outsiders of yesteryear: we can no longer speak of art without antecedents and immune from cultural influence as we once did. We are no longer in the age of Heinrich Anton Müller, Augustin Lesage or Aloïse Corbaz.

LD: Would you then, want to restrict the term 'Art Brut' or 'Outsider Art' to those classic earlier cases?

RC: I am tempted to do so, in order to preserve the spirit of the original usage, and to safeguard the clarity of Dubuffet's original insight. Perhaps the analogy with Fauvism and Cubism is suggestive: both are phenomena confined to a specific historical period. As it happens, I am in the process of curating an exhibition with my colleague John Beardsley, to open this December at the Katonah Museum, New York State, which is restricted to what we are calling 'Classic Outsider Art from Europe'. To define this, we have made a selection of artists from the period 1890–1950. These dates are not absolute, but they give a working-guide. Our selection includes the names of Adolf Wölfl, Aloïse Corbaz, Heinrich Anton Müller, Guillaume Pujolle, August Natterer, Johann Knopf, Émile Josome Hodinos, Augustin Lesage, Madge Gill, Scottie Wilson – you can see, I think, that this list is relatively non-controversial and reflects a fairly sharp

conception, in keeping with the classic model of artistic production outside orthodox art – circles, and so forth.

LD: You speak of sharpness, but are you convinced that the orthodox criteria were always implemented, even in the early days of Art Brut?

RC: While researching the material, I came across several anomalies. It had not occurred to me before that Hodinos, for instance, spent two whole years studying drawing and modelling at the Beaux Arts in Paris, before he entered the asylum. Furthermore, it seems that Aloïse Corbaz's received ideas about opera or history are not so different from those of any cultured bourgeoisie from the Suisse Romande. A good deal of research has been done on Adolf Wölfli and it is now incontestable that his work is steeped in the popular and peasant culture of his epoch. I have no anxiety about such discoveries! and they don't reduce my esteem for the artist. But they do underline the important lesson that no creator can be entirely impervious to external influences. Of course, Dubuffet did eventually come to this realisation, and spoke of an "ideal pole" which only a privileged few can approach.

LD: What kind of a definition would you now like to see?

RC: I think all our definitions need to be overhauled in the light of recent discussions. I would much prefer to draw attention to the positive effect of the work rather than the, often negative aspects of the life of the person behind the work. We should try to define this kind of art on the principle of its aesthetic distinctiveness, its distance from other styles of art, and not by reference to its maker's status as a social or psychological marginal. My great regret about the term 'Outsider Art' is that it seems to refer us to a person rather than the manner and content of that person's artistic inspiration. This has placed an undue emphasis on the work's origins in circumstances which, while they are relevant to our understanding, are not the primary reason for our interest in the art. By this I mean that it's fine for us to read about Wölfli's madness, his impoverished childhood, his sexual offences, his incarceration in the Waldau, and so forth: but we wouldn't want to know about all of that if we weren't first and foremost

attracted to his amazing visual patterns.

LD: You are obviously a partisan of Art Brut, but I know that you also have a soft spot for Naïve Art. What distinction would you make between Naïve Art, Folk Art and Outsider Art?

RC: The border disputes between defenders of these different territories have been long and tiresome: just occasionally they have been amusing, and I have enjoyed observing how someone like Scottie Wilson could be accommodated within so many separate categories at the same time, like a man admitted to exclusive clubs all over the city. All I can say in answer to your question is that I think I do perceive a difference between Naïve Art and Outsider Art: while both territories are distinct from those of mainstream, professional artmaking, Naïve Art often seems to aspire to enter that mainstream, whereas Outsider Art is content to remain where it is. Both are self-taught, though Naïve Art tends to observe a model of mimetic literalism, whereas Outsider Art is unrealistic and chimerical: the former alludes to the real world, the latter shapes an imaginary one. (There are of course many borderline cases where these distinctions might not seem so relevant.) As for Folk Art, if it is taken to mean 'the art of rural people', then it would equate to what I would call 'Peasant Art', in the European context at least. This is pretty well an obsolete category in the industrialised West. Whether or not its name tells us this, the Musée des Arts et Traditions Populaires in the Bois de Boulogne is definitely the home of this kind of art. Though the museum contains one or two items we might call 'naïve', it contains nothing whatsoever we could possibly call 'Art Brut'. Also, its coverage is strictly of archaic material and contains, I believe, hardly anything produced since the Second World War.

LD: What do you think of terms like 'Self-Taught Art' or 'Contemporary Folk Art'?

RC: I think the first is enjoying a season of popularity in North America, perhaps because it points to a relatively uncontentious aspect of such work: we all like our art to seem spontaneous and unmarked by specialist training, don't we? I've occasionally used the term 'Self-Taught Art' in a tactical way, as a relatively

neutral term, when I have felt the need to avoid controversial terminology. (It would seem that, in the Southern States, there is a growing reluctance to speak of black artists as 'outsiders', which is taken to be derogatory.) However, as an artistic category, the term 'Self-Taught Art' ranges rather too widely, since one could say of practically any Outsider, Naïve or Folk artist that they developed their skills without any academic training. So it is an acceptable term in that it explains itself neatly, but is extremely free-ranging.

LD: What about 'Contemporary Folk Art', then?

RC: The second term you mention is a rather cumbersome formulation that emerged in the North American context once it became clear that older notions of 'Folk Art' had been superseded by twentieth-century developments. 'Folk Art' has, in the United States, been applied to any kind of art made by ordinary, untrained people and encompasses anything from craft objects like furniture, duck decoys and carved walking-sticks to oil-landscapes and portraits of some sophistication. I think its origins lay in the need to bring recognition to the art of pioneering communities and to defend a regional aesthetic untouched by European sophistication. American Folk Art has traditionally been seen as an art emerging from shared experience, and without reference to academies, exhibitions or the kind of 'high culture' which is cut off from day-to-day existence. Until fairly recently, the Museum of American Folk Art in New York defended an orthodoxy, supporting as it were a 'classic' Folk Art by displaying Pennsylvania Dutch calligraphies or New England quilts or Quaker chairs. Much of this work was anonymous. In the past few years, it has begun to open its doors to contemporary work which is considerably more self-assertive and even provocative. To call this 'Contemporary Folk Art' is perhaps a precaution: the term may have been designed to reconcile two factions, those who prize the 'old' Folk Art of the anonymous limners (itinerant portrait-painters), and those who are excited about the 'new' Folk Art of Howard Finster, Sam Doyle or Sister Gertrude Morgan. Of course, there are those - like that great collector, the late Herbert Hemphill - who love all kinds of Folk Art and are prepared to place all its variants along a single continuum. For myself, I think there has been a distinct shift in voice and

assertiveness, and thus a significant difference in these two sorts of production.

LD: What would that difference be, roughly speaking?

RC: A difference in outlook. The earlier forms of American Folk Art tend to be community-conscious and to celebrate collective values. Grandma Moses and her scenes of rural life are an obvious example of this. The trend of the past few decades is, however, much more individualistic and at times even aggressive. Some artists, such as Thornton Dial and Ralph Fasanella, have addressed political themes in a way which Grandma Moses would never have dreamed of doing. (I realise I am skating over the fact that politically motivated images do occur during the earlier period, in the aftermath of the Civil War, during the Depression, and so on.) More importantly, a growing number of artists seem to qualify as exponents of Outsider Art: allow me to propose Martin Ramirez, Bill Traylor, Minnie Evans, Achilles Rizzoli, Frank Jones, Ted Gordon and Hector Benavides as eligible to join the club! I would argue that their work is no longer 'Folk Art', in so far as it establishes a fresh space of inventiveness and becomes distinctly personalised, with a fairly acute sensation of privacy and autonomy. I believe that we are witnessing the emergence of a canon of North American Outsider Art at the present time. The nomenclature makes some American experts see red, but many are now using the term Outsider Art in the sense in which it was first intended. Despite some wildness and over-enthusiasm, the category is beginning to be accepted, and I am still hopeful that usage will settle its definition within a radius similar to what I first had in mind for it.

LD: Roger, you are familiar with the European collections at Lausanne and Heidelberg, you know the Aracine Collection and the Musgrave-Kinley Collection (now in Dublin), you regularly visit the Fabuloserie, the Site de la Création Franche, the Stadshof at Zwolle, and so forth. But you also know many of the American collections and you are often invited to lecture in the United States. So that your experience of Art Brut or Outsider Art, whatever we call it, is extremely diversified. You are indeed one of the few experts who has a grasp on developments to either side of the Atlantic. What are the fundamental differences

you see between Europe and the States in this regard?

RC: The differences are largely socio-cultural and institutional. In Europe, it happened that Art Brut was first appreciated by a small set of connoisseurs, including intellectuals, artists, psychiatrists and others. It has survived thanks to private collectors who have often bequeathed their treasures to larger public collections, in the way that, for instance, the Lausanne collection absorbed the private cabinets of psychiatrists like Dr Auguste Marie or Professor Charles Ladame, Commercial galleries specialising in Art Brut are still relatively rare, and almost non-existent in Britain, Scandinavia and other countries - I suspect that your knowledge of galleries in France might indicate a much livelier scene, yet, to speak very generally, I think one can say that, despite the efforts of a small group of enthusiasts, the impact of Art Brut in Europe has scarcely touched the wider public. In the United States, Folk Art and now 'Contemporary Folk Art' are terms which have a great appeal to the popular imagination, and chime in with widespread notions of Americanness and a semi-conscious desire to establish connections and unity. This interest has not at all been the privileged domain of intellectuals. Quite ordinary people have become collectors of Folk Art, just as quite ordinary people make Folk Art.

LD: What of the institutional aspect you mention?

RC: I'm referring to the veritable explosion of new commercial galleries and museum exhibitions across practically all fifty-two states. (I believe Alaska still lacks its regional Museum of Folk Art, but that will come!) A major museum like the National Museum of American Art in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, which has the same sort of prestige we associate with the Louvre or the Victoria & Albert Museum, now has significant Folk Art holdings. It would be hard to think of a more acclaimed self-taught artist than Grandma Moses, whose fame rested in part on her acceptability as a symbolic 'grandmother' to the nation in a time of social instability. Let me put the point another way: Europeans have never felt the need to cherish an artist of the people, and our Henri Rousseau, our Gaston Chaissac, our Adolf Wölfli, our Alfred Wallis still remain heroes

for a cultural elite. (Nikifor in Poland and Pirosmanni in Georgia are perhaps exceptions.) Remember too that Europe is a quite small continent made up of multiple nationalities, while the United States aspires to a monolingual unity over a vast area: these banal considerations play a part in explaining the peculiar intensified excitement, not to say frenzy, which can overtake Americans once they perceive a phenomenon which offers a wider sense of security and harmony.

LD: Does this mean that American collectors are more passionate than European ones?

RC: I am not saying that American lovers of Self-Taught Art are so different from their European counterparts in their passion and their aesthetic discernment: but it is certainly the case that there are more of them, and that they are more prepared to commit themselves to long journeys and other inconveniences, including expending time and money. I recently visited an amazing Folk Art gallery in Texas - actually its contents were so eclectic as to embrace every category of Contemporary Folk Art, Popular Art, Naïve Art, Outsider Art and so on. Its young owners were also collectors, and the difference between what they wanted to keep and what they were prepared to sell was far from clear-cut. They were palpable enthusiasts of an almost embarrassing energy, who would drive hundreds of miles to visit artists, made regular trips to congresses and symposia across the country, attended the annual Outsider Art Fair in New York, and were planning their first escapade in Europe with a hunger and fervour that made me feel a hundred years old. Such examples underlie my sense of a groundswell of non-elitist interest which cannot be matched at all within the European context.

LD: Let us now turn to the American artists whom we are exhibiting here at the Halle Saint Pierre. Many of them are highly religious. They speak of having visions of a hallucinatory intensity and insist that their art is made purely in an evangelical spirit. Would you make a link between this type of artist and what, in Europe, we call Mediumistic Art? Do you feel, for example, that Howard Finster, Sister Gertrude Morgan or Minnie Evans have some affinity with Art Brut?

RC: I think there are some fundamental resemblances between all types of art produced in states of trance, possession or mediumistic ecstasy. These could be examined as a general category, worldwide. However, one ought to make a general distinction between those artists who have, or seek to have, the approval of their community, and those working independently. In the first case, the trance-like state arises within a communal ritual of religious cast, and the artmaking is envisaged as a matter of collective concern. This would be the case with artists like Howard Finster or Sister Gertrude Morgan, whose work operates within a socially recognised vocabulary full of standard Biblical quotations. In the second case, there are those states of high engrossment which overtake the artist during the artmaking process, and which don't necessarily have any relevance to the wider community. Such states can lead to individualistic expressions which are quite eccentric and hermetic and which, as a consequence, are ignored by the social group. I believe Minnie Evans falls into this latter category. As for Art Brut, I think the question is clear: the more an artist defers to a collectively recognised standard and uses well-known allusions, the more their work belongs to Folk Art. The more an artist invents expressive forms with a minimal connection to the collective, the more their work should be seen as Outsider Art. I think the difference between what is not Outsider Art, and what is Outsider Art can be demonstrated by juxtaposing Sister Gertrude Morgan to Minnie Evans. The former is quite clearly preaching to an audience whom she assumes to be familiar with her cultural references, especially to Holy Scripture. This doesn't mean her work is weak, and I'm interested in its visionary aspect. All the same, I don't feel it has what I would call the querulous density of Minnie Evans's images, in which I think cultural echoes simply evaporate in the heat of her concentration upon something else which is not meant to be commonly understood. I would also list J. B. Murray in this latter category, as a visionary creator who goes beyond pious communication and exhibits a strong sense of a secret purpose.

LD: What do you make of 'Black Folk Art' as a category? Do you take seriously its religious connotations, which are very strong in America?

RC: A turning point in the public recognition of this branch of American

creativity was the exhibition *Black Folk Art in America* at the Corcoran Gallery in 1982. Since then, there have been innumerable group exhibitions and individual shows, which have multiplied in tandem with the growth in popular awareness of the social and political predicament of what we are now asked to call African Americans. Despite advances in social welfare, the black population of the United States remains disadvantaged, and their artmaking necessarily reflects their aspirations and their status as an entrenched minority. The deep religious spirit of its Southern communities naturally colours its artmaking, and so there is a recognisable voice here. What is fascinating, though, is that, just as the religious institution of the local church (often Baptist) encourages ordinary individuals to become preachers, so individualism comes out in the religious art. The Reverend Johnnie Swearingen and Elijah Pierce are not merely transmitters of Christian orthodoxy.

LD: The current interest in Outsider Art and its analogues is growing all the time, as witness the success of the review *Raw Vision*, for example. How do you see the evolution of art in general, and what is the role of this kind of art upon the wider stage?

RC: In recent years I have used the phrase 'the marginal arts' to refer to a whole range of unorthodox or 'primitive' expressions which have provoked a special enthusiasm, above all in the case of avant-garde artists: the arts of tribal Africa, Oceania and North America, European peasant art, Naïve Art and amateur art, the art of mad people and of mediums, the art of children or of the handicapped, prehistoric art and prehistoric environments, graffiti, doodles, industrial objects, posters, comics, kitsch, and so on. All these marginal arts have made an enormous contribution to the general history of art in our century, and one could cite a long series of landmark exhibitions which have helped situate them as, in effect, integral to the general picture. *Primitivism in 20th Century Art* in New York in 1984 confirmed the centrality of non-European tribal art to the inventions of most avant-garde movements since Cubism, while *High and Low* in New York in 1990 juxtaposed modern masterpieces with inspired analogues drawn from popular culture. *Parallel Visions* in Los Angeles in 1992 was particularly interesting in that

it showed the intimate affinities between Outsider Art and such movements as Surrealism and Expressionism. *Les Magiciens de la terre* in Paris in 1989 addressed a conception of visionary world art based on an assumed interconnectedness and, despite some gaffes and omissions, signalled a welcome widening of perspectives upon artmaking as a global phenomenon.

LD: Do you imply that we ought to give up our categories and see 'world art' as the space in which all artmaking is to be located, regardless of its type, origin or quality?

RC: Not exactly. I think we should welcome the advance in our conception of art as a worldwide phenomenon; I think we should be alive to all arts of all countries and provenances. But we do need to know what it is we are looking at, and we must not simply sail through exhibitions, congratulating ourselves on our capacity to absorb exotica. I am for the cultivation of an attitude of curiosity and eclecticism which attends to as many different fresh things as is possible, yet which is also tenacious enough to want to discriminate between different brands of strangeness, as well as between different levels of expressive competence. I feel it's important to establish what it is that makes something distinctive, so that we can talk about its qualities and arrive at an articulate appreciation. Wherein lies the strangeness and the beauty of a given image. One of the drawbacks about confining works in categories is that these tend to condition our responses. When we are told we are facing an example of Outsider Art, we adopt a special way of looking at it. It may be healthier not to insist on telling people what they are looking at, so that they are obliged to consult their spontaneous feelings and discover their own criteria. Sometimes I feel it would be better to display works without any labels at all, so that spectators could learn to look at art without preconceptions or distractions. Of course, even that is an ideal, since no spectator can really aspire to possess an entirely innocent eye.

LD: Roger Cardinal, thank you for sharing your thoughts with us.

## *Outsiders: An Art Without Precedent or Tradition* by Victor Musgrave and Roger Cardinal, 1979

*8 February – 8 April 1979, Hayward Gallery, London.*

*Funded by Arts Council England.*

An excerpt here, taken from the *Outsiders* catalogue, written by co-curator Victor Musgrave:

Here is an art without precedent. It offers an orphic journey to the depths of the human psyche, filled with amazing incident, overflowing with feeling and emotion yet always disciplined by superlative technical resources. It is as if we have abruptly stumbled upon a secret race of creative giants inhabiting a land we always knew existed, but of which we had received only glimmers and intimations. We may well feel impelled to survey their work with an appropriate humbleness for they seem to have penetrated the most profound and mysterious recesses of the imagination in a way that the Surrealists would have envied.

Bereft of historical guidelines and cultural norms, the spectator must rely on his own perceptions and sensibilities. For some this may be a disconcerting experience, for others the beginning of an exultant pilgrimage into the unexpected. When so much contemporary art is bland and supine in the well-crafted chains of its own making, the Outsiders give a great and joyous shout: "*We are artists, we are explorers, we go where no man has trod before. Follow us if you dare!*"

Here, we feature excerpts taken from Roger Cardinal's *Singular Visions* essay that features in the 1979 *Outsiders* exhibition catalogue for the Hayward Gallery exhibition. Roger organised this exhibition with Victor Musgrave of the Musgrave Kinley Outsider Art Collection.

*“Outsider Art is a force in motion which contests the authority of the central establishment and maintains a posture of dissidence in the face of the influences to which it is subject.”*

*“Who are the Outsiders who seem so unconcerned about the splendours of the Cultural City? Where do they come from and what can they be thinking? Until we know their background, how shall we know what to make of them? They are not entered in the records of the central authority. They possess no qualifications as artists. They have attended no classes, gained no diplomas. They are not subsidised nor even recognised. They seem to work on their own, for themselves, for the fun of it. They know nothing of the trends and snobberies of the cultural centre, with its beflagged museums and smart contemporary galleries. They work to no commission, without links or debts to the establishment. All prefer the rule of the imagination to the strictures of officialdom. Deprived of the blandishments enjoyed by the professional artist, the Outsiders create their work in spirit of indifference towards, if not plain ignore of, the public world of art. Instinctive and independent, they appear to tackle the business of making art as if it had never existed before they came along. What they make has a primal freshness: it is the product of an authentic impulse to create and is free of conscious artifice. It has nothing to do with contrivance and academic standards, everything to do with passion and caprice.”*

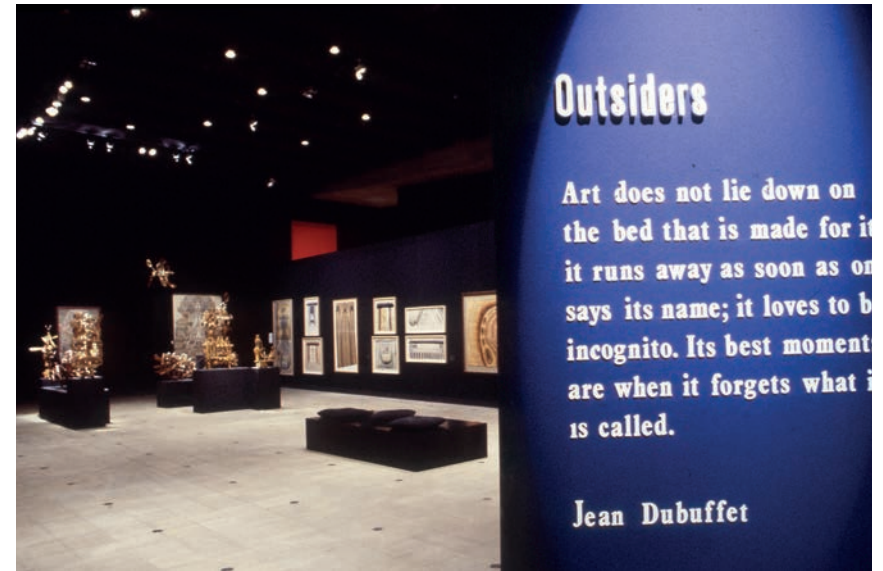
*“Living outside the jurisdiction of the system, they are happy as they are and the work they do, carried out in conditions of secrecy and isolation, carries its own justification. They have no desire for promotion or recognition, so often another name for supervision. They work to their own specifications and, curiously, none seems to know that the others exist, so engrossed is each in his own activity. These are the Outsiders, dwellers in the zone of darkness. Only if you strain your eyes can you make out the astonishing shapes looming out of the uncertain night.”*

*“The question of how to protect the authenticity of this Outsider Art is clearly a delicate one. In an extreme view, it might seem better not to let anyone learn of its existence. For it thrives on its obscurity and is by definition incompatible with popular acclaim. Yet those who appreciate this form of art and are dissatisfied with the offerings of the cultural establishment, feel an urge to make it manifest, if only in the form of sporadic and more or less polemical exhibitions.”*

*“Fascinating though they often are, the individual biographies of the Outsiders are by no means the real reason why one feels drawn to their work. Recognition of a work as Outsider Art does not depend on one's ticking through a checklist of criteria. It would go against the spirit of this adventure into the unknown if one tried to impose pseudo-objective conditions of eligibility. What matters above all is the distinctive impact of the works themselves upon our senses. Outsider Art acts as its own guarantee: it validates itself to the extent that it is compelling and fascinating, and obliges us to acknowledge its singular intensity, its effect of high voltage. One of the most attractive aspects of Outsider Art is the way it draws the spectator in, making him almost an accomplice in the act of creation. The finished product lies before us, yet we cannot but feel something of the vital energies released in the making process.”*

*“My own freedom indeed rests upon my recognising each Outsider as a separate person. There is no place here for generalisations, for blanket enthusiasms or rejections. In the end, there is really no such thing as Outsider Art, no more than there is such a thing as the General Public. There is only the ferment of individuality, that is: the contrary of anonymity and generalisation. An exhibition of this kind cannot be conclusive: it asks only that we make our decisions and discoveries in our own right.”*



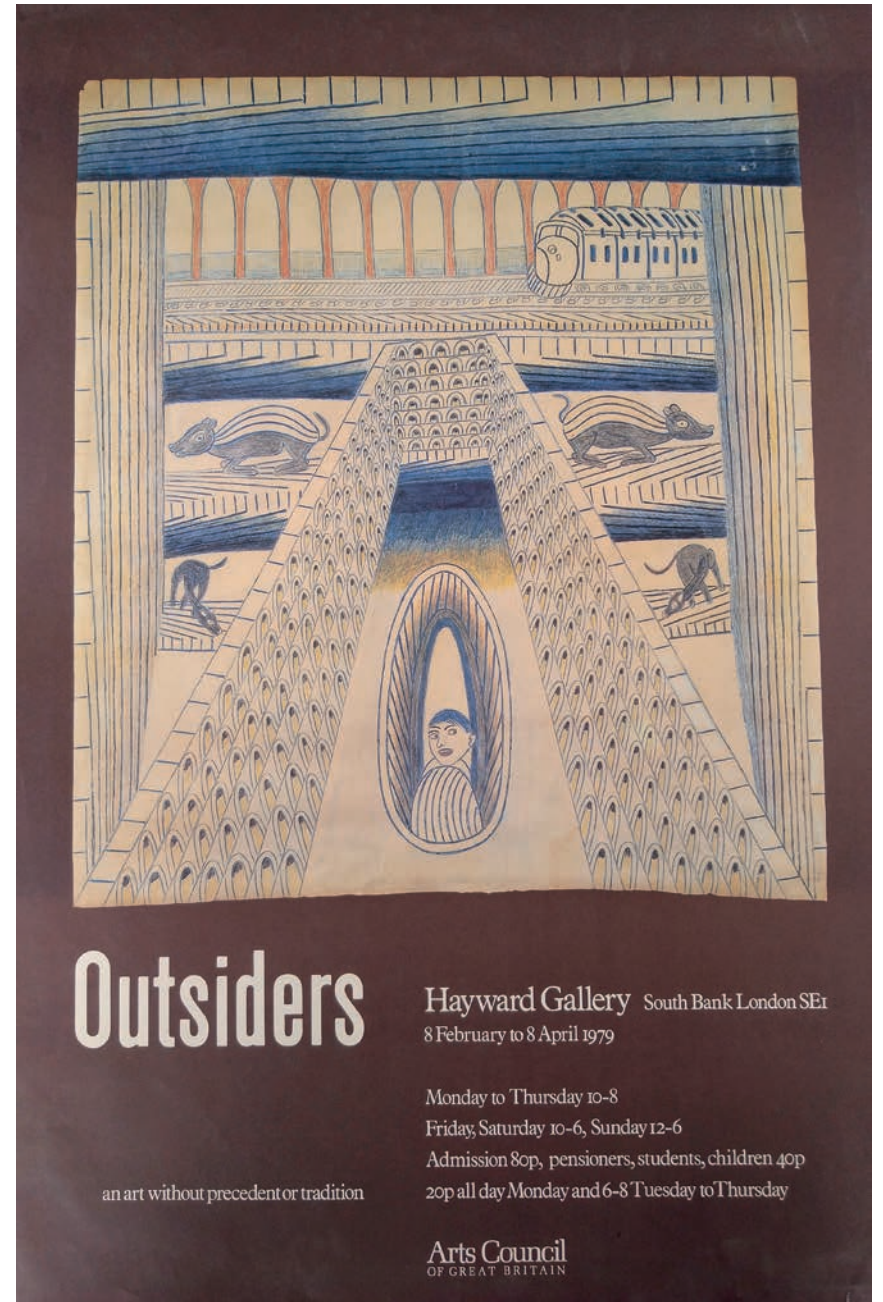


Installation photographs – Outsiders: An Art Without Precedent or Tradition, Hayward Gallery, Southbank Centre, London 1979. © Mark E. Edwards

Installation photographs – Outsiders: An Art Without Precedent or Tradition, Hayward Gallery, Southbank Centre, London 1979. © Mark E. Edwards



Installation photographs – *Outsiders: An Art Without Precedent or Tradition*, Hayward Gallery, Southbank Centre, London 1979. © Mark E. Edwards



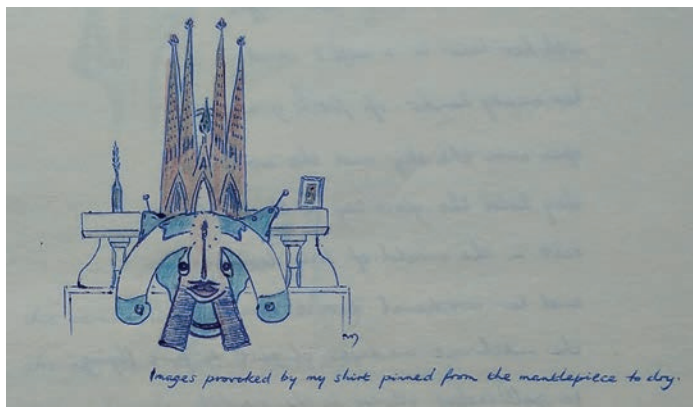
*Outsiders* poster, Hayward Gallery, 1979

# Roger's Diaries

"Wherein the author reveals even more of his sensibility, with much naiveté, and a little grossness tossed in, the whole perhaps drowned in a vast sea of brain-overflow, the litter-bin of l'espirit, what we may well call a 'hodge-podge'!" This quote is by Roger from the front of an early diary.

From the early 1960s, Roger would, without fail, spend time each morning writing his diary – a ritual that would culminate over the course of his lifetime in 93 volumes in total, each one designated a fascinating title such as *Figures of Desire*, *The Shift of the Horizon* and the title of this book, *Castles are Elsewhere*. No two-pages alike, the diaries are intriguing to look through and offer an invaluable insight into how Roger's mind worked. They demonstrate his unique analysis of information and how he valued each chance encounter, especially with regard to the new artists that he became aware of.

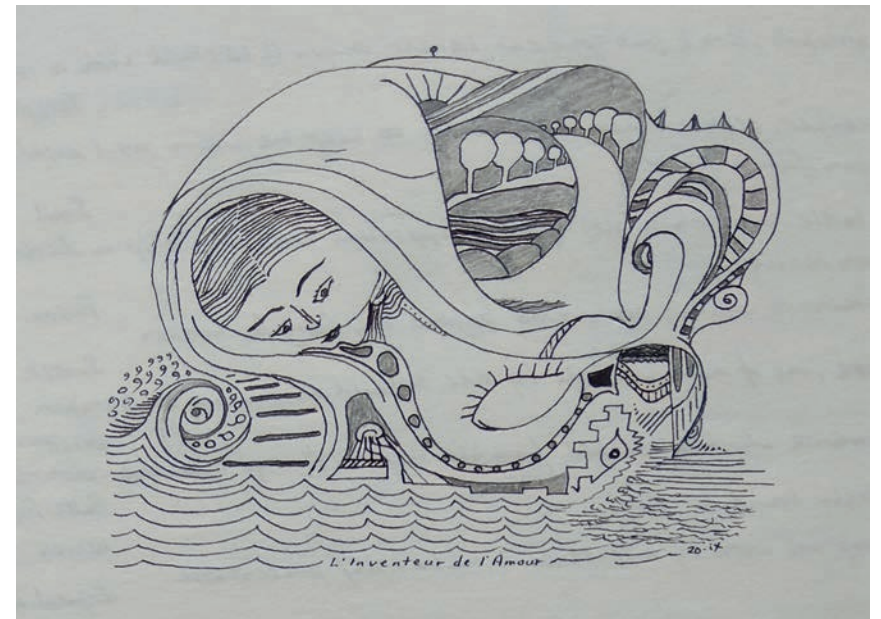
The following pages share with you a flavour of his diary entries.



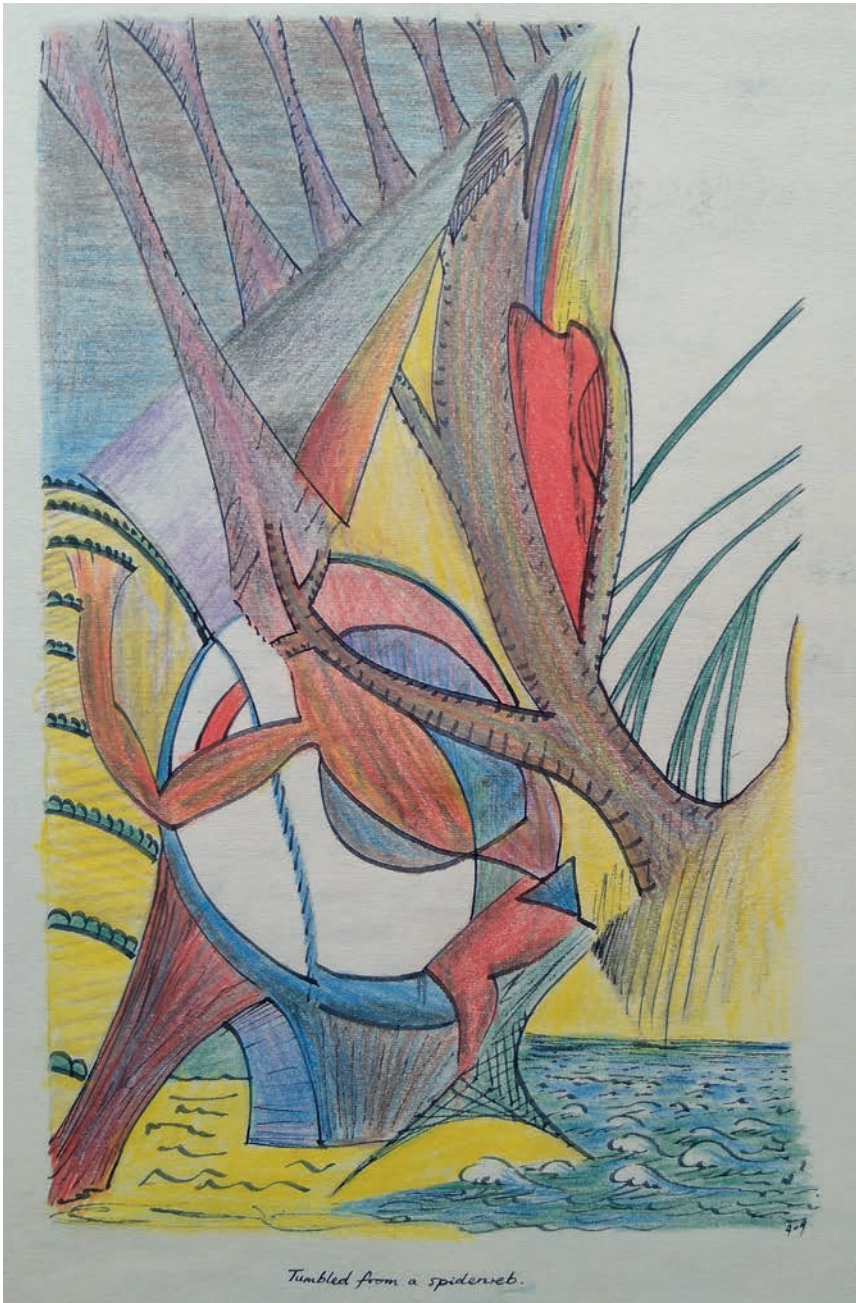
Diary 3, *Beneath Hissing Sound*, 1965 - 1970



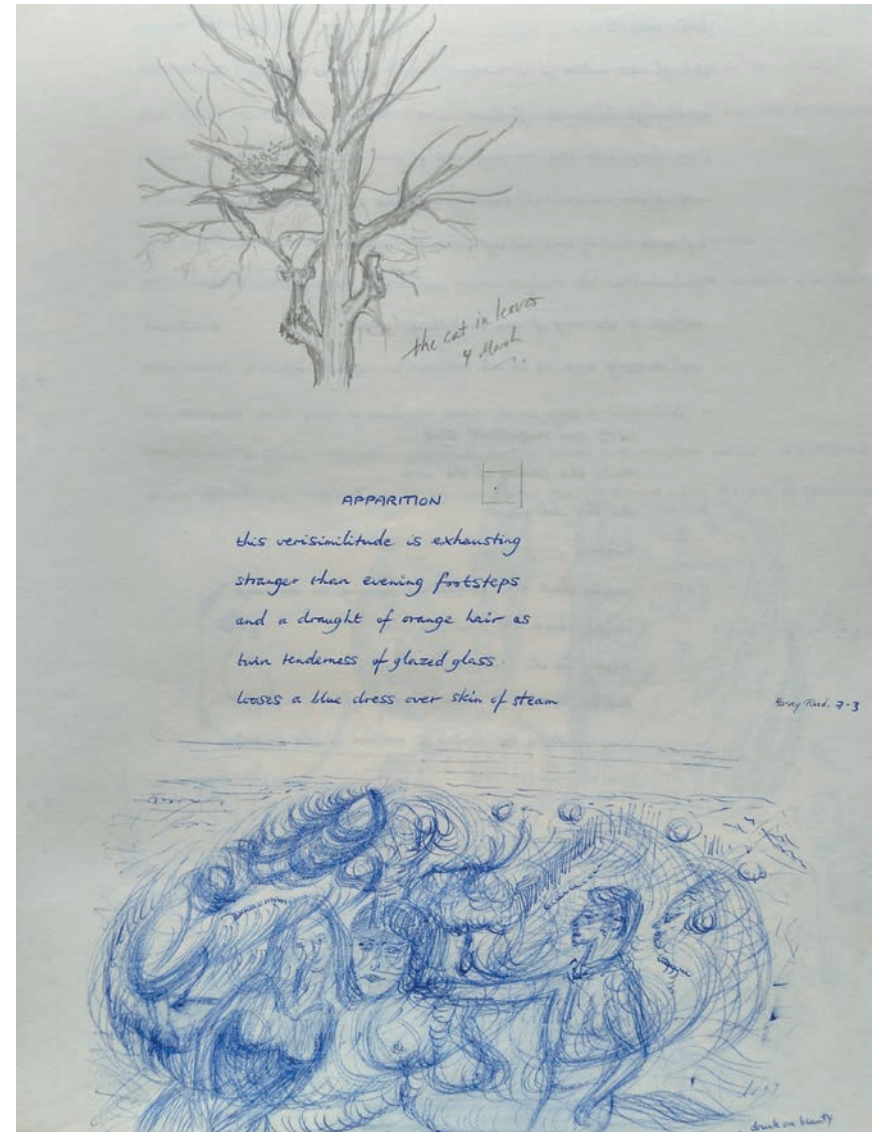
Roger Cardinal's diaries numbered and stacked in his home



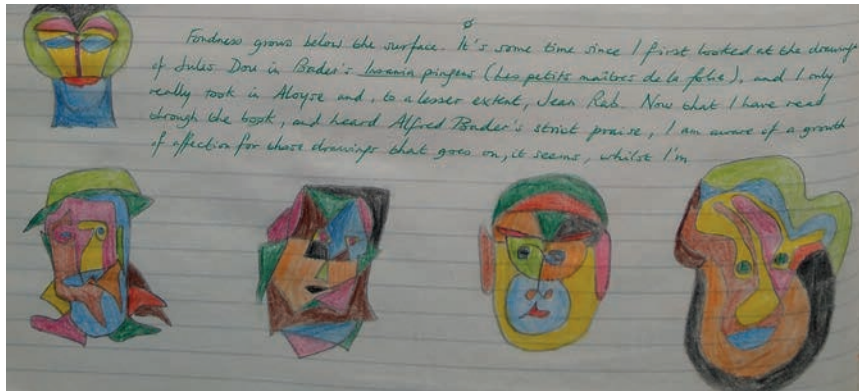
Diary 1, *Twigs and Dreams*, 1964 - 65



Diary 1, Twigs and Dreams, 1964 - 65



Diary 3, Beneath Hissing Sand, 1965 - 70



Diary 11, Narrow Feint, April - November 1971



Diary 15, Diary Untitled, May 1974

**PHYLLIS KIND GALLERY**

226 EAST ONTARIO  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611  
312/642-6302

139 SPRING STREET  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10012  
212/925-1200

MARTIN RAMIREZ

PRESS RELEASE February 14 - March 13, 1976

Martin Ramirez was incarcerated for the last twenty-five years of his life and the work he produced was done only in the last fifteen. (See biography below.) Within this total isolation (not only was he diagnosed Paranoid Schizophrenic-Deteriorated, but he was also mute) Mr. Ramirez invented a completely unique and self-consistent vocabulary. Line and gesture variously combine and alternate to create repeating patterns within an animal, a city, a stage, landscape or train which are themselves regenerated in the surrounding space. This creates a tension between positive and negative space which is both reinforced and offset by an exquisite, if obsessive, handling of form. Thus, some of the pieces (most notably the nine foot "city") are extremely complex. Others are simple and direct yet never do they cease to be both personal and universal, both powerful and benign.

There are amazing resemblances, echoes and relationships between Ramirez's work and an infinitude of styles and ideas in the history of both Western and Eastern art. These come to mind almost incessantly, and although to indulge them is at times irresistible, these analogs are, quite clearly, extraneous to the work and therefore cannot be used for information.

One aspect of the work which adds to the awe and wonderment of it is the technical nature of the drawings themselves. These were made with old stubs of crayons and colored pencils and composed on anything available - sometimes full sheets of wrapping paper but often just the barest scraps, including elements of old letters, the reverse side of dietetic menus or laundry tickets, brown paper bags, flattened paper cups and other "trash." Sometimes Ramirez employed collage techniques combining fragments of his own with magazine cut-outs and glueing them together with an invented adhesive. These drawing elements were frequently made, hidden, and later retrieved and integrated into larger compositions.

Biographical Notes

- ca. 1885 Born in Mexico, exact location and date unknown.
- ca. 1915 Apparently became mute - in any case, he never spoke after that year.
- ca. 1935 Admitted to a state hospital in California. Diagnosed as Paranoid, Schizophrenic - Deteriorated.
- 1945-1960 Executed a series of drawings (about 200 in number) ranging in size from 6 inches to 14 feet.
- 1960 Died while still institutionalized.

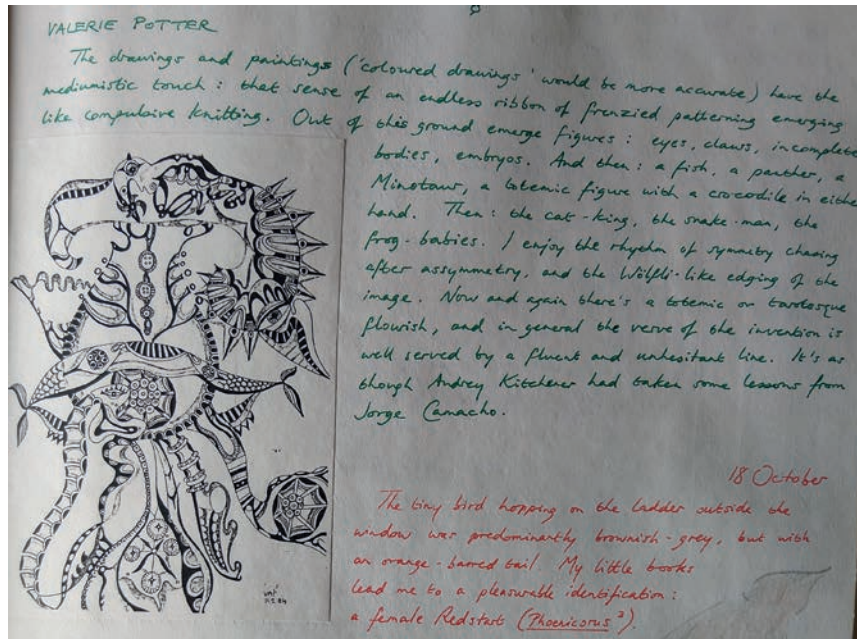
Diary 16, The Lie of the Land, 16 December 1975 - December 1976

DR. ROOPE CARDINAL writes: This exhibition offers a chance to see the work of a most unusual kind of artist. MADGE GILL (1832-1961) spent most of her life in her modest East End home, a widow with two sons. A person of limited education and entirely lacking in artistic training, she was the author of a remarkable series of ink drawings, coloured fabrics and embroideries, and maintained an output over a period of forty years which few professional artists can hope to rival.

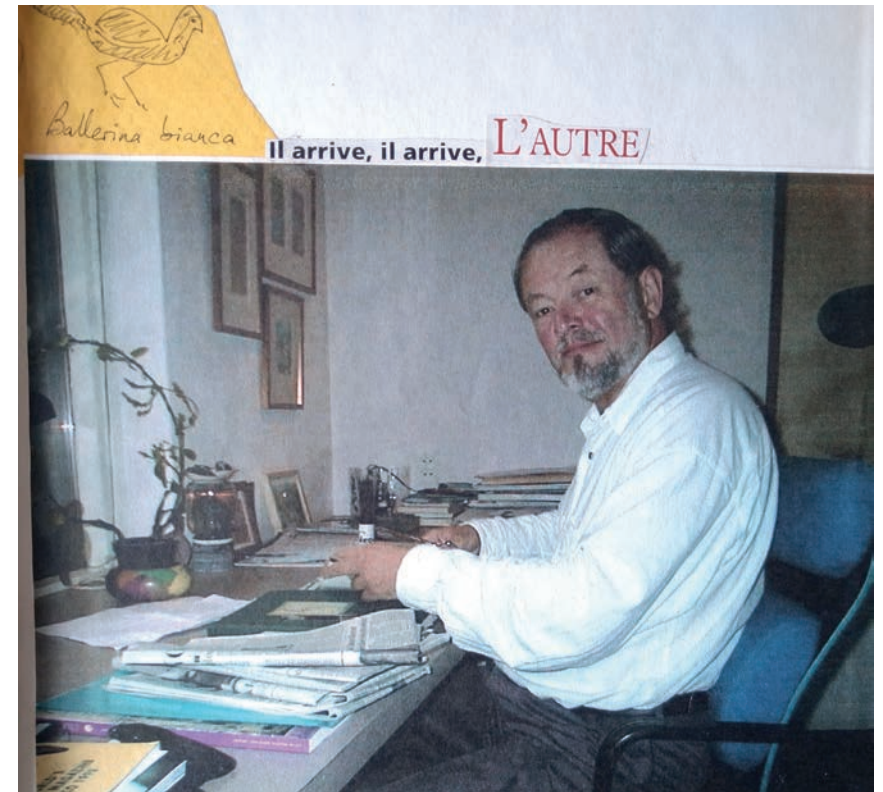
This exhibition represents a selection from this vast production, and includes her colossal masterpiece 'The Crucifixion of the Soul' - a coloured-ink design on a stretch of fabric 5 feet high by no less than 35 feet wide!

A firm believer in Spiritualism, Madge Gill claimed inspiration from a spirit called Myrinerest. But it is surely to Madge Gill herself that we would want to give full credit for these marvellously intricate and vibrant images.

Diary 16, *The Lie of the Land*, 16 December 1975 - December 1976



Diary 24, *Diary Untitled*, 1985



Diary 52, *From Texas to Zuid Limburg*, April - November 1998

T. GORDON  
 2123 RONDA GRANADA #B  
 LAGUNA WOODS, CA  
 92653-2481  
 U.S.A. May 22, 2000

Dear Roger,

My wife Zona died at the Nursing Care Center on May 7. This June we would have been married for 46 years.

She was wife, mother, daughter and entire family for me; so no words can adequately convey the pain I feel. Thank heavens her own pains are over.

Roger she was truly grateful for all the attention, encouragement and help you've extended to me these 25 or so years.

So am I.

Very truly yours,  
 Ted Gordon

Diary 55, Elsewhere, September 1999 - 2000

Wölfli, She Adolf-Grab-Quellen-Schlöss, 1918

A reference to Laurent Danchen grabs on Gérard's cars, who explains how Laurent had deprecated the Pommeraié workshop (or all such workshops?) in his book on Art brut, only to reverse his opinion in a later book: Gérard thinks him shallow and won't buy Laurent's excuse about having too little space in which to write. I'm introduced to a tiny old lady called Marie-Séverine Dupréau, who is an administrator at the Espace européen pour la sculpture; she promptly gives me her card and we become firm friends, especially when she joins me in ordering andouillette at the Campanile restaurant. I really enjoy my cold demi-presidion. Baudouin has by now explained that his surname means something like 'little stream'. He has produced some compositions based on, or in homage to, Wölfli. Before we depart, he opens up his violin-case and plays a couple of folksy pieces.

I say farewell to this jolly crew and traipse back to the museum. «'16's all walk» used to mean «Don't complain, even a little detour adds to your fitness»; today it means «You can't get about in Villeneuve d'Ascq without marching for miles.» I put in a final session in the Wölfli rooms, deciding what Max is right to cherish the masterly image Iren-Anstalt Baum-Hain, while my own choice goes to Negerhall (1911), with its feathered eyes, Swiss architecture and annotated mountain-tops. The grandiloquent travel pictures are generally my favourites, with such


Diary 81, Secret Diary or Some shape of beauty, December 2010 - May 2011

*Chichester, 26 October*  
Last night's ingestion of a voluminous spicy pizza named *Mare e Monte* having occasioned a digestive malaise, I take breakfast in my room, nibbling Dr King's nutritious biscuits and sipping a coffee, courtesy of the hotel. I've arranged to see Marc in his office so as to discuss the post-Kokkola project we call *Brownd*. The temperature has dropped, thanks to a bustling wind out of the North, and I'm grateful to be able to relax at the Gallery while waiting for my rendez-vous. I put in a little time with the four portraits painted by a marginal artist named Pat Douthwaite - a glamorous, maverick character, according to the Gallery's introductory text, though not an artist I'm particularly drawn to. When I enter the upstairs rooms in order to devote myself fully to the show of Douthwaite's work, I'm waylaid by a woman called Eva and her companion, Alva, a sculptor. I'm again thanked for my speech (whose content I'm speedily forgetting or even regretting?), and I take a break in the discussion to speak about graffiti as instances of individualistic expression that we usually read as negative signs of collective vandalism. Eva has her cue to speak of her travels to Eastern Europe - she's visited *Mostar* - and reveals that her medium is photography.

One of the first things I find in the Douthwaite show is the original of a painting I've long admired, the *Grave Islandaise*, with its bustling mix of abstracted blobs that circulate gaily and throw up occasional faces, grinning faces in the nameless *strong*. I enter like the wide-eyed faces of *Affluence* (1961) - see 184 - and count 48 of them, finding it necessary to bob them up by vertical rows if I'm not to lose them, finding it necessary to bob them up by vertical rows if I'm not to lose them, finding it necessary to bob them up by vertical rows if I'm not to lose them, finding it necessary to bob them up by vertical rows if I'm not to lose them.

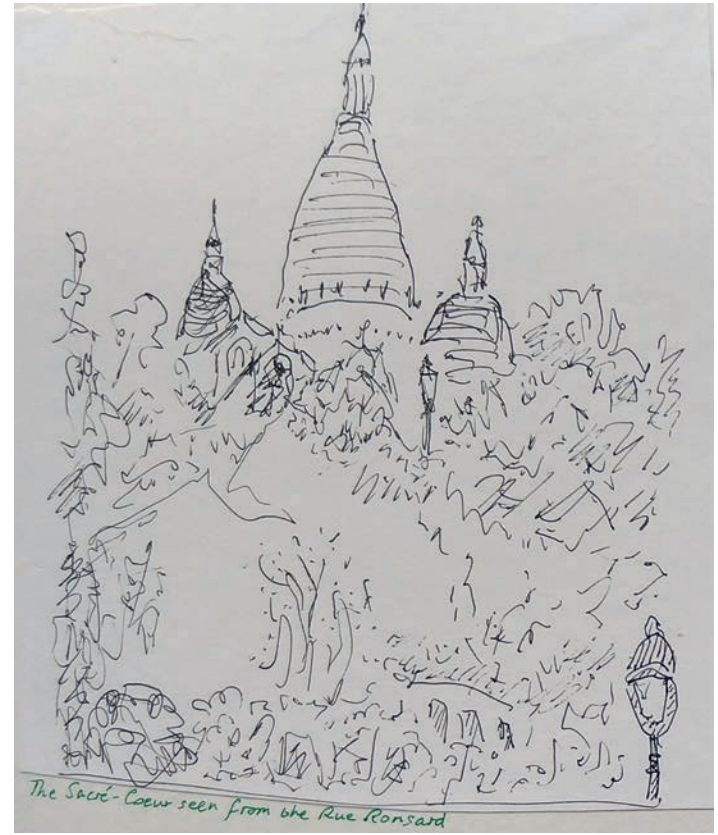
**ART JEAN DUBUFFET: TRANSITIONS**  
*Palace House Gallery, Chichester, October 26-February 3*  
Dubuffet, one of the greatest anti-establishment artists of the 20th century, who coined the term Art Brut (raw art), took his cue from work produced by psychiatric patients, prisoners and children. This is his first retrospective in a public gallery in the UK for nearly 50 years and features artwork such as the portrait above, *Solaris*, *palace.org.uk*

**ONE LAST THING**  
**FEELING RAW?**

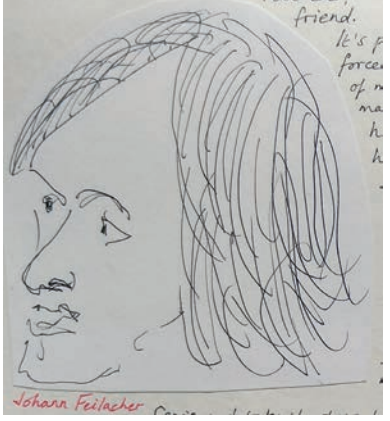


Artwork such as the portrait above, *Solaris*, *palace.org.uk*

Diary 84, Magische Orte, May - October 2012



Diary 84, Magische Orte, May - October 2012

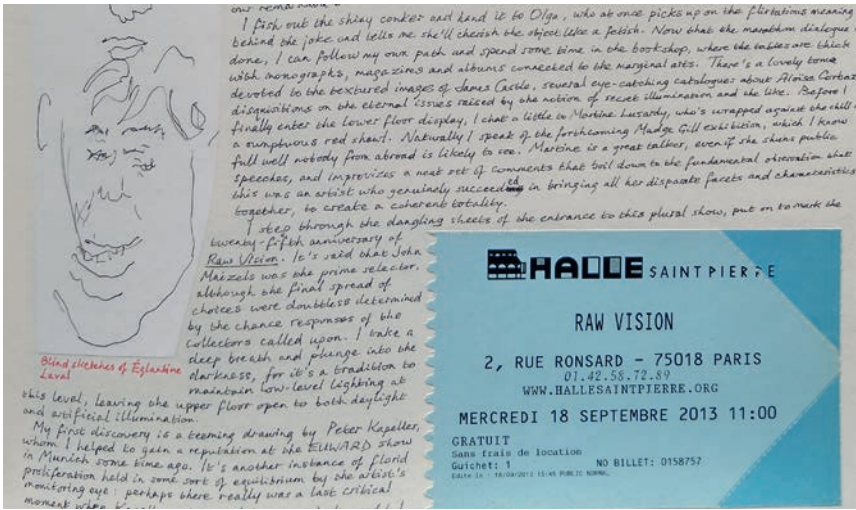


Diary 86, Observations, May - November 2013

John Dancyszak produces dense religious scenes in oil on canvas. There are seven pieces I start to skim, knowing how ever two hours won't be enough to attend properly to everything. These are seven pieces I start to skim, knowing how ever two hours won't be enough to attend properly to everything. These are seven pieces I start to skim, knowing how ever two hours won't be enough to attend properly to everything. These are seven pieces I start to skim, knowing how ever two hours won't be enough to attend properly to everything. These are seven pieces I start to skim, knowing how ever two hours won't be enough to attend properly to everything. These are seven pieces I start to skim, knowing how ever two hours won't be enough to attend properly to everything.

Diary 86, Observations, May - November 2013

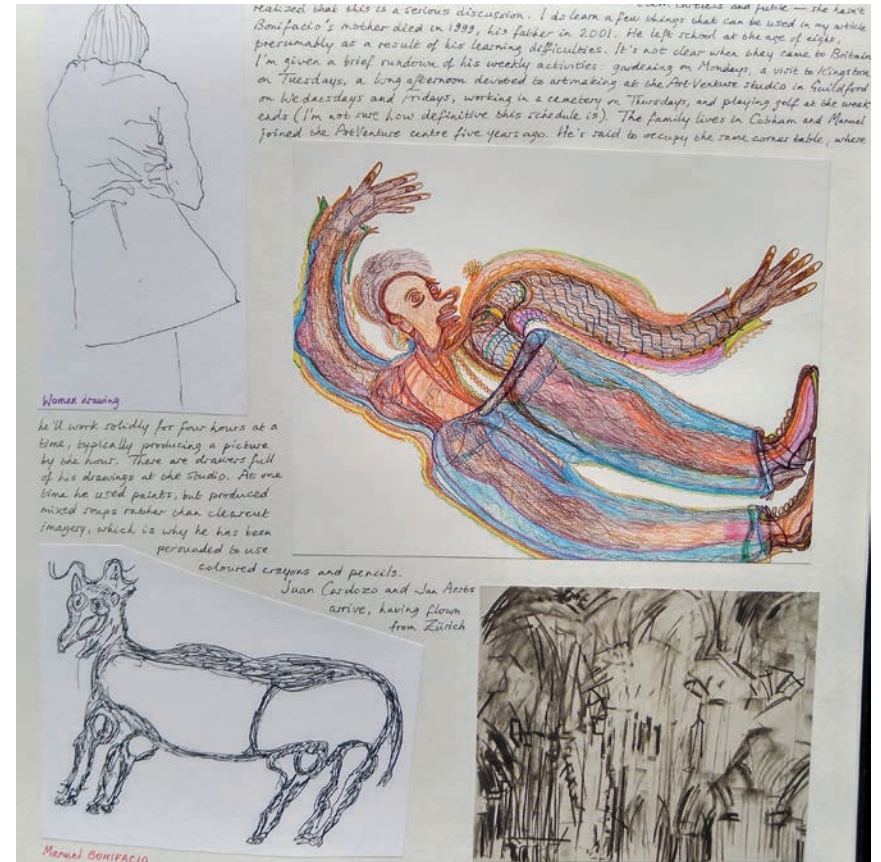




Diary 86, Observations, May - November 2013



Diary 88, Fenomenos raros, July - November 2014



Diary 87, What else is new, November 2013 - July 2014

## Published Books and other writing

Compiled by Ann Oppenheimer for *Folk Art Messenger*

1970 *Surrealism: Permanent Revelation* by Roger Cardinal with Robert Stuart Short

1972 *Outsider Art* by Roger Cardinal

1975 *German Romantics in Context* by Roger Cardinal

1976 *Sensibility and Creation: Studies in 20th Century French Poetry* by Roger Cardinal

1978 *Primitive Painters, 1835–1975* by Roger Cardinal

1979 *Outsiders* by Roger Cardinal and Victor Musgrave

1981 *Figures of Reality: A Perspective on the Poetic Imagination* by Roger Cardinal

1984 *Expressionism: Paladin Movements and Ideas* by Roger Cardinal

1986 *European Outsiders: An Exhibition of Art Brut Dedicated to Jean Dubuffet* by Gerard A. Schreiner and Roger Cardinal

1987 *Breton: Nadja (critical guides to French texts)* by Roger Cardinal

1989 *Martin Ramirez: Pintor Mexicano* (in Spanish). Texts by Roger Cardinal, Octavio Paz, Roberta Smith, et al

1989 *The Landscape Vision of Paul Nash* by Roger Cardinal

1994 *The Artist Outsider* Edited by Michael Hall, Eugene Metcalf Jr and Roger Cardinal

1994 *The Cultures of Collecting* Edited by John Elsner and Roger Cardinal

1997 *A. G. Rizzoli: Architect of Magnificent Visions* by Jo Farb Hernandez, John Beardsley and Roger Cardinal

1997 *Cellblock Visions: Prison Art in America* by Phyllis Kornfield; Introduction by Roger Cardinal

1998 *Private Worlds: Classic Outsider Art from Europe* by John Beardsley and Roger Cardinal

2000 *Raw Creation: Outsider Art and Beyond* by John Maizels; Introduction by Roger Cardinal

2001 *Grandma Moses in the 21st Century* by Jane Kallir and Roger Cardinal

2001 *Henry Moore: In the Light of Greece* by Roger Cardinal, et al

2004 *The Cultures of Collecting* by John Elsner and Roger Cardinal

2006 *A Secret Service: Art, Compulsion, Concealment* by Richard Grayson, Clare Carolin and Roger Cardinal

2008 *Richard Greaves: Anarchitect* by Sarah Lombardi, Valérie Rousseau and Roger Cardinal

2009 *Art and Disability: The Social and Political Struggles Facing Education* by Alice Weber; Foreword by Roger Cardinal

2009 *Angels of Anarchy: Women Artists and Surrealism* by Patricia Allmer, Roger Cardinal and others

2011 *Kurt Schwitters: A Journey Through Art* by Roger Cardinal and Gwendolen Webster

2012 *The Restless Line: Images from Exile* by Mehrdad Rashidi by Roger Cardinal and Colin Rhodes

2013 *Madge Gill: Medium & Visionary* by Roger Cardinal, Vivienne Roberts and others

2013 *Raw Erotica* by John Maizels, Colin Rhodes and Roger Cardinal

2013 *An Alternative Guide to the Universe: Mavericks, Outsiders, Visionaries* by Ralph Rugoff, Valerie Rousseau, Roger Cardinal and others

2013 *Charles A. A. Dellschau* by Thomas McEvelley, James Brett and Roger Cardinal

# Remembering Roger

## Henry Boxer

*Henry Boxer Gallery, London*

I first met Roger Cardinal more than forty years ago. He was always generous with his time, engaging and enlightening on so many subjects, not just art - but Art, specifically Outsider Art, which he was the first to name in English, was his real passion, his love. In 1985 I hosted a Madge Gill mini-retrospective at my Richmond gallery. I sat there that evening surrounded by twelve and fifteen foot calicos and hundreds of drawings of various sizes - a mediumistic Aladdin's Cave. Only two people came to my private view. They had travelled more than three hours in the rain to be there. It was Roger and his other love, Agnès. We didn't miss the crowds. I will miss him.



*L-R Vivienne Roberts, Roger Cardinal, Henry Boxer and Mark De Novellis*

## James Brett

### *Museum of Everything, London*

Lovely Roger Cardinal, that wise ruddy-cheeked fellow, lifetime student of human behaviour, sideways eyes and ears recounting, pregnant pauses and witty poetics.

I see him for the first time at a house party hosted by their majestic rawness, John and Maggie Maizels, at their Hertfordshire home. We are somewhere near an open fire, flames animate Roger's free-jazzy beard. The low-key guru sips a something on the rocks and ponders, as Henry Boxer, Colin Rhodes and Laurent Danchin chat in brutish harmony. I am welcomed into the chorus. Roger, spiritual guide of the collective, opens my thinking to his.

We speak, from time to time, from place to place, at openings of strange and beautiful things by strange and beautiful people. It is a warm and accessible initiation into outsiderdom. I read Roger's writings, it impacts my own thinking.

As the whirl of an all-encompassing personal project takes me over, we stay in touch. When the momentum is right, I invite Roger into the old hotel of a central London department store, for a public discourse with the great and the good of art's other world. Surrounded by the soft-breathing fibres of Judith Scott, with Creative Growth's Tom di Maria and Judith's sister Joyce looking on, we discuss the meaning of art by those who cannot claim authorship.

I rally against institutions whose attempts at inclusion exclude the diverse many. Roger listens, cucumber-cool. My agenda is an uprising. Some embrace the call to arms, yet most curators are in the grip of the canon. Roger is careful and concise with his commentary. He has swum the waves of interest before, he knows their ebb and flow. His associations are lateral, philosophical, hardly concerned

with fitting in. He expresses the arbitrage more acutely than any.

I challenge Roger to retire the title which defines him: the Outsider Art which dominates this material. Roger smiles that smile, takes a breath, declines my offer and we continue our debate. He is right of course; and I immediately regret my call to arms. Roger's published analysis made not a ghetto, but a genre. He gave invisible makers identity and platform. I, and the many who follow that road, navigate with his compass. Without it, we would still be wandering.

Roger is gone. He is missed by the many. I visit *Surrealism Beyond Borders* at Tate Modern. A favourite artist is in the show, Hector Hyppolite, the vodou priest and notional Black Surrealist. Around the corner, a vast elongated thirty year Exquisite Corpse by African-American artist/curator Ted Joans. I start to scan its never-ending story, there are images and words by Amir Baraka, Roland Penrose, Konrad Klapheck and then ... Roger Cardinal. I am taken by surprise. The sketch riffs off its predecessor's spaghetti faucets. Two sleepy sentient beings catch a watery shower in a teacup, as the sun sinks behind them. Never one to waste a drop, I think, as I move into the next room.



*The discussion panel from – Is it Art?, The Museum of Everything #4.1, Selfridges Hotel, London, 2011. L-R: Antony Gormley, Ralph Rugoff, James Brett, Jon Snow, Tom di Maria, Alice Anderson, Roger Cardinal and Chris Dercon*

# Nico van der Endt

*Galerie Hamer, Amsterdam*

It's 1975. Leaving the bookstore I see a book with an intriguing cover - a complex drawing and a surprising title 'Outsider Art'. A new, unknown concept! I bought the stock of six copies for a very small price, as it was dumped by the publisher due to a lack of interest. This groundbreaking book by Roger Cardinal also proved to be a discovery for me, and I saw that there was so much more than the naïve art I had exhibited thus far. At that time, I had already discovered a small drawing by Willem van Genk, which not only fascinated me, but also confused me. Was this really naïve art? Roger Cardinal's book told me that Willem van Genk makes outsider art. And the search for talents in the newly discovered terrain had begun.

A second meeting in 1999 during his visit to the then Museum De Stadshof in Zwolle, the Netherlands, led to a deepened relationship. I sent him a recent publication from the Gallery and I was impressed by his very friendly response: *"Meanwhile it is gratifying to see how much we have in common in regard to Outsider Art. Your recent catalogue, with its excellent text and outstanding layout..."* A true teacher in his extreme, stimulating positivity. A few years later, as a member of the international jury and organising committee of the prestigious Triennial INSITA, for self-taught art of the Slovak National Gallery in Bratislava, I invited Roger Cardinal to join us. The event was held for the last time in 2010. How much he liked the many friendly and fruitful meetings in Bratislava was clear from his sigh, a few years before his death: *"Oh, I miss Bratislava!"*. A last letter to me concluded with the words, *"I have to stop now, my old computer is very tired"*.



*Good times in Bratislava between Roger Cardinal and Nico van der Endt, 2007*

# Jane England

## *England & Co, London*

Roger Cardinal's early interests in Surrealism and Automatism led him towards investigating those artists outside the mainstream of the artworld who had intrigued the Surrealists and the artist and writer Jean Dubuffet. As Roger expressed it, these 'other' artists "*thrived on independence, shunning the public sphere and the art market*".

Roger was a true scholar and original thinker, ever-curious and always thoroughly engaged with what interested him. He was an exemplary art historian and critic: in an interview with Roger McDonald in 2017, Roger said that, "*When I face an artwork, the first thing I feel is the urge to write... The act of writing down about the art you experienced each time makes anyone a critic. You have to derive words that describes and expresses how you felt.*"

Roger was always generous and shared information, ideas and contacts - his letters and emails were always to the point, and when he wrote about individual artists, he was rigorous - always looking thoroughly and becoming absorbed as he considered their work. His major study on Madge Gill is still to be published.

A visit to the gallery from Roger, or an encounter with him at an exhibition or art fair was a delight - his enthusiasm and warmth always combined with a thoughtful and perceptive view of whatever he was looking at. He was imbued with a depth and breadth of knowledge that he wore lightly, but it informed his writing, his comments and his conversation. His many contributions to art scholarship and his curatorial involvement in key exhibitions such as *Outsiders* in 1979, are legendary. We miss him.



*Roger Cardinal deep in conversation with Geneviève Seillé at an exhibition of her work at England & Co in 2013*

# Philippe Eternod and Jean-David Mermod

*Galerie du Marché, Lausanne*

We first met Roger in the early 1990's, but it was in Bègles at the *Création Franche* in 1997, that we began to see him more often and got to know him better. In 2000, Roger agreed to write the Preface of the Catalogue for the exhibition *Solitärer - Särilingskonst från samling Eternod-Mermod*, which was held at the Konstmuseum de Malmö and at the Prins Eugens Waldemarsudde in Stockholm. He also edited *The Collecting of differentness* for the exhibition *Eternity has no door of escape* for the bilingual English/Italian catalogue published by the Galeria del Gottardo in Lugano. This title, the wording of which he had found on the reverse side of one of Madge Gill's postcards, had greatly moved him, as did some very old aquarelles of Madge which are in our collection.

He loved his frequent visits to Switzerland where he had family, as well as his stays in Lausanne. At the beginning of 2000 he became a member of the Conseil Consultatif de la Collection de l'Art brut. On the evenings before, he would join us for a good dinner in one of the brasseries in Lausanne. The next day he was more than ready to take part in the sometimes quite combative discussions at these meetings of the Conseil. Later in the day we would go to Chigny for supper at the house of Madame Jacqueline Porret-Forel. Our group included Michel Thévoz, Maria Inaudi, a specialist of the work of Carlo Zinelli, Bernard Chevassu, Lucienne Peiry, Jacques Dauchez, notary and friend of Dubuffet and Mermod. On such occasions, we reminded each other of old anecdotes and discussed the various ways in which each one of us envisaged the future of the notion of Art Brut. Sometimes Roger sat himself down at the piano, which particularly charmed the females in our group.

We really enjoyed seeing him at each launch of the Outsider Art Fair in Paris, and occasionally we shared a meal and some bottles of excellent Bouvreuil in one of the brasseries of the Quartier de la Bourse. Reticent, he seemed almost shy, but in a small circle, he would suddenly open up and share a joke and a good laugh, accompanied by a shrewd wink of the eye and a very 'British' sense of humour. Those who knew him well were always impressed by his sharp and penetrating insights when the discussion focussed on one of his favourite artists.

One question remains: was he pleased or embarrassed by the global success of his definition of outsider art? His fame had clearly gone beyond his own concerns and had begun to proliferate into countless groups and interpretations when all along his foremost aim had originally been, simply to find an adequate translation in the English language for the term "Art Brut". We shall never know.



*Bruno Decharme, Philippe Eternod and Roger Cardinal at the Outsider Art Fair in Paris*

# Dr. Johann Feilacher

*Museum Gugging Director, Vienna*

Roger was a wonderful person, as well as a good scientist and writer. His *Outsider Art* book was a milestone in all English speaking countries and the rest of the world. We were very happy that he spoke many times in Gugging and told us of his experience in this field over many decades. We spent many very nice hours, days and evenings in Gugging, Lausanne, New York or Paris together and he really was the teacher for so many people in the field. The Art Brut and Outsider Art world lost one of its main characters with him. He was unique.



*Roger Cardinal giving a talk in Switzerland*



# Jennifer Gilbert

*Jennifer Lauren Gallery Director, UK*

I first became aware of Roger after reading John Maizels' *Raw Creation* book whilst I was at university, and this led to my lifelong passion for all aspects of Outsider Art! I was hungry to find out more, and conversations with people including Roger, Henry Boxer and John Maizels fed my interest, widened my knowledge and became the basis for my degree dissertation in 2007 - the place of Outsider Art within the 21st century.

Many years of friendship with Roger followed. Evenings spent deep in conversation drinking wine are some of my fondest memories, and the email exchanges we shared, with him choosing the brightest, most luminous backgrounds possible to make me smile. He always asked if I'd hurt myself wandering around in the high heels, he knew I loved to wear! I was forever asking him to speak at events I organised - I wanted everyone to share his enthusiasm for this art. And he was always keen to know if I'd come across any new artists, always ready to explore new talent.

Having had the privilege recently to read his diaries, I had a giggle when I found myself mentioned in one from several years back, citing me as having a loud but charming laugh, and that my hair had toned down in colour! Never one to mince his words!



*Roger Cardinal, John Maizels and Manuel Bonifacio at a Henry Boxer Gallery exhibition in London. Jennifer had introduced Roger to Manuel's work, with Roger saying it chimed with the classic Art Brut of the last century*

# Edward M. Gómez

*Arts journalist, critic and curator, Japan*

As a teacher, mentor, colleague, and friend, Roger was always genuinely interested in the varied writing, exhibition making, and other activities of younger researchers, and his fellow travellers in the fields of art brut and outsider art. He shared his discoveries - and his knowledge - with generosity and excitement, always eager to turn on a newcomer or a seasoned, well-informed admirer of the kind of art that meant so much to him, to the remarkable aspects of his latest finds, even when what he had uncovered were simply new ways of looking at or thinking about already familiar subjects.

A few years before he passed away, having stepped down from his position on the four-member advisory council of the Collection de l'Art Brut, the pioneering museum in its specialised field that was founded in Lausanne, Switzerland, by Jean Dubuffet in the 1970s, Roger recommended me to this institution's leadership team to become his successor. I assumed the role with a great sense of responsibility, wanting and aiming to honour Roger through my work for this unique museum, whose high standards of scholarship he had helped nurture and whose mission he had helped realise through his wise counsel and guidance.

I'll always remember joining him for lunch one summer afternoon in a town by the sea, not far from his home, when he enthusiastically shared with me some ideas he was developing about the work of the British art brut creator, Madge Gill. Shutting his eyes, he smiled and gently raised his face to catch the sun's warm rays. "Just thinking about this kind of art makes me feel good," he said with a sigh, offering a modest testament to the intellectual-aesthetic adventures he had long pursued with such passion - and whose legacy he left us to explore, learn from, and forever enjoy.



*Photo by Edward M. Gómez of the Collection de l'Art Brut in Lausanne, Switzerland, in 2018*

# Monika Jagfield

*Museum im Lagerhaus Director, St. Gallen*

I can't remember exactly when I met Roger for the first time, but I do remember our many conversations. He was always informed, precise, thoughtful, attentive, and invariably greatly appreciative of the value of each work of art. He did not seek noisy debates, but instead displayed searching and deep reaching thoughtfulness. His book *Outsider Art* was a milestone in art history, but he remained reticent about his own personal contribution and was always receptive to the thoughts of others. Indeed, his respectfulness towards me every time we met was very surprising to me as a young art historian. We got to know each other better when we both served on the jury at the INSITA 2010. The discussions we also had with Laurent Danchin, Nico van der Endt and Katarina Cierna were for me, both enriching and deeply satisfying. I have very vivid memories of those times and the trips we made from the Museum im Lagerhaus to INSITA. Many times Agnès and Roger came to see us in St Gallen whenever they were in Switzerland, and they showed a keen interest in the development of the Museum im Lagerhaus. It was thus an honour for us to welcome Roger as guest speaker in 2014 at our Symposium "Art Brut – Japan – Switzerland" at the University of Zurich.

At the beginning of November 2019 I was at the Venice Biennale when I received a mobile phone call displaying Roger's number. I was pleased as I thought he was going to announce his next visit to Switzerland. As it turned out it was the announcement of his death. In a letter to Nico van der Endt, Roger once mentioned my work in the Museum im Lagerhaus in the following terms, "*her courage to try out ventures for which other Directors of museums would either be too timorous or else too ambitious.*" I have only just heard of these words and am deeply touched by them. Thank you, Roger, I would have loved to discuss this with you!



*INSITA Gathering with Roger Cardinal and Monika Jagfield on the far right, 2010*

## Raija Kallioinen

*Cultural Affairs Coordinator, Association for Rural Culture and Education, Finland*

'Roger as a tourist guide' – It was the anniversary of Raw Vision Magazine in London. Was it the twentieth anniversary, I'm not sure, but everybody was there taking part in the lovely party. My colleague Elina Vuorimies and I travelled from Finland to celebrate. During the afterparty at John Maizels' house, Roger Cardinal got to know that we would have one day free to spend as ordinary tourists in London. He always was so kind to share his advice in artistic questions, but he wanted to do it for tourism as well. We only had one day, so he wanted it to be perfect and he wanted to give some must-go-to tips for current exhibitions. But the best tip which I want to share now was what he said: *"Don't take any expensive tours for tourists. Jump on the ordinary London bus, go upstairs, and drive wherever. This is absolutely the best way to see the city and feel it."* And we followed Roger's advice, having lots of fun, and remembering him many times during the day.



*Roger Cardinal and Raija Kallioinen in Sicily at the EOA conference in 2015. Photo by Sophie Lepetit*

## Sarah Lombardi

### *Collection de l'Art Brut Director, Lausanne*

I remember in particular sitting next to him at the annual consultative meetings of the Collection de l'Art Brut in Lausanne from 2013 – 2015. I always admired his alertness to detail and his attentiveness to the smallest aspect of shared information about any author of Art Brut: everything was always important enough for him to meticulously record in his ever-present small notebook. In this way, one might say, he practised a kind of methodology for the garnering and grouping of maximum information about the creators of Art Brut, reminiscent of the time of Jean Dubuffet, when there was virtually nothing known about such artists and no relevant publications existed. It was therefore important to go back to original source material, to families, to visit the places where such works were produced and “to have conversations with the artist in order to arrive at a reconstruction of an entire life and the circumstances in which an artist started to make drawings. Inevitably this meant that one had to become a kind of assessing judge, and to reconstruct given facts, avoid any myth making and to formulate a kind of official ‘police report’ in which all facts are completely ascertained.” (1) This was the way Roger Cardinal always worked, for many years meeting, for example Scottie Wilson, or doing his research on Madge Gill right up to his last publication about her. He was absolutely determined to map out an accurate chronological path of the development of this English artist.

In order to compose this short eulogy I dived into the archives of the Collection de l'Art Brut which also contained the correspondences between Roger Cardinal and the Compagnie de l'Art Brut in Paris. On record, Jean Dubuffet invited Roger in November 1972 (after having read the manuscript of his book on Art Brut) in order to examine the collections and the documents about the artists of the Compagnie, and especially on Laure Pigeon and Gaston Duf, so that Roger

could include these artists in the book which was about to be published: “I think it desirable that your editors should agree to delay the publication of your book by a month or two so as to enable you to study these artists at the Art Brut in Paris, which would no doubt considerably enrich your publication.” (2)

The book was published in 1972 with the title *Outsider Art*, thus exporting the notion of Art Brut to every corner of the English-speaking world. In this context, Roger Cardinal had written to Jean Dubuffet about the title of the book and had sent him a list of all sorts of alternatives to the expression of “Art Brut”... he mentioned at least ten possibilities and he admitted that the issue of naming the art in English was a great worry to him. Roger’s serious endeavour to seek an English term that was the closest equivalent to the notion of Art Brut is another example of the careful exactitude in discourse which was so typical of all Roger Cardinal’s writings. Thanks to his dedicated work in the field, research on Art Brut has been considerably widened and advanced.

*Quote (1): Lucienne Peiry, L'Art Brut, Paris, Flammarion, 1997, p.154*

*Quote (2): Letter by Jean Dubuffet to Roger Cardinal, 7 November 1971, Paris*



*Roger Cardinal, Sarah Lombardi and John Maizels at the Collection de l'Art Brut, Lausanne in 2016.  
Photo by Corinne Sporrer*

# Martine Lusardy

*Halle Saint Pierre Director, Paris*

When, in December 2016 I thanked Roger Cardinal for, “*the lucky chance, the privilege, the pleasure and the honour (all amounting to happiness) that we were able to celebrate the 20th anniversary of the Halle St Pierre in his presence*”; he was greatly amused by ‘such well honed politeness’. In him, there was that rare mix of sense of humour, true affection, and a seriousness, which are the characteristics of a great friendship. Roger Cardinal counted amongst the most cherished friends of Halle Saint Pierre. Our many collaborations, for example, on the exhibition *Art spirite, médiumnique et visionnaire: Messages d’outre-monde*, are a testimony to the very special nature of our long friendship across the years. The title, which he had chosen, accurately reflected his preoccupations which, in the tradition of the surrealist experiment, guided him towards art brut. Along this path he loved the presence of the seer, of someone who inhabits that place in-between where reason abandons its almighty power and opens itself up to a troubled but sensitive insubordination. This affinity gave him a special aptitude to understand these artists. For each of them, he sought his or her humanity, their passion and their despair, reason and madness, as well as their irreducible uniqueness.

In the great encounter with ‘The Other,’ which is also the hallmark of friendship, Roger somehow extended the surrealist spirit, in as much as he was always receptive to improbable encounters, any troubling coincidences and improvised exchanges. Maybe he dreamt of replacing messages on canvas with communications from the spirit world?



*Martine Lusardy and Roger at the 20th anniversary of Halle Saint Pierre, 2006*

# David Maclagan

*Writer, artist and lecturer, UK*

'Message in a bottle' – Dear Roger. You were a steadfast friend for a very long time: kind, supportive and patient with my careless and impulsive side. I suppose in some ways we were a foil for each other: sometimes I felt like Squirrel Nutkin scampering around Old Mr Brown. To see you at a conference was to recognise a beacon: a familiar and reliable aid to navigation, in what were often choppy waters. Your courtesy and consideration hid a deep-seated passion (not just in the field of Outsider Art), and I guess your meticulous attention to detail had an obsessive side to it. It was as if the clues in the treasure hunt became treasures in themselves. I remember a trip we once made to Brighton to see Aiden Shingler and his work. I made impatient snap judgements, but you were generous and attentive, not just to him and his work, but to the surroundings. I shall always miss the little messages and gifts you sent me; but the greatest was your unmistakable presence. I wish you could find this message, on whatever shores it washes up...



*David was given this drawing by Roger at the Forum for Jungian Studies in Canterbury, 1992*

# John Maizels

*Raw Vision Editor, UK*

I first met Roger Cardinal in the mid 1980's when I was carrying out the initial research for Raw Vision. I had wanted to meet everyone and anyone in what was then, a pretty small field of interest. I met Roger at his little office at Kent University. Pinned on the wall was a poster for the historic *Outsiders* exhibition at the Hayward Gallery, which took place six or seven years earlier. "Our moment of glory," said Roger, "I don't think anyone is interested in that anymore." Roger was still reeling from the hostile press and critical reaction to both the exhibition and his book *Outsider Art* which was published in 1972, but was ignored and eventually remaindered. I can't say how much pleasure it has given me to see his position completely reversed, and for him to have rightly achieved respected and international acclaim for his work.

We were friends ever since that first meeting, and Roger was such a help throughout all the years of publishing Raw Vision. He always had wise words and clear vision. His tolerant nature meant that he never displayed any anger or displeasure, even if he was faced with obvious deviousness. He was the giant of our field that many of us had the privilege to know, and will always hold dear in our memories.



*Opening of Raw Vision 25 year celebration exhibition at Halle Saint Pierre, 2013. Photo from Halle Saint Pierre*



# Frank Maresca

*Ricco Maresca Gallery, New York*

‘We Are All Connected’ – You could say that the seed of what Ricco/Maresca is as a gallery today was planted in 1972, when Roger Cardinal published his seminal book *Outsider Art*. However, the truth is that I only became aware of the publication after 1974, when Bert Hemphill and Julia Weissman came out with their book *Twentieth-Century American Folk Art and Artists*. It was through these two books that I first became acquainted with Self-Taught, Folk, and Outsider art—all different but related. I understand that Cardinal was never fully comfortable with the term Outsider art, and everyone seems to have their own definition of it. I define Outsider art simply as art produced by individuals who are operating so far outside of society as we know it that they often need caregivers—Jean Dubuffet defined it as the art of the “insane.” Outsider has now become a blanket term encompassing everything that is non-academic. In 1993 we published *American Self-Taught: Paintings and Drawings by Outsider Artists* with Alfred a. Knopf—the subtitle referencing Cardinal’s book.

The magazine *Raw Vision* has just come out with its 111th edition, I’ve been involved as a supporter and director since issue #3. It was through *Raw Vision* and its director John Maizels that I first met Cardinal. I never knew him well one-on-one, but at the same time I felt I knew him better than almost anyone... He was one of my mental founders and later grew into a colleague. I remember the conversations that we had, mostly having to do with definitions (or labels), the difference between European art brut and American Outsider art. Most of the time we were on the same page, and I cherish those discussions—which continue to evolve almost daily within the field at large.



Roger was fond of the works of Martín Ramírez. Martín Ramírez, *Untitled (Caballero, Train, and Tunnels)*, 1954, Pencil, colored pencil, crayon, and watercolor on paper 36 x 41.25 in (91.4 x 104.8 cm), Private Collection. Photographed by Stan Narten | Courtesy of Ricco/Maresca Gallery @ Martín Ramírez Estate

## Randall Morris

*Cavin Morris Gallery, New York*

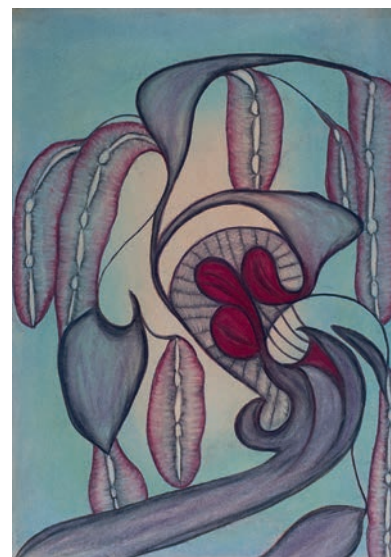
'Beyond Outsider: Some rambling thoughts remembering Roger Cardinal' – I always loved my interactions with Roger Cardinal. In so many ways he opened an intellectual space for me that still intrigues and thrills. The book *Outsider Art* helped us see beyond what was seriously being called 20th C. Folk Art in the US, to a field that was in actuality vast, loose, and open-ended. He helped us see that no one person or philosophy could really claim this work, and that though he understood it as a 'field' he was fully conscious of it being made up of individuals, each of whom reinvented the wheel of artmaking and expanded our own conceptions of art without regard or with less regard to dogma or categorisation.

It was a surprise to me the first time we met and really spoke, that he did fully understand he needed to be careful not to be immortalised in the vast web he had helped create (mostly involuntarily) by allowing publishers to use the word 'outsider art' to title a book that would become one of the bibles of an entire global area of art, a title that unwittingly opened up the previous name of Art Brut, and that blurred forever the boundaries of what was called naïve, folk, self-taught, and primitive et al. The ultimate irony, of course, is that when one peruses the book it is immediately obvious, even from the table of contents, that it was actually a book about rather classic Art Brut.

When he came to our gallery he would first ask to see new work by artists he hadn't seen before, knowing exposing previously unknown or ignored artists was one of our obsessions. He whisked out his pad or notebook and took notes. He really looked hard and closely at work and I saw that it was this Roger Cardinal I loved most. He was all about immersion into the visions of the makers. Every visit ended with my backing out of the room and leaving him to have free rein

over our flat files and painting stacks. While he looked at the artists I would instruct the staff not to interrupt him and he would study the artists for several hours completely on a visual basis; absorbing the work on its own terms. There are so few writers and curators who do that enough; who struggle to learn the artists' voices and who have their revelations not on what has been mistakenly written in stone about the artists but from the work itself. With all its passion, pain and ambiguities. His concern was first, the voice of the artist, and second to let the categorisations fall where they might. He was not trapped inside the word 'outsider' and that is why I so respected him. He provided another way to see that contained the poetry of literature, the excitement of mark-making, the importance and terrible truth-telling of madness, the ecstasy of ritual and the intermingling of spirits.

Always his was the soul of an artist.



Roger used to love looking at the works of Anna Zemánková when he used to pop into Cavin Morris Gallery. Artwork: Anna Zemánková, *Untitled*, Early 1960s, Pastel on paper, 33 x 23.5 inches. Private collection in Geneva, Switzerland

# Michel Nedjar

*Artist, Paris*

'Hands up rue Ramponeau' – I first met Roger Cardinal back in May 1980. At that time I was living on Boulevard de Belleville, in a small flat on the sixth floor. Roger wanted to meet me to ask me questions on my work and my life. It was for a publication about the new acquisitions of the Collection de l'Art Brut in Lausanne, which Michel Thévoz was preparing. So one day Roger phoned me and I invited him to come round. I did not know who he was. I discovered a rather tall, gentle man, whose French had a very English accent, which made him sound exotic to me. I showed him into the room which had become my workshop. It looked like a cave and was full of the Chairdâme dolls, which I was making at that time. He was very sensitive, looking everywhere and enquiring about everything. Taking time was part of his character. I think we liked each other immediately. He had put me at ease.

For the first time I could see someone serious. He had taken out of his pocket a small notebook and would write in it every now and again. He was really pleasant in the way he asked questions, trying to understand what had motivated my work. I could talk, and think with him. It was really interesting. After this interview, which lasted quite a long time, I suggested that we go and eat couscous in a small North African restaurant that I knew well, in the neighbourhood. While we were enjoying our delicious couscous, something suddenly disturbed our meal: four men burst in screaming, "Stand up, hands up!" At first we thought it was a joke, especially since they were dressed in civilian clothes. It's only when they showed us their police card that we understood it was serious. So here we are, Roger and I, with our hands up in this gangster movie scene. They searched us from head to toe for drugs. Fortunately we didn't have any. We were able to finish our couscous and laugh our heads off at this adventure, which, needless to say, was going to

weld our friendship!

PS: On leaving the restaurant Roger read the name of the street. It was Rue Ramponeau. He immediately asked me if I knew what had happened there. I did not know. But the history buff he was, told me that this street was the site of one of the last barricades of the Commune.

Translated by Marie-Thérèse Weal.



*Roger and Michel Nedjar at Halle Saint Pierre, 2015*

## Zinnia Nishikawa

*Artist, Florida*

I met Roger Cardinal in 2015 at an art event in Sicily - my first time reaching out to the art world. I was seeking answers to my unusual drawing methods but was very anxious about the idea of conversing with art professionals, as someone who knew little about art at the time. Thankfully, Roger was very approachable and I felt at ease talking to him. He listened intently and seemed genuinely interested in what I had to share. This encouraging experience helped ease my initial apprehensions.

My most heartwarming memory about Roger is the kindness I received from him and his wife Agnès when I visited their country home in Chartham Hatch, in May 2018. They graciously picked me up from my hotel since I had no transportation. Due to a personal mix-up, I showed up late but they were so kind and forgiving. We took a pleasant walk after lunch through the lovely small town, then drove down the scenic country road to their cottage. My fondest moment of the trip was when they shared with me Roger's diaries, which I was immensely appreciative of. When it was time to say goodbye, I wished Roger well and a quick recovery. As I was walking to the car, something inside me told me to go back and give him a hug. He was standing by the door waving and I told him I would come back to see him again and gave him a warm hug. On the way back to the hotel, Agnès shared how quickly Roger's health had deteriorated. It was then that I realised that he was much more ill than I had initially thought.

To this day, I often think about Roger and our friendship. I couldn't have had a warmer welcome to the world of outsider art. I am grateful for his advice and support, his encouraging and reassuring words, but most of all his kindness.



*Zinnia Nishikawa and Roger Cardinal in his home in Chartham Hatch*

# Dr. David O'Flynn

*Adamson Collection Trust Chair, London*

I met Roger at the opening of *Alternative Guide to the Universe* at the Hayward Gallery in 2013. That summer offered a wealth of shows, which created the impression that it was an exciting time in our field. Even in this thrilling atmosphere, Roger's signature charm, humour and openness stood out.

When we first met, I was apprehensive and starstruck; I introduced myself to Roger as his co-panellist at an event at *Souzou: Outsider Art from Japan* at Wellcome Collection, we'd both be participating in with John Maizels. Three years before, I'd taken on the Adamson Collection; work created in progressive art therapy studios run by Edward Adamson at Netherne Hospital during the mid 20th century, and at the time forgotten and at risk. As a psychiatrist, it was intimidating to be talking publicly about art and my work with the Adamson Collection for the first time, alongside such an authority as Roger. He, of course, displayed his customary talent for putting people at ease, extending the encouragement for which he was known by complementing my talk and declaring that the history would now be "Prinzhorn, Dubuffet, Adamson." The Adamson Collection and I consistently benefitted from Roger's generosity; he'd known Adamson and was unfailingly supportive of my work to secure the collection. His wise counsel ensured we kept it in the UK and guided our reissue of Adamson's book *Art as Healing* from 1984.

One of the last times we met was in 2014 at Edward Adamson Festival. While we were talking, a drumming circle started. Roger made his apologies, saying he had not been in one for years. I treasure footage of him drumming in the rushes for *Insulin Coma Dreams* by Andrew Locke; a moment which showcases his unfailing engagement with, and appetite for art; his openness to discovering it in any given moment where it might be present.



*Roger speaking at a Bethlem Salon at Ortus Gallery, 2013*

# Ann Oppenheimer

*Co-Founder and Executive Director of the Folk Art Society of America, Virginia*

The issue of the Folk Art Messenger, #98, December 2019, was a Memorial Tribute to Roger Cardinal. Here we feature some text from Ann Oppenheimer's introduction to that issue.

Roger was such an important and influential person whose life, ideas, writing and personal relationships touched so many that we felt that a special commemorative version of the Folk Art Messenger should be published in order to properly celebrate his life and his memorable accomplishments. We asked those who knew him best to write a short (or long) piece expressing their thoughts, telling their stories, recounting the variety of experiences and contacts they had had with Roger - as a way of remembering. We also asked for photographs from his friends and family, and we went through old scrapbooks ourselves, finding more than we had even imagined.

We searched old Folk Art Messengers to find articles that Roger had written for us. He would kindly email us with a query - "Would you like to have a book review - or an obituary?" Of course, we were thrilled to have something he wrote. His contributions were always striking, unusual, informative, sensitive and perfectly written - no editing needed! His writing was like poetry. As the English are fond of saying - "Brilliant!"

We reprinted the essay he wrote for the Folk Art Messenger, in 1991, nearly twenty years after his book, *Outsider Art*, was published in 1972. This essay - "What is Meant by Outsider Art Today?" - is still vibrant, meaningful, thought-provoking and applicable today. When you read Roger's words, I think you will be amazed at his skillful and insightful compositions. He was so generous to share them with us and our readers of the Folk Art Messenger.

No one can be happy all the time, but whenever I was with Roger, he was always upbeat, pleasant, friendly, and open-minded. Sparkling with a mischievous smile, he enjoyed a good laugh and a good time. He enjoyed the moment. Possibly the most famous person I ever knew, he was never pretentious or self-assuming. He was self-effacing, humble, always gracious. He was real. Roger was such a kind and generous person, and we heard that word - KIND - over and over from those who wrote tributes to him. Roger Cardinal will be sorely missed, but we were lucky to have known him. His contributions will live on.



*Roger Cardinal with Ann Oppenheimer at the Altered States symposium in 1992. Photo by Irene Ward Brydon*

## Colin Rhodes

*Distinguished Professor of Art, Xiaoxing Scholar and Jangtze River Scholar, Hunan Normal University*

Where to begin? Roger was my friend. We didn't meet up often enough, but when we did, we picked up again as though it were only yesterday. There were plenty of things we didn't know about each other. That's because we never interviewed each other. We were just friends. We exchanged handwritten letters that often included little drawings and bits of exhibition ephemera fairly regularly, before the hated email took hold of the world of correspondence. I loved the fact that he continued to write emails in the manner of formal letters, through to the end.

We first met in the mid-1990s, when with characteristic openness and generosity he welcomed this (at that time) young scholar into his home to discuss outsider art. I had known his work long before we first met, through a little book on Expressionism he wrote, and it was my copy of this I took with me to ask him to sign. It turned out he already knew my little book on Primitivism, too. I had the first of many pub lunches with Roger that day - also a characteristic part of the Cardinal hospitality and bonhomie.

As working academics, we often met on our travels, but it was the times we spent in our own backyards that I most valued. On my visits to see him in Kent, we inevitably found ourselves in Margate or Whitstable, often stopping off at places in-between. It was here that I had the privilege of enjoying the company of a genial surrealist polymath. Our déambulations were miniature adventures created through random decisions to turn off the main thoroughfare at any moment. Only the pub lunch was sacrosanct. There are, to be sure, many fond memories. One that has made me smile repeatedly over the years is a little bit of

clandestine vandalism we conspired to commit in Loughborough. I had invited Roger to the art college to give a lecture and afterwards we found ourselves in the library, where I found its copy of *Outsider Art* and got him to sign and dedicate it, before returning it to the shelf. It amused the two of us at least.



*Roger Cardinal in the Shell Grotto in Margate, 2011*

# Vivienne Roberts

*Founder of madgegill.com and Curator at The College of Psychic Studies, London*

My first meeting with Roger was a surreal chance encounter. It was May 2000 and we were both attending a Surrealist symposium at West Dean, myself dressed as a birdlike character from a Max Ernst collage and Roger as a dapper suited Edward James. It was an enthralling new environment for me, but Roger, as I would learn, took the bizarre in his stride. I would see him absorbed in sketching the attendees, including myself, and writing poetry on the backs of programmes or taking a break from the surrealist parlour games to enjoy a glass of wine and play the piano. I had no idea then that these fragmented experiences would later find their way into his diaries.

One of our conversations from that weekend would have a far-reaching effect on me, but it wasn't about Surrealism. "Have you heard of Madge Gill?", he asked. I hadn't, but Roger's enthusiasm for this enigmatic artist was compelling. Once back in the real world, I looked her up, finding the chapter in Roger's groundbreaking *Outsider Art* book. It opened a portal to a newfound fascination with the mediumistic and metaphysical that remains with me to this day. Roger's support was unstinting, he never missed any of the shows I curated and we had long email exchanges about artists we both admired or ones he thought I should know about. The most memorable was our collaboration on curating the *Madge Gill: Medium and Visionary* retrospective at the Orleans House Gallery in 2013.

I remember him saying to me once that I had chosen a hard field to plough, but with a glint in his eye and a smile hinting that it would also reap great joy and fulfilment. How right he was.



*Vivienne Roberts with Roger Cardinal*



## Dr. Thomas Röske

*Prinzhorn Collection Director, Heidelberg*

On one evening of the International Conference on the History and Future of Outsider Art *In Another World*, which took place in Helsinki in May 2005, the speakers were invited to the residence of the Finnish Prime Minister in Kesäranta, among them Roger Cardinal. Part of the programme was a small concert in which Heikki Laitinen, Professor at the Folk Music Department of the Sibelius Academy, played a complex piece on a historical string folk instrument. The guests quietly gathered around the musician and listened attentively, when suddenly Roger Cardinal spontaneously began to whistle his own melody. It was a counterpoint to the performed piece, sometimes in daring harmonies, but always fitting. The unprepared musician seemed to have a momentary shock, but he kept playing. In fact, after a few minutes, both of them brought the piece to a joint conclusion. Cardinal's interference, which testified to great musicality, must have initially irritated many of those present. But it quickly became apparent that this was not intended to be a self-portrayal, but rather an unconventional contribution to a cultural dialogue.



*Roger Cardinal and Thomas Röske at an excursion for an EOA conference at Palermo in Sicily, 2015*

## Valérie Rousseau

*American Folk Art Museum (AFAM) Senior Curator, New York*

Serpentine Roads Above the Abyss – In 2003, Roger was invited to Montreal to deliver a lecture in the symposium *Indiscipline & Marginalité* that I had organised. During the closing event, I gathered the speakers for a group photograph and suggested a final one with their eyes closed. Roger unequivocally volunteered, citing a Magritte work (“*Je ne vois pas la femme cachée dans la forêt*”) that was published in a 1929 issue of *La Révolution Surréaliste* composed of sixteen photographic portraits of Surrealist artists with their eyes shut. The image alluded to the assertion that we often can’t see the wood for the trees and therefore that our visible reality generally hides a mysterious truth. This fugitive moment tinted my first encounter with Roger and the ones that followed, as our conversations often nurtured a fuller perception of the world beyond the immediate moment, both of us liking the slippery nature of reality. On my way to visit the archaeological site of Chichén Itzá from pre-Hispanic America, he said: “Look at everything with your inner eye.”

I remember memorable moments on the road in Québec, while driving across charming valleys along the St. Lawrence River on our way to art environments – notably Richard Greaves’s anarchitectures whose aesthetic recalled our mutual fascination for Kurt Schwitters and Clarence Schmidt (with whom he corresponded). Roger made the perceptive analogy between these creators’ intimate edifice and the snail’s shell, observing that their sites “*represent much more than a possession that they could get rid of. It is an existential stake, a second skin impossible to remove without killing the person.*”

To my question about the state of “outsider art” in 2014, he wrote back: “*Those who have objected to the term usually assume that it refers to art made by people who are*

*social underdogs, unaccepted by the community. I try to tell them that the ‘outsider artist’ operates outside the standard practices and styles recognised by the establishment: they are not striving to conform, but to pursue an individual vision. I think my article ‘Toward an Outsider Aesthetic’ in The Artist Outsider [Michael D. Hall and Eugene W. Metcalf, 1994] remains the most careful text I’ve done on the topic. ... There comes a point when theoretical discussion becomes otiose and gets in the way of our appreciation of the actual works of art, whose significance is that they move us, seduce us, change our lives even. In the end, it is the impact of the unique work of art that counts.*”

In 2018, he sent me a letter that felt like an *au revoir*, in which he affectionately said, “You seem to be passing overhead like an unearthly visitation.” Again, he opened a realm of possibilities.



*Richard Greaves (1952, Montréal, Canada), The Cathedral Saint-Simon-les-Mines, Québec, Canada, January 5, 2009, Wood, fabric, ropes, glass, and recycled objects. Photograph by Valérie Rousseau*

# Ody Saban

*Artist, France*

'A Poet of Life' – His ability to be moved, move and to talk in a poetic fashion was for me, one of the most characteristic traits of Roger Cardinal. For example, on one of our walks near Rochester, he described to me what he saw in nature: random abstract forms turning into figures which he could decipher in clouds, old walls, bits of vegetation, landscapes. He spoke of such forms with great precision, as well as in metaphorical terms. My own imagination was much more subjective than his, much more hallucinatory probably, even so he was able to easily follow my lucid visual deliriums. He was particularly interested in the legend of the 'green man' as well as the 'green woman', a kind of myth which is known the world over. He often wrote to me from abroad, sending me, from time to time, postcards which were always carefully chosen. Sometimes it was a picture of a castle swallowed by wisps of fog, such as had been issued by Alain-Pierre Pillet, a Swiss surrealist, little known beyond a small circle of initiated friends, but who was also an amazing poet.

In his publications and letters about my work, he was very precise as well as imaginative. For example, when very few people were aware that I work principally with aspects of space and proportions, and when most critics were content to only look at surfaces and the most spectacular aspects of my paintings, aquarelles and drawings, he wrote to me, in a letter of 2 August 1997: "You open up disturbing mirror views and amazing spaces." I was very flattered by the fact that he was sufficiently interested in my creative work to study it with such intense and detailed attention.



*Ody Saban artwork – In the Lacandon forest, Kachina Angwusnasomtaka during the initiation rite for newborns, thinks in Rochester, 2010. A watercolour inspired by the legend of the green man and the green woman*

# Christine Sefolosa

*Artist, Montreux, Switzerland*

It is hard for me to remember exactly the circumstances when I first met Roger Cardinal. It might have been in Paris at one of the exhibitions I was part of in Halle Saint Pierre, or in Lausanne around the Collection being introduced to him by Geneviève Roulin, then the Curator of the institution. We then crossed paths here or there on many occasions over the years.

The first thought that comes to my mind thinking about our encounters was the exceptional attention he gave one - a complete focus to what you were saying, combing the sentences and finding the undertone of what spoken words might conceal... with a little grin that made you feel very welcome but quite exposed. Then, months later, he might mention a word or a sentence you said. He is a scholar, but one that has forgotten to wear the dress and the pompous stance, as light and humorous in his mother tongue as in French. We had a common interest in the tales and facts of the Titanic disaster. He would often send newspaper cuttings about new evidence or foolproof facts about the last hours of the great ship. The clippings were often filled with his unique writing: I guess he must have been one of the few people who could handwrite a readable text on a stamp! His tiny sketches were famous I believe and treasured for sure. I hold very dear a book he offered me about the fated crossing, a gem of testimonials, never seen photographs, and so much more.

On my visit to Chartham Hatch I met Agnès, his delightful wife. One of the last precious moments we shared was in Vergeletto, a tiny village in Ticino, on the Italian speaking side of Switzerland. With Agnès in her little house, we spent three days on top of the steep mountains overlooking Locarno. Roger had agreed to conduct an interview to be published in a monographic book of my work.

I remember moments of light hearted summer days, on the little terrace, with no phone connections as we were out of reach. Roger was to me, such a refined individual, filled with a beautiful humanistic approach, so genuinely interested in the person he had in front of him and so far from the career obsessed cultural workers of the days. On one of his last postcards he wrote: "*we shall meet again soon.*" I will look forward to it dear Roger!



*Christine Sefolosa, Abysse, 2016, Acrylic, pigments and colored pencils on paper, 180 x 150cm*

# Cathy Ward

*Artist, London*

Roger Cardinal was one of the most charming and attentive men I was privileged to meet. I never expected such warmth and genuine interest from a man of such reputation. I was in awe that he wrote and heard my opinions on Madge Gill, and gave me hours of his time whilst I was resident artist at Orleans House Gallery. Roger was interested in my approach to Madge as I'd made an archival film of a compilation of views and sounds of east end culture, the second world war, schools being bombed and the many devastated streets that surrounded where she lived. My take on it in 'Watching my dreams go by,' suggesting how V2 bombing and other incendiary devices may have inspired her fractured images, which he hadn't considered, but felt the idea valid. He sat with me for hours in the stables, making notes and looking at my oil paintings on old 1940's mirrors. They were attempts to convey energy blasts and titled by names of bombs.

After, Roger wrote to me saying, *"I was interested to see your pages of fetish objects and succumbed to the dazzle of your abstracted gestural images, some of them resembling Spanish cathedral interiors. Your very dark drawings fit well alongside the glimpses of Madge's swerving style"*. I wish I'd had more time to sit and talk with him. His untimely unexpected death was a great loss.



*Cathy Ward and Roger Cardinal*

# Jeffrey Wolf

*Film Director, New York*

In 1976, when collector Victor Musgrave and scholar Roger Cardinal co-curated the *Outsiders* show at the Hayward Gallery in London, there was very little writing about the field at that time. It was only four years after Roger Cardinal coined the term with the publication of his groundbreaking book *Outsider Art*. Since my meeting with Elijah Pierce in the early 1970's, I had become very interested in works by artists without formal art training. When I wandered into the Strand bookstore in 1977, and found a used copy of *Outsider Art* for \$1.49, this became the cornerstone for my now expansive library on artists and exhibits that flowed from this beginning.

I didn't know very much about Art Brut or artists outside of the US. One of the first sentences in Cardinal's book informed my curiosity: "*The concept embraces not only the art of the clinically insane, but also other art of an authentically untutored, original and extra-cultural nature.*" Roger set me on a path to discover artists such as August Neter, whose work "landscape" from the Prinzhorn Collection became a seminal piece for me, serving as a reference for many years to come. Because this door was opened, my wife Jeany and I had the opportunity to meet Elka Spoerri, and to view the Adolf Wölfli collection, still held in books in the bowels of the Kunsthalle in Bern, Switzerland. Through Roger's documentation and scholarship, we now had new art heroes: Clarence Schmidt, August Neter, Madge Gill, Aloïse, Simon Rodia, Adolf Wölfli, et al.

It was a long-awaited day for me when, in 2004, we finally met for the first time during the symposium for *Vernacular Visionaries: International Outsider Art* at The Museum of International Folk Art, Santa Fe, New Mexico. What a thrill to meet this gentle, thoughtful man, who opened up an entirely new approach to this art

for me, enriching and inspiring my filmmaking and writing for years after. In a field where scholarship is needed more and more, Roger laid the groundwork and set the bar very high.



*Vernacular Visionaries* symposium at The Museum of International Folk Art, Santa Fe in 2004  
L-R.: Audrey Heckler, Jeany Nisenholz-Wolf, Shari Cavin, Randall Morris, Roger Cardinal, Agnès Cardinal, Annie Carlano and Jeffrey Wolf. Photograph by Simone Morris

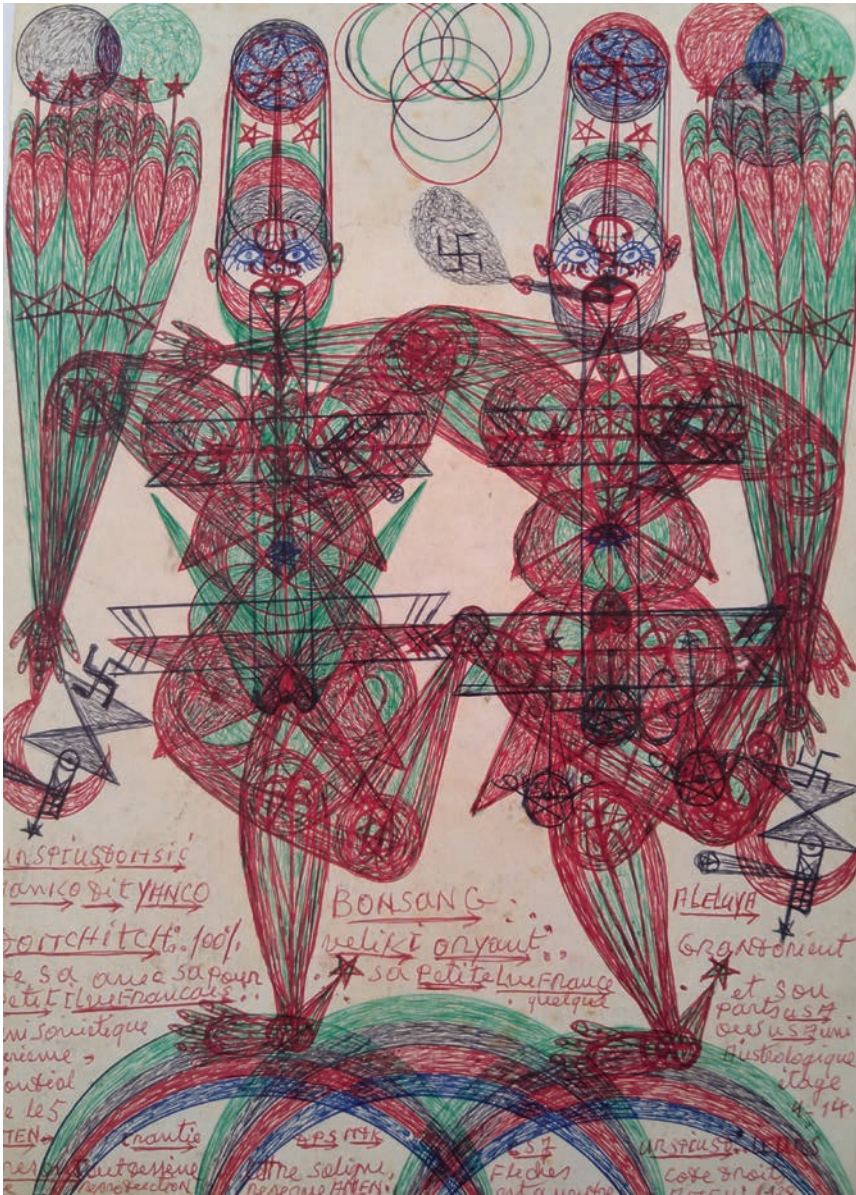
## A Selection of Artworks from Roger's Collection



Eugene Von Bruenchenhein, *Untitled (Love)*, c.1940s, Gelatin silver print photograph, 21x26cm



Gérard Sendry, *Untitled (for Roger Cardinal, a small drawing in friendliness)*, 1991, Ink pen on paper, 10x21cm



Janko Domsic, *Untitled*, n.d., Biro on found paper, 23x31cm

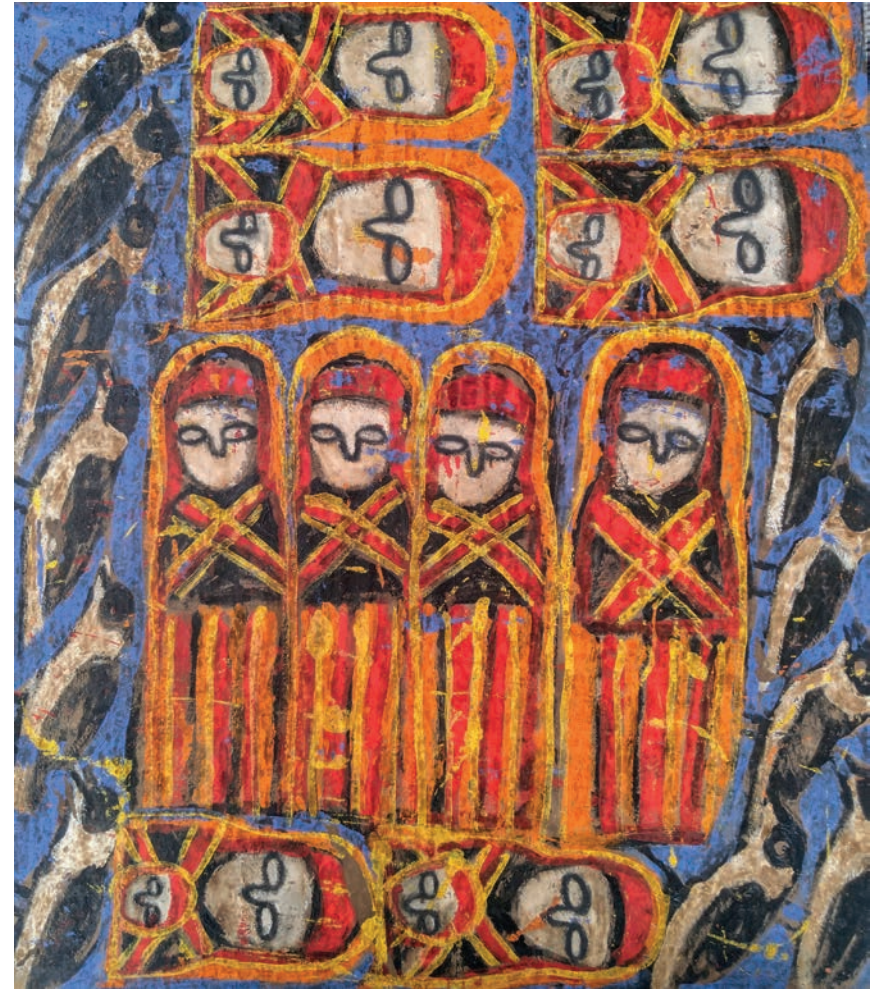


Joseph E. Yoakum, *Untitled (Bottom section of seven falls beauty spot in Colorado Springs)*, n.d., Watercolour on paper, 31x23cm





Madge Gill, *Untitled*, n.d., Ink pen on postcard, 9x14cm



Michel Nedjar, *Untitled*, 1987, Mixed media on wallpaper, 54x60cm



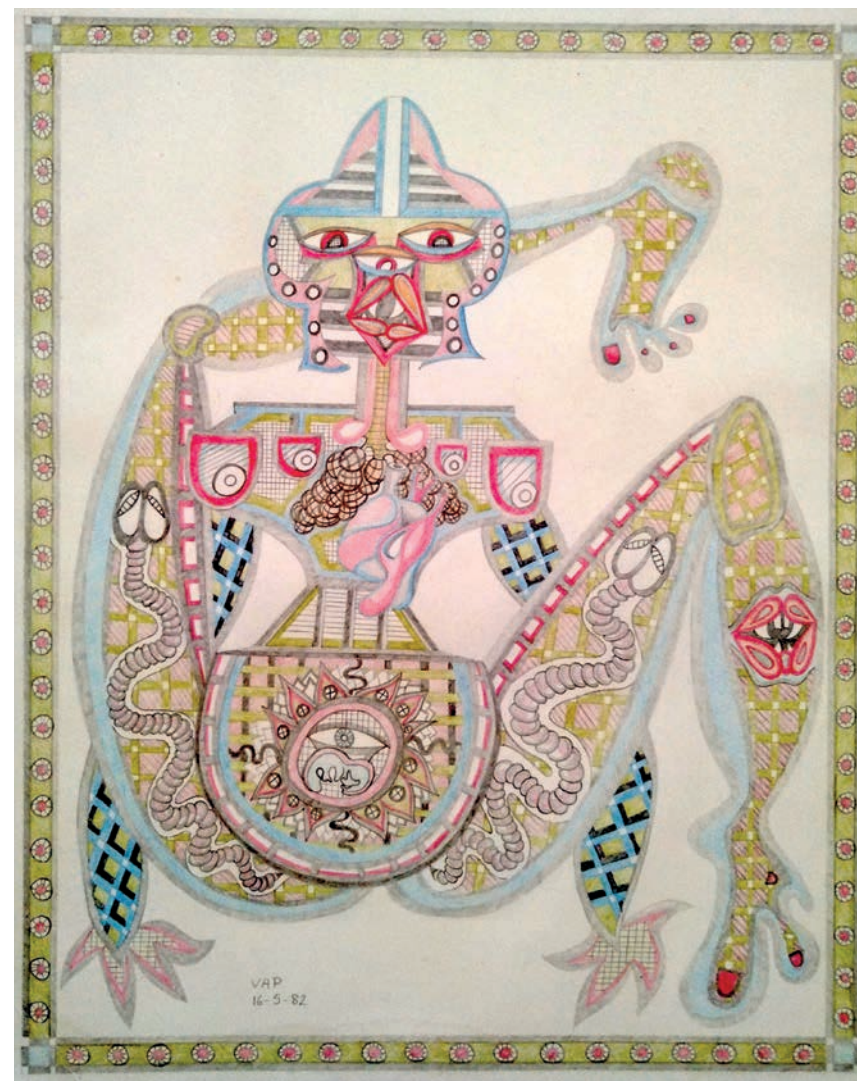
Chiyuki Sakagami Untitled, n.d., Ink pen on paper, 11x17cm



Joseph Vignes (Pépé Vignes), Untitled, 1975, Pencil crayon on paper, 25x32cm



Ted Gordon, *Untitled*, 1971, Ink pen on paper, 17x21cm



Valerie Potter, *Untitled*, 1982, Ink pen and pencil crayon on paper, 20x25cm

## Acknowledgements

Thank you to all the contributors to this book

Thank you to Agnès Cardinal for allowing us into the home and life of Roger Cardinal, and for the many recollections from others that she translated for this book.

This book was produced to accompany an exhibition at Turner Contemporary, Margate titled *Castles are Elsewhere*.

Exhibition dates: 23 – 27 November 2022

Compiled and edited by Jennifer Gilbert and Vivienne Roberts

August 2022

Designed by Ellie Maguire, Joyful Creative

Printed by Selsey Press, Chichester



Roger Cardinal

1940 – 2019