



*Outsider Art* describes the creations of occasionally psychotic self-taught/naïve artists, whose work was never part of the art establishment, creations culled from hermitage, not the Hermitage. We can all agree that the term *outsider* depends on there being a gap between the quality of being outside and that of inside. If there were no insiders, in other words, it would be meaningless to describe outsiders. So the question becomes: on whose side is Blotsplotch? The answer approaches *Insider-Outer* or *Othersider*, but when one constructs the analogy, *Insider* is to *Outsider* as *Outsider* is to what? The answer surprises; for it is not a further remove from *Outsider* but a sly dialectical homecoming, the triumphant hero returning to the capital city with the spoils of non-believers.

(A: *Insider*)

Connoisseurs are marked by the ability to make precise qualitative judgments within a particular realm of expertise, resulting in gradations of value, chronologies, catalogs, and comparable acts of scholarship. The *Outsider Artist* is a connoisseur fraught with singularity, whose scholastic acts are selfsame as her creative ones. As such, on the occasion when an outsider is invited in, crossing the threshold of cultural fodder, it is akin to the discovery of a new field of science, a revelation, a frog-headed pony the size of a grasshopper.

(Blotsplotch only wants fusion at will.  
Blotsplotch only wants  
Blotsplotch . . . Blotsplotch . . .)

