



Let us tolerate the tone of manifesto for a little longer. Besides, let's talk arousal.

In theology, it is understandable to speak of spiritual possession, be it holy or unholy; in the case of Blotsplotch, however, the theological sense of possession is exactly NOT what is being described. Blotsplotch is fiction. Possession in the case of Blotsplotch is comparable to the way one speaks of "the birds and the bees" in reference to human reproduction. Please do not confuse the idiom with avian and apian ecology.

Regardless of what you may believe, you will surely grant that the modal realist, namely a person who believes in the physical existence of all possible art worlds, believes there's a place where the very real Blotsplotch is regarded as the conceptual breakthrough of a generation, to whom it is merely indexically counterfactual to gloriously describe Blotsplotch the Superimposition, Blotsplotch the Stigma Manager, Blotsplotch the Hyperoperator, Blotsplotch the *Vocabulum Emortuum*, Blotsplotch the Manic.

We may speak of other possible art worlds, where the martyred Blotsplotch incites collector frenzy and galloping auction records: a world for its feeding to the lions, one for its burning at the stake, one for its immurement, one for its being crushed beneath the infinite stack of turtles, and so on.

(Blotsplotch . . .
Blotsplotch only wants glueballs for Xmas.)

