



An art collector, determined to place a few drawings by Blotsplotch in her collection, wrote the following note to the gallery expressing her resolve:

Dear Ms. \_\_\_\_\_,  
I simply don't believe that all the drawings are either sold or are frozen in legal limbo or only available to certain public art institutions or any of the other excuses you have offered me. Nor frankly do I care. I need at least one Blotsplotch in my collection and am prepared to commission it directly from the source: a fantastic ideogram from the language of desire, ensconced in a guilloche rebus, with talismanic doodles and pictographic puns. The outer region will be rote cartography, overworked with automatic redactions, magical wards, and scratches at the coffin's interior . . .

The letter alarmed the gallery owner, who immediately recognized the handwriting. She motioned toward the phone but was struck down in pain. "Help, I'm on fire," she screamed. The gallery assistants rushed to her aid but stopped, agog. There was no fire. There was no helping. But there were drawings, each twenty centimeters high by fifteen centimeters wide, Blotsplotch's *Anthropodermic Suite*.

(Blotsplotch only wants a Nobel Prize in Nothing.  
Blotsplotch . . . Blotsplotch . . . Blotsplotch . . . Blotsplotch)

