



(Blotsplotch only wants [ ])

In order to flesh out his ontology in the *Critique of Pure Reason*, Immanuel Kant built a Zoo of Nothing, composed of four themed lands, one for each of the different Nothings.

If you know nothing of Nothings, you should at least know this: they are a devious and nomadic lot. No doubt this is why Kant hired specialized wranglers to corral the voids and keep the Nothings segregated. The first wrangler was the Horseman of Empty Conception without Object, who corralled the land called *Pestilence*. The second wrangler was the Horseman of Empty Object of a Conception, who corralled the land called *War*. The third wrangler was the Horseman of Empty Intuition without Object, who corralled the land called *Famine*. The fourth and last wrangler was the Horseman of Empty Object without Conception, who corralled the land called *Death*. Trivia buffs will note that this is where that famous quartet of equestrians first met in the pre-Apocalyptic summer of 1781.

At the entrance to Disneyland there is a plaque that reads, "HERE YOU LEAVE TODAY AND ENTER THE WORLD OF YESTERDAY, TOMORROW AND FANTASY," only there is no corresponding, debriefing plaque at Disneyland's exit. What is a young mind to think?

For a time Blotsplotch worked day-jobs, including a brief tenure as a zookeeper. Finding a job was never much of a problem for Blotsplotch; a jar of ink remains a desired commodity. Keeping a job, however, was another matter, and it was a confounding time at the zoo for all involved: the visitors, the animals, the zoologists, but most of all for Blotsplotch, which felt obliged to leave its own cage ajar.

