



In the art world, popularity counts. At the moment it counts like the auctioneer, in incremental bids of a thousand, now ten thousand, now one hundred thousand. Such counting, however, has ceased to be what *really* counts. Already, one hears a different sort ("ten, nine, eight, . . ."); sonorous and solitary ("seven, six, five, . . ."); a countdown of consequence, leading to an event with *real-world ramifications*, ("four, three, two, . . ."), ready or not ("one!"); YOU ARE IT.

The popularity of Blotsplotch has resulted in an ever-growing body of fan-fiction, the majority of which is wrought in rebuses, cartoons, and formal logic, though there are a handful of entertaining prose examples that merit inclusion in the Blotsplotch canon proper:

In the art world, popularity counts, literally: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, . . . 56.

(Blotsplotch only wants encoded reference.  
Blotsplotch . . . Blotsplotch . . .)

