

**“Ode to (more) possibilities,” *After Oldenburg*
by Tina Tahir (2010)**

I am for art that shows nothing rather than something
I am for art that grows out of power plugs and from corners of walls and ceilings
I am for art that does not sit its ass on the most obvious places
I am for art that creates spaces within spaces within other spaces
I am for art that leaves traces and renders invisible things visible
I am for art that does not refer to anything in particular but instead uses everything
I am for art that grows out of power sockets
I am for art that breaks the rules that it does not know it obeys
I am for art that stares holes into walls, magazines, books ...
I am for art that muffles attention-seekers and silences everything that is yelling at you
I am for art that appears magically on the bottom of your coffee cup
I am for art that pretends to be there when it is not, like a mirage on hot asphalt
I am for art that leaves traces on walls, doorframes, floors, sofas, and ceilings
I am for art that blanks out advertising panels and replaces them with art
I am for art that turns things inside out or upside down
I am for art that is a line that follows everywhere our eye goes
I am for art that stares holes into the sky, books, rooms, tables, chairs, air...
I am for art that makes funny shapes of clouds
I am for art that describes the world in colors
I am for art that works like a big eraser
I am for art that whitewashes spaces, like a house on winter-break
I am for art that is rolled up like paper and folded like maps
I am for art that blanks out what it cannot remember and whitens out what it has lost
I am for art that leaves notes on houses, mountains, and streets
I am for art that makes everything equally important and unimportant
I am for art that is gray, neutral, and disinterested
I am for art that lays its floral pattern across urban spaces like a Victorian wallpaper
I am for art that hides the artist in between blank spaces of texts
I am for art that comes on a plate and is eaten with knife and fork
I am for art that is put on and feels like a second skin
I am for art that stares back at the viewer and refuses to be objectified
I am for art that brings to the fore what has been hidden or obscured
I am for art that stands in for something else
I am for an art that makes the part more important than the whole
I am for the white art of freezers or a winter landscape
I am for art that is silent and hides in corners
I am for art that is not this and not that, and does not signify anything other than itself
I am for art that refuses to be named, labeled, categorized, and simplified
I am for art that is what remains of a sharpened pencil or an erased eraser
I am for art that erases labels and replaces them with something else
I am for art that refuses to look at you and talk to you
I am for art that is empty and unemotional like the sterile corridors in hospitals or vacant buildings.