

Some Much-Needed White Space

by Olen Rambow

I'm setting aside this post as a White Space Preserve—sort of like a nature preserve, but it's white space that I'm protecting, not endangered species and their habitats (unless you will allow me to call white space an endangered species).

When I say "white space," I don't mean some fenced-off area accessible to white people only. This has nothing to do with race. I mean blank space—space that isn't filled with words, ideas, music, videos, art, or any of the other various forms of beauty and garbage that we humans incessantly create. It's the gloriously unspoiled empty page, with its infinitude of potential, that I wish to preserve.

Why?

Back when our ancestors first started scratching symbols into the dirt around their campfires, it was a big deal if a person could write anything at all. For the better part of human history, a written word was a rare thing, and that made it valuable. Now, anyone who wants to do so can broadcast their writing, their songs, and their videos to the whole world through the internet. The canvas is saturated. Words are plentiful and cheap. It's blank space that's rare and valuable now. So I've decided to preserve a little bit of it here.

Of course, I'm a total hypocrite. Here I am, typing these words behind my white mask, complaining about how many damn writers there are, even as I persist among their ranks. I've hopped on the bandwagon, joining in with the masses who are shouting in unison about how unique we all are.

I'm sure it's been said before—and that only highlights the truth of it—that we of the blogosphere are the infinitely many monkeys sitting at our infinitely many typewriters, in the process of generating every permutation of words that could ever be strung together.

I just hope that I'm lucky enough to have something decent come out of my typewriter every once in a while.