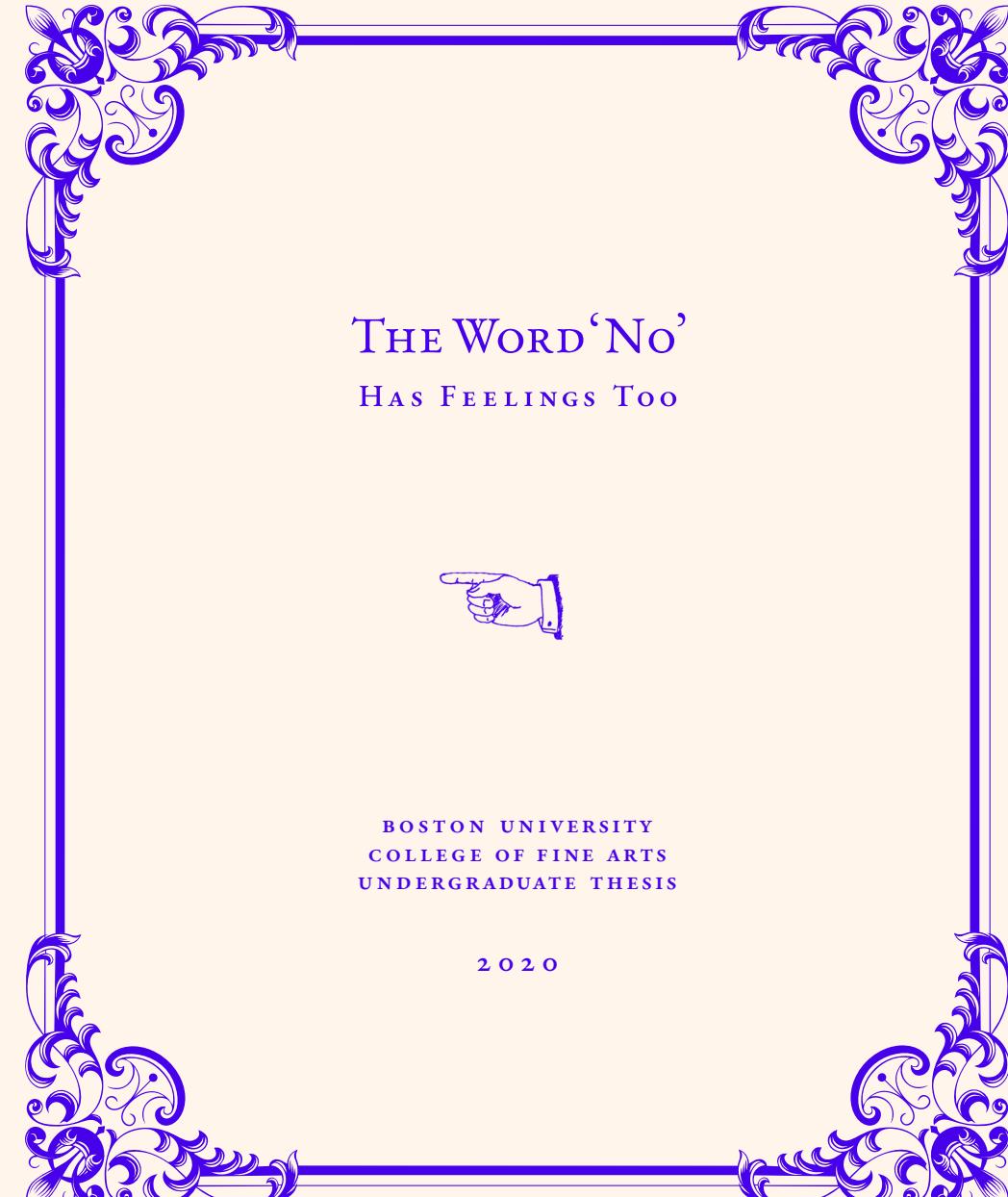


The Word

W
O
R
D

Has Feelings Too

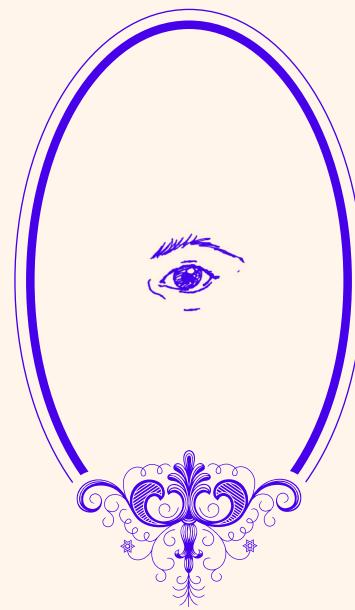
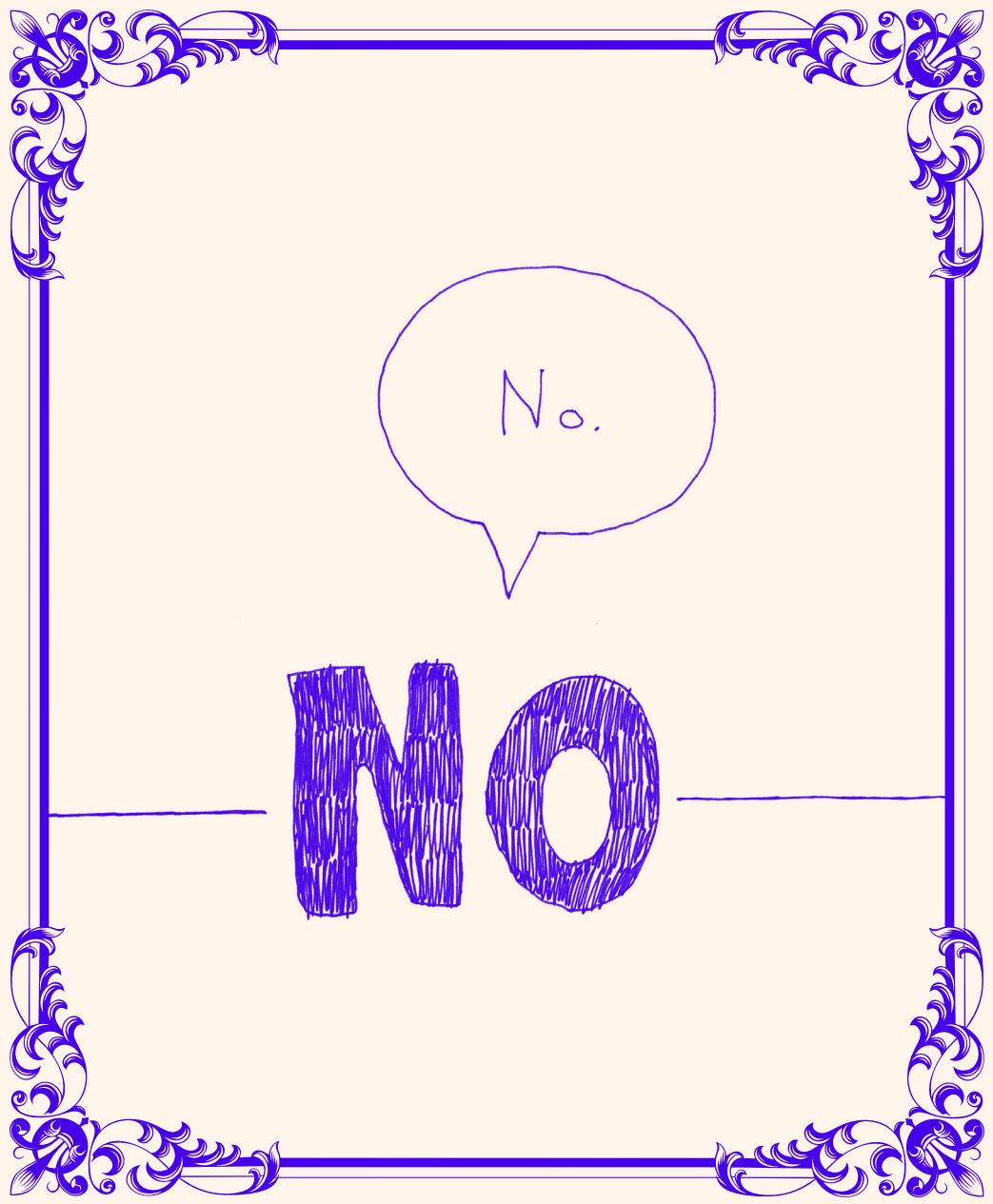


THE WORD 'No'
HAS FEELINGS TOO



BOSTON UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS
UNDERGRADUATE THESIS

2020



No gets its first letter (N) from the most ancient language known to man: proto-Indo-European, or PIE for short.

Two thousand years into the Neolithic Era, the nomads of Eurasia — some illiterate, natural people — created this system of communication which evolved into dialects and Eventually, nations began consolidating, and dialects became new languages, such as Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Hindi, Russian, German, French, Italian, Spanish, and 157 other living languages (Many of which have a cousin word of the English No, like Nein, Niet, Non, Nihil... Notice anything?)

The PIE root in question is Ne — which, extraordinarily, signified precisely what No signifies to us. That is, No means No. No is negative. No is No good. No is No body, Not ever, No where, No how. No No No No No No — No!

But today is Sunday, and Sunday is errand day.



No was walking to the post office to send a letter to Stop.
The breeze was quite nice and the sunlight was pleasant.



Yeah happened to be walking on the other side of the street,
in the other direction, and happened to be on the way home.

No couldn't help but reminisce about an old acquaintance...



In line — “Perhaps after I’m finished with my errands,” No thought, “I’ll go visit Yes. Why not? Yes is so very easy to like,” No thought.

Not before long, Clump and Imp finished their business with the postal clerk, and No was off to the dry cleaner’s.



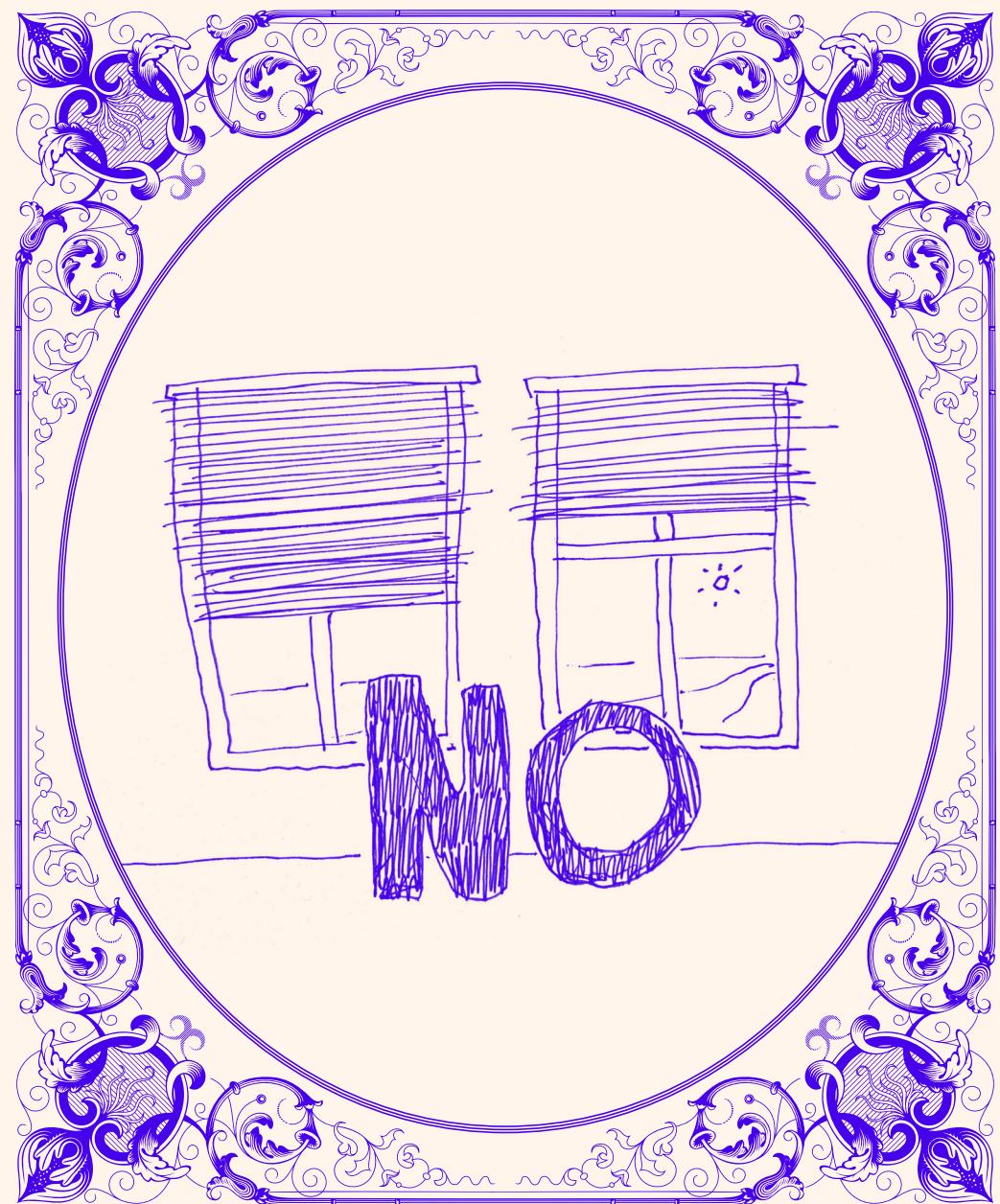
You must understand that No is an optimistic word, albeit a finicky word. No believes that life is a process of elimination, and that 'yes' is a difficult word to say. No doesn't believe in YHWH, Jesus, Buddha, anarchy, literature, or anything, really. It's just that there's something disagreeable, deniable, insufficient, or wrong when you look close enough at anything, really.



Waiting in the waiting room — No waited, cataloging the less-than-optimal qualities of the air in the dry cleaner's waiting room, such as:

- The smell of plastic
- The unwelcome vent breeze
- The carbon-dioxide levels
- And the Stuffiness

And the fluorescent lights were agonizing.



No wanted to write a piece of considerate, constructive criticism about the dry cleaner's waiting room air and post it online somewhere, but decided to just go to the dry cleaner's across the street from then on.

No was now focused on one thing...



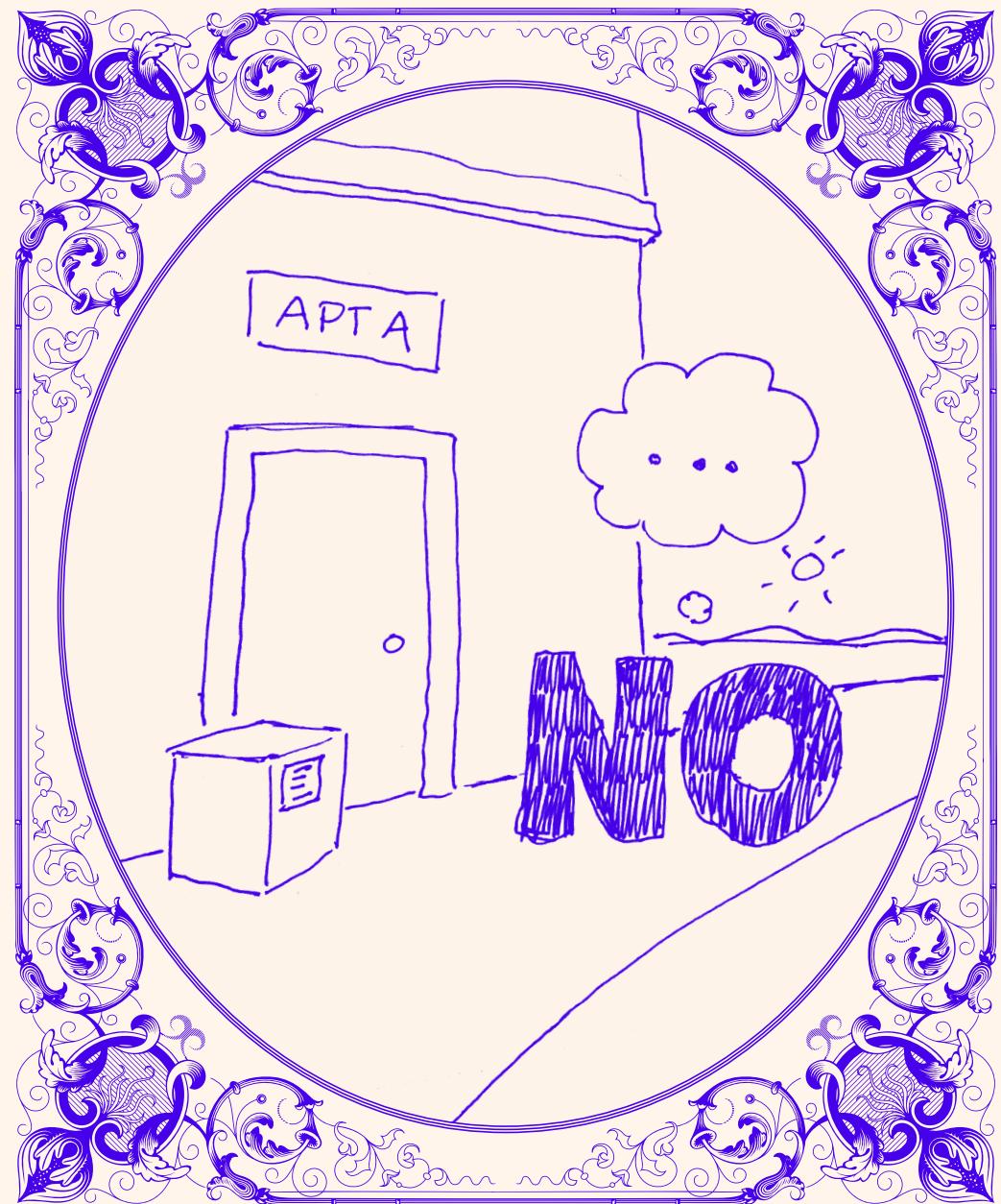
A billion questions — “What will I say to Yes? What will Yes say to me? How do I look? How do I seem?,” and, “Really?”

Mathematically speaking, there is an infinite amount of answers in the universe. However, just like there’s an infinite amount of numbers between every digit (1.001, 1.002... 1.999, 2.000 — etc.), there is an infinite amount of questions in every answer. No is currently thinking a billion of them.

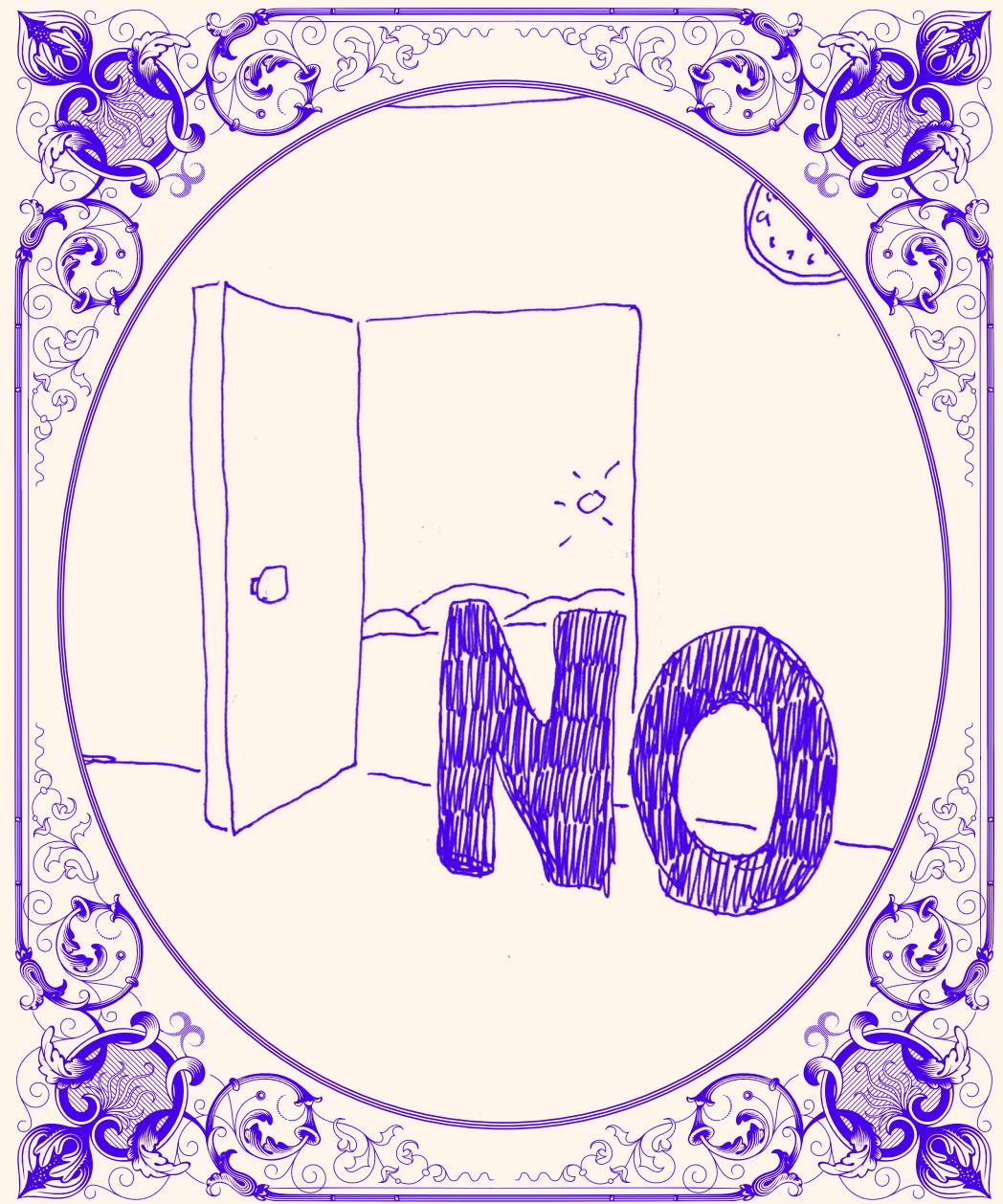


The last No knew, Yes lived here: Apartment A, 1 Cherry Lane. The door, which was a with red enamel paint, had a package leaning on it. No being the nosy type, read the shipping label.

It was addressed to Argyle. Yes must have moved. Who knows where Yes is now.

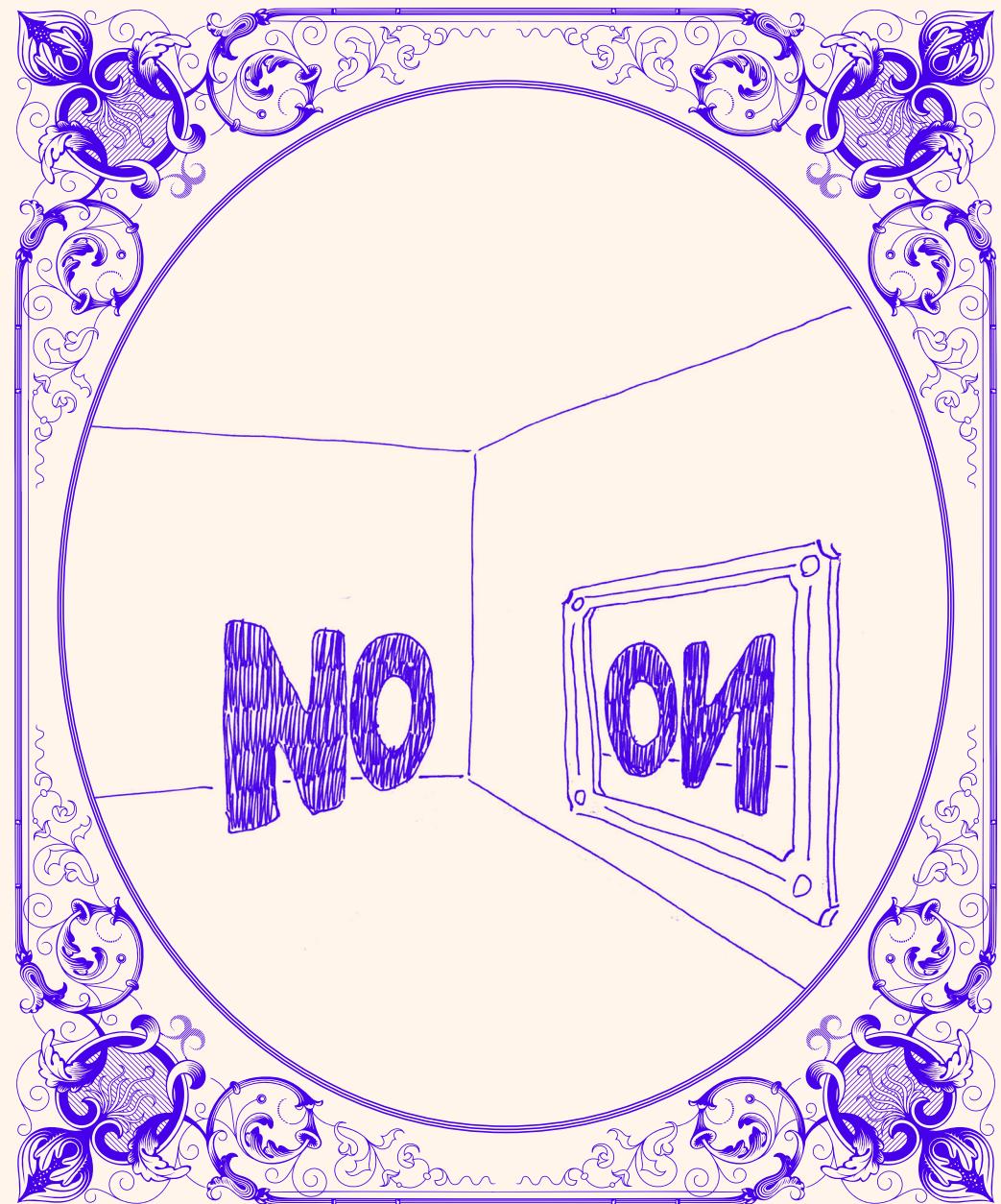


So No went home.

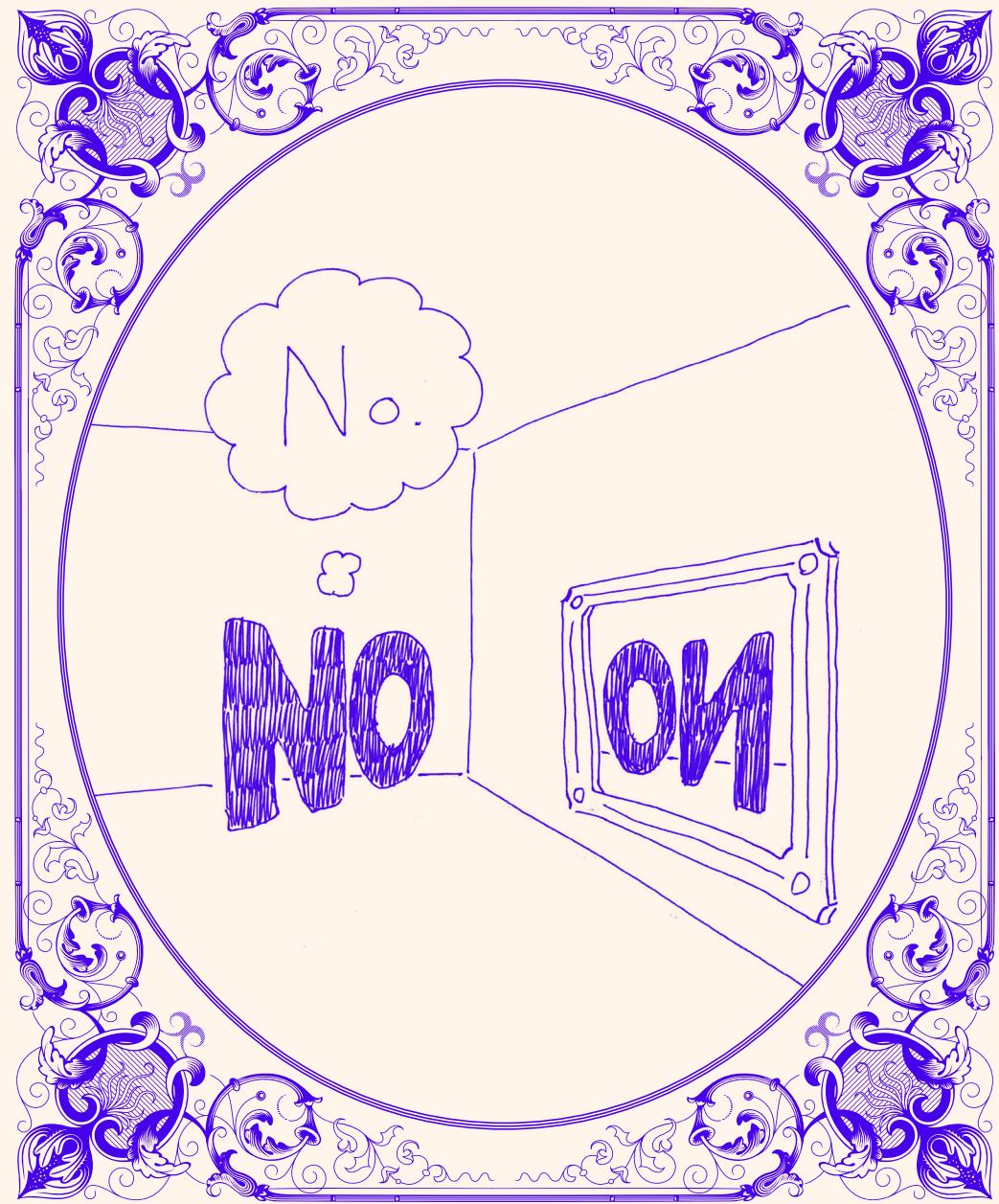


The second letter of No (O) comes from the PIE Aiw, which the linguists have found to mean Vital Force, Life, Long Life, or Eternity. No doesn't know this, and probably wouldn't believe it because Aiw looks nothing like No.

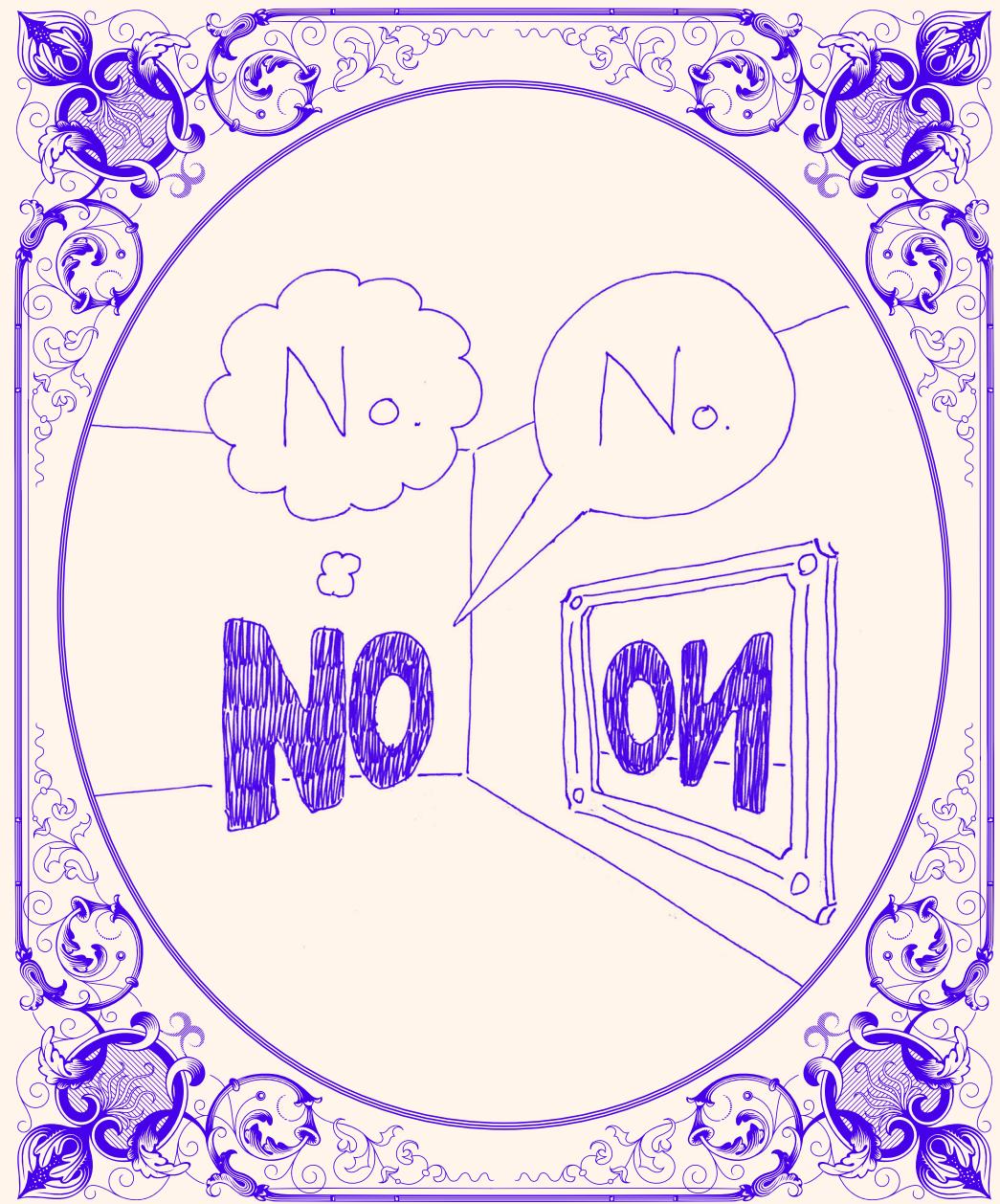
And No is unaware of this etymology.



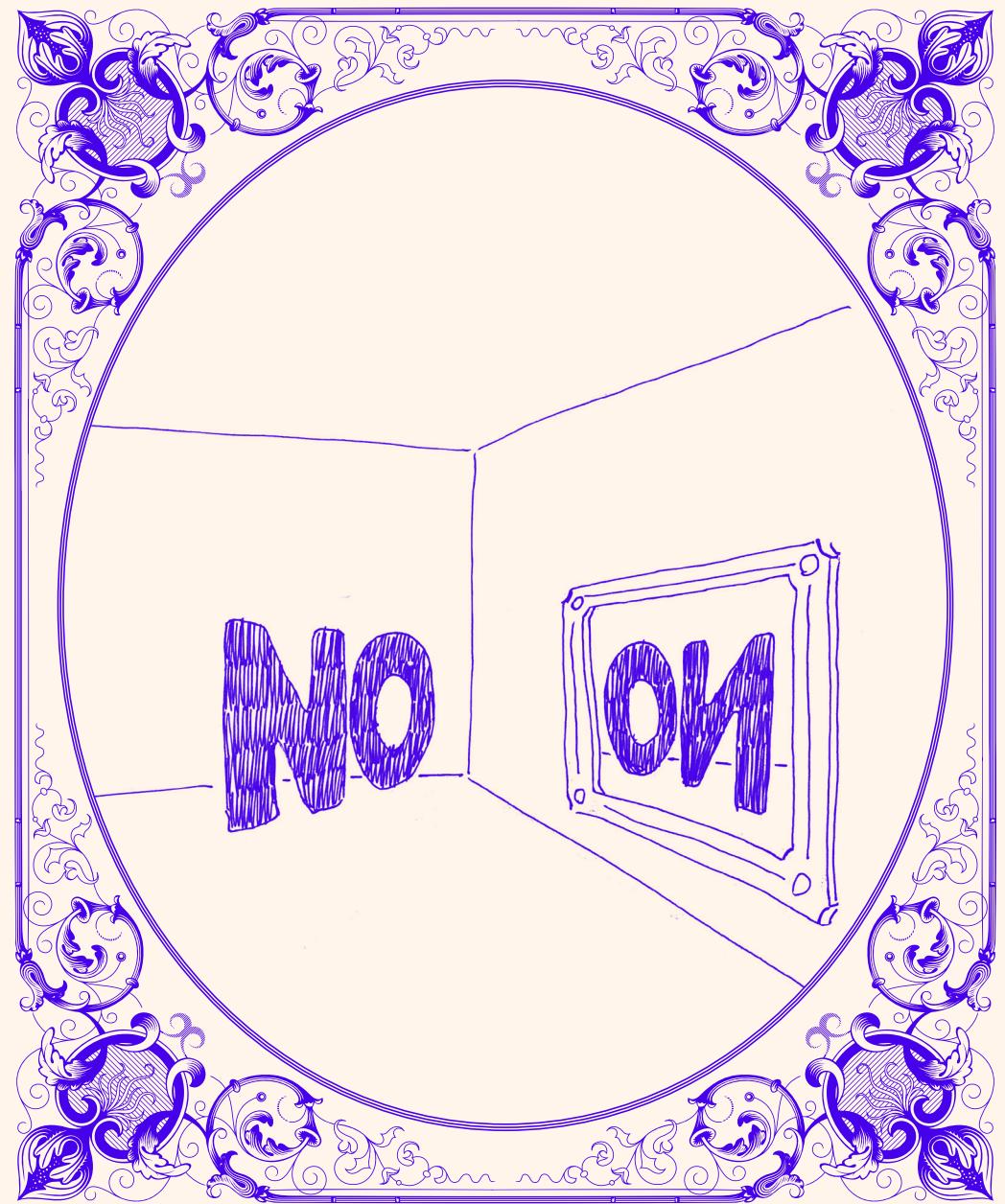
Sometimes No wishes it could be a Nightingale, even though it is unreasonable and unrealistic.



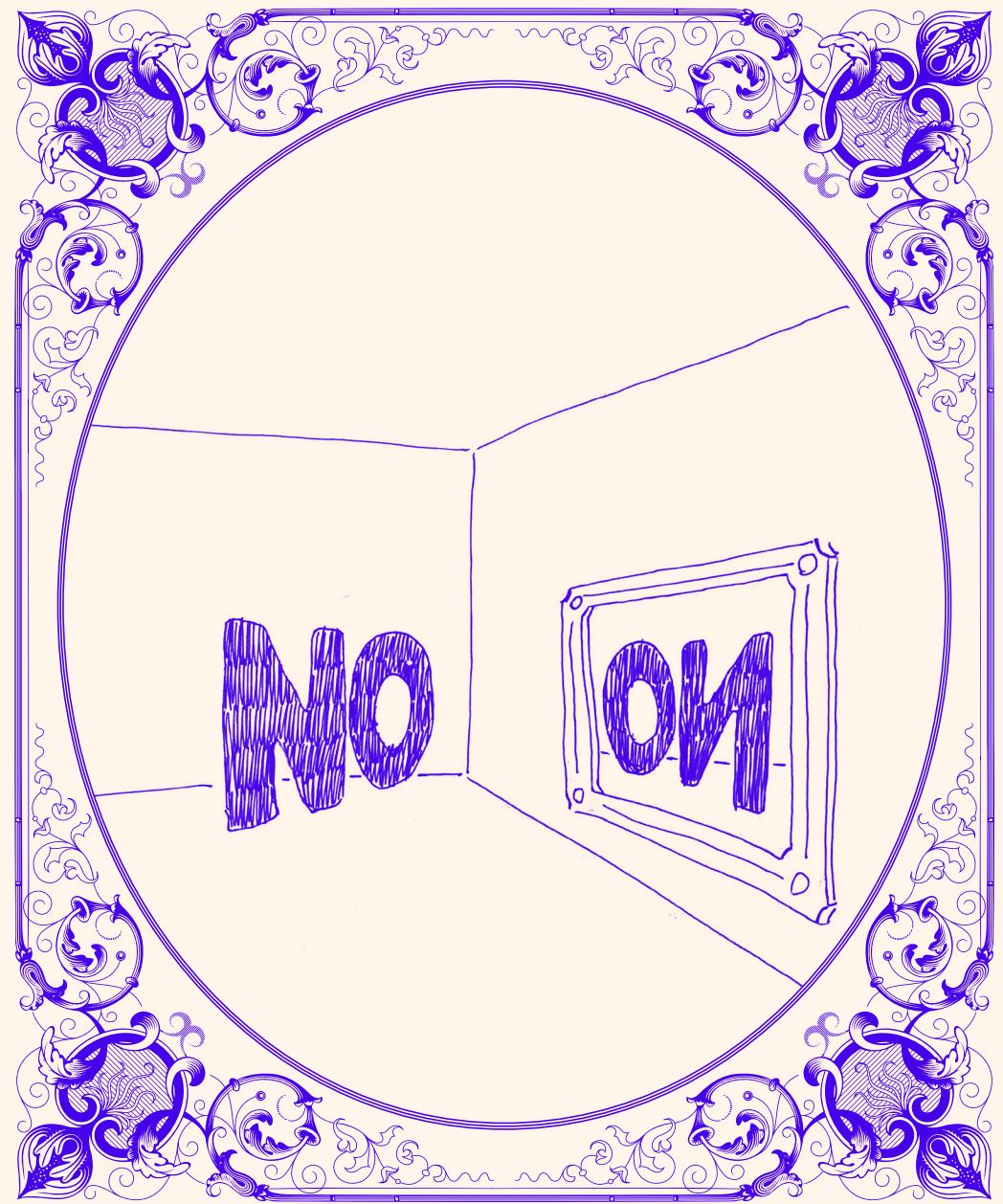
But No will never be a Nightingale.

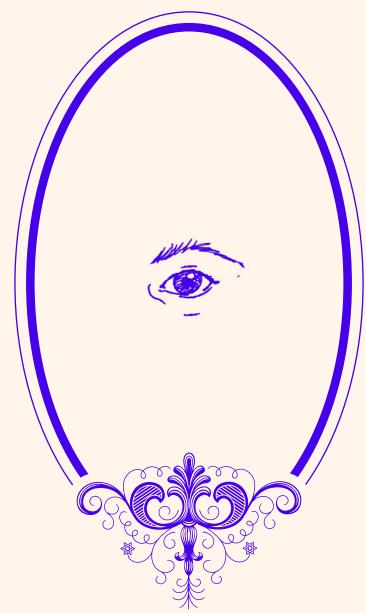


Because No is a No, and a No is not a Nightingale.



And that's undeniable.





HMM...
HMM...
^