

from *Galerie de Difformité*
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EXHIBIT Y

In the beginning was the Verb, and the Verb was made flesh. Into *tu, vous, voi, você, du, ty, sie*, and more of *you*: in motion. And yet: according to classification, *you* became objects, direct and indirect, objects of prepositions: objective and objectifying. Tens and hundreds and thousands and millions and billions of *you*. Ah! dear friends, does that mean you and me? “[T]hings once they are named,” wrote Stein, “the name does not go on doing anything to them and so why write in nouns?”ⁱ Speake if you can: what are you? Though the language may seem to imply a ‘you’...I believe, to impute to the flint just as much, or as little, of personality. I will roare you as gently as any Sucking Doue; I will roare and ‘twere any Nightingale. How should poor little you deal with a maiden who dares to call the Tsar a bear...to magnify him, and treat him in the plural number by *You*, and by degrees to deify him by transcending Titles? Quantity of syllables...there is a modern education for you! Let the music through, find the inner you. You. A Single Person, to save the Charges of another You. I don’t mean that you have not bodies..., but that all that deserves to be called *you*, is nothing else but spirit. We run tests...Then, once we had really found the real you, we...would try to find a place that provided a challenge to your best creative talents. For every quantum-mechanical branch point in your life...you have split into two or more you’s riding along parallel but disconnected branches of one gigantic universal wave function. If your flesh and blood be new, You’ll be no more the former You. Vicaltein can be your ticket to a newer, slimmer you: you-know-who, you counterfeit, you puppet, you. You asse you. You have killed me between you—you [were a] scamp not to write before. Now tell us, we pray you, Why thus you array you? Walk a few yards ahead of me, and look out you for all that cross you. Not a word to Mrs. You Know Who. Be my gazelle, my wishing well...But never you-know-what, or down you go, in you know what. Progressing...You

and your long words! I say unto you: Good people all, of every sort, Give ear unto my song; And if you find it wondrous short, —It cannot hold you long. That it be not strange to you, I will tell you. I shal shew yow one exampl: I in you, and ye in me. What ye rede, se you practise it in lyfe and dede. If you men durst not vndertake it, before God, we women would. Turne againe, my daughters; Why will you goe with mee? And do you assure us that you are all sound men? I thought your piece was very much you. Pure, scientifick and illustrious Spirits You'are: Get you home. You have made good work, you and your Apron men. I haue founde you fai[th]ful of speche. I will nocht brek my brane, Suppois [ygh]e sowld mischeif [ygh]ow. If yew love your selfe, and those that love yew, I can yw thanke for ywyr lettyr that ye sente me. Here my bone...For sorowe my soule ha[th] [ygh]ow so[ygh]t. The drawing of that whereof the copy is send yow. My lord and you my lady, yf ye vouchsaf it were tyme that we went thugh the world at our auenture. Pray mind what you're upon. Pray set it downe, and rest you....Pray now rest your selfe. I love you for trying, you dear. Commend you: and rest you. You don't know how I love you all.ⁱⁱ



NOTES

ⁱ Gertrude Stein, "Poetry and Grammar," *Lectures in America* (Boston: Beacon, 1957) 210.

ⁱⁱ All sentences are taken from the *Oxford English Dictionary's* entry for "you." Each sentence represents a different example, ranging from Samuel Richardson's *Pamela; or Virtue Rewarded*, to William Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, to George Eliot's *Adam Bede*, to pill advertisements, to *Scientific American*.

* "Exhibit Y" first appeared in *New American Writing* 27. **Please send this "Exhibit" back to the Undertaker in metamorphosed form: diformite@gmail.com.** For further instructions, see <http://diformite.wordpress.com/>.