

a street without her name

Maddison Wandel, 2025

Acknowledgements:

I would like to pay sincere thanks to the entire Monash University 2025 cohort, my supervisor Francis Barrett and supporting supervisors Ruth Höflich, Tamsen Hopkinson, Kristina Tsoulis-Reay, Alicia Frankovich, Nicholas Mangan, Rosie Issac and lecturers Daniel von Sturmer, Holly Childs, Helen Hughes, Fiona Macdonald and Mel Dearson for your support and belief in my artistic practice this year, this wouldn't have been possible without you all.

Thank you to Ariana Reines, Lucy Ives and Meg Porteous, for agreeing to meet me; a stranger from the other side of the world, our words shared will be kept close to my heart.

My love to Krystal Fowkes and Jacinta Taylor for sticking it with me out west, and to my dear friend Lily Fforde for our late-night chats, and lastly my beautiful sister Charlie Wandel for your love that has kept me going.

I acknowledge the Boonwurrung and Wurundjeri people of the Eastern Kulin nation as sovereign custodians of the land on which this paper and work was created, and extend my respect to ancestors past and present. It always was and will be Aboriginal land.

Contents:

Abstract: 1

Introduction: 2-3

First: 3-4

Second: 5-6

Third: 7-8

Final: 9-10

Conclusion: 11

List of figures: 12-13

Bibliography: 14

Abstract:

This exegetical text will explore my endeavour to create work that uses the abuse of my past. That possibly, through this pursuit, the power is removed from those who sought to assert it. I am still here. Through an understanding of the terms *after*, *return* and the *and* as holders and modes of understanding the violence that has permeated generationally, new work has been born from my revisiting of where my lived experiences of abuse took place.

Introduction

I once felt completely disconnected to my last name. My mother was adopted into the Wandel family of Murray Bridge, South Australia a few days after her birth in 1969. Her biological mother Suzanne Kliem was raped, and my mother was the consequence of such violence. The adoption on paper seemed perfectly suited; the Kliems were of Dutch and German ancestry and were followers of the Lutheran church, as were the Wandels. These things are never as straight forward as the system wants it to be. My mother, now the youngest of four, looked different from her adopted siblings. They knew that she was adopted and tormented her throughout her childhood. My mother suspected that she was different and this was confirmed one afternoon after a fight with her older sister. At 14 she asked her parents for the truth. They refused to answer her questions and a harsh beating followed. My mother left Murray Bridge shortly after this incident and headed to Werribee, Victoria to live with her brother-in-law's sister. My mum searched for her birth mother throughout her teenage years. She found her in her early twenties. She never found her mother even when she did; this is something that she still is searching for. I've thought about changing my last name to Kliem in some attempt to tie myself to something that might feel more authentic. I really did hate the name Wandel and all that came with it, but Kliem wasn't mine to take either. I started researching the German roots of both names. Kliem allegedly derived from narrow or a tight spot, Wandel I had thought meant a river of sorts. It took a conversation with a native German speaker Ruth to shift my attitude. She told me I had a beautiful last name, pronounced *van-del*, it's an old German word that means to change, transform or transition over time.

I find myself here and now living in this period that at the beginning of the year I named as being inside of this ongoing *after*. I define this as the period after abuse, where the impact extends beyond its 'end' and that 'end' isn't necessarily its conclusion. I wrote that *reminding* could ruffle the boundaries between living reality and memory and from this my project has unexpectedly taken the form of an inner confrontation. Taking the form of images shot on film, sound recording and written notations, I have engaged with the notion of the *return* by using familial materials and revisiting locations where abuse took place in my childhood. I recognised this urge to return, a feeling like a drum in my stomach, demanding me to attend to it. I was no longer revisiting, something had to change.

This year in July I visited authors of interest Lucy Ives and Ariana Reines in the United States. Ives is an experimental writer and art critic. I've been an admirer of her collection of short stories *Cosmogony* from 2023. Nearing the end of the story "The Recognition of This World is Not the Invention of It" Ives writes "this is the way things work—not through vision but through blindness. And if I swerve toward it, it's because I see. And if I swerve back again, it's because I

don't yet know what else I know.”¹ This passage has stayed with me since reading it and I refer back to it often when I'm feeling lost or hopeless. However what ultimately led me to trekking it over to the land of the ‘free’ was her critical essay ‘The End’ featured in her book *An Image of My Name Enters America* 2024. In this text Ives grapples with the notion of ‘the end’ and explores the addition of ‘and’ as something that has kept her alive.² Instead of ‘the end’ she offers us ‘the and’ as an alternative that spins off into the world, unites and keeps both herself and I guessing. Ives weaves her lived experiences into her text in such a way that there is no need for explanation. Ives' work performs what is written, the text enacts this swerving back again. This spoke to me as I have always felt strange when being asked questions about my life and work; what is kept for myself and what is given is a difficult negotiation. When we met she spoke to me about how the framing of a thing can be done how one sees fit, that “frames are often placed where we least expect them” and can be more difficult to perceive than we’d like to admit.³ When sharing vulnerable events there needs to be a treatment of them, to keep their energy without giving it all away. Reines, author of *Wave of Blood* 2024, told me to make work I could stand by and that then the fear would seem less important. Reine's poetry holds an intense palpable energy that accumulates through snippets of her strained relationship with her mother.⁴ In the text she speaks of how every poet cuts the line in their poetry differently and that for her these cuts constituted mini deaths that occur over and over again.⁵ This had me pondering how and where my life came into my art, and what these repetitive deaths might look like in my work. On occasion I find a boldness within myself that allows me to act on dreamt ambitions. When I wrote to these writers I admire I didn’t really know what I was leading myself towards. I knew that their works made me feel less alone and that even if I could just thank them sincerely for their generosity that would be enough for me. I certainly didn’t think that they would agree. Sometimes your body or mind just propels you towards something that you didn’t know you needed.

¹ Lucy Ives, “The Recognition of This World is not The Invention of it” in *Cosmogony: Stories*. (Soft Skull Press, 2021), 58.

² Ives “The End” in *An Image of My Name Enters America*, 189.

³ Lucy Ives in conversation with author, July 16, 2025.

⁴ Ariana Reines in conversation with author, July 10, 2025.

⁵ Ariana Reines, *Wave of Blood* (Divided Publishing, 2024), 32.

First

turn your head, wind back the clock, ouch, a heart beats fast

My arts practice this year has been led by an impulse to return and capture on camera what I remember of my childhood before it drifts away. My mother was brought into the world from violence, was brutally bashed by her father, and nearly killed on multiple occasions before she gave birth to me. Her denial of her lived experiences was easy until I was born. She told me that giving birth to me was like a mirror being shown up to her. This was her justification for the treatment I was subjected to; she was only ‘giving what she got.’ I was taught by my mother and the world that I must move on from the past in order to heal and move forward. To ‘put it behind you’ is an expectation I find myself averse to meeting and have never fully understood. I could always see through it all. My wish was for my mother to see me instead of herself, maybe things would have been different if she had.

Artist Fiona Connor’s sculptural works were of particular interest when I was in the process of developing *A calling back (for my mother)* for my graduate exhibition at the end of 2024. Connor exhibited a large-scale installation where she recreated the bedroom windows of the invigilators of ACCA for the 2010 NEW10 exhibition, titled *What you bring with you to work*. I was interested in the confrontation between intimate space and everyday work life. The private and public are muddled and what we bring to work is no longer just in our minds, it's staring right at us. In July of 2024 I returned to my childhood bedroom in secret to take moulds of battered walls, cracked skirting and broken off hinges. Poured in plaster, these casts formed part of an installation, mapping their original positions in space. Casting in plaster allowed for a detailed cast of the original mark. I was struck by how small the damage was. In my mind before returning, they stood tall and large over me. I embedded these plaster casts into skirting boards that matched those in my childhood bedroom and into a wall that I built for the exhibition space. This work was my first *return*.

Before my departure overseas, I had reached out to Connor to see if I could possibly meet with her to discuss *What you bring with you to work*. I was flying into New York City first to meet Reines and Ives, and so flying back through Los Angeles to meet Connor seemed like a natural step. Unfortunately Connor was unavailable and kindly put me in touch with another

artist named Meg Porteous who is studying their master's degree in film at UCLA. I reached out to Porteous, who I will now refer to as Meg for the nature of our friendship. We set up a meeting for when I was scheduled to be in Los Angeles. I picked up my very suave rental car from the LAX airport at 3am, a new white Toyota Corolla, and drove it all the way to my Airbnb in Laurel Canyon. I was shitting myself the entire time as driving on the opposite side of the road was a new experience for me. I met Meg at a street corner pub, on whose side a large neon white sign with black letters spelled in a gothic font *Ye Rustic Inn*. Upon our introduction Meg apologised to me saying that she was the booby prize, I assured her this was not the case, and I was glad to meet her. We spoke about my interest in Connor's art practice and Meg shared her own. Her work *Drive* in particular stood out to me, a C-type handprint that shows Meg seated in a mid-2000s Mazda 2.⁶ An incredible image. The work *Drive* embodies the potentiality of the pursuit, the car is stationed, ready. The image feels like a heart racing, like jumping into a car after escaping a cold windstorm, like the breath before action.

We spoke about my practice and my plans for the future, and the conflicts that came with selling work commercially. I said that as much as I'd like to make a living from my work, I have trouble picturing anything I make operating in the commercial art world; I just can't see my work hanging in someone's living room for decoration. I have rules in mind for each work and where they get to exist in the world. I don't really want a woman from Toorak admiring my trauma while she enjoys her morning coffee. Meg and I laughed, she was impressed by my ability to discern at my age what I wanted for my work. Meg was picked up by a commercial gallery very soon after graduating from Elam School of Fine Arts in New Zealand. She said that her practice at the time had placed her in extremely vulnerable positions, she told me she "wanted to make the best work possible" and often pushed herself to the limit. As a young woman, navigating a world that seeks to consume was difficult for her. She meant this to me as a warning. However something felt so necessary about the search to find that limit for myself.

I spent much of the remainder of my trip driving around in my very suave rental car, blasting music, exploring and listening to a lot of Joni Mitchell. On my last night before flying home to Melbourne I went to have dinner at the closest restaurant to where I was staying. As this was my third night having dinner there, I had become quite chummy with the wait staff. They asked me all the usual questions, like what was the most interesting thing about my trip to LA. I answered how strange I found the street signs, and how they can represent more than their intended purpose. They had sat me at the bar so we could all chat while I ate my dessert, something with butterscotch sauce and custard. One of the staff members Alec shared that

⁶ Meg Porteous, *Drive*. C-type handprint, 406 x 508mm. Juncture, 2020, solo exhibition at Neo Gracie, Auckland.
<https://www.megporteous.com/megporteous>.

celebrities often came there to dine in secret as it was very secluded. He placed his arm around my shoulder and pointed around the full restaurant at the incognito celebrities. They blended together, hiding in plain sight of each other. The manager saw this manoeuvre and quickly told him off. Alec asked me what I was doing here in LA, I said that I'm an artist and that I'd been recording things throughout my trip, that I'd attempt to make sense of it all when I returned home. He received this information in a very Los Angeleno way, he had dreams of his own to make it in Hollywood, and was joyful to know that I was a fellow creative, he asked to exchange Instagrams to keep up to date with my project. As I was about to leave Alec and the other waitstaff circled around me in a group hug, squeezing me tightly. They told me they loved me, told me I was kind, and forced me to promise to come back and visit them. It was strange at first, but their love was felt, and maybe I will go back there one day. As I was writing my final journal entry at the gate before my flight home I reflected on the street signs of Los Angeles and then New York. This was the first time I saw the name of a street as something more than just a name. I thought of the street name of my first real home that I had moved into when my parents were still together: Endeavour Way, Wyndham Vale. It felt like it held some form of prophetic irony, that maybe Endeavour Way knew something that I didn't. What I did know was that I wanted that sign, I was annoyed at the joke that I felt it was playing on me, so I decided I was going to take it for myself.

Second

to take a breath, before a word, a pause, an inability to

When I arrived back in Melbourne, I was certain of my desire to take that Endeavour Way sign. I contacted my childhood friend Jacinta. Her parents and my father were friends before I was born and coincidentally after my parents separated my dad rented a property where our backyards connected. Jacinta and I became best friends. We would jump the fence often and play together. Due to the close proximity we both knew what was going on in each other's homes. I knew that her mother's boyfriend would hit Jacinta and her mother, and she knew of my father's drinking issues and his friends that would come into my bedroom. We used each other as an escape. I hadn't contacted Jacinta in a long time. In late high school she had gotten involved with the wrong crowds. Doing drugs was what was cool, and as what started as light hearted fun became a serious issue, we drifted apart. A few years ago, she called me up and apologised. I understood, people usually aren't the kindest when they're struggling with withdrawals. She was now clean and loving life at her new job at this organic smoothie bar in Werribee. If you think you've met the bubbliest person in the world you haven't met Jacinta.

Wednesday, 30th of July 2025 at 5:09pm

Message to Jacinta

*Call me back when you can
I'm coming to Werribee tonight would you want to meet up?
like tonight*

Hey yeah what time ?

Probably around 8pm

Yeah sounds good!

Okay i'll call you when I'm on the train

<3

I caught the 6:58pm V-line train from Southern Cross Station towards Wyndham Vale. I called Jacinta on the train to ask if she could pick me up from the station and gave her a quick briefing of my objective: to acquire the street sign. My train pulls in and I make my way towards

her car. She's got the window rolled down blasting music, when I got in I could feel the bass of the speakers radiating through the seat.

"MAaaddyyyyyy!!!! I am JUST SO excited! TO SEE YOU!!!!" She screams. I just couldn't stop laughing at her, because she really is always the happiest to see me. Jacinta asks why on earth I wanted to take the sign. I explain it's for an art project.

"Maddy you're so funny with your art things" she says playfully and slaps my shoulder. We're on route to the location of the Endeavour Way street sign. I checked Jacinta's speedometer and clocked that she was doing 80km in a 60km zone.

"Oh whoopsie! Good thing you told me I'm on my last demerit point!" She giggles and slows down to the legal limit. This was not a surprise as Jacinta's always been reckless, in part this is the reason I called her. Approaching Endeavour Way she asks me if I have a plan for this stunt of mine. I reply no, I didn't have a plan, somehow I was confident I'd just walk up and rip it off. Jacinta kindly lets me know that she used to date a "druggy" down the road from here who would help us if she asked. Given that this man was her ex and a druggy I politely refuse in the name of the law, although who was I to judge in this situation. We pull out a tatty rope and milk crate she'd conveniently stashed in the boot. I don't ask. Standing on the crate, I throw the rope around the sign and pull down with my whole bodyweight. It doesn't budge. We try together and quickly realise this thing wasn't coming down without power tools. It started raining and we give up and decide to treat ourselves at Sprinkles Ice Creamery & Lolly Shop in Tarneit. While in line to order a scoop Jacinta loudly tells me that she'll only have one scoop because if she "doesn't have a thigh gap by mid november [she]ll kill herself." Sitting enjoying a 10pm ice cream after my poorly planned heist I remembered there was a lovely young couple who lived across the road from mum's house who might be likely to lend me the tools I needed. Getting late in the evening we drive there and knock at their front door, the wife answers and tells me she'll grab her husband. I look at Jacinta, eyes wide. That boldness was with me. I explain my situation to the husband, specifying that this was all for an art project and not just some thoughtless crime. I had expected to get some pushback from him but he seemed rather enthused to help. Maybe it was a bit of off the clock fun for him. He told me he'd detach the sign for me on the Friday coming and give me a call when it was done. I was elated. I knew this petty crime ambition couldn't fix my lived experiences, and I know it can't provide me with an answer for what has happened. What it could give me was a sense of push back to this ridiculous joke it was playing on me. Endeavour Way is to dream, venture. It sounds like a wave hitting the ocean shore. Endeavour is for searching. He called on Friday, and I took Endeavour Way.

Third

an unanswerable question

Once I had the sign, I spent two weeks trying to figure out how I would use it. If the sign would just be something for me to have or if it would figure into my work in some way. I drove my new beige 1998 Mazda 626 to Werribee to take the sign back with me to significant locations from my childhood. I packed my camera loaded with 35mm colour film and threw Endeavour Way in the backseat. I made a list in my head of where I was going to go. A feeling of urgency ran through my body as I drove over the Westgate. I knew it would be dark by the time I arrived, I knew I didn't want to be seen. My task in mind was to capture on camera these places for myself, it felt like they couldn't run from me in the frame. I went to my mothers house first. I quietly snuck around the front yard and found myself caught between two positions:

When I was eleven my mother was dating a man named Drew, a hippy who walked around shirtless, shoeless and wore a handmade skirt made out of business ties. I hated this fucking guy. Drew was also a drug addict terrorising my mother for money that we didn't have. Mum and I would often fight over her getting back with him. One morning I was on the couch in the living room when Drew and my mother were fighting. He was enraged and threw her phone towards the gas heater, he pulled out a handgun from underneath his ridiculously stupid skirt and pointed it at her. I watched her rush to open then jump through the window into the front yard, half naked in her dressing gown. He ran out after her and I followed behind him. He raised the gun at her and threatened to shoot. I screamed at him to stop. I was standing in front of the front door. He pointed it at me.

Now, standing where I stood when I was eleven I faced the camera toward where my mother was threatened and took a frame. I was so focussed on the looking out of it all that I strayed from where I was standing, I then pointed towards where I once stood, now facing the grass patch near the front of the door. I took another frame. I see this action as forcing these experiences into a new lens, shot by me. I wanted to be able to contain them. Their existence in my memory was now physical and couldn't be called into question, and couldn't be left behind. They went from being something that I was forced to have, to something that I wanted to keep for myself. I returned to the location where Endeavour Way once stood, what I remember to be my first home, a place where my parents were together. They still hadn't replaced the sign, go figure. I popped my boot, took Endeavour Way from the back seat, and placed it inside the open

trunk, with a flash I took a frame. Pointed the camera up at the naked pole, took a frame. I then drove to the floodway, a dividing area between Werribee and Wyndham Vale. Growing up I would walk across it with my sister to get to and from school, or go between Mum's house and Dads. I played there with friends. I was assaulted there, and cried. I ran away there and my friends did drugs there. Often I'd see the burnt remains of cars, and marks from burn outs. Despite these traces you're usually alone in the floodway.

To take a frame is to shutter the camera. Sounds like shatter. I've had a speech impediment for as long as I can remember. The sound of the camera shuttering reminds me of the moment before a stuttering. It feels involuntary and you forget it's there until you hear it or feel it. Before taking each image there was a pause before capture, where adrenaline rushes in; it's a moment of recognition before my mouth opens. This feeling was akin to those moments before action, similar to past moments of decision as a child trying to protect my mother and sister.

I developed the images taken from this night escapade and once scanned I realised they didn't register as much information from the locations as I thought they would. I felt a sense of disappointment at being unable to capture more information in the photographs. Many voids of darkness were left in most images. Each time I look at them I find myself wondering what's out there in the distance even when I took the image and I know. Images are used as flashlights searching in the dark, for answers I know I'll never be able to have and not sure that I want. They force me to reckon in this state of limbo. Ludwig Wittgenstein writes in *Philosophical Investigations* 1953 in relation to our valuing of images: "is it always an advantage to replace an indistinct image with a sharp one? Isn't the indistinct one often exactly what we need?" I remember smiling when I read this, it felt like a sort of messenger.⁷ I isolated the quote in my mind as "isn't the indistinct one often exactly what we need." I thought of this indistinct, this 'blur' as a limiting of access; that maybe what is withheld or unknown could be the very thing we need, elicit the response we are meant to have. If someone asked me what I wanted from these images, I'm not sure I'd know how to respond. Some things in life just cannot be controlled, much like these experiences I sought to contain for myself. Bad things will happen to you and you'll think it's impossible to continue on, and you do it anyway.

⁷ Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Philosophical Investigations*, ed. G.E.M Anscombe (Wiley Blackwell, 1953), 70.

Final

a street without her name

Thinking back to where my limit could be and what this might look like, I took Endeavour Way and drove to Werribee like I had done before. This time I had asked my sister to help take pictures of me with the sign in the floodway. I didn't really know what was going to come of this night, there was that impulse again and I needed to follow it. I had planned to meet my sister at our mother's house and go from there. I arrived and my mother greeted me, wondering where my sister was. I checked my phone where I'd received a text saying she couldn't make it. Disappointed, I was about to leave when my mother offered to help instead. Desperate to follow through with my plan, I agreed. She asked what we were doing to which I explained that I was going to strip off naked in the floodway with the Endeavour Way sign, lighting myself with the vehicle's headlights. She surprisingly didn't ask questions. My mother and I aren't close, we've been estranged most of my life. I thought about the most vulnerable positions that I'd been in, that stripping myself bare, exposed could bring something; I wanted to put myself to the edge. Force myself into a state of adrenaline, no hiding, just bare.

Before leaving my mother gave me her dressing gown to wrap myself up with. I left my clothes in her bedroom and drove us into the middle of the floodway. I quickly taught her the camera mechanisms, how to shutter it, focus it. We had to be quick, I didn't want us to get caught. Headlights on and facing out into the field, engine revving. She was sitting in the passenger seat. I told her to take a frame when she felt it was right. I shed the dressing gown and took Endeavour Way out with me. Naked I ran around screaming, laughing. My heart thumping out from my chest. I wondered what my mother thought of my body. If she approved, if she understood what I was doing. If she saw me, if she saw herself. I ran back and forth towards the car to check in on her, and she said she was afraid that the pictures wouldn't be good enough. I explained that it didn't matter, that their existence is enough. I ran back out, dropped to my knees, staring into the headlights. I stood up and heard a car coming towards us. In the distance I could see them doing donuts, burnouts. I could smell their exhaust. Whatever adrenaline response I thought I felt moments before was nothing to what I felt then. When I saw them turning towards me completely bare I ran towards my mother, jumped into the car, put it into drive and was about to get us out of there when suddenly the car disappeared. I looked over at

mum and she was afraid. I thought we were safe now, we could continue. For the last few frames mum got out of the car unprompted, instinctively pointing the camera silently at me. As she finished the roll she was spooked by the sound of the camera winding itself up. We both hopped back into the car, I wrapped myself up in her gown. We sat there a moment in silence before leaving. I didn't know how to feel, what to say, and I still don't. I developed the images, and I've selected one from the roll to go alongside other images I have selected for my graduate show. I am facing away from the camera running out into the distance, I am close to a blur, the sign I hold appears not to exist. I'm still figuring this all out. I was asked by a few people about who helped me take the images and I lied saying my sister did. If you're reading this and you've figured out that I've lied to you, I'm sorry. I wasn't ready to talk about it and I'm not even sure I am now, but it feels important for me to lay it bare here. I read that we remember "through images, and we believe what we remember (sometimes to our detriment); sight, because "Seeing is believing"; and love, because believing grows from the same root as loving."⁸ Images are portals, a holder for something that is other. The taking of a photograph is an exchange between past and present. Like a stutter, there's a return. The other is the world that we bring to an image to hold it close is to recognise it. For my sake, I'll hold these images close.

⁸ David Levi Strauss, "Chapter 1" in Photography and Belief (David Zwirner Books, 2020), 11.

Conclusion

In this exegetical text I have aimed to describe my endeavour to explore this ongoing *after*. This is my life, it cannot be separated from my work. My practice has allowed me to find a way to live with it, use it in a way that is different from the forces it was born from. I will continue to search for an answer that I know cannot be found, a looking without an end. What is withheld from you, what may feel like it is holding you at a distance, a lack of access all make for a more interesting journey, one that I am still figuring out. I have undergone many *returns* this year. I have returned to places where experiences of physical, sexual and emotional abuse have taken place, I have taken from and have reexperienced these places in a new light and created records through image taking that then became my work; they no longer sit as they once did, they are now mine to hold and not something that was forced upon me. The return is a reclaiming, but it is also my stutter, a hesitation. The return is how I'll show up for myself and do what I can to make work that I can stand beside. I'm still learning what I'm willing to share and what is mine to keep for myself. This is all a part of it. In the end of it all I'm not sure that I want to keep carrying around Endeavour Way. Through writing this I've realised that the joke I thought it was playing led me here, to the *after*, and that's not such a bad place.

List of Figures

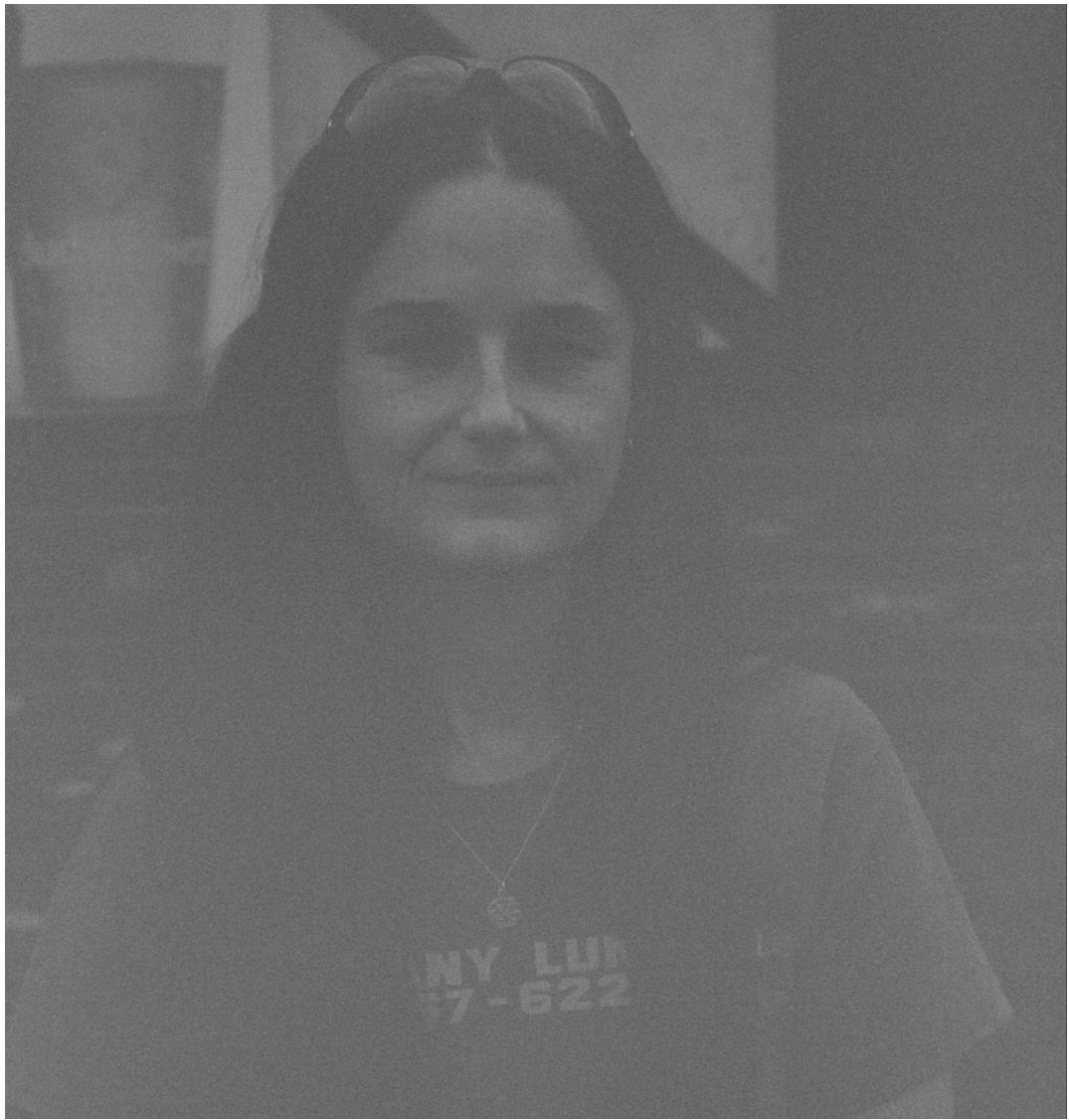


Fig. 1 Wandel, Maddison. *Portrait of Meg at Ye Rustic Inn.* 2025. Black and White 35mm
Scanned Image.



Fig. 2 Wandel, Maddison. *The Flood Way* 2025. Color 35mm Scanned Image.

Bibliography

Ives, Lucy. "The Recognition of This World is not The Invention of it." In *Cosmogony: Stories*. Soft Skull Press, 2021.

Ives, Lucy. "The End." In *An Image of My Name Enters America*. Greywolf Press, 2024.

Levi Strauss, David. "Chapter 1." In *Photography and Belief*. David Zwirner Books, 2020.

Reines, Ariana. *Wave of Blood*. Divided Publishing, 2024.

Wittgenstein, Ludwig. *Philosophical Investigations*. Edited by G.E.M Anscombe. Wiley Blackwell, 1953.