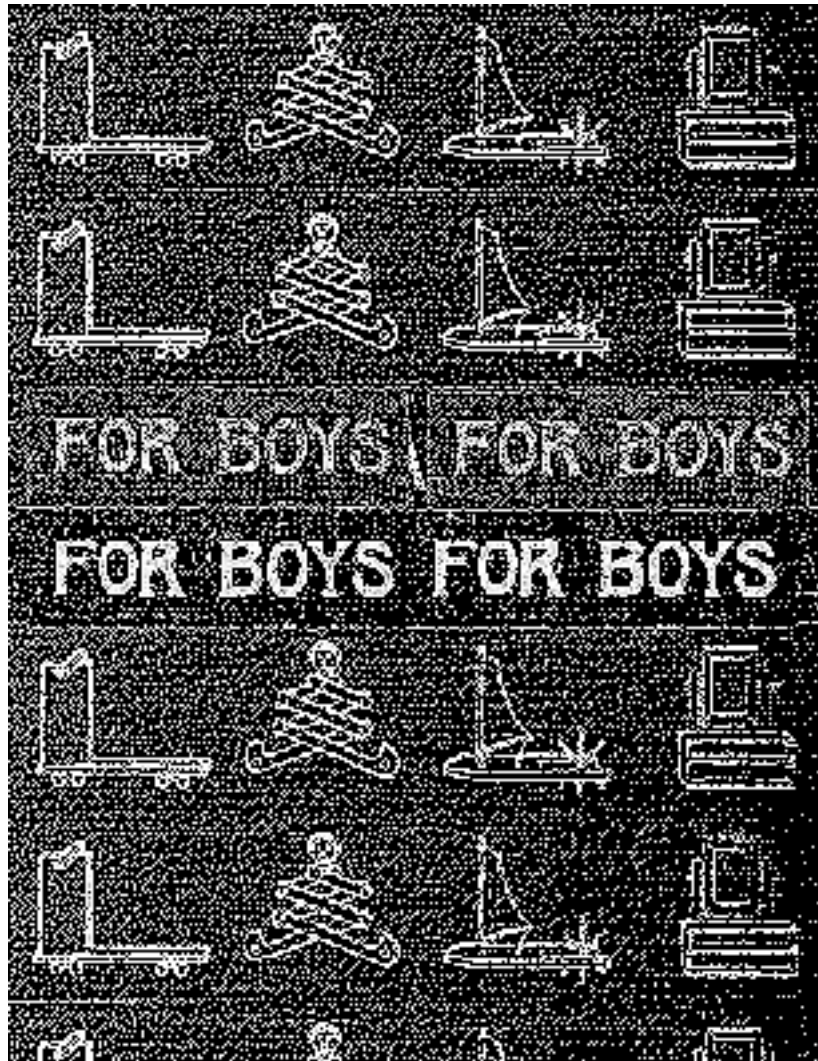


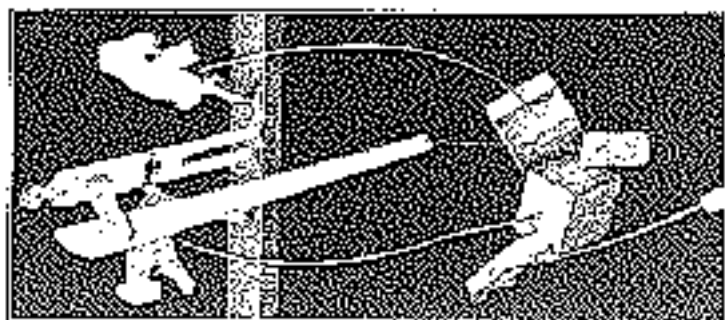


how
things
are





“Pleasures of
stupid things
running out.”



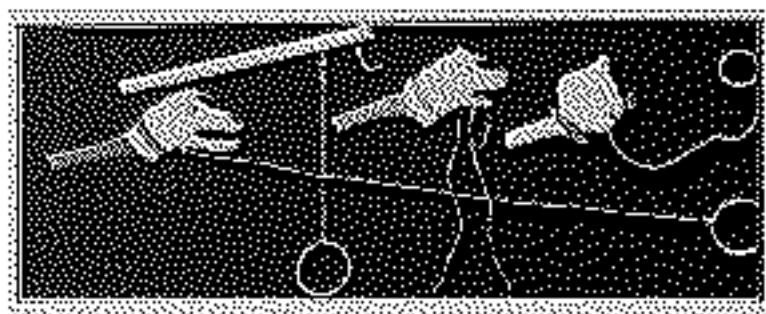
“I’ve gotten just
too stupid to
talk.”



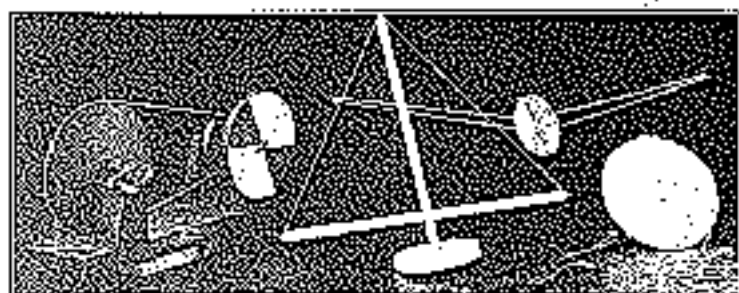
A document
full of such
phrases.



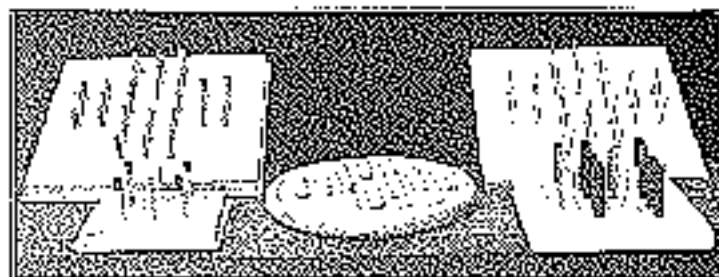
Feels indicative.
Stupid draws a
circle.



Around a single
point. “The
general form of
propositions is.



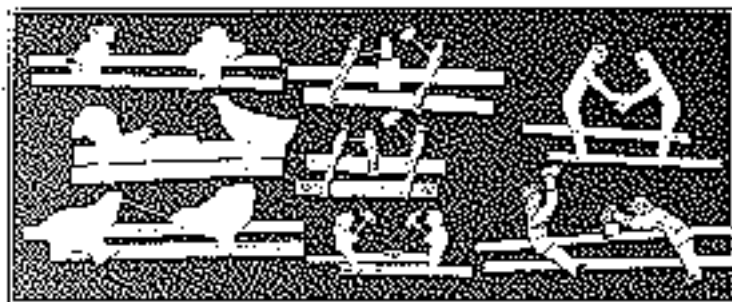
‘This is how
things are.’ ”
What I thought.



Was brutal
honesty wasn't
obviously.



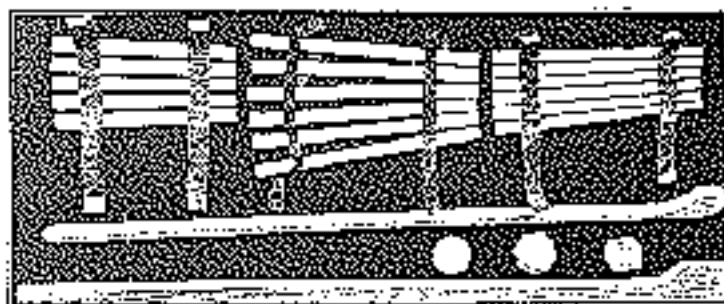
I was always
telling people
that.



The meanest
thought is still
avoiding
something.



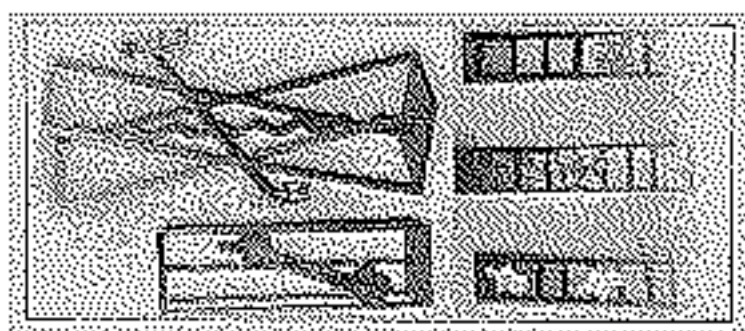
Else. But
punishment
sounds like
exacting truth.



If I could just
take it I'd be
better for good
right.



Which is
how fixed
propositions
lead to mystical
fake outs.



Who deserves
comfort more
than the dead.
And.



If you were dead
you'd deserve it
too. So.



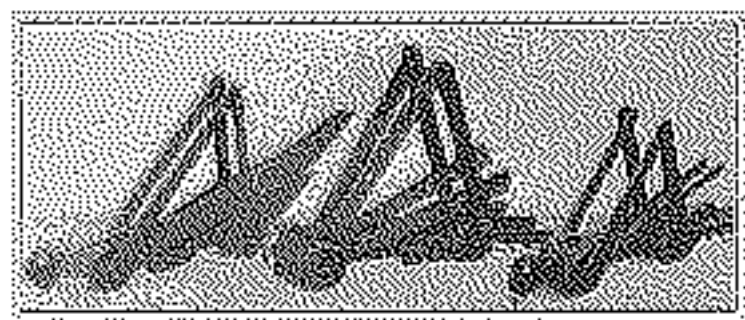
A wish to not
connect too
many dots.



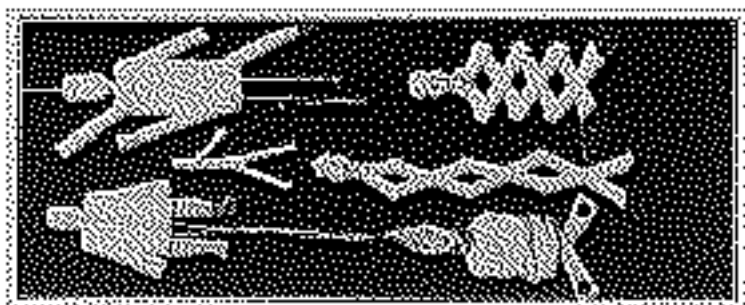
“How is it doing
this every day.”
Before the
downsize.



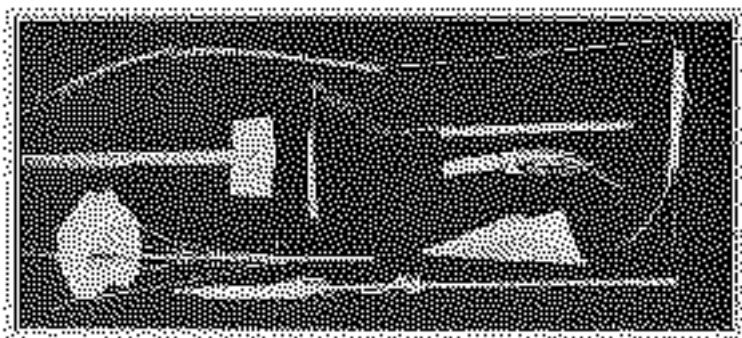
Gave me an out
callers asked
this most days.



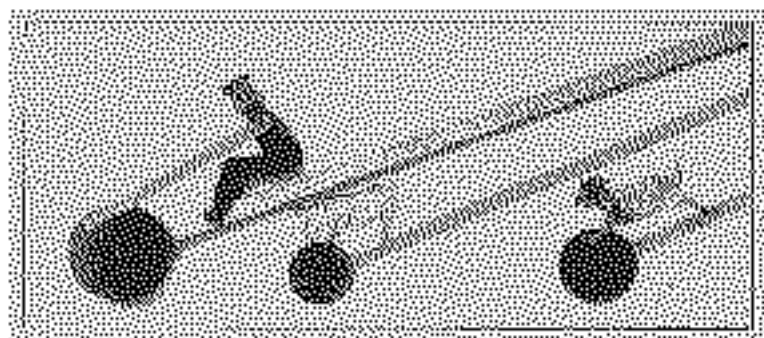
“Well I’m not
in pain. So it’s
not so bad.”



I didn't have
another answer.
I loved to say it.



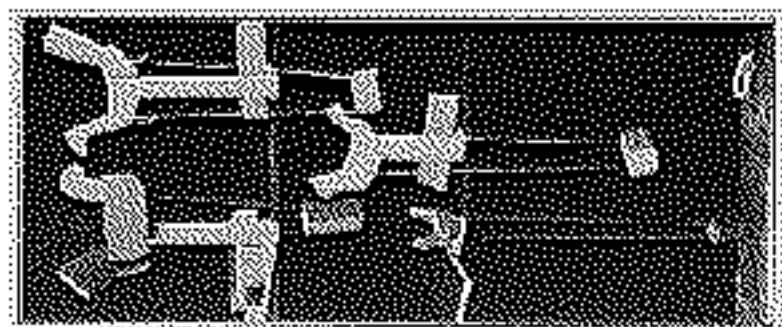
If I don't know.
How bad could
it be.



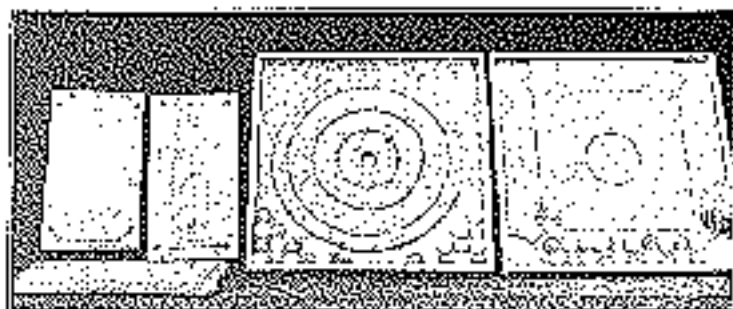
Easy answers
beg other things
to avoid.



Like why do I
want my mother
to be afraid.
Because I am.



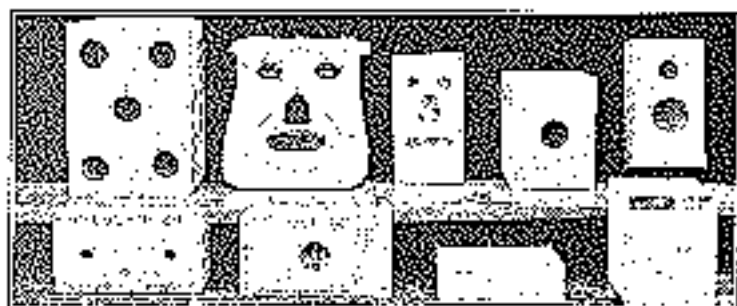
Of too different
things. I wanted
not to let on
about thinking.



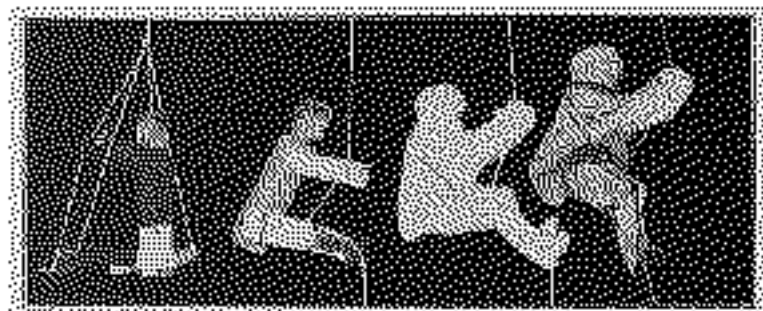
That playing
dumb lived up
to how things
are. How things
keep alive.



“Can you be comfortable just talking about death. Not talking out of it.”



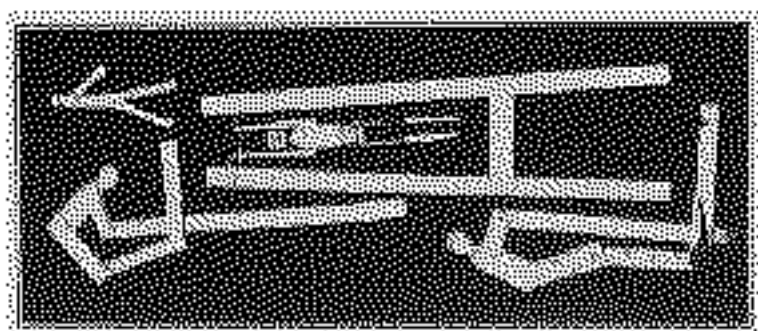
My old boss who
was later
suddenly fired
asked that.



When I was new
to things. I
thought of it
most days.



A neutral
question. Even
so it was
a brutal
proposition.



MANUAL TRAINING - PLAY PROBLEMS



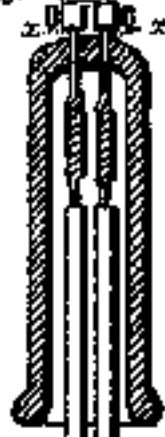
114. (Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus, 4.5):
"The general form of propositions is: This
is how things are." – That is the kind of
proposition that one repeats to oneself
countless times. One thinks that one is
tracing the outline of the thing's nature
over and over again, and one is merely
tracing round the frame through which
we look at it.

Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Philosophical investigations*, trans.
Anscombe G.E.M., 3rd ed. (Oxford: Blackwell, 1968), 48.

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fig 3.



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