

Andre Furlani

Jan Zwicky: Lyric Philosophy Lyric

The publication in 1986 of *Wittgenstein Elegies* coincided with that of several books of poetry taking impetus from Ludwig Wittgenstein's philosophy, but in contrast to the Language poets Rosemarie Waldrop, Ron Silliman, and Steve McCaffery, Jan Zwicky eschews the formal possibilities inherent in Wittgenstein's critique of language in favour of revisiting genre.¹ Zwicky's is the Wittgenstein not of poststructuralist theory and postmodern aesthetic but a deeply, albeit obliquely, religious ethicist, who deplores the promiscuities of language, and for whom the unsayable is resonance off an occult tympanum. Zwicky invokes voice as the medium of authenticity and meaningful exchange where the Language poets, relying equally on Wittgenstein, dispense with the assumption of a stable, authenticating, and consistent lyric ego prior to language and history.²

Zwicky's are elegies not for a deceased paragon but for a misconstrued and thus forsaken legacy. Wittgenstein is more *tzadik* than intellectual, one who, her preface recalls, dedicated his thinking "to the glory of God" (Zwicky 1986, 9).³ He is for her neither the doyen of Anglo-American analytical philosophy nor the precursor of poststructuralist anti-humanism. She quotes the entire foreword to *Philosophical Remarks*, in which Wittgenstein defines his object as clarity and piety in the service of articulating essence—"an aspect of his work," Zwicky contends, "that I feel has been neglected and a spirit which I feel is missing from much contemporary philosophy—a neglect and an absence which I hope these elegies may go some small way toward remedying" (9). For her that spirit is also missing from contemporary North American poetry.

The *Tractatus* reserves a negative, privileged space for ethics, outside the severely circumscribed zone it grants meaningful philosophical utterance. Wittgenstein delimits the contours of this space with an astringent clarity, then fills the vacuum with apophatic divinity. Zwicky makes of it a habitation of elegy. Affirming Wittgenstein's separation of the spheres of facts and values, and his identification of values with aesthetics, Zwicky finds meaning in the same place as the philosopher, in art; here, in genre. Elegy combines the containment of a venerable literary genre with the liberty of a modern "open" structure. Stanzas and lines of variable length, stresses, and typographical arrangement; a collagist principle of organization; range of lexical tone; an elliptical and condensed syntax and imagery: the elegy admits all these. The centrifugal force of the free verse, however, meets the resistance of a centripetal genre. And Zwicky shows that elegy remains a genre of regenerative constraint, where, as Brian Jones suggests in his forthcoming study of Rilke's *Duino Elegies*, we live dying and the dead live.

The elegiac in Zwicky is a clear, empty space, where a concord of voices echo ineffable truths. She yearns for "Absence, / Clear still space where truth might echo" (23). Paradoxes proliferate beneath the "hummed silence" of its stars: meaning is unutterable yet the dead utter meaning; truth is hidden yet simple and self-evident; language is first a labyrinth and next a tool chest (analogies borrowed from the *Philosophical Investigations*); words are actions and absent voices speak.

Of these voices, Rilke's is particularly audible. The poet was the most respected beneficiary of Wittgenstein's lavish one hundred-thousand Kronen donation to "Austrian artists without means" (unbemittelte österreichische Künstler), arranged through Karl Kraus' acolyte Ludwig von Ficker on the eve of World War I.⁴ Zwicky, whose criticism and poetry makes numerous admiring references to the poet,⁵ strives in the elegiac for what in the *Sonnets to Orpheus* Rilke calls the "dual realm":

Nur wer die Leier schon hob
auch unter Schatten,
darf das unendliche Lob
ahnend erstatten.

Nur wer mit Toten vom Mohn
aß, von dem ihren,
wird nicht den leisesten Ton
wieder verlieren.

Jan Zwicky

[Only who has already raised the lyre / even among shadows / may restore in foreboding / the unending praise. // Only who ate of poppy with the dead / ate of theirs, / will never again lose / even the faintest tone. (Part I, IX, Rilke 1966, 141).*

Zwicky will restore to praise the squandered legacy of a surreptitiously devout philosophy of apophatic ethical knowledge. She asks: “How ever can we learn / To hear each one distinctly, / Fragile threads in the enormous chorus?” (62) By eating with each the poppy of remembrance. “Only in the dual realm / the voices become/ eternal and mild”(Rilke, 141).⁶

In the first *Duino Elegy*, poetry and consolation emerge from the void the departure of the dead creates. The death of the mythical minstrel Linos stirs from the void a *sui generis* lament, to which Orpheus replies with the consolation of a threnody. Is that myth in vain, Rilke asks,

daß erst im erschrockenen Raum, dem ein beinah göttlicher Jüngling
plötzlich für immer eintrat, das Leere in jene
Schwingung geriet, die uns jetzt hinreißt und tröstet und hilft. (Rilke 1966, 100)
[that first in the frightened space, in which an almost divine youth
suddenly for ever entered, the void fell into that
vibration, which transports us and comforts and helps.]

Wittgenstein operates in Zwicky’s *Elegies* much as does Linos in Rilke’s, as a force generated in the vacuum of departure. Wittgenstein sets off a vibration in the space his disappearance creates. In the terms of the *Duino Elegies*, that vibration is not lament (*Klage*) but elegy (*Klagelied*), which contains and surpasses lamentation.

Rilke’s “vibration”—itself a borrowing from Vassily Kandinsky’s early aesthetic—is Zwicky’s “echo.”⁷ Indeed, her account in *Lyric Philosophy* of lyric as “sympathetic resonance” and “echo of the image of integration” is illustrated with quotation from Rilke’s poetry. In the anguished love poems of *Where Have We Been*, Zwicky cocks her ear toward the voiceless resonance of mute things, such as the books, table, hand, and “the voices of maples” making a “rare / artless eloquence” in “Things Most Articulate” (Zwicky 1982, 38, 35, 41). Throughout the *Wittgenstein Elegies* she yearns for elegiac resonance, as in the third verse of the book’s second section, where antecedentless pronominal fluctuations of person and paraphrastic allusiveness amplify the acoustics of its single, 22-line stanza:

Sometimes he speaks: echoes.
He speaks echoes. So pure, almost
Unrecognizable—strain every nerve to catch. (23)

In Zwicky's witty reverberation the inaudible colon disappears and the poet Georg Trakl's echo echoes. The preceding page is a seven-line excerpt from Trakl's "Helian," its celebration of stillness, clarity, and starlight resonating through the *Wittgenstein Elegies*. It strains every nerve to catch such purity, Wittgenstein's as much as Trakl's:

This is what one must wish:
 No clatter, stripped bare, colours
 Pure, original; unsayable itself
 Directly echoed (23)

Within this clamorous matrix of echoes, the poet cannot get the words "clean enough" (23). An anguished puritanism consonant with Wittgenstein's own chastizes awkwardness as "unforgivable" moral failure: "Purity of heart / Eludes me," and with it the possibility of insight. Reverberant "absence . . . chokes, these thick haphazard days" (23).

Collage provides a form, as elegy the tonic chord, for inhabiting this negative space. Collage aids in overcoming the solipsism, insufficiency, and desolation of the poet's language. In collage fresh congruities arise from arresting conjunctions. There is counterpoise, but also collision, cacophony, and agon, as when earlier and later Wittgenstein sententiae are counterpointed. The second section of "The Death of Georg Trakl," for instance, opens with Wittgenstein's renunciation of his colossal inheritance and decision to become a rural teacher. A cento of aphorisms drawn primarily from the *Tractatus* follows, along with reflections on its logic, and then a translation of Trakl's "Schwermut." The section culminates in Trakl's invitation to Wittgenstein, its staccato phrasing a premonition of suicide, realized in a closing *Tractatus* aphorism on death (as though it had issued from Wittgenstein's experience of Trakl's).

Elegiac echo thus organizes the whole poem. Expressed often as "resonance," echo enters equally prominently into Zwicky's philosophical polemics *Lyric Philosophy* and *Wisdom & Metaphor*. These texts assail analytical modes of argument by means of a notational structure indebted to Guy Davenport.⁸ The collagist interplay between recto quotation and verso aperçu generates a structure of echo. Both books draw on Stanley Cavell, whose *The Claim of Reason* proposes, in light of the *Philosophical Investigations*, an alternative to analytical philosophy based on principles of voice, finitude, and quotidian experience. "The 'experience' of truth," Zwicky writes in *Wisdom & Metaphor*, "is always the experience of resonance, that is, of the

attunement of various distinct components as a whole” (Zwicky 2003, 37). Lyric is for Zwicky the very membrane on which this attunement sounds. “A lyric image is true,” she writes in *Lyric Philosophy*, “because it is resonant” (Zwicky 1992, 426). As a “form of grace” that “occurs in emptiness,” lyric is sympathetic response to “the resonant structure of the world” (1992, 312, 128, and 121). While analytic thought and referential doctrines of meaning assume a world of mute “usable objects,” rendering the world “voiceless,” the “resonant speech” of lyric “opens to presence” (482).

Emptiness, clarity, love, and resonance, those elegiac figures of truth in the *Wittgenstein Elegies*, become in Zwicky’s philosophical writings figures for lyric itself. Lyric meanwhile comes to denote not a poetic genre alone but a mode of thinking, indeed an ethical disposition. “The characteristic formal properties of lyric are resonance and integrity,” she writes in “Bringhurst’s Presocratics.” “Resonance is a form of clarity” (Zwicky 1995, 74). In her earlier book, lyric philosophy is “thought in love with clarity, informed by the intuition of coherence; by a desire to respond to the preciousness of the world” (Zwicky 1992, 192). In support of such a discourse she enlists Wittgenstein. Zwicky argues that, despite its Euclidian mode of argumentation and logical premises, the *Tractatus* transcends the tenets of analytical philosophy in favour of “analysis by lyric” (218). From its title onwards, *Lyric Philosophy* springs from a celebrated entry in Wittgenstein’s notebook (published in English as *Culture and Value*): “I think I summed up my attitude to philosophy when I said: philosophy ought really to be written only as a *poetic composition*” (Zwicky 1992, 51; quoting Wittgenstein 1980, 24e).⁹ David Schalkwyk argues that literary style enhances the impression of both the particular instance and the ineffable background critical to Wittgenstein’s thinking: “Wittgenstein’s crucial philosophical task is carried out in the vast network of the literary, in which the situatedness of concepts in human life and the world is registered and imaginatively renewed and tested. In this sense poetry (in the broadest sense of the word) is always written as philosophy, and philosophy (as Wittgenstein understands it) takes on the burdens of poetry. Like Wittgenstein’s sketches, poetry shows us both our being at home in language and the strangeness of that home” (Schalkwyk 2004, 71). Zwicky similarly proposes Wittgenstein’s axiom means that “philosophy is most likely to achieve what it seeks *when* it acknowledges the possibilities for meaning inherent in lyric uses of language” (176). Her book attempts to identify and to recommend these possibilities.

Wittgenstein Elegies describes the obstacles to achieving these inherent meanings. By evoking Trakl's personal tragedy and invoking Wittgenstein's linguistic philosophy, Zwicky gives expression to her own exasperation with language and abortive transcendence of its limitations. The penultimate section, "Confessions,"¹⁰ for instance culminates in an enigmatic and unsatisfactory statement of clarity, a collage page beginning with Wittgenstein's repudiated early chimera of "a general form of proposition," juxtaposed with the warning in the *Philosophical Investigations* that our definitions of essences tend only to define our mode of perceiving them. The medley of tags shifts abruptly to the poet's passage into rehabilitating nature:

The silent path. The dappled shore.
Blue, blue the water.
Mist above the mountains. Oh
Can it be borne, a peace this tense
World swelling like an ache? (55)

Silence, light, echo: pastoral elegy gives back to Zwicky her preferred figures for truth. The ecstatic question recasts the "world" of Wittgenstein's axioms and remembers the "tensed stillness" ("angespannte Stille") of Rilke's "Panther" (Rilke 1966, 29). The question is answered with a self-echoing tetrametre couplet:

Poised as the mist begins to lift.
Poised as the mist begins to lift. (55)

Zwicky ventures the anaphoric mirror of the most famous tetrametre couplet in English-language poetry, also about taking a silent path. Yet, whereas Frost's "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" shows as clearly as Gertrude Stein that there is no such thing as repetition, Zwicky wants a visual and auditory image of the balance her phrase exalts. The epiphany is reassuringly visual and verbal, yet guaranteed neither by image nor testimony but by rhetoric. What is here more "poised" than the lines themselves? The subject is free of obvious antecedent. What "lifts" off are the three iambic feet from the anchoring trochee, culminating in the internal slant rhyme. The image of evaporating mountain vapours seems chosen for its very banality, that it not interfere with the rising cadence of equanimity. And so the poem falls under the spell of language, literally (in this repetition) of its *own* language.

The couplet seems an extreme distillation of the poised dual-periodic movement she admires in the famous closing prohibition of the *Tractatus*:

Jan Zwicky

“Wovon man nicht sprechen kann, darüber muß man schweigen” (“of what one cannot speak, one must be silent” [*Tractatus* 7.]). In *Lyric Philosophy*, Zwicky submits the sentence to a bravura metrical analysis to show that “lyric meaning” consists in “speech forswearing speech” (450). Lyric, she states in *Wisdom & Metaphor*, “is, at root, a flight from the condition of language” (2003, unpaginated Foreword). The extreme delicacy of such an operation readily miscarries, and a paradoxical part of the eloquence of the *Wittgenstein Elegies* is its own miscarriages. This is especially so here, where immersion in, rather than injection of, the serum of language occurs. It is the latter Zwicky desires, so as to effect a momentary remedy from what Wittgenstein calls language’s “bewitchment” (*Verhexung*) of our understanding.¹¹

The poem—and with it the section—concludes with two single-phrase stanzas, which gloss the forgoing by casting new oracles: “A reach,” she declares, the nominalized verb portentously severed from grammatical referent.¹² “This is the very answer” (55). What is “this”? To what does the relative pronoun relate? To Wittgenstein’s decontextualized “This is how things stand,” quoted at the beginning of the poem? Indeed, to what does her answer reply? To the question whether such peace be borne? The “things” are both incandescently present and impermeable. Yet, as her quotation from the *Philosophical Investigations* seems to reply, we trace finally not the thing but only its frame, that is, our perceptual scheme. These conflicting pronouncements are left in nervous suspension over the rest of the poem, its shoreline imagery and incantatory self-echoing no resolution.

This is how things stand at the beginning of the *Wittgenstein Elegies’* closing section, “Rosro, County Galway.” Its remoteness (to this day linked only by 80 kilometres of poor roads to Galway) appeals to Zwicky and not its picturesque qualities (during the Great Hunger, North American shipments of corn meal were stored in Wittgenstein’s cottage, and 70 years later the Irish Republican Army held prisoners there). Wittgenstein strew used tea leaves over the floors of its two peat-heated rooms as sawdust, ate little more than eggs and canned preserves, wrote drafts of Part II of the *Philosophical Investigations*, tamed coastal birds, talked to himself in German, paid visits in Dublin to the psychiatric patients of St. Patrick’s Hospital, and acquired a madman’s reputation that was still fixed, Richard Wall could confirm, a half-century after his sojourn (see Wall 1999, 61-4 and 88-104).¹³

The domestic setting stages a partial reconciliation between ineffable intensities and the objectification of the world that language inevitably involves. Both *Lyric Philosophy* and *Wisdom & Metaphor* extol “domesticity,”

the condition of accepting ourselves as tool-users and its corollary, language-users, and thus of accepting the essential lack of clarity “in human experience attendant on the exercise of our capacity for language” (Zwicky 1992, 524). Domesticity resigns us without bitterness to the lack of verbal access to absolutes, she argues. It acknowledges that the tension between objectification and “the impossible goal of sustained lyric comprehension . . . cannot be resolved” (Zwicky 2003, unpaginated Foreword).

The very fact of a subsequent section implies Zwicky’s dissatisfaction with the pastoral epiphany of the previous one. The tone is deflationary. The philosopher in his cabin, the poet presumably in hers, make a compound figure of vexed ascetic dedication. At Rosro, Wittgenstein is straining to complete the *Philosophical Investigations*, while the poet is straining to make a valid poetic artefact out of her engagement with the philosophy. In vain all the scraping and cutting by which, following Trakl, she had tried to carve out the elegiac space of clear, truth-telling echo: “still not pure enough, no / clarity” (59). Language is intractable. “Words stumble, chitter, clog”—just like these verbs.

The dejected note however conceals an ascending trajectory. In this concluding section comes a climactic restoration of the text’s elegiac figures. Clarity, simplicity, emptiness, and echo: in their belated reintegration, silence again echoes ineffable truth. The elegized dead utter, and the poet records not what they tell but what their telling allows her to show.

One of the dead to utter is Trakl. “Die Schwermut,” first published in Ficker’s Innsbruck journal *Der Brenner* at the time of the poet’s suicide, appears complete (based on Lucia Getsi’s translation, and rendered tepidly as “Sadness”). Zwicky borrows from the war poem its melancholy and several crucial figures, including stars, “stillness” (the *Abendstille* and *stille* monks), a “twilit” landscape (*dämmernder*), speechlessness (the *sprachlos* blood of soldiers), piety (a decaying village’s—although the translation conceals *fromm* beneath “meekly”), and faith amidst devastation (a starlit nun “over the broken bones of men” on the battlefield) (28).

Trakl’s more narrowly biographical role in the *Wittgenstein Elegies* is based on the anguished fervour of his faithless piety (in her elegy on the poet, his friend Else Lasker-Schüler compared Trakl to Martin Luther),¹⁴ and on the pathos of his direct appeal to Wittgenstein. A fifth of Wittgenstein’s anonymous bequest to Austrian artists had been bestowed on Trakl. (Rilke received the equivalent sum; Elsa Lasker-Schüler and Adolph Loos were also among the beneficiaries.) While serving like Wittgenstein in the Hapsburg

Jan Zwicky

army since the outbreak of the war, Trakl learned the identity of his benefactor. After a nervous breakdown and diagnosis of schizophrenia, he wrote a letter of gratitude, imploring Wittgenstein to visit him at the Krakow garrison hospital. That invitation is the poet's core gesture in Zwicky.

Deep gratitude,
Express myself: please come, please come.
Oak-panelled trench, please come,
Stuck fast in mud, next door, now (29)

Upon obtaining leave from his regiment, Wittgenstein hastened to Krakow, but arrived three days after Trakl's death. (The trained pharmacist had taken an overdose of cocaine, but in his correspondence with Ficker, Wittgenstein refrained from calling the death a suicide.)¹⁵ Trakl's appeal was heeded, yet abortive. The poet was waiting for the philosopher (then drafting the *Tractatus*) but his endurance faltered. Perhaps the faith failed him that Wittgenstein, known to him only as a characteristically munificent member of a fabulously wealthy family of arts patrons, could deliver him. So Trakl becomes a tragic avatar. Zwicky too waits for Wittgenstein, waits for the clarity, concentration, and purity to recover that "spirit which I feel is missing from much contemporary philosophy" (9). She awaits, that is, the grace ("Grace is unmoved," an early poem laments [15]) to grasp the unstated ethical import of Wittgenstein's work and life. Sharing with both Wittgenstein and Trakl the conviction that "by any words the truth is unsupportable" (15), can she await him better than had Trakl?

"Rosro" declares that she does, but paradoxically the insight Wittgenstein occasions effaces him. The truth that, following the *Tractatus*, she had assumed to be ineffable, presses into speech. Mind and heart, thought and art, she proposes, might yet unite to compel fragment into whole in an elegiac space. Here alone the inert signifiers mean. "In use they come alive," she notes, yet to this foundational principle of Wittgenstein's later theory of language¹⁶ she adds an ethical rider: "But where there is no courage, / There can be no use, no speaking truth" (60). Zwicky alters Wittgenstein's criterion from utility to veracity. "Use alone shows how a word functions," he states in the *Investigations* (1984, 387 and 398).¹⁷ Meaning is governed by use, and use is historical and contingent; so meaning cannot be directly and permanently verified. It is inseparable from its frame, and the frame is necessarily ungrounded. Certainty in Wittgenstein arises not from positivist criteria of verification but from unacknowledged, profoundly held collective assumptions, primitive to distinctions of truth and falsity.¹⁸

While renouncing, as had Wittgenstein by 1930 (see e.g. Wittgenstein 2001, 11, 13, and 108), the allure of an immutable formula, Zwicky substitutes, as Wittgenstein emphatically refuses to do, an explicit ethics. Regarding essence in Kantian terms as imperceptible and intimated only by intuition, she enjoins:

The most that we can hope
Is steadiness of soul courage
To render with exactness what is set before us,
Love what must
 each time we grasp it
 vanish. (61)

The sequence thus returns to and confirms the sacramental yearnings of its opening section: “Truth to make whole presences in every word . . . Love is despite the rock which is the world” (16 and 17). Steadfastness, bravery, precision, and a love that accepts the elusiveness of its transitory objects are Zwicky’s stated ideals in her cabin, even as an explicit ethics were not Wittgenstein’s in his. A providential intervention, “the breath of God” (60), not logic and the philosophy of language, are necessary.

Thus the philosopher is never more absent from the poet than at the apex of their alignment.¹⁹ In terms of the famous *Tractatus* analogy, to which the poem alludes, real perception requires the jettisoning of the very ladder of logical propositions that made the perception accessible: “To see/ Is to be unafraid to cast away the ladder/ We have cherished” (15). What Zwicky ultimately casts away is Wittgenstein himself. Until now the conflict of his diverse utterances impeded as much as occasioned and advanced contemplation. The book’s collagist principle of organization amplified the dissonance. Now she finds in Wittgenstein a place for her own utterance. Collage polyphony yields to lyric epiphany. The section’s five poems make only a single direct reference to his writings, and the import of these verses by no means coincides with his own. She speaks with her own voice from inside his house.

She casts off even the very view, axiomatic in the *Tractatus*, that moral truth may be shown but never stated: “The correct method of philosophy would essentially be this: to say nothing beyond what can be said, that is, the propositions of natural science—thus something having nothing to do with philosophy—and then only when another wishes to say something metaphysical, in order to indicate to him that he has given to certain signs in his propositions no meaning” (*Tractatus* 6.53).²⁰ “By any words the truth is

Jan Zwicky

unsupportable,” Zwicky had stated. Now, in “Rosro,” there can indeed be “speaking truth,” at least when there is courage.

This claim is not, however, presented as a refutation, nor as deviation, but as an almost mystic consonance with the philosopher. I have said that Wittgenstein is almost absent from the poem’s closing section; *elegiacally* absent, I should stress. That is, he appears as an inverse pressure acting upon more tangible agents. Zwicky’s elegiac is an empty, clear, silent yet echoing space. The space necessarily defies inscription, the *Tractatus*’ zone of embodiment rather than expression.

There are, indeed, things that
Cannot be put into words. They make
Themselves manifest. (34)

“There is indeed the inexpressible,” Wittgenstein asserts. “It *manifests* itself.” Zwicky however omits the amplification: “It is the mystic” (*Tractatus* 6.522).²¹ Yet into the mystic the *Wittgenstein Elegies* leads.

“The mystic” comprehends the whole sphere of values. In a November 1919 letter to Ficker, Wittgenstein notoriously insists that the ethical argument of the *Tractatus* is as crucial as it is unstated: “I should like to write that my work emerges in two parts: in what is put forward here, and in all I have *not* written. And precisely this second part is the important one. That is, the ethical is delineated by my book from within; and I am convinced that it is *strictly* to be delineated *only* in this way. In short, I believe: All that so *many blather* about these days I in my book have delineated by being silent about it” (Wittgenstein 1969, 35).²² Paul Engelmann, the student of Adolf Loos who collaborated with Wittgenstein on the surpassingly functionalist design of the Vienna home of the philosopher’s sister, concludes in his memoir that “Wittgenstein’s language is the language of wordless faith” (Engelmann 1967, 135).

This repudiation of the Logical Positivists who first championed the book coincides with Zwicky’s own view, stated in a note on the “gravely misrepresented” Positivist view of the *Tractatus*: “Its logical sophistication had convinced them that it must be a defence of the Positivist view that anything which could not be characterized ‘scientifically’ should be discounted—whereas it was actually an attempt to demonstrate that all things of genuine value utterly superseded the world of ‘facts’” (Zwicky 1986, 66). Here too she echoes Engelmann’s argument: Wittgenstein “has something of enormous importance in common with the positivists: he draws the line between what we can speak about and what we must be silent about just as they do. The

difference is only that they have nothing to be silent about. Positivism holds—and this is its essence—that what we can speak about is all that matters in life. *Whereas Wittgenstein passionately believes that all that really matters in human life is precisely what, in his view, we must be silent about*” (Engelmann 1967, 97; italics his).

“Whenever we talk about the essence of the world,” Wittgenstein contended in a 1931 lecture, “we talk nonsense” (1980, 110). Of ethical essence above all. In a Vienna Circle discussion reported by Friedrich Waismann, Wittgenstein is said to have remarked, “This running up against the limits of language is *ethics*. I certainly regard it as important that an end be put to all the nonsense uttered about ethics: whether it be a perception, or a value, or whether the good can be defined. In ethics one is always making the attempt to say something that neither does nor ever will strike the essence of the matter” (Wittgenstein 1984d, 68-9).²³ Ray Monk summarizes the claim: “The nonsense that results from trying to say what can only be shown is not only logically untenable, but ethically undesirable” (Monk 1991, 156). Since the *Tractatus* argues that only value-neutral facts can be meaningfully uttered, value is the province strictly of action.

Consonant with the Formalist principle that the language of poetry is autonomous, Wittgenstein noted in a 1947 journal entry that “the work of art wishes to transmit not something other but rather itself” (Wittgenstein 1984b, 533).²⁴ In an entry 31 years earlier he defines the successful work of art as “the consummate expression” (Wittgenstein 1984, 178).²⁵ By its very disinterestedness art enjoys privileged access to the ineffable domain of ethics. “Ethics and aesthetics are one and the same,” he states in the *Tractatus* (6.421).²⁶ The war notebooks make this claim more clearly than the book derived from them. Whereas the *Tractatus* asserts, “Not *how* the world is, is the mystical, but *that* it is” (6.44),²⁷ the notebook claims: “The aesthetic wonder is that the world exists” (1984, 181).²⁸

This identification of ethics and aesthetics, Christopher Bode argues, derives not from “any professed obscurantism, but because they both signify the limits of the sayable, but, as it were, from the other side, from the realm of that which cannot be said, from that which only ‘shows,’ from the realm of *silence*” (Bode 1999, 463). This view is influentially upheld by Wittgenstein’s student Stephen Toulmin in the book he co-authored with Allen Janik, *Wittgenstein’s Vienna*, which Zwicky cites and to whose argument she clearly assents. Situated outside a logically coherent discourse, ethics, they argue, becomes the object “of a kind of mystical insight, which can be conveyed by

Jan Zwicky

'indirect' or poetical communication . . . Wittgenstein is trying to set off the ethical from the sphere of rational discourse," they write, "because he believes that it is more properly located in the sphere of the poetic" (Janik and Toulmin 1973, 191 and 193).

By situating art in the sphere of the shown (in the Symbolist terms to which he is indebted, the intimated and intuitive) rather than the stated, Wittgenstein gives poetry the sanction for Zwicky, at odds with academic philosophy, to recuperate truth. The poem would forgo the prospect of some universal ethical scheme translated into verifiable propositions in favour of aesthetic intuitions of unity. Yet Zwicky nevertheless is sorely tempted to venture direct statement. Whereas Wittgenstein advances an antifoundationalist argument for belief as a "system of relations" (*Bezugs-system*), Zwicky aspires to expressible transcendent pattern and the articulation of an ethics. Apparently refreshed at last "by the breath of God," she is vouchsafed a "vision" (62) that allows her to hazard a tentative yet bold statement of the "inexpressible." Although she resigns herself to "steadiness of soul," "courage," "exactness," and "love" (61), these become hypostatized states, themselves essences. Hence too her many allusions, here as elsewhere,²⁹ to the stars, the classic eidictic form of Platonic hypostatization.

Zwicky's elegiac intimations all but issue in ethical mandates. The book culminates in a paradoxical utterance of the unutterable: "Perhaps what is inexpressible is this":

The huge faint height beyond the shadowed heart
Against which we must measure lives,
the possibility of truth.

Against which, only,
Death might mean,
the emptied voice

at last begin to speak. (63)

The ineffable yields to the effable, almost. The parataxis in fact finally shrouds as much as it discloses: the tropes are Delphic, the syntax fragmentary and elliptical, and the mood conditional. Poised as the mist begins to fall. And so, if only just barely, Zwicky resists translating her descriptions into doctrine.

"When one does not strain to express the inexpressible, *nothing* gets lost," Wittgenstein wrote to Engelmann while drafting the *Tractatus*—a passage Zwicky herself quotes in *Lyric Philosophy*. "Rather, the inexpressible is—inexpressibly—*contained* in the expressed" (Engelmann 1967, 6; see Zwicky

1992, 371).³⁰ With this in mind Cora Diamond argues that, despite its axiomatic reasoning, the *Tractatus* is anything but didactic: “to take Wittgenstein’s book philosophically will not be to learn from anything it says but to use it in transforming one’s understanding” (Diamond 2004, 129).

Although a highly figurative and tentative statement of a possible truth, Zwicky’s poem almost defies Wittgenstein’s interdiction. It strains to express the inexpressible. Just here, then, after a waiting full of listening, when after a fashion Wittgenstein at last appears before her as he had been unable to appear before Trakl, when in an elegiac sense Wittgenstein appears *as* her, his Galway cabin co-extensive with the space of her own Canadian one, just here he withdraws, as though to release her to the nascent authority of her own voice. “Rosro” becomes the clear, still space of elegiac resonance:

The voices, layered voices, shimmer
 Brilliant, chafing, lapping over one another,
 Echo in the salt light. Great twisted rope,
 The vision we will ride in flight
 Above the twilit world. (62)

The plural pronoun is an elegiac compound of Trakl’s and Wittgenstein’s voices, enriched by Rilke’s own, with those of the poet’s unnamed dead. United by “all that we have valued,” they emit occult echoes of the “harmony” between ethics and aesthetics that the *Wittgenstein Elegies* commends.

NOTES

- * Translations from the German are my own.
- 1 Rosmarie Waldrop’s *The Reproduction of Profiles* includes parodies of the *Tractatus* and is arranged in the discrete paragraphs of his later writings, wryly adapting Wittgenstein’s accounts of ordinary language to the experience of gender. The aphorisms of Ron Silliman’s “The Chinese Notebook” (from *The Age of Huts*) similarly echo and parody Wittgenstein’s form and phrasing, while Steve McCaffery’s *Evoba: The Investigation Meditations* takes its point of departure (and its palindrome title) from the section on reading in the *Philosophical Investigations*. Lyn Hejinian accumulates Wittgensteinian inventories of curiously opaque ordinary language in much of her verse of that time. In later texts such as “The Composition of the Cell” (from *The Cold of Poetry*), which adopts the numbering scheme of the *Tractatus*, she pays tribute to the antifoundationalist Wittgenstein for whom the ego is a part of speech, a convention of grammar no more stable than the language games in which it operates. By contrast with Hejinian, Zwicky does not jeopardize her pronouns. The continuity of self and other is jeopardized rather by the mechanical centrifuge of “the world,” indeed by much the same forces that alarmed Rainer Maria Rilke in the *Sonnets to Orpheus*: haste, machinery, the cash nexus, and mass culture.

2 Hejinian, whose two versions of *My Life* travesty the egotistical sublime of Wordsworth's versions of *The Prelude*, for example repudiates the idea that the poem is "an expression uttered in the artist's "own voice," issuing from an inner, fundamental, sincere, essential, irreducible, consistent self" (Hejinian 1991, 166). Fostered by a postmodernist reading of Wittgenstein, the Language poets deny the very possibility of a transcendental subject. The *Tractatus* is their touchstone: "*Die Grenzen meiner Sprache* bedeuten die Grenzen meiner Welt . . . Das Subjekt gehört nicht zur Welt, sondern es ist eine Grenze der Welt" (*Tractatus* 5.6 and 5.632; Wittgenstein 1984, 67 and 68). ["*The limits of my language* mean the limits of my world . . . The subject does not belong to the world: rather, it is a limit of the world."] The first person pronoun is foremost a word like any other; the subject cannot transcend (or suspend) discourse to speak meaningfully of itself or of a world independent of it; language cannot be used to get between language and its objects. "Das Ich ist kein Gegenstand," Wittgenstein jotted in the *Tractatus* notebook (7 August 1916; Wittgenstein 1984, 175). ["I is not an object."] Later he lectured that the first person pronoun could be omitted from statements of experience (see Wittgenstein 2001, 22 and 65). He argues that the "I" is not a demonstrative, that "personality" is a word with many uses, and that "mind" has a contingent use in our language that does not indicate what use we make of the word (Wittgenstein 1960, 68, 62, and 69-70). Statements of identity have no ontological privilege, but function within an acquired, rather than inculcated, "system of relations" or *Bezugssystem* (see *On Certainty* #83, Wittgenstein 1984b, 136). From it emerges a *Weltbild*, a "world picture" maintained not because it is verifiable, rather because "it is the prevailing background, upon which I distinguish between true and false" ["Aber mein Weltbild habe ich nicht, weil ich mich von seiner Richtigkeit überzeugt habe; auch nicht, weil ich von seiner Richtigkeit überzeugt bin. Sondern es ist der überkommene Hintergrund, auf welchem ich zwischen wahr und falsch unterscheide"] (*On Certainty* #94; (Wittgenstein 1984b,139).

Allen Thiher asserts that, in Wittgenstein's critique, the self "is only a kind of abbreviation for talking about the multiple ways in which voices enter into language games. Or, if taken as a substantial notion, the self can only be viewed as a metaphysical error arising from a misunderstanding about the nature of language. There is no self to be spoken, no inner locus that is the source of meaning, for the locus of speaking is merely speaking itself" (Thiher 1983, 81-82). The self as mere "metaphysical error" has no place in Zwicky's ethos, or in her understanding of Wittgenstein's. It is just this poststructuralist interpretation that the *Wittgenstein Elegies*, like all Zwicky's subsequent writings on the subject, would counter.

- 3 "Ich möchte sagen, 'dieses Buch sei zur Ehre Gottes geschrieben,' aber das wäre heute eine Schurkerei, d.h. es würde nicht richtig verstanden werden. Es heißt, es ist in gutem Willen geschrieben und so weit es nicht mit gutem Willen, also aus Eitelkeit etc., geschrieben, soweit möchte der Verfasser es verurteilt wissen" (Vorwort, *Philosophische Bemerkungen*, Wittgenstein 1984c, 7). ["I should like to say, 'this book is written to the glory of God,' but today that would be roguery, that is, it would not be rightly understood. It means, the book is written in good will, and to the extent that it is written not in good will but rather from vanity, etc., the author would like to see it condemned."]
- 4 Ficker forwarded to Wittgenstein a letter of gratitude and, apparently, a manuscript of verse from Rilke. From his Krakow military post Wittgenstein replied to Ficker on February 13, 1915: "Rilkes Schreiben an Sie hat mich gerührt und tief erfreut. Die Zuneigung jedes edlen Menschen ist ein Halt in dem labilen Gleichgewicht meines Lebens.

Ganz unwürdig bin ich des herrlichen Geschenkes, das ich als Zeichen und Andenken dieser Zuneigung am Herzen trage. Könnten Sie Rilke meinen tiefsten Dank und meine treue *Ergebenheit* übermitteln!" (Wittgenstein 1969, 27) ["Rilke's writing to you moved and deeply pleased me. The attachment of every noble person is a support in the unstable balance of my life. I am wholly unworthy of the glorious gift that I bear in my heart as a token and memento of this attachment. Could you convey to Rilke my deepest thanks and my faithful devotion!"] The next paragraph identifies the precise location of Trakl's grave.

- 5 *Lyric Philosophy*, for instance, includes a complete quotation from, and translation of, "Archaic Torso of Apollo," as well as a passage from Rilke's correspondence (see Zwicky 1992, 72 and 219). Zwicky also quotes from Rilke's poetry in the essay "Bringham's Presocratics: Lyric and Ecology" as the epitome of lyrical "beauty" that issues from "enactive complexity" and "intensity" (see Zwicky 1995, 87). In addition to oblique allusion her poetry also makes direct reference to Rilke (see below, Endnote 7).
- 6 "Erst im Doppelbereich/ werden die Stimmen/ ewig und mild." (*Sonnets to Orpheus* I, IX)
- 7 The Blue Rider group promulgated an anti-materialist, indeed mystical aesthetic of the "vibration" (*Schwingung*). In the 1911 *Almanach "Der Blaue Reiter"* (e.g. "On Stage Composition") Vasily Kandinsky links revelatory perception to undefinable yet particular aesthetic vibrations; these constitute subtle mental processes, the sum of which achieves a spiritual refinement that for Kandinsky is the proper aim of art (see Kandinsky and Marc 2004, esp. 189-92).

In his letter to Witold von Hulewicz, Rilke uses the term to explain the *Duino Elegies*: "Die 'Elegien' zeigen uns an diesem Werke, am Werke dieser fortwährenden Umsetzungen des geliebten Sichtbaren und Greifbaren in die unsichtbare Schwingung und Erregtheit unserer Natur, die neue Schwingungszahlen einführt in die Schwingungs-Sphären des Universums" (Rilke 1935, 335). ["The *Elegies* show us at this task, the task of these perpetual transpositions of the loved visible and tangible things into the invisible vibration and agitation of our nature, which introduces new frequencies into the universe's spheres of vibration."]

It is from this letter, where Rilke characterizes human beings as "die Bienen des Unsichtbaren" that Zwicky quotes in "Kant and Bruckner: Twelve Variations," in *Songs for Relinquishing the Earth*: "Bees of the invisible" (Zwicky 1998, 21).

- 8 Guy Davenport's novella "The Dawn in Erewhon" (from *Tatlin!*) composed as the notebook of a fictitious Dutch philosopher compounded out of Wittgenstein, Heraclitus, and Buckminster Fuller, is quoted three times in *Lyric Philosophy*, for which Davenport provided a blurb. Zwicky's thinking on the Presocratics, Wittgenstein, and on philosophical prose more generally is indebted as well to Davenport's essays and fiction.
- 9 "Philosophie dürfte man eigentlich nur *dichten*" (undated 1933-34 entry collected in *Vermischte Bemerkungen*, Wittgenstein 1984b, 483). Marjorie Perloff notes that poetry in this view is not "the *expression* or externalization of inner feeling; it is, more accurately, the critique of that expression" (Perloff 1996, 184). In a later essay she argues that "what makes philosophy poetic is its potential for invention, its status as what we now call *conceptual art*," that is, a cognitive rather than textural art (Perloff 2004, 43).

Philosophy as *Dichtung* also need not rest on explicit conclusions or summary meanings, as indeed none of Wittgenstein's works after the *Tractatus* do. One of Wittgenstein's targets in *The Blue and Brown Notebooks* is the very notion of an intransitive literary meaning susceptible to paraphrase, as Severin Schroeder elucidates: "Naturally one would like to account for a literary work's *Meaning*, its aesthetically valuable characteristics, and

- so one does explain the work's *meaning*—its content. Failing to distinguish between the two, one easily slides from one to the other: from the Meaning one should like to explain to the meaning one knows how to explain" (Schroeder 2001, 224). Although it may well feel like such a "Meaning" is available to summary, "the experience is an illusion" (226). This effect Wittgenstein orchestrates for his philosophical writings.
- 10 The title invokes both Augustine's *Confessions*, a work of great importance to Wittgenstein, and the non-extant confession Wittgenstein wrote and circulated in the 1930s.
 - 11 "Philosophy is a struggle against the bewitchment of our understanding by means of our language" (*Philosophical Investigations* #109). ["Die Philosophie ist ein Kampf gegen die Verhexung unsres Verstands durch die Mittel unserer Sprache" (Wittgenstein 1984, 299).]
 - 12 This "reach" stands midway between "the reach" of reuniting hands in "Aliment" (Zwicky 1982, 9), and the relinquished search for an ideal language in "The Geology of Norway": "I came / to find a word, the perfect / syllable, to make it reach up, / grab meaning by the throat / and squeeze it till it spoke to me" (Zwicky 1998, 34).
 - 13 Zwicky shuns not only the formal experimentation that Wittgenstein's linguistic thinking invites, but the biographical meditation that the traditional lyric encourages. Wittgenstein's sojourn at Rosro has inspired not only Terry Eagleton's novel *Saints and Scholars* but also poets. Richard Murphy, for instance, meditates in "The Philosopher and the Birds" (in *Sailing to an Island*, 1968) on Wittgenstein's Galway seclusion and rapport with sea birds, while another Irish poet, Francis Harvey, evokes in the 1988 sonnet "Wittgenstein" (in *The Rainmakers*) the conflict between austerity and desire in Wittgenstein's life. Such details no more influence Zwicky's poem than do the implications of his critique of language for the style of its verse.
 - 14 "Wir stritten über Religion, / Aber immer wie zwei Spielgefährten, // Und bereiteten Gott von Mund zu Mund. / Im Anfang war das Wort. // Des Dichters Herz, eine feste Burg, / Seine Gedichte: Singende Thesen. // Er war wohl Martin Luther." ("Georg Trakl," Lasker-Schüler 1966, 256) ["We argued over religion, / But always as two playmates, // And we prepared God from mouth to mouth. // In the beginning was the word. // The poet's heart, a firm citadel, / His poems: Singing theses. // He was indeed Martin Luther."]
 - 15 Wittgenstein wrote to Ficker that Trakl had died of heart-failure. "Es widerstrebte mir, mich auf diese Nachricht hin noch weiter nach Umständen zu erkundigen, wo doch das einzig Wichtige schon gesagt war" (Wittgenstein 1969, 21). ["It was repugnant to me to make further inquiries into the circumstances of this news, where indeed the only thing of importance had already been said."]
 - 16 "What poetry can do," Joachim Schulte explains, "is to put the expressible in such a way that something not expressible by ordinary uses of words is suggested to those readers who are alive to its allusions and can grasp and perhaps reproduce them in a fashion that makes the signs come alive" (Schulte 2004, 161).
 - 17 "Anwendung allein zeigt wie ein Wort funktioniert" (1984, 387). See also Wittgenstein 1984, 398 and 413; 1960, 157; and 2001, 28 and 61.
 - 18 "At the basis of the grounded belief lies the ungrounded belief," Wittgenstein asserts in *On Certainty* #253. ["Am Grunde des begründeten Glaubens liegt der unbegründete Glaube" (Wittgenstein 1984b, 170).]
 - 19 This remains so in Zwicky's later poetry, in particular the dramatic monologue "The Geology of Norway." Again she situates Wittgenstein in a remote cabin, this time his

fjord retreat. On the eve of departure from Norway in December 1937, he reflects on the futility of having attempted in the *Tractatus* to posit an inviolate realm of meaningful discourse:

I wanted language
to hold me still, to be a rock,
I wanted to become a rock myself. I thought
if I could find, and say,
the perfect word, I'd nail
mind to the world, and find
release. (Zwicky 1998, 34-5)

Philosopher and poet converge in the lament that, affording no fixed access to the real, language will not deliver us. (The convergence is reinforced by the poem's anachronisms, which Zwicky admits in her preface to the poem's publication in the *Harvard Review of Philosophy*: the poem's speaker "is apparently familiar with both poststructuralist narratology and plate tectonics, neither of which was really on the scene when Wittgenstein died in 1951" [Zwicky 1999, 30].) As Zwicky's source, biographer Ray Monk notes, Wittgenstein had been trying to argue at this time against logicism that conventions, not Platonic essences, furnish the criteria for the validity of propositions (see Monk 1991, 380-84). In Zwicky's poem, Idea yields to Hap, and even rock proves unstable. Geological flux compresses human time into a thin stratum of schist floating on the continental drift. Fixity is merely the work of entropy, the cooled magma of a dead planet: "Then weather, light, / and gravity / will be the only things that move" (36). In contrast to a phlegmatic Don McKay, whose "Quartz Crystal" cheerfully anticipates the relinquishment of every last trace of the human (see McKay 2003, 9-10), Zwicky mourns the inexorability of geological epochs. Language itself belongs merely to a brief phase of the planet's unimaginable history. When all that persists on earth will be stone, deserts, and tide, Zwicky can only ask, "Will they have a name for us?" (36) Certainly not. Meanwhile McKay, in another of the *Varves* poems, confronts petrification with teasing rhetorical questions that seem to mock Zwicky's plaint: "Fixed, / you stiffen in the arms of wonder's dark / undomesticated sister. Can't you name her / and escape?" Certainly not: "You are the momentary mind of rock" (McKay 2003, 11). Like the other poems of *Varves*, "Quartz Crystal" read like replies to "The Geology of Norway." Where Zwicky, for instance, speaks of the thwarted yearning for a "language / that could bend light" (33), McKay's crystal already triumphantly does so, "bending the light from a dying star" (McKay 2003, 10).

For an ecocritical comparison of Zwicky and McKay proposing a less desolate account of "The Geology of Norway," see Dickinson 2004, esp. pp. 42-5.

- 20 "Die richtige Methode der Philosophie wäre eigentlich die: Nichts zu sagen, als was sich sagen läßt, also Sätze der Naturwissenschaft—also etwas, was mit Philosophie nichts zu tun hat—, and dann immer, wenn ein anderer etwas Metaphysisches sagen wollte, ihm nachzuweisen, daß er gewissen Zeichen in seinen Sätzen keine Bedeutung gegeben hat" (Wittgenstein 1984, 85).
- 21 "Es gibt allerdings Unaussprechliches. Dies zeigt sich, es ist das Mystische" (Wittgenstein 1984, 85).
- 22 "Ich wollte nämlich schreiben, mein Werk bestehe aus zwei Teilen: aus dem, der hier vorliegt, und aus alledem, was ich *nicht* geschrieben habe. Und gerade dieser zweite Teil ist der Wichtige. Es wird nämlich das Ethische durch mein Buch gleichsam von Innen her

Jan Zwicky

- begrenzt; und ich bin überzeugt, daß es, *streng, nur* zu begrenzen ist. Kurz, ich glaube: Alles das, was *viele* heute *schwefeln*, habe ich in meinem Buch festgelegt, indem ich darüber schweige" (Wittgenstein 1969, 35).
- 23 "Dieses Anrennen gegen die Grenze der Sprache ist die *Ethik*. Ich halte es für sicher wichtig, daß man all dem Geschwätz über Ethik—ob es eine Erkenntnis gebe, ob es Werte gebe, ob sich das Gute definieren lasse usw.—ein Ende macht. In der Ethik macht man immer den Versuch, etwas zu sagen, was das Wesen der Sache nicht betrifft und nie betreffen kann."
- 24 "Das Kunstwerk will nicht *etwas anderes* übertragen, sondern sich selbst" (1984c, 533).
- 25 "Das gute Kunstwerk ist der vollendete Ausdruck" (1984, 178).
- 26 "(Ethik und Aesthetik sind Eins.)" (1984, 83)
- 27 "Nicht *wie* die Welt ist, ist das Mystische, sondern *daß* sie ist" (1984, 84).
- 28 "Das künstlerische Wunder ist, daß es die Welt gibt" (1984, 181).
- 29 In "Things Present" (from *Where Have We Been*), for instance, Zwicky enjoins the lover to hear the faint "voices" of the stars (Zwicky 1982, 38).
- 30 "Wenn man sich nicht bemüht das Unaussprechliche auszusprechen, so geht *nichts* verloren. Sondern das Unaussprechliche ist, –unaussprechlich—in dem Ausgesprochenen *enthalten*."

WORKS CITED

- Allen, Richard, and Malcolm Turvey. *Wittgenstein, Theory and the Arts*. London: Routledge, 2001.
- Bode, Christopher. "'Dies zeigt sich': A Wittgensteinian Reading of Samuel Beckett's Dramatic Art." In *Twentieth Century Theatre and Drama in English*. Jürgen Kamm, ed. Trier: WVT Wissenschaftlicher Verlag, 1999: 455-76.
- Diamond, Cora. "Introduction to 'Having a Rough Story about what Moral Philosophy Is.'" In Gibson and Huemer, 2004: 127-132.
- Dickinson, Adam. "Lyric Ethics: Ecocriticism, Material Metaphoricity, and the Poetics of Don McKay and Jan Zwicky." *Canadian Poetry* 55 (2004): 34-52.
- Edelmann, Paul. *Letters from Ludwig Wittgenstein, with a Memoir*. L. Furtmüller, tr. Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1967.
- Gibson, John, and Wolfgang Huemer, eds. *The Literary Wittgenstein*. London: Routledge, 2004.
- Harvey, Francis. *The Rainmakers*. Dublin: O'Shea, 1988.
- Hejinian, Lyn. *The Cold of Poetry*. Los Angeles: Sun & Moon, 1994.
- . "The Person and Description," in the symposium "The Poetics of Everyday Life." *Poetics Journal* 9 (1991): 165-68.
- Janik, Allan and Stephen Toulmin. *Wittgenstein's Vienna*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1973.
- Jones, Brian. *The Duino Manual* (forthcoming).
- Kandinsky, Vassily, und Franz Marc, Hsgb., *Der Almanach "Der Blaue Reiter"*. Dokumentarische Neuausgabe von Klaus Lankheit. München: Piper Verlag, 2004.
- Lasker-Schüler, Else. *Die Gedichte*. Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp Verlag, 1966.
- Malcolm, Norman. *Ludwig Wittgenstein: A Memoir, with Letters by Wittgenstein*. Oxford: Oxford UP, 1984.
- McCaffery, Steve. *Evoba: The Investigation Meditations, 1976-78*. Toronto: Coach House Press, 1987.

- McKay, Don. *Varves*. Edmonton: Extra Virgin P, 2003.
- Monk, Ray. *Ludwig Wittgenstein: The Duty of Genius*. London: Penguin, 1991.
- Murphy, Richard. *Sailing to an Island*. Manchester: Carcanet, 1968.
- Perloff, Marjorie. "‘But isn’t the same at least the same?’: Wittgenstein and the Question of Poetic Translatability." In Gibson and Huemer 2004: 34-44.
- . *Wittgenstein’s Ladder*. Chicago: U of Chicago P, 1996.
- Rilke, Rainer Marie. *Ausgewählte Gedichte*. Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp Verlag, 1966.
- . *Briefe aus Muzot 1921-1926*. Ruth Sieber-Rilke und Carl Sieber, Hsbg. Leipzig: Insel Verlag, 1935.
- Schalwyk, David. "Wittgenstein’s ‘Imperfect Garden’: The Ladders and Labyrinths of Philosophy as *Dichtung*." In Gibson and Huemer, 2004: 55-74.
- Schroeder, Severin. "The Coded-Message Model of Literature." In Allen and Turvey, 2001: 210-28.
- Schulte, Joachim. "‘The Life of the Sign’: Wittgenstein on Reading a Poem." In Gibson and Huemer, 2004: 146-164.
- Silliman, Ron. *The Age of Huts*. New York: Roof Books, 1986.
- Thiher, Allen. "Wittgenstein, Heidegger, the Unnamable, and Some Reflections on the Status of Voice in Fiction." In Morris Beja, S.E. Gontarski, and Pierre Astier, eds. *Samuel Beckett: Humanistic Perspectives*. Columbus, Ohio: Ohio State UP, 1983: 80-90.
- Waldrop, Rosmarie. *The Reproduction of Profiles*. New York: New Directions, 1987.
- Wall, Richard. *Wittgenstein in Irland*. Klagenfurt und Wien: Ritter Verlag 1999.
- Wittgenstein, Ludwig. *The Blue and Brown Notebooks*. Second Edition. New York: Harper & Row, 1960.
- . *Briefe an Ludwig von Ficker*. Georg Henrik von Wright, Hsbg. Salzburg: Otto Müller Verlag, 1969.
- . *Culture and Value*. G.H. von Wright, ed., in collaboration with Heikki Nyman. Peter Winch, tr. Chicago: U of Chicago P, 1980.
- . *Philosophische Bemerkungen. Werkausgabe* Band 2. Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp Verlag, 1984c.
- . *Philosophische Untersuchungen. Werkausgabe* Band 1. Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp Verlag, 1984.
- . *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus. Werkausgabe* Band 1. Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp Verlag, 1984.
- . *Tagebücher 1914-1916. Werkausgabe* Band 1. Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp Verlag, 1984.
- . *Über Gewißheit. Werkausgabe* Band 8. Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp Verlag, 1984b.
- . *Vermischte Bemerkungen. Werkausgabe* Band 8. Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp Verlag, 1984b.
- . *Wittgenstein und der Wiener Kreis. Werkausgabe* Band 3. Aufgezeichnet von Friedrich Waismann. Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp Verlag, 1984d.
- . *Wittgenstein’s Lectures: Cambridge, 1930-1932*. From the Notes of John King and Desmond Lee. Desmond Lee, ed. Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1980.
- . *Wittgenstein’s Lectures: Cambridge, 1933-1935*. From the Notes of Alice Ambrose and Margaret Macdonald. Alice Ambrose, ed. Amherst, N.Y.: Prometheus Books, 2001.
- . *Zettel. Werkausgabe* Band 8. Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp Verlag, 1984b.

Jan Zwicky

- Zwicky, Jan. "Bringhurst's Presocratics: Lyric and Ecology." In Tim Lilburn, ed. *Poetry and Knowing*. Kingston: Quarry P, 1995: 65-117.
- . *Lyric Philosophy*. Toronto: U of Toronto P, 1992.
- . *Songs for Relinquishing the Earth*. London, ON: Brick Books, 1998.
- . "The Geology of Norway: Poem with Introduction by Jan Zwicky." *The Harvard Review of Philosophy* 7 (1999): 29-34.
- . *Where Have We Been*. Ilderton, ON: Brick Books, 1982.
- . *Wisdom & Metaphor*. Kentville, N.S.: Gaspereau P, 2003.
- . *Wittgenstein Elegies*. Coldstream, ON: Brick Books, 1986.

