

Ludwig Wittgenstein  
Philosophische Grammatik  
Herausgegeben von Rush Rhees

## TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

LEIF HAVEN

Ludwig Wittgenstein, geboren am 26. April 1889 in Wien, gestorben am 29. April 1951 in Cambridge, studierte Mathematik und Philosophie bei Bertrand Russell in Cambridge, wo er von 1939 bis 1947 den Lehrstuhl für Philosophie inne hatte. Werke: Tractatus logico-philosophicus, Tagebücher 1914–1916, Philosophische Untersuchungen, Sammlung seiner Werke in der fünfbandigen Ausgabe der Schriften 1960 ff.

Das Erscheinen der »Philosophischen Grammatik« half den Wittgenstein-Forschern, den langen Zeitraum zwischen dem »Tractatus« und den »Philosophischen Untersuchungen«, zwischen der »ersten« und der »zweiten« Philosophie Wittgensteins zu füllen: Die »Philosophische Grammatik« gibt Auskunft über Wittgensteins Weg von der Konzeption einer Idealsprache zur Theorie der Sprachspiele und zur mathematischen Grundlagenforschung der Spätzeit. Philosophie ist danach die Tätigkeit, die jeder Kommunikation zugrunde liegende Grammatik zu erkennen und zu beschreiben.

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A fortnight's intense discussion in this *locus*  
*amoenus*

for steering us through the shoals and rapids

what we name here: a fragment.



## **104.**

I am for example also convinced that the sun is not a hole in the vault of heaven. If the vault of heaven sprung a leak or were blasted open, coal dust would pour out and windshields and storefronts would be blackened for weeks. If the vault of heaven were opened, everyone would have to find their shovels. If the vault of heaven holed up in a cabin, if for example by a quiet lake covered with riffing pine. If a sea cave leads to a vault; if for example, we carry on home; we are always faintly triumphant, if ragged. Then the saddle reigns. The tornado warning wails from a four-story walk up in the distance. Glass towers listen under the sky.

## **311.**

Or imagine that the boy questioned the truth "of history", its sparseness and gentleness; hairs on a boy's arms. And he will be grateful. The night of the cell is dark like night. The tiley cold bathroom of the dark night of the cell in the three story walk up under the sky in the city beside the lake where a white noise machine is the best metaphor that a boy can think of right now.

## 125.

For why shouldn't I test my eyes by looking to find out whether I see my two eyes? And why shouldn't I test the structure of the slanted roof by cannon fire and why shouldn't I look to find my own eyes under that cannon over on the hill?

I test my stomach, not firm but there, I test my mind, the same, and when I look to test mine arms I test whether fate ever lost a hand to a combine while working on a traveling harvesting team that rides all night boustrophedonically through millions of stalks of corn and wheat making stubble for months across six states wearing a hat with the logo of a fertilizer company on the front and boots.

When I look to test mine arms, I look in some urban corroded space, some space that sits beside language, a semiotic cul de sac, where there is no one and a no bird with a no name sings a no song.

## 132.

Men have judged that a king can make rain.

What sleet  
is made, the judgment, la corona, judged,  
invert, invade.

Dire spurting tain oft craft rain main't mend  
—clothéd in king's clothes sans mal arché  
le game  
is fixéd wet sack cloth full with ash  
courtiers at the dock side & every present,  
snarché.

Rake crooked rains, cover over rocks, reins  
convert lead  
-to locks, in kingdom of made rain what may  
have judged  
what reign a king can make.

Corruptibles sag under falling sleep;  
madrigal on home we,  
madrigal home to me.

## **165.**

One child might say to another: "I know that the earth is already hundreds of years old" and that would mean: I have learnt it. The other might respond "But I know what yer mother did last night." How then does one get through hundreds of years? There are so many wakings up it's hard to think. The earth is there. I think. It's hard to say. I listen at it as often as possible. When was the last time either child laid on the ground quietly, and listened? Recently, I hope.

**153.**

No one ever  
taught me that  
my hands don't  
disappear when  
I am not paying  
attention

I feel  
that something  
important is  
missing. A  
chime rings.

No one ever  
taught me that.

Ludwig Wittgenstein  
**Ludwig Wittgenstein**  
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## **244.**

If someone says, "I have a body", he can be asked "Who is speaking here with this mouth?" I can't take my eyes off it. I want to know who owns it and take a walk to the park. I want to have a body and be asked, "Who in this room has slept with this body?" I want to take the dappled yaw out onto the lake and nap for the afternoon until the mouth speaks. I want the mouth to say "come unto" and then bethou this and this. I want to say, "I have a body" like someone, said. Then I want to ask, "Where have you been for the last twenty five years." And then answer.

## 143.

I am told that someone climbed this mountain long ago. I asked the mountain "how's it goin' mountain?" And the mountain said "I'm just livin' the dream, just livin' the dream". Though unfamiliar with Artaud, being an inanimate geographical feature, the mountain could never move past Artaud or anything else, which is fine. Mountain dreams are a different kind of dreams than the ones I know. I imagine that who ever climbed the mountain long ago neglected to mention moving or past, because they were preoccupied. Someone left me a rope though; the synchronic rope that's just long as hell that now lies on the side of the mountain. I am told that under the mountain I see there is another similar mountain, and I am also told that on top of the mountain that I see there is another similar mountain with a rope anchored at the top falling down the side of each.

## 483.

A good ground is one that looks like this: The stubble field with piles of unbaled hay at intervals into the distance or the loamy forest floor next the river or cyprus diving every way or the dusty rural dirt of the road leading up to the white washed farm house or dry jutting with small stones and scattered with sheep like this over ground I go, likening to try each out testing their firmness and kindness here damp here sharp napping where one can the rain especially lays me down one time on my back with my mouth open next on my front with my eyes closed and arms to my sides I think I have touched and smelled and slept a good ground the stars rise I notice if I am not prostrate I have blisters in a gully I curl from the wind the sea is near I build a small roof without any house out of bramble and bracken by morning the ground will ask me in.

**97.**

But I distinguish between the movement of the waters on the riverbed and the shift of the bed itself; though there is not a sharp division of the one from the other.

## 118.

So far no one has  
opened my skull.  
But there is this

strange seam  
on my forehead  
that I have yet to

make sense of.  
Yesterday I found  
the best falafel I've had

in a long time  
just blocks from  
here. Sinead O'Connor's

"Nothing Compares 2 U"  
was written by Prince  
but everyone knows

that it's her  
song. I'm planning  
a trip. I'm not  
kidding anymore.

ON CERTAINNESS  
ÜBER GEWISSEHEIT

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## **122-123.**

Doesn't one need

grounds for doubt?  
Wherever I look I find

no ground for doubting  
that. Grim cobwebs

dangle from tin  
ceiling above fans.

I would go looking for  
the ground, but

outside grows  
increasingly unpleasant  
this time of year.

A good idea is a desire  
like any desire. Let  
me the fuck off this

but I can't handle it  
anymore. I dismissed  
two things I love and

I am left with one other  
thing. Insects burrow  
into the house; winter

is come as a relief.

## **361.**

The chair is thinking to itself the chair doesn't grumble, doesn't complain the water and salt and stones stick between the lugs of my boots in winter walking down thirty fifth the tower is visible over the pepsi building and its giant lot of white trucks by the river. The chair waits and thinks. We're not different. Once I saw another chair collapse after too much bouillabaisse and wine. The chair shows its nails. I've left your key in the top left hand box in the foyer in an envelope that I labeled. I cannot find the check that I wrote for rent but I am sure within reason that I wrote it. Beyond that there is a small field of long wild prairie grass by the barn off the back forty ringed with trees the motion lights have turned on but I'm not certain what's out there.

**398.**

It belongs to the farmer who is sitting on the bench in front of it. Belongs to, as in sits in the back of the closet in a shoebox or what was it in your coinpocket in a pair of jeans covered by a belt. I was promised sausages and cheeses yet no one delivered. There were none. The farmer also belongs to the bench. I am not the farmer and neither is anyone else. I go north because sometimes I want to go north. I've considered sending letters. Some funny belonging sits at the back of the closet but I mustn't speak of belonging. Let me be long of tongue and short of malice. Let the song go on. I liked that one and play it again, etc. Did you get the papers about this beginning? As to get in the plane. As in belongs to the former, that springs from the stone, that also is coming, that I want to say, that even if you listen, that I be the farmer that didn't buy that house, that bench, but that he came like that and stays.

**539.**

I see a picture that represents a smiling face. I see another picture that represents a smiling face. One picture is different from the other. I would like to be left alone with my pictures for a moment. The smile is invading the dreams of dreams, and neither can be trusted. Did he understand what would happen in one more length of his life? Impossible to say. Other countries and other lands; we had arrived at another land where short people munched on tulips. Fifteen years later we awake on the beach with petals in our beards. Won't you take us sailor onto your boat?

**540.**

Isn't it very odd that I should be unable to think that it will stop raining soon? You've got all the worst shifts, the rainy ones. You are both gentle and moronic and I never want to talk to you. I can feel something in your drinks and I never want to talk to you. Isn't it very odd that I should be unable to think when your hair falls into your lined eyes? This weather makes me ill. It's not weather. I know how to say the right prayer but I am unable to think it. I am unable to think that it will stop soon.

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## 525.

After he had said this, he left her as he did the  
day before.

He walked across the street into the station for  
supplies.

A packet of cashews and a fresh pack of  
smokes and walked

a little further down. He said this and this; this  
that figures

for something terrible and this that figures for  
something

beautiful but it's too late to say which is which.

This and

this are one thing and not one thing. Swans  
both black

and not black drift hopelessly or without need  
for hope

somewhere in London and even your dreams  
remember this.

He left her as he had the day before, but today  
the

water takes a different state; the veil shakes in  
the wind.

**527.**

is very important.  
Judging by the way I put  
that in my notebook  
I was probably on  
my third drink.

## 515.

Two pictures of a rose in the dark. One is quite black; the rose is invisible. In the other it is painted in full detail and surrounded by black. Two pictures of a rose, in the dark, one is quite black. Two pictures of a rose, one is quite beautiful in the dark, all is dark, one rose in detail the other painted in black, two pictures of a rose, one painted over with black one painted on to black, there is no light switch in the dream, the rose floats behind something that you can't see through. That winter you had a mystical visitation in your bedroom.

**508.**

The weather is fine. English without bread. I saw a rose in the neon of the dark and it opened its petals for you. It gave birth to your long white legs and then your mind, figured as a pair of sunglasses and a jar of red wine, emerging whole, from the opened petals of the rose. Two pictures of a rose in the dark, one is quite black. We walk to the shop. The weather is fine. The snow is going sideways. Two pictures of a rose in a whiteout. The reports corroborate. Neither is going away.

## 5.

When I take a bus I say to the conductor "Three-penny" and the conductor barks something back that sounds like "ancillary, corollary" the bus stops and sometimes this pleases me. There is a large pitcher of milk that does not. Everything is suddenly romantic. I nod at the conductor. My head is a plump rosy cheek. I feel at my wallet and step off into the grey speeding.

# **THESIS**

It is interesting to compare  
the kinds of meaning or  
the kinds of logic in  
poetry to the kind of

logical meaning in  
colloquial or  
fiction or prose. Sometimes  
I say french breakfast

radish and it's alright  
and that's what makes  
this poem a poem, ok?