In his memoir of Wittgenstein, Paul Engelmann says that the conversations about literature that he had with him were the most profound influence that he received from the then young philosopher. And Von Wright, in his early ‘Biographical Sketch’, declared that throughout his life Wittgenstein received deeper impressions from ‘some writers in the borderland between philosophy, religion, and poetry’ – such as Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy – than from the philosophers. I think that in Wittgenstein, unlike other philosophers in his circle with whom he is usually associated, there is an internal relation between his philosophy and literature, and that the latter is not merely a source of illustrations of the former. For his style, his particular way of expressing himself, is not without importance in his philosophical ‘substance’, in his movements of thought.

In 1931 he noted:

If it is said on occasion that (someone’s) philosophy is a matter of temperament, there is some truth in this. A preference for certain comparisons (Gleichnisse) is something we call a matter of temperament & far more disagreements rest on this than appears at first sight.

The internal connection between literature and Wittgenstein's philosophy is especially notable in the case of ethics and religion. These aspects of his thought are not always discernible in someone who, according to the well-known testimony of his friend and follower Drury, said that although he was not a man of religion he could not help seeing any matter from a religious point of view\(^4\). Well, the aim of this essay is very limited: to show the relationship with literature adopted by Wittgenstein's moral temperament, for this purpose considering only Tolstoy's novella *Hadji Murat*, for which he always displayed a lively interest. I shall justify my choice.

There are already several studies that deal with Wittgenstein's interpretation of Tolstoy. But when it comes to considering the relation between them the exegesis tends to come to a halt and to elaborate on the influence that *The Gospel in Brief* had on the author of the *Tractatus* in the time of the Great War. However, Wittgenstein's dialogue with the Russian author goes far beyond that text of religious and moral criticism (which, for Tolstoy, are two sides of the same coin). In fact, there are various testimonies which show that Tolstoy's works were a constant point of reference for Wittgenstein's thinking and reworking of his moral and religious points of view throughout his life. In his recollections of their conversations about religion during the war (Olmütz, 1916), Engelmann describes the interpretation that the two of them made of the short story 'Two Old Men'. He confessed to Drury that recently only two European writers had had anything important to say about religion: Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky. He recommended Dostoyevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov* and also *Crime and Punishment*. And among Tolstoy's works he recommended the folk tales included in a book called *Twenty-Three Tales*, one of which is the story 'Two Old Men' to which Engelmann refers. When Drury later confessed to him that he preferred Dostoyevsky to Tolstoy, Wittgenstein disagreed vehemently and declared that Tolstoy's short stories would always survive, that they were written for everybody and that he preferred 'The Three Hermits'.

I am especially interested in the testimony of his friend Norman Malcolm in the mid 1940s. In a letter written at the end of the Second World War, Malcolm complained of the boredom of being mobilised on a warship. In his reply dated 26 June 1945 Wittgenstein compared the war to a school. If a pupil says that the school is boring it is because he is incapable of learning what is taught at the school.

I can’t help believing that an enormous lot can be learnt about human beings in this war – if you can keep your eyes open. And the better you are at thinking the more you’ll get out of what you see. For thinking is digesting. If I’m writing in a preaching tone I’m just an ass! but the fact remains that if you’re bored a lot it means that your mental digestion isn’t what it should be.

I think a good remedy for this is sometimes opening your eyes wider. Sometimes a book helps a little, e.g. T.’s ‘Hadshi Murat’ wouldn’t be bad.5

In a later letter Wittgenstein is glad that Malcolm has obtained the novella Hadji Murat and tells him ‘I hope you’ll get a lot out of it, because there is a lot in it.’ As for Tolstoy, he says: ‘There’s a real man; who has a right to write’6. Malcolm also says that Wittgenstein had an ‘extremely favourable’ opinion of Tolstoy’s folk tales, that he was very pleased that he knew those stories, and that ‘he questioned me closely to find out whether I had understood the moral of the one entitled “How Much Land Does A Man Need?”’7. However, despite his very favourable opinion of Tolstoy, when Malcolm commented that he had been very impressed by a passage in Resurrection, Wittgenstein replied, at the end of 1945:

I once tried to read Resurrection but couldn’t. You see, when Tolstoy just tells a story he impresses me infinitely more than when he addresses the reader. When he turns his back to the reader then he seems to me most impressive. Perhaps one day we can talk about

6 Ibid., p. 383.
7 Malcolm, p. 45.
this. It seems to me his philosophy is most true when it’s latent in the story.\(^8\)

From all this we can draw some conclusions. Wittgenstein considered that Tolstoy’s short stories expressed a moral teaching, that they could be read and understood by everyone, and that because of the teaching they conveyed their applicability was very wide. Moreover, Wittgenstein considered that this form of expression, in which the moral teaching was latent, was ‘philosophy’. It is significant that immediately after the last sentence in the passage just quoted (‘It seems to me his philosophy is most true when it’s latent in the story’), Wittgenstein continues: ‘Talking of philosophy: my book is gradually nearing its final form …’, etc.

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The case of the novella *Hadji Murat* is rather special. It is not a long novel like *War and Peace*, *Anna Karenina* or *Resurrection*, but it is also not a short story or tale in the form of a parable like the ones in *Twenty-Three Tales*. All the same, Wittgenstein read this novella and recommended it repeatedly throughout his life. In the summer of 1912 he wrote to Russell: ‘I have just read *Chadschi-Murat* by Tolstoy! Have you ever read it? If not, you ought to for it is wonderful’\(^9\). And if he recommended it to Malcolm in time of war in order to help him to learn about human beings, he also suggested it to his sister Gretl, apparently too insistently, because in a letter probably written at the end of 1945 she replied: ‘No my dear I am surely not going to read *Hadschi Murad* again. I could not stand it’\(^10\). There is no doubt that Wittgenstein read this novella several

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8 Wittgenstein, *Wittgenstein in Cambridge*, p. 385. My italics. Malcolm had told him that he had been impressed by the start of chapter 59 in part I, in which Tolstoy criticises the idea that men are easy to classify morally once and for all: ‘Every man bears within him the germs of every human quality, and now manifests one, now another, and frequently is quite unlike himself, while still remaining the same man.’ Tolstoy, *Resurrection*, quoted in Malcolm, p. 99.


10 Unpublished letter from Gretl Wittgenstein to her brother Ludwig. Brian McGuiness, to whom I am grateful for providing me with it, dates it as 27
times. On 25 June 1945, many years after he had recommended it to Russell and at about the time of his correspondence with Malcolm and with his sister about it, he wrote to Rees: ‘I read a wonderful book these days: Hadshi Murat by Tolstoy. Do you know it? If you don’t I’ll try to get a copy for you’.

What moral philosophy was expressed by this novella that Wittgenstein liked so much? It is not easy to ascertain, because, as far as I am aware, he did not make any substantive declaration about the teaching that it embodied. For the time being I shall not answer my own question – supposing that it has an answer. But I shall begin to do so indirectly by referring very briefly to other folk tales by Tolstoy that Wittgenstein is known to have recommended. At first sight, they are all in agreement with his religious and moral conceptions, but it is not easy to discern the teaching that, according to Wittgenstein, could be deduced from each of them.

In ‘How Much Land Does A Man Need?’, the main character falls into the hands of the devil as a result of considering the consumption of goods encouraged by modern cities to be an essential objective, and of his insatiable desire to earn more than is needed for a dignified, austere life and his compulsion to acquire property in order to attain higher social status, in other words, as a result of considering material riches to be an absolute value. All of which leads to conflict with his neighbours, a constant rootlessness, an insuperable dissatisfaction and a sense of ill-being and, finally, to his death. At the end of this story Tolstoy provides the answer: ‘Six feet from his head to his heels was all he needed’. The case of ‘The Three Hermits’ is similar. A bishop – in other words, an authority of the ecclesiastical hierarchy – finds three hermits who are living on an island for the salvation of their souls. They do almost everything in silence and need little more than a glance to understand one another. The people think they are stupid. The bishop declares that he is ‘called, by God’s mercy’ to teach them. The hermits say that they do not know how to serve God. ‘We only

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Oct 1945 (published electronically in Gesamtbibliometricwechsel by Intelex).


serve and support ourselves,’ they say. When they are asked how they pray they raise their arms and recite a cheerful refrain, ‘Three are ye, three are we, have mercy upon us’\textsuperscript{13}. The bishop, believing that they are referring to the Holy Trinity, gives them a lesson on theology and tries to teach them to say the Lord’s Prayer in the prescribed form. Yet, however much they try, the hermits keep forgetting the prayer as soon as they stop repeating it. The story emphasises the fact that they are holy men by having them walk upon the water to catch up with the bishop and ask him to repeat the Lord’s Prayer again to see if they can stop forgetting it. Now it might be said that Wittgenstein’s liking for this story reflects the negative opinion that he had of an experience of religious belief in the form it takes in organized religion, and his conviction that ‘looking after oneself’, acquiring mastery of oneself, is an unavoidable moral imperative, and that in the case of religious expressions it is not a question of whether they are true, false or nonsensical\textsuperscript{14}, because what is important is not the literality of what they say but the attitude to life that they express.

In any case, it is not easy to define the moral teaching that these parable-like stories contain and that, according to Malcolm, Wittgenstein wished, by means of acute questions, to make sure that he had grasped. At this point, an example and a warning are provided by Engelmann’s recollections of the comments that the two of them made about the story ‘Two Old Men’. In principle, the moral has to do with the experience of religion as an ecclesiastic rite, and again with criticism of the way in which religious belief is administered politically, and with the wrongness of considering religious statements as historical truths about events that took place in a particular place in the remote past. The story describes the journey of two poor peasant pilgrims who set off for Jerusalem.


\textsuperscript{14} In the conversation with Friedrich Waismann about Schlick’s ethics Wittgenstein said: ‘I can quite well imagine a religion in which there are no doctrines, and hence nothing is said. Obviously the essence of religion can have nothing to do with the fact that speech occurs – or rather if the speech does occur, this itself is a component of religious behavior and not a theory. Therefore nothing turns on whether the words are true, false, or nonsensical.’ Wittgenstein, in Friedrich Waismann, ‘Notes on Talks with Wittgenstein’, \textit{The Philosophical Review}, 74, no. 1 (1965), pp. 12-16 (p. 16).
When one of them arrives he finds a spectacle that provides considerable profit to those who are in charge of the holy places. The other one does not reach Jerusalem because he stops to help a family of peasants who are on the point of dying of hunger. The narrative, which implicitly contains many of Tolstoy’s opinions about the genuine religious attitude, emphasizes that life and the preservation of humanity are sacred. However, the comment that Wittgenstein made – and that Engelmann transmitted – is disconcerting because it concerns a detail that is easy to overlook and that does not seem to be the centre of Tolstoy’s moral and religious teaching. Before the two peasants separate, the one who does not reach Jerusalem takes out his snuff box to inhale some snuff. The one who completes the pilgrimage reproaches him for indulging in a vice that is not fitting for a pilgrim, and the first one replies: ‘The evil habit is stronger than I’\(^{15}\). Engelmann says that in this acknowledgement Wittgenstein saw the true religious feeling: ‘Instead of trying to excuse his action before himself and others as ‘not really sinful’, the peasant confessed having succumbed to sin’\(^{16}\).

Therefore, although Wittgenstein considered that these stories could be read by everyone and that because of their moral teaching their applicability was very wide, it is not easy to ascertain what he thought about what this teaching was in each case. In fact, even the synopsis that I have given of the two stories described above does not do justice to many aspects that Tolstoy interweaves and that are in accord with other aspects of Wittgenstein’s philosophy. For instance, the behaviour of the bishop and that of the peasant who is eager to increase his property are contrasted with attitudes and behaviour that, from the description of them, border on childishness or madness when viewed from the commonly accepted perspective of ‘order’. This is the case with the nonsensical prayer of the hermits who are so bad at remembering, a prayer that does not even respect agreement of number in its invocation: ‘Three are ye, three are we, have mercy upon us’ (in the original Russian, the verb in ‘Three are ye’ is in the plural, whereas in ‘have


\(^{16}\) Engelmann, p. 80.
mercy upon us’ it is in the singular). But it is also the case with the Bashkirs in the story ‘How Much Land Does A Man Need?’ Their merry, jovial behaviour seems to reduce the idea of purchase and profit to absurdity, for they are willing to give away their land to the first person who asks for it as long as he is friendly and gives them presents. Thus both cases could express the opinion that Wittgenstein states in On Certainty §611: ‘Where two principles really do meet which cannot be reconciled with one another, then each man declares the other a fool (Narr) and heretic’.

To put it briefly, these stories weave an intricate mesh of meaningful relations, of ‘floating’ significances, which go beyond what might at first sight seem a simple sermon and the meaning of which cannot easily be reduced. In the case of the relation of Wittgenstein’s moral and religious philosophy to the novella Hadji Murat, I think there is a difference that must be taken into account, the difference that exists between, on the one hand, something that is inexpressible by its very nature or character and, on the other, something that is latent because the author writes it in a particular way, turning ‘his back to the reader’, as Wittgenstein put it in his letter to Malcolm. The first part of this distinction seems to correspond to the period of the Tractatus, the second to that of the Philosophical Investigations. However, despite the profound changes that his conceptions about meaning underwent, Wittgenstein did not substantially vary either his moral point of view or his way of approaching Hadji Murat, as I will try to show.

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In the period of the Tractatus and its austere pictorial theory of meaning, which condemns any moral or religious statement to senselessness, Wittgenstein thought that the way of speaking about what could not be said meaningfully was a ‘hopeless’ approximation by way of similes and allegories. This is the strategy that he defends to make himself understood by his audience in his ‘Lecture on Ethics’:

Now all religious terms seem in this sense to be used as similes or allegorically. For when we speak of God and that he sees everything and when we kneel and pray to him all our terms and actions seem to be parts of a great and elaborated allegory which represents him as a human being of great power whose grace we try to win, etc., etc. But this allegory also describes the experience which I have just referred to [To wonder at the existence of the world. N. S.]. For the first of them is, I believe, exactly what people were referring to when they said that God had created the world; and the experience of absolute safety has been described by saying that we feel safe in the hands of God. A third experience of the same kind is that of feeling guilty and again this was described by the phrase that disapproves of our conduct. Thus in ethical and religious language we seem constantly to be using similes.18

Wittgenstein considered that in ethical value judgements (and in religious expressions) we inadvertently make the mistake of thinking of absolute value judgements as being similar to relative value judgements. In relative value judgements we simply state a fact (a ‘good’ runner is one who runs at such and such a speed), whereas underlying absolute judgements there is a ‘characteristic’ misuse of these expressions: namely, using them as similes or allegories when there is nothing in the world to support the relation of similarity that they apparently establish. However, it is no less true that, at the same time, he thought that these pieces of nonsense bring us closer to, point to or show experiences of a kind that in turn draw limits to what, for him, constituted the sphere of ethics. Of the three experiences that Wittgenstein mentioned in that lecture – experiences of his, which were not the only ones and to which he did not seek to attribute the status of a universal principle – he considered the experience of wondering at the existence of the world as being ‘my experience par excellence’. Yet in this there is a paradox which he himself acknowledges: these experiences of his can be located in space and dated; in other words, they are events that occurred or that occur. How could they have an absolute value if the world as it is conceived in the period of the Tractatus is no more than an occurrence of events and

there is no place for values? He himself says that he is ‘tempted’ to solve this paradox by saying that wondering at the existence of the world is similar to considering the world as a miracle. However, considering something as a miracle is, for him, simply considering a fact from a particular perspective, with a particular ‘way of looking’ (which is not science’s way of looking).

Therefore, we can conclude that what Tolstoy’s allegories offer us in the *Tractatus* period is not an explicit moral sermon but rather what is indicated by Wittgenstein’s comment about Uhland’s poem ‘Count Eberhard’s Hawthorn’: ‘if only you do not try to utter what is unutterable then nothing gets lost. But the unutterable will be – unutterably – contained in what has been uttered!’ And in his recollections Engelmann sums up as follows: ‘[…] the poem as a whole gives in 28 lines the picture of a life’. So one might say that, in accordance with the conception of meaning in the *Tractatus* period, the inexpressible in language is offered in Tolstoy’s stories as a way of seeing, as a picture that establishes a perspective which changes the way in which life is considered. And thus Wittgenstein recommended *Hadji Murat* to Malcolm, to help him to ‘open his eyes’ (i.e., to see in a different way) and to learn about human beings in and from the war. The point is not that there is no moral ‘lesson’, the point is not that one has to learn from what is ‘absent’ in the text. Rather, we have to learn something that is ‘contained’ in Tolstoy’s stories – or in Uhland’s poem – but that is offered for our consideration articulated in a particular way, as a picture from which a perspective is established.

However, there is something intriguing here. Although Wittgenstein abandoned the restrictive theory of meaning that appears in the *Tractatus*, he did not therefore abandon his preference for the latency of philosophy in Tolstoy’s narratives (and in general). In fact, his statement to Malcolm that the Russian writer seemed more expressive to him when he turns his back to

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19 Wittgenstein, letter to Engelmann, 9-4-17, in Engelmann. (Wittgenstein’s emphasis.)

20 Engelmann, p. 85. (My emphasis.)

the reader – the more latent the philosophy, the truer it is – was made in the period when he was working on the *Philosophical Investigations*. In other words, when he considered that the particular grammar of religious and ethical language games did not make them less meaningful than any other. Cora Diamond says that ‘What Tolstoy does not tell us is how to think about Hadji Murat himself, his life and his death, or how to make what we think of Hadji Murat alive in our own lives’\textsuperscript{22}. According to her, it is in this aspect that the Russian writer resembles the way in which Wittgenstein demanded that both the *Tractatus* and the *Philosophical Investigations* should be read. I do not agree with the statement about Tolstoy and *Hadji Murat*: the stories that Tolstoy wrote after *A Confession* are always didactically moralising. But what I am interested in emphasising here is that, although Wittgenstein maintained his distinction between ‘saying’ and ‘showing’ beyond the pictorial theory from which it originated, and although it is true that in the case of moral philosophy he maintained his preference for allegory and latency, this does not eliminate the possibility of reconstructing some of the main features of his moral philosophy from his constant interest in *Hadji Murat*.

Yet there is a clarification that has to be made. So far I have used the term ‘moral philosophy’ ambiguously, but at this point it is necessary to remove the ambiguity. One can in fact make a distinction, at least a distinction of reason, between a moralist and a moral philosopher. The moral philosopher (or ethics) devotes himself with a great degree of detachment and lack of involvement to conceptual analysis of the language of morality, or to establishing its most abstract principles. The moralist seeks a moral code on the basis of which he acts and makes judgements, with which he engages and which spurs him on, which represents a conception of the meaning of life or a specification of what he understands by a good life. So, did Wittgenstein recommend that novella in order to think about ethics or to show its moral teaching?

At the time of the ‘Lecture on Ethics’ Wittgenstein mixed the two aspects together. On the one hand, he devoted himself to a clear conceptual analysis of moral language, to defining what he...
considered in that period to be a typical misuse of the expressions of ethics which is basically caused by overlooking the false analogy that we inadvertently make between absolute value judgements and relative value judgements. Moreover, he sought to clarify conceptually what he understood by ethics ‘in a slightly wider sense’ than that used by Moore in his *Principia Ethica* (which conceived it as ‘the general enquiry into what is good’). In order to indicate what he understood by ethics he offered a list of expressions that he considered equivalent: ethics is ‘the inquiry into the meaning of life, or into what makes life worth living, or into the right way of living’\(^\text{23}\). It is at this point – in order to show what is indicated by this set of expressions that would broaden the field of ethics beyond Moore’s concept – that he describes the three personal experiences that I mentioned earlier (wondering at the world, feeling absolutely safe, etc.). In other words, Wittgenstein stops speaking on the basis of a distanced conceptual analysis and chooses similes (many of a religious nature, as we have seen) that have to do with his personality and express his moral, rather than ethical, point of view. The conjunction of two texts from the same period, one written in 1930 and the other in 1931, shows what I am referring to. In the first, from the conversations with Friedrich Waismann about Schlick’s ethics (1930), he says:

> At the end of my lecture on ethics, I spoke in the first person. I believe that is quite essential. Here nothing more can be established, I can only appear as a person speaking for myself.\(^\text{24}\)

But I have already cited, at the beginning, what he wrote a few months later:

> If it is said on occasion that (someone’s) philosophy is a matter of temperament, there is some truth in this. A preference for certain comparisons (*Gleichnisse*) is something we call a matter of temperament & far more disagreements rest on this than appears at first sight.\(^\text{25}\)

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\(^{24}\) Wittgenstein, in Waismann, p. 16.
\(^{25}\) Wittgenstein, *Culture and Value*, p. 18 (1931).
Well, I think that these two aspects, ethical and moral, are also mixed together in his interpretation of Hadji Murat after the Tractatus period. Moreover, as I have already said, I think that if we make a hermeneutic combination of Tolstoy’s story and the esoteric notes and jottings that Wittgenstein left it will be possible to discern his conception about the form of a correct way of living that would be worth living. So, what is the ‘picture of a life’ that is expressed in Hadji Murat and that Wittgenstein found so interesting?

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The whole of Tolstoy’s novella could be considered as a Western, a film genre that he was very keen on, as his friends and biographers were aware\textsuperscript{26}. In this case, however, life on the frontier is set in the northwest Caucasus, in Chechnya and Dagestan. An interminable frontier war in which the confrontation is not between the redskins of the prairies and the settlers of the West but between the mountain people and the Tsar’s army\textsuperscript{27}. Yet in this confrontation between two worlds, two religions or two cultures there are many fractures and contradictions on both sides. Divisions that affect the various characters that appear in the story, people whose behaviour cannot be explained solely or mainly by the ethnic or religious community to which they belong. Although the gallery of characters is not as huge as that of War and Peace, it is nevertheless sufficient to show a range of individuals who, except on certain occasions, cannot easily be evaluated with regard to how they behave and the decisions that they take in such an extreme situation as war. It is true that from the outset there is an unjust situation: the invading army that considers the natives who live there as a bunch of savages and at times thinks of the war in terms of extermination, destroying entire villages and their

\textsuperscript{26} Engelmann, pp. 91–92.

\textsuperscript{27} ‘What the Far West and the Red Man were to American mythology, the Caucasus and its warring tribes, or the unspoiled communities of Cossacks and Old Believers on the Don and the Volga were to Pushkin, Lermontov and Tolstoy.’ George Steiner, ‘Nineteenth-century America and Russia’, in \textit{George Steiner: A Reader} (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1987), p. 134.
environment; there is also laughable behaviour, such as the official war reports, which convert the futile, accidental deaths of soldiers into patriotic discourses about militarily disastrous imaginary battles. Not to mention the disputes of prestige and caprices between the generals which lead to military ineffectiveness, death, and destruction. But that army is made up of a mixture of people, ranging from soldiers who are serfs in the izbas they come from to officers such as Butler, who makes a point of dressing in the style of the mountain people, with beshmet, cherkeska, and leggings, an officer who experiences the war in terms of sport and adventure, as an opportunity to display his manliness, and who is capable of admiring the warrior Hadji Murat and establishing a sincere friendship with him. Which means, Tolstoy says, that it is not possible for him to imagine ‘the other face’ of war: ‘To maintain his poetic view of war he even subconsciously avoided looking at the dead and wounded’\textsuperscript{28}. On the other hand, a number of conflicts develop between different factions among the men of the mountains with the aim of gaining political leadership in their resistance against the Russians. We also find villages and individuals who avoid the fighting in order to achieve an easy-going modus vivendi and who therefore clash with the Muslim religious leaders, who understand their resistance as a ghazavat (holy war), and so on. In short, the story shows a wide range of conceptions of war and how it provides an extreme opportunity in which to consider the moral dilemmas that the characters have to face. So it is not strange that he recommended this book to Malcolm to help him to open his eyes and accept war as a privileged opportunity for learning ‘a lot’ about human beings.

Well, just as in a Western, the story presents – with the coldness and distance of an anthropological study – hatred and ambition, a thirst for vengeance, a blind desire to inflict death or injury on the enemy, treachery, but also loyalties based on unconditional personal and family attachments. All these attitudes and actions are attributed to Hadji Murat but also to his main enemy, Shamil, who paradoxically is not a Russian but a Chechen, a legendary guerrilla hero who led the resistance against the Russo-Tsarist

conquest. Hadji Murat is a profoundly religious guerrilla fighter, even in his name, for in Persian ‘Hadji’ is the title given to someone who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca at least once. He is a believer who nevertheless has changed the direction of his struggle many times. When Shamil rises up in a holy war against the Russians, the khans under whose protection Hadji Murat lives refuse to join in. But after becoming acquainted with the Russians in Tiflis (now Tbilisi), from whom he feels distant because he does not understand their ways of living, he advises his people to join the rebel leader. However, in order to gain total control over the villages under his command, Shamil disloyally and deceitfully kills the khans whom Hadji Murat considers his adoptive family. For this reason Hadji Murat goes over to the Russian side in order to protect his people and take vengeance on Shamil, and is appointed governor of Avaria by the invaders. Nevertheless, he soon changes this alliance. As a result of personal quarrels and questions of status, another mountain khan allied to the Russians, Akhmet-Khan, denounces him and falsely accuses him of disloyalty and betrayal. The Russians pursue him, and he takes vengeance on the khan by kidnapping his wife, whom he respects and returns after payment of a ransom. He does not trust the Russians to admit the falseness of the accusation against him; moreover, he is briefly taken prisoner and is defiled by a Russian soldier before escaping.

Thus he finds himself in a dilemma: he cannot join Shamil, who killed his people simply because of his ambition for power, and his customs require him to seek vengeance; he cannot join the Russians because they have dishonoured him (also, he does not trust their impartiality with regard to the unjust accusation that has been made against him)\(^{29}\). At this point, when he is fleeing from the Russians, the only thing that matters for him is to take vengeance on the person who accused him. Therefore he accepts the renewed invitation to join Shamil: this is the only way in which he will have a possibility of avenging himself on Akhmet-Khan, the ally of the Russian army. From then on, despite his lack of friendship or sympathy for Shamil, he becomes his second-in-

\(^{29}\) Tolstoy’s story makes it clear that this dishonour has a religious component: the man who defiled him, as the text gives us to understand, was a giaour; in Persian, a Christian among Muslims.
command, fights ceaselessly against the invaders and carries out what his enemies consider as military feats. To such an extent that jealousy and the fear of losing power lead Shamil to wish to capture Hadji Murat alive or dead, and he forbids the Caucasian population, on pain of death, to provide him with aid.

Hadji Murat decides to go over to the Russians once again and he promises them that he will kill Shamil or die. During his flight, some villagers fulfil their duty of hospitality despite the prohibition, and four or five men loyally follow him despite the repugnance they feel towards the Russians and their sympathy for Shamil’s cause. Thus another dilemma appears: as his mother, two wives and five children have been taken captive by Shamil, he cannot fulfil his promise until the Russians rescue them. But the invaders also do not keep their word: they do not trust the motive that causes Hadji Murat to join them and they do not have the military capacity for the rescue or any intention to exchange his family for prisoners. Once again Shamil offers to pardon him, but Hadji Murat decides to escape from the Russians to the mountains, fight against the rebel leader and rescue his family. So, during an excursion, he escapes with his loyal followers after mercilessly killing all but one of the few members of the small Russian escort that always keeps guard on him. He becomes a wanted man, a reward of a thousand roubles is offered for his head, and a hundred men, comprising Cossacks and local militia, set out after him.

Hadji Murat and his men entrench themselves on a small island among the rice fields. Just when it seems that they are going to escape, their route is blocked by a party of bounty hunters from the mountains led by an old friend and by the son of Akhmet-Khan, the man who falsely accused him. They charge with their swords drawn, Hadji Murat and his men fire repeatedly, and one of them sings ‘La ilaha illa allah’ (‘There is no God but Allah’). The murids who accompanied him in his flight fall wounded and dead. He is hit by bullets twice, he gets up to charge with his dagger drawn, is felled, gets up again, and falls. Hadji-Aha, his former friend and now pursuer together with the Russians, strikes him with a dagger. Then, with his sword, he cuts off his head, which is to be passed from village to village. Thus ends Tolstoy’s novella.

In 1947 Wittgenstein jotted down a reflection that I think is enlightening:
Someone reacts like this: he says ‘Not that!’ – & resists it. Out of this situations perhaps develop which are equally intolerable; & perhaps by then strength for any further revolt is exhausted. We say ‘If he hadn’t done that, the evil would not have come about.’ But with what justification? Who knows the laws according to which society unfolds? I am sure even the cleverest has no idea. If you fight, you fight. If you hope, you hope.

Someone can fight, hope & even believe, without believing scientifically.30

This is precisely the situation in the case of Hadji Murat. Although the story of his life may seem incoherent and foolish, a second look enables us to see it as a fight against what he considers as intolerable in various situations. And there is no point in saying ‘if you had fought against the Russians with your own people from the very beginning’ and so on; or else, ‘if you had remained faithful to your first alliance with the other side’, etc. For he takes his decisions on the basis of unforeseeable ‘social’ factors: the political jealousy of Shamik, who orders the capture of Hadji Murat at the time of his greatest success as a fighter; the Tsar’s absurd, cruel order to convert the campaign in the Caucasus into a war of extermination that affects his fellow countrymen, who do not understand his collaboration with the aggressors; the changing alliances of the invaders; and, finally, the failure of the Russians to keep their word about rescuing his family. Hadji Murat does not base his conduct on a calculation that presupposes the determination and predictability of human behaviour; instead, at each point he fights against what he considers intolerable, in principle on the basis of the moral code that he shares with his social milieu. The entire novella is studded with passages that emphasise this aspect, and at one point Hadji Murat expresses it in general terms when he is asked what he liked during the time when he was in Tiflis with the Russians:

‘We have a saying ... A dog asked a donkey to eat with him and gave him meat, the donkey asked the dog and gave him hay: they both went hungry ... Every people finds its own ways good’.31

30 Wittgenstein, Culture and Value, p. 69.
31 Tolstoy, Hadji Murat, p. 435.
This reference to the moral code of the community to which one belongs implies other aspects that have to be taken into account, to which I now turn.

In his conversations with Rhees about ethics, Wittgenstein defended the fruitfulness of what might be called the ‘anthropological method’ in philosophy. In other words, imagining a tribe that behaves in such and such a way as one case of moral systems among others. However, the sociological description of the actions and valuations of various groups cannot contain the statement ‘such and such constitutes an advance’; that is to say, it does not allow an external valuation from the perspective of our system. Moreover, in 1945 he declared to Rhees that describing the ways and customs of various tribes would not be an ethical discussion because ‘studying ways and customs would not be the same as studying rules or laws’; in other words, those descriptions do not tell us how we should behave and the decisions that we should take in specific situations in which it makes sense to ask certain questions. Because, for example, that resolute fight against the intolerable, without any calculation, is a necessary but not sufficient consideration for considering Hadji Murat’s various actions morally.

There is a section of the conversations with Rhees that is particularly relevant on this point. When Rhees asked him if he considered Brutus’s stabbing of Caesar a noble action (as Plutarch thought) or a diabolical one (as Dante thought), Wittgenstein replied that such a thing could not be discussed because ‘You would not know for your life what went on in his mind before he decided to kill Caesar. What he would have had to feel in order that you should say that killing his friend was noble’. Moreover, those feelings might have to do with a sense of belonging, a link with a particular ethical system that we do not know. Rhees and Wittgenstein argued about a case: a man had come to the conclusion that he should either leave his wife or else abandon his work of cancer research because he considered the two

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33 Wittgenstein, in Waismann, p. 15.
things incompatible. Wittgenstein said that if the man acted in accordance with Christian ethics (which must be understood here as morality, in accordance with the distinction that I made earlier), then there was no dilemma: in no case should he leave his wife, and so the problems were different (e.g., how to continue with his work as well as possible, how to behave with his wife in such a difficult situation, etc.). But if the question were posed in relation to a man who ‘does not have an ethics’ (which must be understood as meaning that he does not adhere to an established moral code), then, taking into consideration all the possible situations (that he stays with her and his work suffers, that although he leaves his work and loves her he turns out to be a bad, resentful husband, that by giving up his life he also wrecks his wife’s life, etc.), ‘Here we may say that we have all the materials of a tragedy; and we could only say: “Well, God help you”’\textsuperscript{36}. In other words: good luck.

We cannot know Brutus’s speculations before he killed Caesar, but we do know Hadji Murat’s thoughts because Tolstoy sets them down as he constructs his narrative. Thus the reader is confronted with actions that are similar in appearance but have different meanings. On one occasion, the very first time that he faces death with Shamil’s followers, he sees his sworn brother fall dead and, fearing for his own life, he runs away. Later he says that he has only to remember that shame in order to fear nothing. Therefore every time that he flees subsequently it is not from fear but, for example in the final escape, in order to rescue his own people. On another occasion, however, Tolstoy takes care to specify that, before he flees from Shamil for the last time in order to go over to the Russian side, his lack of fear does not inspire nobler feelings in Hadji Murat: he does indeed imagine himself at the head of an army provided by the Russians with which to defend his life and avenge the deaths of his people in accordance with the code of his community, but he also cherishes the idea of a reward from the Tsar which will enable him to become governor of Avaria again and rule over the whole of Chechnya.

On the other hand, when he finally rejects Shamil’s pardon, decides to fight him and rescue his family, fleeing from the Russians forever, and in the attempt meets his death, Tolstoy also

\textsuperscript{36} Ibid., p. 21.
makes a point of describing Hadji’s very different thoughts. He remembers his childhood and his mother, picturing her not as the toothless, shabby captive of Shamil that she has now become. He remembers her when he was a child, clinging to her trousers as she took him to the fountain or being put in a basket to go and see his grandfather, a pious old craftsman who taught him to work with his hands and to pray. He remembers the first time that she shaved his head, just like the first time that he shaved the head of his eldest child, now held captive by Shamil, who wanted to put his eyes out. And he remembers her singing a song when she put him in the bed beside her, a song about an event in the life of Patimat, who was stabbed in the chest by her wrathful husband when she refused to be separated from Hadji Murat in order to be the wet nurse of the son of a khan:

‘Your damask blade slashed open my white breast, but I pressed to it my darling boy, and washed him in my hot blood, and the wound healed without help of herbs and roots. I did not fear death, no more will my boy-djigit.’

To put it briefly, when he escapes for the last time in order to rescue his family Hadji Murat recalls the experience of feeling absolutely safe that Wittgenstein described in the ‘Lecture on Ethics’ as ‘the state of mind in which one is inclined to say “I am safe, nothing can injure me whatever happens”’.

One of the experiences with which he attempted to indicate the sphere of ethics considered not as ‘the general enquiry into what is good’ (Moore) but rather as the enquiry into the meaning of life or into what makes life worth living. At the end, when he is fighting to rescue his family, when he no longer belongs to the Russians or the Chechens but only to himself, when he no longer adheres to any precise code of reference, that is what he is fighting for. As Wittgenstein says in his notes:

Not funk but funk conquered is what is worthy of admiration & makes life worth having been lived. Courage, not cleverness; not even

37 Tolstoy, Hadji Murat, p. 449.
inspiration, is the grain of mustard that grows up to be a great tree. To the extent there is courage, there is connection with life & death. [...] But it is not by recognizing the want of courage in someone else, that you acquire courage yourself.\textsuperscript{39}

This is a central aspect of the novella which I think attracted Wittgenstein’s attention powerfully: the figure of the tragic hero depicted by Hadji Murat. In the 1930s, speaking of the fear that he experiences when he is slightly ill and the feeling of the ‘breaking of a contract’ that God had made to leave him undisturbed, Wittgenstein laments that he finds it hard to endure this fear, which is what he would recommend to others, and he says: ‘One likes to see the hero in the other as a drama (that is performed for us) but to be even the least bit of a hero oneself leaves a different taste’\textsuperscript{40}. So, as he writes a few years later, it is a weakness not to be a hero, but it is a much greater weakness to \textit{play} the hero, thus not even to have the strength to clearly & without ambiguity acknowledge the deficit on the balance sheet. And that means: to become modest: not in a few words which one says once but in life.\textsuperscript{41}

Once again, therefore, we find the lesson that he drew from the story ‘Two Old Men’, on which he commented to Engelmann in the years of the 1914–18 war: no excuses, either to oneself or to others. After the Second World War, probably thinking of his own experience of fighting, Wittgenstein returned to the theme of heroism:

A hero looks death in the face, real death, not just a picture of death. Behaving decently in a crisis does not mean being able to act the part of a hero well, as in the theatre, it means rather being able to look death \textit{itself} in the eye.\textsuperscript{42}

\textsuperscript{39} Wittgenstein, \textit{Culture and Value}, pp. 43–44 (1940).
\textsuperscript{41} \textit{Ibid.}, p. 163.
\textsuperscript{42} Wittgenstein, \textit{Culture and Value}, p. 58 (1946).
And that is precisely what Hadji Murat does after feeling ashamed at having run away when his sworn brother fell dead in an unequal fight with Shamil’s men. That is his attitude once again when he decides to abandon the Russians and escape to the mountains in order to fight against that leader and rescue his family. And that is also how he dies, fighting without hope but with a feeling of indifference, and he remembers the song about a fighter, Hamzad, who before dying in a situation similar to his own sings about the radical nature of death:

You birds of the air, fly to our homes and tell our sisters, our mothers and fair maidens that we died for the ghazavat. Tell them our bodies shall lie in no grave, our bones will be carried off and gnawed by ravening wolves and black crows will pick out our eyes.\footnote{Tolstoy, Hadji Murat, pp. 448–449.}

However, there is not only one way of embodying this heroic view. Wittgenstein considers it in a relative way, historically and individually. A deed performed in other times may now rightly be considered an act of heroism. But it does not depend on the practical aspects of the action which can be described externally, for what decides whether an action is heroic is its ‘greatness’, which is determined by its ‘significance’, ‘by the pathos which is associated with the way of acting’. It is not the way of acting but the pathos associated with it that decides what is heroic. However, the fact is that different times and peoples (Wittgenstein speaks of ‘race’) associate their pathos with particular ways of acting, and people who are unaware of this are led astray and continue to think that what is decisive is the external description of the behaviour. Yet when a ‘transvaluation of values’ takes place and pathos is associated with another way of acting, then it can be seen that what was previously considered heroic is now no longer heroic, even though it may remain in circulation for some time, like ‘worthless bills’\footnote{Wittgenstein, Public and Private Occasions, pp. 31–33.}.

I think that, for Wittgenstein, in the character of Hadji Murat there were – to continue with the simile – old bills – which he could use to practise his anthropological method – and bills still...
in circulation. Basically, one: his way of going on doggedly through life, the overcoming of fear, his calm, temperate attitude, cold and at the same time passionate, distanced and ultimately indifferent even to the challenges that death in its various guises presents to him. At the beginning of Tolstoy’s story the narrator finds a Tartar thistle as he is walking and exclaims: ‘But what strength and vigour, I thought, recalling the effort it had cost me to pluck it. How stoutly it defended itself, and how dearly it sold its life’.

And in the last chapter, referring to the slain warrior, the story ends with an evocation of a thistle that had been crushed by a cart wheel: ‘This was the death that was brought to my mind by the crushed thistle in the ploughed field’.

Yet a further aspect of this character must have attracted Wittgenstein. For Hadji Murat is a man who has lost his roots, like the falcon in the tale told in the hills that, significantly, he remembers before his final departure in order to rescue his family. When the falcon returns to the free falcons in the mountains after the time that he has spent with human beings the other falcons will not accept him because of the silver bells on his legs; but the falcon that had been in captivity wants to stay in the mountains and his fellow falcons kill him. In the fragment Licht und Schatten Wittgenstein speaks of the case of a man who reaches the boundaries of his culture and confronts it: ‘then it is that confrontation, its type and intensity, that interests us in him, that takes hold of us in his work. The more great the more intensely, the less great the less intensely’.

In his memories of his conversations with Wittgenstein, Engelmann speaks of the importance that Wittgenstein attributed to the ‘happy end’ in Westerns (and in films in general). A film seemed to him to be the acting out of a wish-fulfilment dream and therefore had to end with the satisfying of the wish expressed in the dream. However, in order to make Wittgenstein’s opinion credible Engelmann adds something on his own account. Taking as his starting point Hölderlin’s distich about Oedipus Rex – ‘Many have failed to find words for highest joy’s joyous expression, / Here

45 Tolstoy, Hadji Murat, p. 338.
46 Ibid., p. 464.
47 Ibid., p. 57.
we find it at last, here in sorrow expressed’ – Engelmann compares the tragic end to what seems to be its opposite, the happy ending. For whether the transitory moving effect has to do with one type of human being or with the public in general, the tragic end shows, in the form of grief, that which is most joyous; in other words, ‘the victory of man’s loftiest aspirations over the base side of his nature, a victory he can attain and seal only through his own death’.

And this is so in the case of Hadji Murat, a dynamic series of pictures in prose that is almost like a Western from Hollywood’s golden age.

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48 Engelmann, pp. 92–93.
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