

From F. H. Bradley, *Essays on Truth and Reality* (1914)  
CHAPTER XIV – What is the Real Julius Caesar?

It may throw some light on the general position defended by myself, if I briefly state the answer which in my opinion should be given to this question. I will begin by emphasizing what to myself is the main and vital issue. Mr. Russell in a recent essay<sup>1</sup> ventures on the following assertion: "Returning now to Julius Caesar, I assume that it will be admitted that he himself is not a constituent of any judgement which I can make." To my mind the opposite of this admission appears to be evident. It seems to me certain, if such an admission is right, that about Julius Caesar I can have literally no knowledge at all, and that for me to attempt to speak about him is senseless. If on the other hand I am to know anything whatever about Caesar, then the real Caesar beyond doubt must himself enter into my judgements and be a constituent of my knowledge. And I do not understand how Mr. Russell can suppose that on any view like mine a different answer should be given.

The problem of the ultimate reality of Julius Caesar is obviously one which in a limited space cannot be thoroughly discussed. I can here deal with it but partially, and only on the assumption that the general conclusion which I have advocated is sound. To me the Universe is one Reality which appears in finite centres, and it hence is natural to ask at once if Julius Caesar is to be identified with a finite centre. The reply is obviously in the negative. A finite centre is not a soul, or a self, or an individual person.

Hence in the following pages we have throughout to bear these distinctions in mind. And these distinctions are so important, and they seem to be so difficult to apprehend, that I must begin by attempting, even at considerable length, to make them clear to the reader.

There is, however, one point to which I must first call attention. The Universe to me is one Experience which appears in finite centres. I take this to be true, but on the other hand it is not the whole truth. It is the truth to my mind solar as truth is attainable by me, but it nevertheless remains imperfect, and in the end it is not intelligible. Our ultimate conceptions, that is, are necessary, and in a sense they are really ultimate. But there are features in them which without any satisfactory insight we have to accept, since we are able to do no better. The complete experience which would supplement our ideas and make them perfect, is in detail beyond our understanding. And the reader, throughout what follows, will, I hope, not ignore this general warning.<sup>2</sup>

To proceed then, a finite centre, when we speak strictly, is not itself in time. It is an immediate experience of itself and of the Universe in one. It comes to itself as all the world and not as one world among others. And it has properly no duration through which it lasts. It can contain a lapse and a before and after, but these are subordinate. They are partial aspects that fall within the whole, and that, taken otherwise, do not

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<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society*, vol. xi, pp. 118-19.

<sup>2</sup> See my *Appearance* (the last chapter) for a discussion of this matter.

qualify the whole itself. A finite centre itself may indeed be called duration in the sense of presence. But such a present is not any time which is opposed to a past and future. It is temporal in the sense of being itself the positive and concrete negation of time.<sup>3</sup>

The distinctions of a past and future beyond the present time, and of one centre of experience as separate from others, are essentially the products of ideal construction.<sup>4</sup> And the same remark holds with regard to the duration in time of any finite centre. Hence these ideas properly are true only of the world of objects, and in the end a finite centre (if we are to express ourselves strictly) is not an object. It is a basis on and from which the world of objects is made. We may speak, as I have spoken myself (*Appearance*, p. 529), of a finite centre's duration. But we can do this only on sufferance, and so far as by reflection we have transformed into an object the nature of that which lies behind objects.<sup>5</sup>

And thus in the end a finite centre has no identity with any past or future of itself. It has, or it contains, a character, and on that character its past and future depend. And the special quality which makes my self one self as against others, remains (I will return to this point) in unbroken unity with that character. But the identity of a centre or a self with itself in time is essentially ideal. Its being depends on construction and holds good only through a breach in the immediate given unity of what and that. And so, to speak strictly, there is in my life neither continuance nor repetition of a finite centre. For a centre is timeless, and for itself it is not even finite as being itself one thing among others. To speak of its continuance and its sameness is to apply to it expressions which we are forced to use, but which in the end and in their proper sense cannot be justified.

The duration of a finite centre in time, and a plurality of centres which do not share their immediate experiences as immediate, are (I would repeat) necessary ideas. They are conceptions without which we could not express ourselves, and through which alone we can formulate that higher truth which at once contains and transcends them. Such ideal constructions, on the one hand, beyond question are real, and their reality is affirmed both in thought and volition. But they are neither

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<sup>3</sup> I will allow myself to add two passages from an early work of my own. 'The present is the filling of that duration in which the reality appears to me directly; and there can be no part of the succession of events so small or so great, that conceivably it might not appear as present.' . . . 'Presence is really the negation of time, and never can properly be given in the series. It is not the time that can ever be present, but only the content.' *Principles of Logic* (pub. 1883), pp. 52-3. The reader will of course not understand me here to claim originality for a doctrine which I inherited.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. here Chap. XII.

<sup>5</sup> From such a position as mine it is obvious that the question whether change is in the end real, admits of but one answer. The Universe contains change, but the Universe itself cannot change. I would gladly deal here or elsewhere with any arguments in favour of an opposite conclusion. But, to speak frankly, those arguments, so far as I know them, have failed to understand the position which they seek to attack.

immediately given nor in the end are they wholly intelligible. They are special appearances the full and ultimate reality of which cannot in detail be known.

It is interesting to inquire into the stages of that process by which we enter into possession of our everyday world, and it is important to trace in outline that development by which we come to distinguish outward things from ourselves, and our own self from others. But in principle we are concerned here not with the origin but with the nature of our knowledge. We have seen that a finite centre, so far as it exists as an object, so far as it endures in time, and is one of a number, is made and subsists by ideal construction. There really is within the Absolute a diversity of finite centres. There really is within finite centres a world of objects. And the continuance and identity of a finite centre, together with the separation of itself from all others, can become an object to that centre. These things are realities, and yet, because imperfect, they are but appearances which differ in degree. That they are supplemented and without loss are all made good absolutely in the Whole, we are led to conclude. But how in detail this is accomplished, and exactly what the diversity of finite centres means in the end, is beyond our knowledge.

To repeat myself thus may perhaps be useless, and is certainly not pleasant to myself. And yet I will pause to dwell on a point which seems still to trouble some critics. How I am to transcend my finite centre and to climb the walls of my pit, is, they urge, inconceivable. But that they themselves argue here from premisses which I reject they seem not to realize. I will venture, therefore, once more to set down what I have perhaps already said too often.

From the side of the Universe, so to express ourselves, the one Reality is present in a plurality of finite centres, but so that these do not directly share their experiences as immediate. None the less the one Universe is there, and it is real throughout, and it is also a higher experience in which every unshared diversity is unified and harmonized. How this also is possible, and how there can be such a thing as appearance, we on the one hand do not understand. But, on the other hand, that the thisness of each finite centre must prevent the one Absolute from knowing itself and from realizing itself in and through finite centres, otherwise than in their several immediacies of this again I assuredly am ignorant. My critics may perceive and may even comprehend this alleged incompatibility, but to my mind the incompatibility does not exist. For rejecting a higher experience, in which appearances are transformed, I can find no reason, while on the contrary I have more than sufficient reason to accept it.

Again, to view the same thing from the side of my finite centre, all my experience and knowledge is that of the Universe and this centre in one, and therefore clearly without exception all my knowledge is transcendent. The entirety of the object- world, the prolongation in time of my finite centre, its conscious limitation as one among others and as mine and not yours, the whole of this distinguished region comes from and lives through transcendence. To ask as to the possibility of my passing beyond my finite centre seems therefore senseless. My being is there only because and in so far as my being is also and already beyond, and is one with the life of the all-pervading Universe. You may insist that the felt immediacy on which my self is

based makes an impassable obstacle. It is something (you are sure) connexion with which prevents the Universe from knowing itself as possessed also of other such connexions. But the whole of your contention rests to my mind on misconception and prejudice, while its assumption of knowledge as to what is possible seems to me even ridiculous.

What I mean by truth and reality is that world which satisfies the claim of the Universe present in and to what I call my self. Here is the one criterion, and to me no other criterion is possible. This satisfaction, I am sure, implies that the Universe immanent in my self is present also otherwise and elsewhere. The Reality therefore I take to have this character, and, though I cannot understand how it is so, I find no reason in my own want of comprehension. Thus by the radical incompatibility, of which my critics speak, I am not moved. For they have themselves made their own difficulty, because they have begun by falsifying the nature of things. It is they who have dismembered the living whole, and have sunk it in the pits which they have dug, and out of which they challenge it to rise. But this illusory construction of their own is possible only because in the end it is not true. Their divided world is made thinkable only by that totality which itself throughout upholds and is beyond it.

After this digression, which I hope the reader will excuse, I will return to our main inquiry. I will proceed to ask as to the meaning of a soul and again of a self. Neither of these ideas must be confused with what we call a finite centre, and with each there is a demand for careful distinction.

What is a soul? A soul is a finite centre viewed as an object existing in time with a before and after of itself.

And further the soul is a thing distinct from the experiences which it has, which experiences we take not as itself but as its states. The finite centre was an experience which is in one with its own reality. It comes to itself (we saw) immediately as a content which is the Universe. And thus, when by a construction you prolong the finite centre in time, you have still not arrived at the idea of a soul. In order to reach this, you must go on to distinguish the content as experienced from that which experiences the content. The latter, you must say, has these experiences, and yet has them not as other things but as states of itself. And to whatever other reality these experiences may be due, to whatever other world they may belong, and to whatever things, other than the soul, they may stand in relation, all this in one sense is indifferent. If you confine your attention to the soul as a soul, then every possible experience is no more than that which happens in and to this soul. You have to do with psychical events which qualify the soul, and in the end these events, so far as you are true to your idea, are merely states of the soul. Such a conception is for certain purposes legitimate and necessary, and to condemn it, while used within proper limits, is to my mind mistaken. But, outside these limits, what we call the soul

is, I agree, indefensible. It is vitiated by inconsistencies and by hopeless contradictions into which there is here no need to enter further.<sup>6</sup>

Whether the soul is essentially one among other souls need not be discussed. I cannot myself see that an affirmative answer is necessary, but the question here seems not relevant. We may say the same of the doubt whether without a body a soul is possible. And with regard to a soul's identity I will merely state that, so far as I see, this point, if it is to be settled, must be settled more or less arbitrarily. But such inquiries have little or no bearing on our purpose.<sup>7</sup> We are concerned here simply with the distinction between a soul and a finite centre, and I will pass from this to consider a similar point with reference to the self. How does a self stand towards a finite centre and again towards a soul? We have to do here, I agree, with an intricate and difficult problem. And I regret that in what follows I can do no more than set down that result which to myself seems tenable.

The self in the first place is not the same as the finite centre. We may even have a finite centre without any self, where that centre contains no opposition of self to not-self. On the other hand we have a self wherever within a finite centre there is an object. An object involves opposition, theoretical and practical, and this opposition is to a self, and it must so be felt. As to the duration of a self, that in principle need be no more than momentary. If we keep to ordinary usage a different reply would have perhaps to be given, but the usage, so far as I can judge, does not rest on any principle. And, again, for myself I cannot see that to be a self implies what is called memory. Wherever you take a finite centre as containing the opposition of not-self to self, and as having, of course, some duration through which this opposition remains or recurs, you have reached that which we term a self. It is usual, of course, for the object to consist at least partly of other selves, but to my mind this feature is certainly not essential.

We have, then, first (i) an immediate felt whole without any self or object. Next (ii), where we find an object against a self, this opposition is still a content within a totality of feeling. And the relation (so to speak of it) is not yet itself an object. There is not as yet in the proper sense any relation, because the self, so far, itself is no object. And, even when the correlation of self and not-self has been objectified, this complex object comes against the self still in that way which (to be strict) is no relation. The manner in which, in order to be an object, the object is felt, must be expressed by a preposition. The preposition implies the presence of two things before us. And thus, if we are not to be silent, we have no choice but to use a form of statement, while we deny an implication involved in that form. Further (iii) the self, although not yet an object, is experienced content, and it is itself a limited content and is so felt. Any view for which the self is not thus experienced as limited content, leaves us in my

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<sup>6</sup> See *Appearance*, and *Mind*, No. 33. The reader will bear in mind that, though feeling is in itself not an object, on the other hand, when you go on to view it as an event, you have so far made it objective. For psychology everything psychical which happens is in one sense an object, though most certainly not everything is an object for the individual soul in question.

<sup>7</sup> On these matters see my *Appearance*.

judgement without any self that is experienced at all. But from such a result it would follow that the self must either remain completely unknown, or at least must be known as something which is no self. And again I do not understand how in any felt whole there is to be an opposition, unless, as against the object, the all-containing whole also itself becomes something limited. While remaining, that is, still the unbroken whole, it is felt also specially in one with a restricted content. This limited self (I would once more add) may in self-consciousness itself become, more or less, an object ; but, notwithstanding this, it always must continue to be felt, and otherwise, as a self, it would bodily disappear, (iv) On the nature of that limited content felt as self I can here say nothing in detail. Far from remaining always the same, it varies greatly. There is much of it which from time to time has come before us as objective, and on the other hand there are elements which remain throughout in the background. And all this will be true even of that central group on which our personality seems to rest. But on these aspects of our problem I can here do no more than touch in passing.<sup>8</sup> (v) I will go on to emphasize the point which it is essential for us to keep in view. All that is experienced comes, we saw, within a finite centre, and is contained within that whole which is felt immediately. Now on the one side the self must be less than this felt totality, but on the other side the self must remain implicit in the unbroken unity of feeling. The self (to repeat this) may become an object, and yet the self still must also be felt immediately, or it is nothing. As so felt it still belongs to that world where content and being remain, at least formally, un-separated. The self's unity with that finite centre within which and before which the whole Universe comes, remains a unity which is implicit and non-relational. For, though it may come before the background as an object, the self (to repeat this) is a self only so far as it remains felt as in one with that whole background. I am fully aware that this statement is in one sense not intelligible. On the other hand to myself it serves to convey, if not to express, an indubitable and fundamental fact, a basis without which the world is ruined. And with this I must leave the matter to the reader's judgement.

(vi) The question why one finite centre, rather than any other, should be mine, can now be readily answered. My self, we have seen, depends on that which cannot become merely an object, and hence it remains intimately one thing with that finite centre within which my Universe appears. Other selves on the contrary are for me ideal objects, the being of which is made by opposition and construction.<sup>9</sup>

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<sup>8</sup> See *Appearance*, chap. ix.

<sup>9</sup> That any mind should have an immediate and direct experience of another mind seems, to me at least, out of the question. So far as I know, the only ground for such a doctrine is to be found in a false alternative. There is an apparent failure to perceive the extent to which my knowledge even of my own self is itself ideal and not immediate. My self and other selves are, each alike, constructions made in my experience. But my self is connected there with the basis of feeling, as other selves, in my experience, most certainly are not connected. If, however, we are to believe in memory in the sense of a direct knowledge of the past, and are to believe, again, in a direct experience of others states, I do not see why, in principle, we should not claim to experience Caesar, even to-day, directly from the inside.

They have, as such, no content which, except as within an ideal construction, can be felt in immediate union with the given foundation of my world.

It is true that other selves and God are far more than mere ideal objects. On the contrary, the wills of others can, as we say, be taken up into mine or mine resolved into theirs. And, however we phrase it, this real unity of emotion and action is most certain; and I know that God's will or that of others is carried out in my volition into actual fact. Nay, in comparison with the reality of this higher common will, anything that is merely my own can be experienced as unreal and worthless. And yet, so far as within my centre the overruling end is realized, the volition is mine in a sense in which it belongs to no other being. It realizes and it expresses that which is felt as itself in unbroken unity with what is given, while it is only with a different centre that another's will can be felt as thus intimately one. I can be aware of a common will which is realized in and by myself. I can be sure that, present also in another person, this same common will is also felt directly as his own. But, though each of us knows certainly of the others feeling, neither of us can experience it as it comes in direct unity with immediate experience.

It is only because it is an object that the other, for me, is another at all. Our joint experience, which I feel, I can feel as yours only on the strength of an ideal construction, which does not cease to be such because it is also a familiar fact. Our common feeling may in you, as in me, be referred ideally to both me and yourself. But that which in your experience makes in the end your feeling to be yours is no construction, while in my experience it depends on and consists in nothing else. Here is the solution of the puzzle well known to those who reflect on life, and who are driven for ever alternately to affirm and to deny that thoughts and emotions are shared.

It does not follow from the above that I myself am my world, or that I possess any superior importance or reality. As against the Universe, against the community or God, I may find myself, as we saw, to be trifling and contemptible. The nothingness of the self, in fear and in the condemnation of the higher Will, is familiar to us all. I have indeed a special and a singular reality possessed by naught else. This reality of mine is even indispensable to the Universe. But the same thing holds again of the meanest rudiment of fact or least vestige of appearance. That which is indispensable has its place ; but what kind of place and what amount of value belongs to it we have still to ask. The World and God without myself are in the end inconceivable so much is certain. But this tells us nothing as to the degree and as to the manner in which I serve to conduce to their reality. In short I cannot suppose that those critics who charge me with Solipsism can have much of an idea as to the position in which I stand. My self is not my finite centre, and my finite centre is but one amongst many, and it is not the Universe. It is the whole Universe entire and undivided, but it is that Universe only so far as it appears in one with a single centre. Feeling is the beginning, and it is the source of all material, and it forms the enfolding element and abiding ground of our world. But feeling is not that world, and it is not the criterion of Reality. The criterion for each of us is that system of developed content which we call true and good and beautiful. But for further explanation the reader must be referred to other chapters.

(vii) The intimate connexion of the finite centre and the self leads us continually into error. We identify the two, and then, failing perhaps to distinguish the finite centre from the Universe, we are landed in Solipsism. Or in any case the self, once confused with the prolonged finite centre, drifts into the position of a soul. And, since everything experienced within a soul must be taken as its adjective and state, we fall at once into dilemmas from which no exit is possible.

The true relation of the self to the soul may be now stated briefly. The soul is a self so far as within that soul we have the felt opposition of not-self to self. Whether within a soul there can at any time be more than one self, is a question which here we need not answer. For myself any decision on this point would have to remain more or less arbitrary. The same reply must be given if we are asked whether personal identity and the identity of the soul are indistinguishable or at least must coincide. But it is not necessary for us here to embarrass ourselves with these problems.<sup>10</sup>

Passing them by, we may observe how a want of clearness as to the relative positions of soul and self leads us fatally to confusion or ruin. On the one hand the self is a content which falls within the soul, and must, I suppose, in a sense be regarded as its state. Hence, if we forget to distinguish the self from the finite centre, which finite centre, as prolonged, we have turned into the soul-thing, the result is certain disaster. Every psychical content will belong to, and will be an adjective of, the self, while again the self will be an adjective and a state, in the end, of itself. On the other hand, if the soul be taken as an aggregation or collective unity, the self tends to become a mere ingredient which with others is found in this vessel. The self has here been turned into a mere object and its essence has vanished. For that essence, as we saw, lived in feeling and was inseparable from immediate experience as a whole.

The foregoing discussion has, I fear, been wearisome, though the importance and the difficulty of its subject is obvious. I will now pass from it to deal with the question of the individual's reality. What is it that we are to call the real Caesar? Let us begin at once by asking as to the limits of his being, and, again, let us start by assuming the following conclusions. A soul exists, as such, only for a certain period of some history, and the states of no soul can be observed directly by others. These two theses, let us add, will hold good of a self. What a man feels as himself is not accessible directly to others, and any such feeling is an event which falls within a single part of the time-series. The reader who is unable to endorse these statements, will perhaps, for the sake of argument, accept them provisionally. And is the real Caesar, let us now ask, confined within the boundary of such a limited soul or self?

(a) Even these limits, it may be argued, are already far too wide. The real Caesar is the man who is actually perceived, and, further, the man is not a body but is mental, and no one, we have agreed, but the man himself can perceive his own mind. The reality of Caesar must be therefore confined to his own self-knowledge. But from the above it follows that no one else, not even Caesar's own mother, ever knew the real Caesar, and that we ourselves now are even more ignorant, if greater ignorance can

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<sup>10</sup> Cf. *Appearance*, chapters ix and x.



exist. And yet, even with this, the being of Caesar has not been narrowed to its strict reality. For how much of Caesar was ever given even to himself in direct knowledge? That knowledge, whenever actual, was certainly confined to one present time. The past of Caesar and his future never came within his own experience. It was the being of a fleeting moment of which alone he was aware, and aware even of that, we may add, but imperfectly ; and it is in this fragment or succession of fragments that at last we have reached the actual hero. In other words the real man has, if not essentially, at least mainly become a thing unknowable even by himself. And, again, for us on our side, he has become simply nothing at all, and what we are to mean when we speak of him I cannot imagine. But this whole restriction of the individual's reality was founded on prejudice, and it leads inevitably, as we have seen, to theoretical ruin.

(b) If, however, leaving this error, we go on to fix other limits, and now confine the reality of Caesar within the period of his own lifetime, is our position more secure? On the contrary we seem left at once without any principle at all unless the identification of Caesar with his perishing body is perhaps to serve as a principle. And in short our narrowing of his true being to the mere period in which he lived, seems once more to rest on prejudice. Based on no principle, it is in collision both with common sense and consistent theory, and may be finally dismissed.

How far then, we ask, is the reality of the individual to extend? It extends, I reply, in a word just so far as it works. As far as any man has knowledge, so far, I insist, the man himself really is there in what is known. And it seems even obvious that his reality goes out as far as what we call his influence extends. The real individual is in short that sphere which his activity doth fill . The question within what limits a man feels and is aware of himself, does not, we saw, when it is answered, give you the bounds of his reality. And, if it is objected that the limits have now become too indefinite to be fixed, I reply that I both recognize and accept this consequence. It is a consequence which conflicts, so far as I see, with nothing better than prejudice.

Why should I be forced to believe that the great minds of the past, where they influence me, are unreal, and are themselves simply dead? Surely I am right to ask here for a reason, and for a reason that will bear scrutiny. Then you imagine also , I perhaps may hear, that a man's will really can survive his death. Long ago, I reply, I have urged that this imagination is the fact and the literal truth. A man's will is there where that will is carried out into existence. This of course does not imply that the man now feels and is directly aware of his will. It really denies that the man's will is confined within the sphere of his direct awareness. And, if this denial is not right, I am still waiting to learn upon what ground it is wrong. For I am acquainted with no ground which I at least could call rational.

We must accept a like consequence with regard to dead Caesar's knowledge. A man actually must be there, wherever his knowledge extends, even if that knowledge is of the unseen present or of the past or future. So far as Caesar in his own day foresaw ours, his proper reality was not limited to his own world or time. He was and he is present there, wherever anything that the Universe contains was present to his mind. Caesar of course was not, and he is not, in our own time as we ourselves now are there. The distinction is obvious and to ignore it would be even absurd. On the

other hand this separation only holds within limits, and it is perfectly compatible with the real presence of Caesar in his known object. The further result that Caesar's knowledge will affect the being of, and will make a difference to, his object, must again be affirmed. But as to the amount of such a difference of course nothing is implied. Differences may be there, and yet may fairly be called inappreciable. For certain of our purposes, that is, they may be taken as negligible.

It is then not evident, it is far from being evident, that the real Caesar is unable to come within my knowledge. He enters into my judgement on the contrary just as I, if he had foreseen me, might have been an actual constituent of his known world. Such a view, I fully admit, brings with it its difficulties, but the denial of it, so far as I see, entails absolute disaster. There surely can be no knowledge of anything except what is real, nor about anything which itself falls outside our knowledge.

We are here confronted by that error which consists in the sundering of ideal from real experience. If we know only by ideas, we never (it is an old argument) are able to reach reality, that reality, at least, which we find in direct awareness. But the whole division, when you take it thus as absolute separation, is false. We never anywhere know merely by ideas, and in the end a mere idea is but a ruinous abstraction, just as, on the other hand, wherever we have an object, our knowledge cannot fail to be ideal. That ideal construction in which for us the entire past consists, is based on and is inseparable from present feeling and perception. If these do not support and do not enter into that extension of themselves which is the past, that past has disappeared. You may insist that Caesar, at least as he knew himself, falls outside of our construction, but even this contention, understood as you understand it, is false. My idea of Caesar is not in the full sense an immediate experience of Caesar's mind, and as to this there is no question. But I have none the less an idea of Caesar's immediate experience, and my idea is true, and, so far as it goes, it is real, and actually, so far, it is Caesar's own direct awareness of himself. The difference here is not a wall which divides and isolates two worlds. The immediate experience and the idea of it, are, on the contrary, one in substance and in reality. Why they should not be so, I fail to perceive, and I am convinced, that if they are not so, our knowledge is illusion.<sup>11</sup> There

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<sup>11</sup> When (to use the instance given by Mr. Russell in his essay referred to already) we assert that Scott was the author of *Waverley*, what we presuppose as true and real is the idea of a unique individual man at such and such a determinate place in our unique real order of space and time. This idea, Mr. Russell contends, is not a constituent of any judgement. It is on the contrary, he says, something indeterminate which falls outside our proposition.

Any such doctrine to my mind is both false and utterly ruinous. I urge that in connexion with present perception, and by an ideal extension of that, we get the idea of a unique series and order, with a unique man at a certain part of that series and order. Such an idea is incomplete, but it is positive and determinate, and most assuredly it does enter into our judgement. And, if this is not so, then what Mr. Russell has to show is how our judgement can possibly be anything but senseless, and again how in fact our judgement even is possible.

With regard to Mr. Russell's contention that there are propositions without any denotation (p. 122), I of course reject this. The sense in which all propositions have denotation, and all are existential, has been long ago discussed by me (I admit imperfectly) in my *Principles of Logic*. Cf. Chap. III of this volume. The general view advocated by Prof. Bosanquet and myself seems (I would venture to add) to be ignored by Meinong and again by Mr. Russell.

is immediate experience assuredly which for itself is not an object, nor has any idea of its own being. But in the Universe as a whole any such falling apart of its complementary aspects is made good. And ex hyp. we are concerned here with a case where the immediate experience of the individual is known even to others.

The past and future (once more to repeat this) are ideal constructions which extend the given present. And our present world itself is a construction based on feeling and perception, construction here meaning for us (the reader will note) a living outgrowth of the continuous reality. The past and future vary, and they have to vary, with the changes of the present, and, to any man whose eyes are open, such variation is no mere theory but is plain fact. But, though ideal, the past and future are also real, and, if they were otherwise, they could be nothing for judgement or knowledge. They are actual, but they must remain incomplete essentially. Caesar's direct feeling and self-awareness are known by us really. Our knowledge does not go far, but, so far as it goes, our idea is the veritable reality. And, if it were anything else, then once more surely we could have no idea of Caesar. The immediate experience which Caesar had of himself, if you take that, not in its general character, but in its unbroken felt totality of particular detail, remains inaccessible. It is a feeling which comes within our knowledge, but which we do not ourselves actually feel. Caesar's experience however, as thus inaccessible, does not fall within history. It is at once below, and (as some would add) above the temporal order of events. Our knowledge of the past and future is, in short, an actual and yet an imperfect knowledge of reality. In this we have seen that it is like the knowledge we possess of those persons who are nearest. And the same conclusion holds even as to that which we can know of our own selves. Any self-knowledge which contains a past or future of our selves, is ideal. Any distinction of our own self from that of others, and even any appearance of our self as an object to our own selves, will bear the same character. And, when you have narrowed your awareness to that which both in substance and in form is direct, have you anything left which you can fairly take as being by itself the genuine knowledge of your own self? But into the discussion of this last point I will forbear to enter here.<sup>12</sup>

The real individual then (we find) does not fall merely within a moment, nor is he bounded by his birth and death, nor is he in principle confined to any limited period. He lives there wherever the past or future of our real order is present to his mind, and where in any other way whatever he influences or acts on it. If you complain that these limits are too indefinite, I will not ask you to reflect also whether the individual's reality does not pass even beyond the temporal order. I will content myself here with urging that at least any limit in time can in the end be seen to be arbitrary. We must treat the individual as real so far as anywhere for any purpose his being is appreciable. If this is to be inconsistent, it is still perhaps our least inconsistent course, and it is our way, our only way, of satisfactory knowledge.

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<sup>12</sup> Cf. *Appearance*, and Chap. VII, p. 205. The reader will, I hope, bear in mind the difference between the felt basis on which the knowledge of self depends, and, on the other side, that knowledge itself.