M I N D

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

OF

PSYCHOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

I.—ON SOME OMISSIONS OF INTROSPECTIVE PSYCHOLOGY.

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As is well known, contradictory opinions about the value of introspection prevail. Comte and Maudsley, for example, call it worthless; Ueberweg and Brentano come near calling it infallible. Both opinions are extravagances; the first for reasons too obvious to be given, the second because it fails to discriminate between the immediate *feltness* of a mental state and its perception by a subsequent act of reflection. The *esse* of a mental state, the advocates of infallibility say, is its *sentiri*; it has no recondite mode of being "in-itself". It must therefore be felt as it really is, without chance of error. But the feltness which is its essence is its own immanent and intrinsic feltness at the moment of being experienced, and has nothing to do with the way in which future conscious acts may feel about it. Such *sentiri* in future acts is not what is meant by its *esse*. And yet such *post-mortem sentiri* is the only way in which the introspective psychologist can grasp it. In its bare immediacy it is of no use to him. For his purposes it must be more than experienced; it must be remembered, reflected on, named, classed, known, related to other facts of the same order. And as in

the naming, classing, and knowing of things in general we are notoriously fallible, why not also here? Comte is quite right in laying stress on the fact that a feeling, to be named, judged, or perceived, must be already past. No subjective state, whilst present, is its own object; its object is always something else. There are, it is true, cases in which we appear to be naming our present feeling, and so to be experiencing and observing the same inner fact at a single stroke, as when we say "I feel tired," "I am angry," &c. But these are illusory, and a little attention unmasks the illusion. The present conscious state, when I say "I feel tired," is not the direct feeling of tire; when I say "I feel angry," it is not the direct feeling of anger. It is the feeling of *saying-I-feel-tired*, of *saying-I-feel-angry*,—entirely different matters, so different that the fatigue and anger apparently included in them are considerable modifications of the fatigue and anger directly felt the previous instant. The act of naming them has momentarily detracted from their force.

The only sound grounds on which the infallible veracity of the introspective judgment might be maintained, are empirical. If we have reason to think it has never yet deceived us, we may continue to trust it. This is the ground actually maintained by Herr Mohr in a recent little work.¹ "The illusions of our senses," says this author, "have undermined our belief in the reality of the outer world; in the sphere of inner observation our confidence is intact, for we have never found ourselves to be in error about the reality of an act of thought or feeling. We have never been misled into thinking we were *not* in doubt or in anger when these conditions were really states of our consciousness."

But, sound as the reasoning here is, I fear the premisses are not correct; and I propose in this article to supplement Mr. Sully's chapter on the Illusions of Introspection, by showing what immense tracts of our inner life are habitually overlooked and falsified by our most approved psychological authorities.

When we take a rapid general view of the wonderful stream of our consciousness, what strikes us first is the different *pace* of its different portions. Our mental life, like a bird's life, seems to be made of an alternation of flights and perchings. The rhythm of language expresses this, where every thought is expressed in a sentence, and every sentence closed by a period. The resting-places are usually occupied by sensorial imaginations of some sort, whose peculiarity is that they can be held before the mind for an indefinite time, and contem-

¹ *Grundlage der empirischen Psychologie*, Leipzig, 1882, p. 47.

plated without changing; the places of flight are filled with thoughts of relations, static or dynamic, that for the most part obtain between the matters contemplated in the periods of comparative rest.

Let us call the resting-places the "substantive parts," and the places of flight the "transitive parts," of the stream of thought. We may then say that the main end of our thinking is at all times the attainment of some other "substantive" part than the one from which we have just been dislodged. And we may say that the main use of the transitive parts is to lead us from one substantive conclusion to another. Of this perhaps more hereafter.

Now the first difficulty of introspection is that of seeing the transitive parts for what they really are. If they are but flights to a conclusion, stopping them to look at them before the conclusion is reached is really annihilating them. Whilst if we wait till the conclusion *be* reached, it so exceeds them in vigour and stability that it quite eclipses and swallows them up in its glare. Let anyone try to cut a thought across in the middle and get a look at its section, and he will see how difficult the introspective observation of the transitive tracts is. The rush of the thought is so headlong that it almost always brings us up at the conclusion before we can arrest it. Or if our purpose is nimble enough and we do arrest it, it ceases forthwith to be itself. As a snowflake-crystal caught in the warm hand is no longer a crystal but a drop, so, instead of catching the feeling of relation moving to its term, we find we have caught some substantive thing, usually the last word we were pronouncing, statically taken, and with its function, tendency and particular meaning in the sentence quite evaporated. The attempt at introspective analysis in these cases is in fact like seizing a spinning top to catch its motion, or trying to turn up the gas quickly enough to see how the darkness looks. And the challenge to *produce* these psychoses, which is sure to be thrown by doubting psychologists at anyone who contends for their existence, is as unfair as Zeno's treatment of the advocates of motion, when, asking them to point out in what place an arrow is when it moves, he argues the falsity of their thesis from their inability to make to so preposterous a question an immediate reply.

If holding fast the transitive parts of thought's stream, so as to observe them, be the first great difficulty of introspection, then its first great fallacy must necessarily be a failure to register them and give them their due, and a far too great emphasis laid on the more substantive parts of the stream. Accordingly we find that the orthodox empirical

psychologists, whether of England, Germany, or France, record under the name of images, *Vorstellungen*, or ideas, only such representations as have objects that can be brought to the distinct focus of attention and there stably held in view. Hume's fantastical assertion that we can form no idea of a thing with either quality or quantity without representing its exact degrees of each, has remained an undisputed dogma in nominalistic minds, until Mr. Galton and Prof. Huxley, or perhaps M. Taine, first called it in question. Strange that so patent an inward fact as the existence of "blended" images could be overlooked! Strange that the assertion could virtually be made that we cannot imagine a printed page without at the same time imagining every letter on it—and made too by a school that prided itself particularly on its powers of observation! However, of such blunders is the history of psychology composed.

But if blurred and indistinct substantive states could be systematically denied, *a fortiori* was it easy to deny that *transitive* states, considered as segments of the stream of sentience, have any existence at all. The principal effort of the Humian school has been to abrogate relations, not only from the sphere of reality, but from the sphere of consciousness; most of them being explained as words, to which no definite meanings, inner or outer, attach. The principal effort of the Platonising schools has been to prove that, since relations are unquestionably perceived to obtain between realities, but as unquestionably cannot be perceived through any modifications of the stream of subjective sentience comparable in nature with those through which the substantive qualities of things are perceived, they must needs be perceived by the immediate agency of a super-sensible Reason, the omission to do homage to which is for the Platonists the vital defect in the psychological performances of the opposite school.

The second great fallacy of introspection, then, is the ignoring of the fact that a peculiar modification of our subjective feeling corresponds to our awareness of each objective relation, and is the condition of its being known. To Mr. Spencer belongs the honour of having exploded this fallacy, in a few pages that seem to have made but small impression on his contemporaries, but which I cannot help regarding as by far the most important portion of his *Principles of Psychology*. In § 65 of that work it is distinctly laid down that, subjectively considered, "a relation proves to be itself a kind of feeling,—the momentary feeling accompanying the transition from one conspicuous feeling to another con-

spicuous feeling"; and that, "notwithstanding its extreme brevity, its qualitative character is appreciable". The phrase "feeling of relation" will be sure to shock certain fastidious ears, but I nevertheless think we had better use it. Surely if any objective truth whatever can come to be known during, and through the instrumentality of, a feeling, there seems no *a priori* reason why a relation should not be that truth; or why, since the feeling has no proper subjective name of its own, we should hesitate to psychologise about it as "the feeling of that relation". There is no other way of talking about it at all.

But, though I have praised Mr. Spencer for being the first to use the phrase, I cannot praise him for having seen very deeply into the doctrine. Like most English psychologists, he tries to reduce the number of relations among things to a minimum; and in other passages says they are limited to likeness and unlikeness, coexistence in space and sequence in time. Whether this be true of *real* relations, does not here concern us. But it is certainly false to say that our *feelings* of relation are of only these four kinds. On the contrary, there is not a conjunction or a preposition, and hardly an adverbial phrase, syntactic form, or inflection of voice, in human speech, that does not express some shading or other of relation which we at some moment actually feel to exist between the larger objects of our thought. If we speak objectively, it is the real relations that appear revealed; if we speak subjectively, it is the stream of consciousness that matches each of them by an inward colouring of its own. In either case the relations are numberless, and no existing language is capable of doing justice to all their shades.

We ought to say a feeling of *and*, a feeling of *if*, a feeling of *but*, and a feeling of *by*, quite as readily as we say a feeling of *blue* or a feeling of *cold*. Yet we do not: so inveterate has our habit become of recognising the existence of the substantive parts alone, that language almost refuses to lend itself to any other use. In a later place we shall see how the analogy of speech misleads us in still other ways. The Empiricists have always dwelt on its influence in making us suppose that where we have a separate name, a separate thing must needs be there to correspond with it; and they have rightly denied the existence of the mob of abstract entities, principles and forces, in whose favour no other evidence than this could be brought up. But they have said nothing of the obverse error, which in psychology is just as bad, the error, namely, of supposing that where

there is *no* name no entity can exist. All *dumb* psychic states have, owing to this error, been coolly suppressed; or, if recognised at all, have been named after the substantive perception they led to, as thoughts "about" this object or "about" that, the stolid word *about* engulfing all their delicate idiosyncracies in its monotonous sound. Thus the greater and greater accentuation and isolation of the substantive parts have continually gone on.

But the worst consequence of this vicious mode of mangling thought's stream is yet to come. From the continuously flowing thing it is, it is changed into a "manifold," broken into bits, called discrete; and in this condition, approved as its authentic and natural shape by the most opposite schools, it becomes the topic of one of the most tedious and interminable quarrels that philosophy has to show. I do not mean to say that the "Associationist" manner of representing the life of the mind as an agglutination in various shapes of separate entities called ideas, and the Herbartian way of representing it as resulting from the mutual repugnancies of separate entities called *Vorstellungen*, are not convenient formulas for roughly symbolising the facts. So are the fluid-theories of electricity, the emission-theory of light, the archetype-theory of the skeleton, and the theory that curves are composed of small straight lines. But, if taken as literal truth, I say that any one of these theories is just as false as any other, and leads to as pernicious results. The Associationist and the Herbartian psychologies are both false and for one and the same reason, that what God has joined together they resolutely and wantonly put asunder. It would be calamitous for us, *à propos* of this matter, to get embogged in a metaphysical discussion about what real unity and continuity are. So I hasten to say that, by the continuity of the mental stream, all I here contend for is the absence of *separate* parts in it. It is for the assertors of separate parts to tell us what they mean by their separateness—a thing which (so far as I know) they have never done, except when the Kantians say it is something that nothing short of the agency of categories working under a transcendental Ego can overcome. But, be the definition of the separateness of the parts what it may, the burden of proving its existence lies with its friends. For the stream of our feeling is sensibly continuous, like time's stream.¹ This is surely the natural way of viewing it in

¹ Of course I speak only of tracts of it uninterrupted by sleep or other unconsciousness.

the first instance, and as an empirical fact. It presents itself as a continuum. It is true that by it are revealed to us a multiplicity of what we are pleased to consider separate *objects*; but it ought to be proved, not simply assumed, that the proper way of describing this fact is to say we have a *cluster of feelings* as numerous as the objects, and not to say that we have a *feeling of the cluster* of objects, however numerous these may be. The whole cluster is, if apprehended at all, apprehended in one *something*. Why not as well in one subjective modification or pulse of feeling, as in one Ego? Of course this *naïve* and natural way of describing the stream of knowledge ought not to prejudice the results of analysis made later on, and such analysis might show an Ego, and ever so much besides. But the ordinary plan of talking of a plurality of separate feelings from the first does prejudice the question, and abandon altogether the empirical and natural-history point of view.

And see the fruits of prejudging a matter like this, see the two schools at work!

The Empiricists, whether English or German, start with their pluralism of psychic entities, ideas or *Vorstellungen*; show their order and connexion with each other; and then treat this order—which in the first instance appears as an object visible only to the psychologist, and recorded by him as a sort of physical fact—as equivalent to a mental fact apprehensible from within the series, and resulting in a modification of the manner in which the entities feel *themselves*.

The Rationalists immediately protest that the conclusions in this account are not warranted by the premisses, that the ideas or *Vorstellungen*, assumed as distinct psychic factors out of which mind is to be built up, must be kept *pure* during all the processes through which the psychologist leads them; and, that if kept pure, the reciprocal order or relation in which they may happen objectively to exist, will in no degree affect their manner of *being felt*. If the idea red is the idea red, it will be just that idea and nothing farther, whether the idea green has preceded it or not. The bald external fact of its sequence to green and its contrast to green will not make it aware of itself *as a fact* so sequent and so contrasted. Such awareness, if realised at all, could only be realised by a third psychic entity, to which the green and the red in their purity should be alike external and yet alike present; be known as separate and contrasted, and yet have the separateness overcome and the

contrast removed by the way in which they lie together in the synthetic unity of the relation in which they are perceived. Such a third psychic entity cannot be a compound of the ideas themselves; for ideas cannot compound themselves, and if they could the result would be a merging into a "mean" and not, as here, a preservation of individuality intact; it cannot be a link or hyphen¹ or any sort of *intermediary* to make the ideas *continuous*, for that, though between, would be really external to, both ideas, and be merely a third feeling on its own account, as ignorant of the other two as they are ignorant of each other. Not any of these things can it be; not any fact of sensibility whatever, but a fact of an altogether higher order, to which all facts of sensibility are as the dust it treads on, an *act*, unnameable but by its own name, which is *intelligence*, inimitable in its function, which is *relating*, unique in its agent, which is the *Ego*, *self*, or *me*.

Both schools make then the same baseless hypothesis at the outset—the hypothesis that feeling is discontinuous by nature. The Kantians, Platonisers, or whatever one may please to call them, make another hypothesis to neutralise it, and so save the appearances.² The Sensationalists,

¹ Such "hyphens," it may be said in passing, seem to be the feelings of relation Mr. Spencer has in mind in the section of his *Psychology* to which reference was made a short time back.

² Our Hegelian Platonisers will of course protest that *their* withers are unwrung by this indictment, and that the *Ego* they contend for is no quasi-mechanical power working from without on detached materials, but only a name for the fact that what we have called the segments of the stream are consciously *for* each other. The question is a delicate one to decide. My own impression is that practically they are often tempted; and that the form the temptation takes is that of dropping into the old-fashioned psychic dualism. The Platonising mood is essentially dualistic, for it is essentially worshipful; and every object of worship needs the foil of a principle of evil to set off its lustre. Sentiency as a detached principle is therefore almost indispensable to this habit of philosophising. Every church needs its devil, and sense and its works are the devil of the Platonic congregation. The most amusing proof of the Platonic demand for a dualistic psychology is given by the always delicious Ferrier, who, in Proposition 10 of his *Institutes*, affirms Plato to have meant nothing more by his intelligible world than ordinary men mean by their sensible world; but who, instead of remaining satisfied with this promising reduction, immediately adds: "but then his sensible world must be moved a peg downwards. It must be thrust into the regions of nonsense. It must be called, as we have properly called it, . . . the nonsensical world, the world of pure infatuation, of downright contradiction, of unalloyed absurdity." Why? Not for any evidence he gives that such a world as this *exists*, any more *intra* than *extra mentem*; but apparently for the sole reason that an evil principle may never fail to be at hand, on which our higher nature may, when occasion requires, exert its powers of disclaim.

unwilling to admit the supernatural principle, end with the philosophical melancholy of a Hume at the conclusion of his treatise, or with Mill's dismal confession of failure at the close of his chapter on the Psychological Theory of Mind.

But if we descend to the root of the trouble and deny the initial hypothesis, all difficulties and all need of discussion disappear at a stroke. And in truth there is no evidence whatever for supposing the pure atomic ideas of red and yellow, and the other elements of mental structure, to exist at all. They are abstractions, mere fictitious psychic counterparts to those elementary qualities of which we come to believe the real world is made up, but no one of them is an actual psychic fact. Whenever an elementary quality of the outer world is thought by us, the vehicle of the thinking is a feeling representing a highly complex object, that quality in relation with something else. Let us consider the mental stream and try to see what its constituents are like. Every one will admit that, as he thinks, a procession of varying objects, now simple, now complex in the extreme, passes before his attention, and that each one of these objects, whatever be its character, is accompanied by some sort of modification of his mental condition, of his subjective feeling, of the *wie ihm zu Muthe ist*, as Lotze would say. Even the advocates of an eternally identical Ego will confess that it must know its objects, *quid* changing, in and by and through changing states, affections, acts, or attitudes, which are modifications, however superficial, of its identity. We can then represent, if not the whole, at least the changing part of the subjective stream by a continuous line, and if, as psychologists, we wish to isolate any portion of it for examination, we can symbolise that isolation by making cross-strokes. But, as Mr. Hodgson has so admirably shown, the cross-strokes do not pre-exist. They are "*artefacta*"; and the natural function of every segment of the line is to lead continuously into the next segment and carry consciousness along unbroken.

Now what differences obtain between the segments of the subjective stream—between the intervals scored off upon the line? Their differences of character must at least be as great as the differences of the objects they severally are aware of, or help to make known,—whichever form of expression one prefer; otherwise there would be a difference of perception without any subjective sign or symptom, which is absurd.

If then the fact known be the-sequence-of-green-to-red-

and-the-contrast-of-these-two-colours, the state of mind in which that fact comes to knowledge must be quite other than the state of mind in which either pure red or pure green comes to knowledge. In other words, if we start the stream with a feeling of pure red as its first segment, we must follow that up with a second segment which is a feeling of green-as-sequent-upon-the-red-and-contrasted-with-it; or, if we insist on having a "pure" feeling of green, we may let it come in the second segment, and then follow with a third in which the complex relation of the objects of the first two segments is perceived. In either case, the stream must contain segments that are not "pure" elementary feelings. It must contain feelings of qualities-in-relation as well as of qualities absolute. But these feelings do not cease for that to be consubstantial with the rest of the stream. They can all be figured in the same straight line. They involve no new psychic dimension, as when the transcendentalists, after letting a number of "pure" feelings successively go "bang," bring their *deus ex machina* of an Ego swooping down upon them from his Olympian heights to make a cluster of them with his wonderful "relating thought".

The only thing that can see the pure feelings as a cluster (if pure feelings there be) is a later segment of the stream, to which the "pure" segments and their content appear as objects. It is a peculiarity of the stream that its several parts are susceptible of becoming objects for each other. We cannot explain this peculiarity any more than we can explain any other cognition. As a matter of fact, *every* segment of the stream is cognitive, and seems to look at an object other than itself; and when this object turns out to be a past segment, we say the present one remembers it. The present one in our supposed case is the remembrance of something complex, but that does not keep it from being a single segment. All the arguments used by the transcendentalists to prove the real unity of the Ego, the oneness of the relating principle, apply perfectly to the case before us, and forbid us for an instant to suppose that the segment in which a complex fact is remembered is not just one feeling and no more. Whatever is known *together* is and must be known through a single modification of thought's stream. When I think the seven colours of the rainbow, I do not have seven thoughts of a colour, and then a thought of a bow; that would be eight thoughts. What I have is just one thought of the whole object. And the first reasonable word has yet to be said to prove that such a "thought" as this is not, when

considered in its subjective constitution, and apart from its cognitive function, also a "feeling," as specific and unique as the simplest affection of consciousness.

The demand for atoms of feeling, which shall be real units, seems a sheer vagary, an illegitimate metaphor. Rationally, we see what perplexities it brings in its train; and empirically, no fact suggests it, for the actual contents of our minds are always representations of some kind of an *ensemble*. From the dawn of an individual consciousness to its close, we find each successive pulse of it capable of mirroring a more and more complex object, into which all the previous pulses may themselves enter as ingredients, and be known. There is no reason to suppose that the same feeling ever does or can recur again. The same *thing* may recur and be known in an indefinite number of successive feelings; but does the least proof exist that in any two of them it is represented in an identical subjective state? All analogy points the other way. For when the identical thing recurs, it is always thought of in a fresh manner, seen under a somewhat different angle, apprehended in different relations from those in which it last appeared. And the feeling cognisant of it is the unitary feeling of it-in-those-relations, not a feeling of it-pure *plus* a second feeling, or a supernatural "thought," of the relations. We are so befogged by the suggestions of speech that we think a constant thing, known under a constant name, ought to be known by means of a constant mental affection. The ancient languages, with their elaborate declensions, are better guides. In them no substantive appears "pure," but varies its inflection to suit the way it is known. However it may be of the stream of real life, of the mental river the saying of Herakleitos is probably literally true: we never bathe twice in the same water there.

How could we, when the structure of our brain itself is continually growing different under the pressure of experience? For an identical feeling to recur, it would have to recur in an unmodified brain, which is an impossibility. The organ, after intervening states, cannot react as it did before they came.

If we are ever to be entitled to make psychological inferences from brain-processes, we should make them here in favour of the view I defend. The whole drift of recent brain-inquiry sets towards the notion that the brain always acts as a whole, and that no part of it can be discharging without altering the tensions of all the other parts. The best symbol for it seems to be an electric conductor, the amount of whose charge at any one point is a function of

the total charge elsewhere. Some tracts are always waning in tension, some waxing, whilst others actively discharge. The states of tension, however, have as positive an influence as the discharges in determining the total condition, and consequently in deciding what the *psychosis* shall be to which the complex *neurosis* corresponds. All we know of sub-maximal nerve-irritations, and of the summation of apparently ineffective stimuli, tends to show that *no* changes in the brain are really physiologically ineffective, and that presumably none are bare of psychological result. But as the distribution of brain-tension shifts from one relative state of equilibrium to another, like the aurora borealis or the gyrations of a kaleidoscope, now rapid and now slow, is it likely that the brain's faithful psychic concomitant is heavier-footed than itself, that its rate of change is coarser-grained, that it cannot match each one of the organ's irradiations by a shifting inward iridescence of its own? But if it can do this, its inward iridescences must be infinite, for the brain-redistributions are in infinite variety. If so coarse a thing as a telephone-plate can be made to thrill for years and never reduplicate its inward condition, how much more must this be the case with the infinitely delicate brain?

As, in the senses, an impression feels very differently according to what has preceded it; as one colour succeeding another is modified by the contrast, silence sounds delicious after noise, and a note, when the scale is sung up, sounds unlike itself when the scale is sung down; as the presence of certain lines in a figure changes the apparent form of the other lines, and as in music the whole æsthetic effect comes from the manner in which one set of sounds alters our feeling of another; so, in thought, we must admit that those portions of the brain that have just been maximally excited retain a kind of soreness which is a condition of our present consciousness, a co-determinant of how and what we now shall feel.

I am sure that this concrete and total manner of regarding the mind's changes is the only true manner, difficult as it may be to carry it out in detail. Associationism and Herbartianism are only schematisms which, the moment they are literally taken, become mythologies, and had much better be dropped than retained.¹

¹ In an article on the "Association of Ideas" published in the *Popular Science Monthly* of New York for March, 1880, I have myself tried to re-interpret the various varieties of association as due to quantitative alterations in what is always an integral action of the brain.

Let me, by a few examples, bring the fact home for which I contend; let me show how a state of mind may be quite specific and at the same time quite inarticulate; let me exhibit some of the modifications that are probably due to nascent and waning excitements of the brain.

Suppose three successive persons say to us: "Wait!" "Hark!" "Look!" Our consciousness is thrown into three quite different attitudes of expectancy, although no definite object is before it in any one of the three cases. Counting out different actual bodily attitudes, and counting out the reverberating images of the three words, which are of course diverse, probably no one will deny the existence of a residual conscious affection, a sense of the direction from which an impression is about to come, although no positive impression is yet there. Meanwhile we have no names for the psychoses in question but the names hark, look, and wait.

Suppose we try to recall a forgotten name. The state of our consciousness is peculiar. There is a gap therein; but no mere gap. It is a gap that is intensely active. A sort of wraith of the name is in it, beckoning us in a given direction, making us at moments tingle with the sense of our closeness, and then letting us sink back without the longed-for term. If wrong names are proposed, this singularly definite gap acts immediately so as to negate them. They do not fit into its mould. And the gap of one word does not feel like the gap of another, all empty of content as both might seem necessarily to be when described as gaps. When I vainly try to recall the name of Spalding, my consciousness is far removed from what it is when I vainly try to recall the name of Bowles. Here some ingenious persons will say: "How *can* the two consciousnesses be different when the terms which might make them different are not there? All that is there, so long as the effort to recall is vain, is the bare effort itself. How should that differ in the two cases? You are making it seem to differ by prematurely filling it out with the different names, although these, by the hypothesis, have not yet come. Stick to the two efforts as they are, without naming them after facts not yet existent, and you'll be quite unable to designate any point in which they differ." Designate, truly enough. We can only designate the difference by borrowing the names of objects not yet in the mind. Which is to say that our psychological vocabulary is wholly inadequate to name the differences that exist, even such strong differences as these. But namelessness is compatible with existence. There are

innumerable consciousnesses of emptiness, no one of which taken in itself has a name, but all different from each other. The ordinary way is to assume that they are all emptinesses of consciousness, and so the same state. But the feeling of an absence is *toto coelo* other than the absence of a feeling. It is an intense feeling. The rhythm of a lost word may be there without a sound to clothe it; or the evanescent sense of something which is the initial vowel or consonant may mock us fitfully, without growing more distinct. Every one must know the tantalising effect of the blank rhythm of some forgotten verse, restlessly dancing in one's mind, striving to be filled out with words.

Again, what is the strange difference between an experience tasted for the first time and the same experience recognised as familiar, as having been enjoyed before, though we cannot name it or say where or when? A tune, an odour, a flavour sometimes carry this inarticulate feeling of their familiarity so deep into our consciousness that we are fairly shaken by its mysterious emotional power. But strong and characteristic as this psychosis is—it probably is due to the submaximal excitement of wide-spreading associational brain-tracts—the only name we have for all its shadings is “sense of familiarity”.

When we read such phrases as “naught but,” “either one or the other,” “*a* is *b*, but,” “although it is, nevertheless,” “it is an excluded middle, there is no *tertium quid*,” and a host of other verbal skeletons of logical relation, is it true that there is nothing more in our minds than the words themselves as they pass? What then is the meaning of the words which we think we understand as we read? What makes that meaning different in one phrase from what it is in the other? “Who?” “What?” “When?” “Where?” Is the difference of felt meaning in these interrogatives nothing more than their difference of sound? And is it not (just like the difference of sound itself) known and understood in an affection of consciousness correlative to it, though so impalpable to direct examination? Is not the same true of such negatives as “no,” “never,” “not yet”?

The truth is that large tracts of human speech are nothing but signs of direction in thought, of which direction we nevertheless have an acutely discriminative sense, though no definite sensorial image plays any part in it whatsoever. Sensorial images are stable psychic facts; we can hold them still and look at them as long as we like. These bare images of logical movement on the contrary are psychic transitions, always on the wing, so to speak, and not to be

glimpsed except in flight. Their function is to lead from one set of images to another. As they pass, we feel both the waxing and the waning images in a way altogether peculiar and a way quite different from the way of their full presence. If we try to hold fast the feeling of direction, the full presence comes and the feeling of direction is lost. The blank verbal scheme of the logical movement gives us the fleeting sense of the movement as we read it, quite as well as does a rational sentence awakening definite imaginations by its words.

What is that first instantaneous glimpse of some one's meaning which we have, when in vulgar phrase we say we "twig" it? Surely an altogether specific affection of our mind. And has the reader never asked himself what kind of a mental fact is his *intention of saying a thing* before he has said it? It is an entirely definite intention, distinct from all other intentions, an absolutely distinct state of consciousness therefore; and yet how much of it consists of definite sensorial images, either of words or of things? Hardly anything! Linger, and the words and things come into the mind; the anticipatory intention, the divination is there no more. But as the words that replace it arrive, it welcomes them successively and calls them right if they agree with it, it rejects them and calls them wrong if they do not. It has therefore a nature of its own of the most positive sort, and yet what can we say about it without using words that belong to the later mental facts that replace it? The *intention-to-say-so-and-so* is the only name it can receive. One may say that a good third of our psychic life consists in these rapid premonitory perspective views of schemes of thought not yet articulate. How comes it about that a man reading something aloud for the first time is able immediately to emphasise all his words aright, unless from the very first he have a sense of at least the form of the sentence yet to come, which sense is fused with his consciousness of the present word, and modifies its emphasis in his mind so as to make him give it the proper accent as he utters it? Emphasis of this kind is almost altogether a matter of grammatical construction. If we read "no more" we expect presently to come upon a "than"; if we read "however" at the outset of a sentence it is a "yet," a "still," or a "nevertheless," that we expect. A noun in a certain position demands a verb in a certain mood and number, in another position it expects a relative pronoun. Adjectives call for nouns, verbs for adverbs, &c., &c. And this foreboding of the coming grammatical

scheme combined with each successive uttered word is so practically accurate, that a reader incapable of understanding four ideas of the book he is reading aloud can nevertheless read it with the most delicately modulated expression of intelligence.

Some will interpret these facts by calling them all cases in which certain images, by laws of association, awaken others so very rapidly that we think afterwards we felt the very *tendencies* of the nascent images to arise before they were actually there. For this school the only possible materials of consciousness are images of a perfectly definite nature. Tendencies exist, but they are facts for the outside psychologist rather than for the subject of the observation. The tendency is thus a *psychical* zero; only its *results* are felt.

Now what I contend for, and accumulate examples to show, is that "tendencies" are not only descriptions from without, but that they are among the *objects* of the stream, which is thus aware of them from within, and must be described as in very large measure constituted of *feelings of tendency*, often so vague that we are unable to name them at all. It is in short the re-instatement of the vague to its proper place in our mental life which I am so anxious to press on the reader's attention. Mr. Galton and Prof. Huxley have made one step in advance in exploding the ridiculous theory of Hume and Berkeley that we can have no images but of perfectly definite things. Mr. Spencer has made another in overthrowing the equally ridiculous notion that, whilst simple objective qualities are revealed to our knowledge in feelings, relations are not. But these reforms are not half sweeping and radical enough. What must be admitted is that the definite images of traditional psychology form but the very smallest part of our minds as they actually live. The traditional psychology talks like one who should say a river consists of nothing but pailsful, spoonsful, quartpotsful, barrelsful, and other moulded forms of water. Even were the pails and the pots all actually standing in the stream, still between them the free water would continue to flow. It is just this free water of consciousness that psychologists resolutely overlook. Every definite image in the mind is steeped and dyed in the free water that flows round it. With it goes the sense of its relations, near and remote, the dying echo of whence it came to us, the dawning sense of whither it is to lead. The significance, the value, of the image is all in this halo or penumbra, that surrounds and escorts it,—or rather that is fused into one with it and has become bone of its bone

and flesh of its flesh ; leaving it, it is true, an image of the same *thing* it was before, but making it an image of that thing newly taken and freshly understood.

What is that shadowy scheme of the "form" of an opera, play, or book, which remains in our mind and on which we pass judgment when the actual thing is done? What is our notion of a scientific or philosophical system? Great thinkers have vast premonitory glimpses of schemes of relation between terms, which hardly even as verbal images enter the mind, so rapid is the whole process. We all of us have this permanent consciousness of whither our thought is going. It is a feeling like any other, a feeling of what thoughts are next to arise, before they have arisen. This field of view of consciousness varies very much in extent, depending largely on the degree of mental freshness or fatigue. When very fresh, our minds carry an immense horizon with them. The present image shoots its perspective far before it, irradiating in advance the regions in which lie the thoughts as yet unborn. Under ordinary conditions the halo of felt relations is much more circumscribed. And in states of extreme brain-fag the horizon is narrowed almost to the passing word,—the associative machinery, however, providing for the next word turning up in orderly sequence, until at last the tired thinker is led to some kind of a conclusion. At certain moments he may find himself doubting whether his thoughts have not come to a full stop ; but the vague sense of a *plus ultra* makes him ever struggle on towards a more definite expression of what it may be ; whilst the slowness of his utterance shows how difficult, under such conditions, the labour of thinking must be.

In the light of such considerations as these, the old dispute between Nominalism and Conceptualism seems to receive the simplest of solutions. The Nominalists say that, when we use the word *man*, meaning *mankind*, there is in the mind nothing more than either a sound or a particular image, *plus* certain tendencies which those elements have to awaken an indefinite number of images of particular men, or of other images (verbal or not) which "make sense" with *mankind*, but not with any individual. These "tendencies" are, however, for them mere physical facts, and not modes of feeling the word as it is uttered. The Conceptualists, on the other hand, see perfectly well that at the very moment of uttering the word, or even before uttering it, we know whether it is to be taken in a universal or a particular sense ; and they see that there is some actual present modification of the mind which is equivalent to an *understanding*

of the sense. But they call this modification, or conceptual character of the word, an act of pure intelligence, ascribe it to a higher region, and deem it not only other than, but even opposite to, all "facts of feeling" whatsoever.

Now why may we not side with the Conceptualists in saying that the universal sense of the word does correspond to a mental fact of *some* kind, but at the same time, agreeing with the Nominalists that all mental facts are modifications of subjective sensibility, why may we not call that fact a "feeling"? *Man* meant for *mankind* is in short a different feeling from *man* as a mere noise, or from *man* meant for *that* man, to wit, John Smith alone. Not that the difference consists simply in the fact that, when taken universally, the word has one of Mr. Galton's "blended" images of man associated with it. Many persons have seemed to think that these blended, or as Prof. Huxley calls them, "generic," images, are equivalent to concepts. But, in itself, a blurred thing is just as particular as a sharp thing; and the generic character of either sharp image or blurred image depends on its being felt *with its representative function*. This function is the mysterious *plus*, the understood meaning. But it is nothing applied to the image from above, no pure act of reason inhabiting a supersensible and semi-supernatural plane. It can be diagrammatised as continuous with all the other segments of the subjective stream. It is just that staining, fringe or halo of obscurely felt relation to masses of other imagery about to come, but not yet distinctly in focus, which we have so abundantly set forth.

If the image come unfringed it reveals but a simple quality, thing, or event; if it come fringed it reveals something expressly taken universally or in a scheme of relations. The difference between thought and feeling thus reduces itself, in the last subjective analysis, to the presence or absence of "fringe". And this in turn reduces itself, with much probability, in the last physiological analysis, to the absence or presence of sub-excitements of an effective degree of strength in other convolutions of the brain than those whose discharges underlie the more definite nucleus, the substantive ingredient, of the thought,—in this instance, the word or image it may happen to arouse.¹

¹ The contrast is not, as the Platonists would have it, between certain subjective facts called images and sensations, and others called acts of relating intelligence; the former being blind perishing things, knowing not even their own existence as such, whilst the latter combine past and future, the north pole and the south, in the mysterious synthesis of their cognitive sweep. The contrast is really between two *aspects*, in which all mental

I wish that space were here afforded to show what, in most cases of rapid thinking, the fringe or halo is with which each successive image is enveloped. Often it cannot be more than a sense of the mutual affinity or belonging together of the successive images, and of their continuity with the main topic. This is the minimal perception of rational sequence, and can obtain between pure series of words, as well as between pictorial images, or between these and words. It gives us a lulling sense that we are "all right"; and when we have it, we let the image before us "pass" without demur. We feel that the topic is gradually being enriched, and that we are making towards the right conclusion. When we listen with relaxed attention, this

facts without exception may be taken; their structural aspect, as being subjective, and their functional aspect, as being cognitions. In the former aspect, the highest as well as the lowest is a feeling, a peculiarly tinged segment of the stream. This tingeing is its sensitive body, the *wie ihm zu Muthe ist*, the way it feels whilst passing. In the latter aspect, the lowest mental fact as well as the highest grasps some bit of universal truth as its content, even though that truth were as relationless a matter as a bare unlocalised and undated quality of pain. From the cognitive point of view, all mental facts are intellections. From the subjective point of view all are feelings. Once admit that the passing and evanescent are as real parts of the stream as the distinct and comparatively abiding; once allow that fringes and haloes, inarticulate perceptions, whereof the objects are as yet unnamed, mere nascencies of cognition, premonitions, awarenesses of direction, are thoughts *sui generis*, as much as articulate imaginings and propositions are; once restore, I say, the *vague* to its psychological rights, and the matter presents no further difficulty.

And then we see that the current opposition of Feeling to Knowledge is quite a false issue. If every feeling is at the same time a bit of knowledge, we ought no longer to talk of mental states differing by having more or less of the cognitive quality; they only differ in knowing more or less, in having much fact or little fact for their object. The feeling of a broad scheme of relations is a feeling that knows much; the feeling of a simple quality is a feeling that knows little. But the knowing itself, whether of much or of little, has the same essence, and is as good knowing in the one case as in the other. Concept and image, thus discriminated through their objects, are consubstantial in their inward nature, as modes of feeling. The one, as particular, will no longer be held to be a relatively base sort of an entity, to be taken for granted, whilst the other, as universal, is celebrated as a sort of standing miracle, to be adored but not explained. Both concept and image, *quâ* subjective, are singular and particular. Both are moments of the stream which come, and in an instant are no more. The word universality has no meaning as applied to their psychic body or structure, which is always finite. It only has a meaning when applied to their use, import, or reference to the kind of object they may reveal. The representation, as such, of the universal object is as particular as that of an object about which we know so little that the interjection "Ha!" is all it can evoke from us in the way of speech. Both should be weighed in the same scales, and have the same measure meted out to them, whether of worship or of contempt.

vague perception that all the words we hear belong to the same language and to the same special vocabulary in that language, and that the grammatical sequence is familiar, is practically equivalent to an admission that what we hear is sense. But if an unusual foreign word be introduced, if the grammar trip, or if a term from an incongruous vocabulary suddenly appear, such as "rat-trap" or "plumber's bill" in a philosophical discourse, the sentence detonates, as it were, we receive a shock from the incongruity, and the drowsy assent is gone. The feeling of rationality in these cases seems rather a negative than a positive thing, being the mere absence of shock, or sense of discord, between the terms of thought. Provided only the right substantive conclusion be reached, the train of images that lead us to it is comparatively indifferent. They may be purely verbal, they may be mixed verbal and pictorial, or they may not be verbal at all, as in the interesting account by Mr. Ballard of his deaf-mute philosophising. They may be what they please;—but if they only bring us out right, they are rational operations of thinking.¹

Let us now pass to another introspective difficulty and source of fallacy, different from the one hitherto considered, but quite as baleful to psychology. I mean the *confusion between the psychologist's standpoint and the standpoint of the feeling* upon which he is supposed to be making his report.

The standpoint of the psychologist is external to that of the consciousness he is studying. Both itself and its own object are objects for him. They form a couple which he sees in relation, and compares together, and it follows from this that he alone can verify the cognitive character of any mental act, through his own assumed *true* knowledge of its object. Now he may err either by foisting his own knowledge of the object into the feeling, and representing the latter as aware of it just as he is. Or he may err by representing the feeling as if it felt *itself* to be what he knows it to be. Thus the psychologist may misrepresent the feeling in either of two ways, or in both.

¹ Hegel's celebrated dictum that pure being is identical with pure nothing, results from his taking the words statically, or without the fringe they wear when in a context. Taken in isolation, they agree in the single point of awakening no sensorial images. But taken dynamically, or as significant,—as *thought*,—their fringes of relation, their affinities and repugnances, their function and meaning, are felt and understood to be absolutely opposed.

I may mention immediately that the doctrine of the post-Kantians, that all knowledge is also self-knowledge, seems to flow from this confusion. Empirically, of course, an awareness of self accompanies most of our thinking. But that it should be needed to *make* that thinking "objective" is quite another matter. "Green-after-red-and-other-than-it" is an absolutely complete object of thought, ideally considered, and needs no added element. The fallacy seems to arise from some such reflection as this, that since the feeling *is* what it feels itself to be, so it must feel itself to be what it *is*, namely, related to each of its objects. That the last *is* covers much more ground than the first, the philosopher here does not notice. The first *is* signifies only the feeling's inward quality; the last *is* covers all possible facts *about* the feeling, relational facts, which can only be known from outside points of view like that of the philosopher himself.¹

But the great *Tummelplatz* of the confusion of the standpoints is the question of perception, and the whole problem of the manner in which the object is present to the mind in cognition. Distinguishing the standpoints explicitly leads us here to a very simple solution; and at the same time it clears up the subjective constitution of great tracts of our thinking, on which introspection hitherto has thrown but the most insufficient of lights.

The psychologist, studying this question, stands, as afore-said, outside of the cognitive state-of-consciousness he is analysing, and compares it with its supposed object, which he thinks he *really* knows. Let us call the object as known to him "the reality". Then the question is: Is the reality directly present to the feeling under observation, or is it represented by a mental substitute? And, if the latter: Is the representative *like* the reality, a copy of it, or is it not?

A word about the back-bone of the human mind, the psychological principle of identity, will help us here. Logic and ontology both have their principles of identity, but the psychological principle is different from either, being a highly synthetic proposition, which affirms that different mental acts can contemplate, mean to contemplate, and know that they mean to contemplate, the same objective matter, quality, thing or truth. The notion of sameness-with-something-else is in fact one of the "fringes" in which a substantive mental kernel-of-content can appear enveloped. The same reality,

¹ The criticisms of the late Professor T. H. Green on empiricist writers seem to me to be so saturated with this confusion of the two standpoints, that their in many respects excellent teaching sadly loses its effectiveness.

as we call the kernel, can, then, by virtue of this principle, be thought in widely differing ways. Some of these ways are complete ways, the others are relatively incomplete ways. As a rule, the more substantive and sensational a way is, the more complete we usually suppose it to be.

When now, as psychologists, we undertake to describe any one of these ways of thinking, we call them all "thoughts *about* that reality," ticketing them with its substantive name. For instance, whether I say "I write with steel pens," having such a pen in my hand, and seeing it move over the paper; or whether I say "I write with them," in a conversation whose general topic is steel-pens; or whether I say "Quills are better"; or whether I simply *intend* to say any one of these things, but no image verbal or other arises, because my attention is suddenly diverted;—whichever of these facts occur, most people would describe my mental state as "thought about steel-pens". They would name a substantive kernel, and call that the "object" of each of the several thoughts. And the professed psychologists would agree with them. But the psychologists would then begin, as the laymen do not, to wonder how thought *can* be "about" an "object," which may be present to the thought neither in its own sensible shape, nor by its name, nor even by a pronoun, or any sort of an articulate representative whatever—for these seem to be the predicaments of the last three thoughts about the pen. And the psychologists would then after their several fashions spin ingenious theories as to the typical and normal mode of "presence" to the mind of the "object" of its thoughts; each one finding in some *one* of the cases observed a warrant for his own peculiar views.

The whole puzzle arises from the wrong mode of describing the several cases, by which the layman and the psychologist alike substitute the "reality," which is their own object, and which happens to be also the substantive kernel of the object of the first thought instanced, for the several objects of the other three thoughts. Clearing up our ideas of "the object" brings us out of the wood.

The object of any thought is its entire content or deliverance, neither more nor less. It is a vicious use of speech to take out a substantive kernel from its content and call that its object; and it is an equally vicious use of speech to add a substantive kernel not articulately included in its content, and to call that its object. Yet either one of these two sins we commit, whenever we content ourselves with saying that a given thought is simply "about" a certain topic, or that that topic is its "object". The object of my thought in the

previous sentence, for example, is not simply "the sins we commit," nor "the sins we commit as psychologists," nor "the sins we commit as psychologists naming the objects of thoughts". Its object is nothing short of the entire sentence; and if we wish to speak of it substantively, we must make a substantive of it by writing it out in full with hyphens between all its words. Nothing short of this can possibly name its delicate idiosyncrasy. And if we wish to *feel* that idiosyncrasy we must reproduce the thought as it was uttered, with every word fringed and the whole sentence bathed in that original halo of obscure relations, which, like an horizon, then spread about its meaning.

In this "fringing" may be included a feeling of *continuity with the previous thoughts*, of there having been no breach of topic, but of the main interest and problem being unchanged. This would justify us psychologists in saying that the "topic" of the successive thoughts was still steel-pens, even although steel-pens as substantive images had long ceased to be present, and were not represented verbally even in pronominal form.

But can anyone pretend, in strict psychology, that the "topic" these incomplete thoughts are said to be "of" or "about," stands in the same relation to the thoughts themselves as that in which the "reality," steel-pens, stood to the complete thought we began with? Does it hold the same relation to them that the steel-pen holds to me, as I now take it in my hand and watch it write? Most assuredly not: the so-called topic is the *immediate object* of the complete thought, and of my thought. Each of the incomplete thoughts, whilst we say it is "of" that same topic, has all the time its *own* immediate object, which stands in the place the topic stands in in the complete thought and in mine. Exactly what that object is, is a question very hard to answer introspectively, when the thought is incomplete and transitive, and it has sped, and its light is out. We may safely say, however, that *continuity-with-the-complete-thought*, or with whatever previous thought first brought the topic on the *tapis*, enters *into* the object of each of the incomplete thoughts, so far as they can be truly said to be "about" that topic. They do not envelop the topic in a substantive manner, they are thrown *at* it merely. Their relation to it is that of a sense of the direction in which it lies. That directions unmarked by explicit and substantive termini are among the most frequently discriminated objects of our thinking, is a point that needs no proof. When a child, asked for the reason of some-

thing, says simply "*Because . . .*," and is satisfied; or when a man, after hearing a long plan, says "No! we cannot do it *so, . . .* "; each of them draws a line of definite relation between some substantive thing and a term not realised in the thought, but hidden out of sight and towards which the thinker merely points or looks.

Let us continue to use the name "topic" to designate the substantive reality *towards* which each of the incomplete thoughts looks, and to some conclusion from or about which the whole procession of them will probably lead. We, as outside observers of the thoughts, knowing them in this their function of being connected with it, have a perfect right to say that they are "thoughts concerning this topic". But we are absolutely wrong if we say that their *object* is the topic, or that the topic is *present* to them, or that they are in any *direct* way "of" or "about" it. We then not only thrust into them *our* object, and the object of another thought with which they are only remotely connected; but we by the same act excuse ourselves from seeking—and if we chance to seek, prevent ourselves from finding—what their own immediate objects really are.

Every thought has its *own* object immediately present to it; and the only question in each particular case is as to *what* that object is. For the traditional psychologists, however, who say that many differing thoughts may have the same object, the great question is, *how* is that object present to them all, since they seem to resemble each other as little as they do. And the difficulties of answering that question are such that we find as clear-headed writers on the whole as Reid and Stewart throwing up the sponge. Even in sense-perception, they say, the reality is no more represented by our feeling than it is in our most remotely and indirectly referential thought. There is never the least resemblance or consanguinity between the thing we know and the feeling's content. The latter is merely a signal to awaken the *knowledge* of the thing, which knowledge is an act of pure intelligence, of which absolutely nothing can be said, and whose connexion with the signal is for us an arbitrary and unintelligible fact.

Now the truth is that in certain selected cases the signal *is* the reality. In complete sense-perception, for example, we normally believe that we see the latter face to face. Of what we have called the incomplete thoughts, however, this reality is only the "topic"; that is, a whole procession of them may occur without the reality's features being once directly present therein; but yet be a procession that takes

note of its existence after a fashion, and is aware of itself as a procession leading to or from it as a terminus.

That there is a semblance of paradox here cannot be denied. Grant the procession to know its own existence as a procession; still how can it know itself as a procession to or from *that* reality,—or even in the direction of that reality,—without also knowing that reality itself immediately and face to face? But this apparent paradox comes from the confusion of the incomplete thought's standpoint with our own. We think the reality must be known in the procession as it is known to us, when—naming the procession—we call it a procession to or from that reality,—also explicitly naming and imagining the latter too. *We* cannot *name* the topic without the reality becoming a direct present object to us. But the procession can and does feel its topic in an entirely different way. To substitute our way for this way is a complete falsification of the data into which, as psychologists, we are supposed to inquire. What the actual way is, is excessively difficult to make out, on account of the elusive character of those transitive and relational elements of subjectivity on which we commented at the outset of our essay, and of which the procession is mainly composed. Considering our feeling of a tune may make the matter a little clearer. A tune is a processional feeling, in which the idea of the whole is present to each note, so far as to tinge or “fringe” that note differently from the way in which it finds itself tinged or fringed in any other tune. Now the “topic” is to each incomplete thought in the procession what the “tune” is to each note. *We* have to name the topic and the tune explicitly whenever we speak of them; but as we do not pretend that each note in the tune names and hums the entire tune on its own account, at the same time that it hears itself; so we ought not to pretend that each thought in the procession names and knows the topic of the procession in the same articulate and explicit way that we do, when we try to define just which procession it is.

What *sort* of a feeling each thought in the procession has of which procession it is, is as much a mystery for us to-day as what sort of a sense each note has of the tune it is in. These are the problems for the introspection of the future. I have said enough to show, I hope, their difficulty, and some of the causes on which that difficulty depends,—the main one being that our thought is a teleological organism, of which large tracts exist only for the attainment of others; and that our perception of these others, which were called

its substantive parts, tends to spread itself everywhere in our reflective memory and obscure and replace the perception of the more evanescent parts that intervened. I hope I have made the reader feel how crude a thing that is which even our best text-books seek to pass off as "analysis of the human mind," and how deeply our current opinions on the subject demand revision.¹

¹One word on my attitude towards the Ego may avert misconception. All I have urged against it in this article, is against it in its alleged exclusive capacity of "relating" agent. I have said there is no need of an agent to relate together what never was separate, and that it is an unnecessary hypothesis for explaining *cognition*. That feelings can be "for" each other when they do not belong to the same Ego, is proved whenever one person knows what another person thinks. That their being "for" each other when they do belong to the same Ego, is not a *consequence* of such belonging,—but may be more simply formulated by saying that each segment of the stream has its objects, and that the earlier segments become objects for the later,—is what I have sought to show. If this "solidarity" of the stream of feelings is all that is meant by the Ego,—if the Ego is merely a name for that fact,—well and good,—we seem agreed! For myself, however, there are certain material peculiarities about the way in which segments of the stream are *for* each other when they belong to the *same* Ego, that call for a deeper study of the question, and rather lead us to reserve the word Ego until they are quite cleared up. What is the difference between *your* feeling cognised by me, and a feeling expressly cognised by me as *mine*? A difference of intimacy, of warmth, of continuity, similar to the difference between a sense-perception and something merely imagined—which seems to point to a special *content* in each several stream of consciousness, for which Ego is perhaps the best specific name.