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THE REAL, THE FICTIONAL, AND THE FAKE*

Abstract

Reality is rich, various, and multi-layered. The earth we humans inhabit is only one small corner of a vast universe, itself perhaps only one of many "multi-verses." And in this small corner, natural reality is overlaid by a dense mesh of human creations, physical and mental, intellectual and imaginative. It isn't easy, however, to articulate the ontological status of those imaginative creations: there really are fictional characters, etc., one wants to say, but those fictional characters, etc. aren't real. But the air of paradox can be dispelled by noticing that in the metaphysical use in which it contrasts with "imaginary," just as in the more humdrum use in which it contrasts with "fake, bogus," the word "real" is short for "real X." There are real fictional characters; but they aren't real people, they're mental constructions.

> **real:** actually existing as a thing or occurring in fact, objective, genuine, rightly so called, natural, sincere, not purely nominal or supposed or pretended or artificial or hypocritical or affected.
> (*Oxford English Dictionary*)

For a while, as I mulled over Prof. Guglielminetti's invitation to write a paper "about reality," I felt somewhat at a loss. "What in the world *isn't* real?" I wondered; and then, "Can I really write about *everything*—in 5,000 words or less?" I thought first of following up on earlier work in which I had focused on the use of "real" in which it contrasts with "imaginary, fictional, a figment,"[1] by taking the opportunity to explore the more homely use in which "real" contrasts, instead, with "fake, fraudulent, imitation"; but I was concerned that this might prove to be an exercise of more lexicographical than philosophical interest—too limited a topic for the present occasion. I thought next of tackling a lingering difficulty I had encountered in that earlier work—that my thesis that, though there really are fictional characters, those fictional characters aren't real, sounded more than a little paradoxical; but I was afraid that pulling at this loose end might call for

[1] SUSAN HAACK, "The World According to Innocent Realism: The One and the Many, the Real and the Imaginary, the Natural and the Social", forthcoming in WERNER GEPHARDT, ed., *The New Realism* (Frankfurt am Main: Klostermann), and in German translation in MARKUS GABRIEL, ed., *Der Neue Realismus* (Berlin: Surhkamp).

radical revisions in my Innocent Realist metaphysics—too large a task for this occasion. But then I realized (whew!) that what was needed to dispel the air of paradox in my account of fictional characters was, precisely, to recognize a significant but rarely-noticed commonality between the metaphysical and the humdrum uses of "real"—that both are incomplete without a sortal term.

So I will first illustrate those two uses of "real"(§1); next, focusing on the metaphysical use in which "real" contrasts with "imaginary, fictional," provide a kind of sketch-map that will, I hope, convey at least something of how rich and various reality is (§2); and then explore some of the twists and turns of which the imagination is capable (§3). This will reveal, however, that it's not easy to articulate the ontological status of imagined animals, people, machines, etc., without falling into self-contradiction. And after all these preliminaries, I will finally be able to show that, once we notice that "real," whether in its metaphysical or its more mundane sense, is short for "real X," this difficulty dissolves (§4).

1. *Two Uses of "Real"*

We distinguish real teeth from false teeth; real eyes from glass ones; real diamonds from paste or cubic zirconia; real silk, real suede, and real fur from the man-made imitation kind—which American advertisers like to call "faux";[2] real money both from counterfeit money and from play money; real turtle soup from mock-turtle soup; real coffee from the wartime *Ersatz* and from the convenient but undrinkable "instant" kind; real daggers and guns from prop or toy daggers and guns; the real dictator, the man himself, from his body-doubles. We also use the word "real" to distinguish genuine, reliable friends from the fair-weather (or the Facebook!) kind; real, authentic doubts from Descartes's pretended, or, as C.S. Peirce says, "paper" doubts;[3] real life from the idealized world of theoretical economists or political visionaries; a real job from a sinecure, from volunteer work or, in today's academy, from just enough *ad hoc* teaching to keep body and soul together; and so on. The English idiom, "the real thing"—as in "is this only infatuation, or is it true love, the real thing?"[4]—means "the genuine article, something that truly is

[2] I had always assumed that the idea was that the French, "faux," is less off-putting than the English, "fake." But it turns out that, in the case of fur at least, the motivation derives in part from the US Fur Act of 1951, which requires retailers to indicate whether a "fur" coat, for example, contains any real fur from real animals. TOM GARA, "The Fuzzy Truth in Labeling," *Wall Street Journal*, March 21, 2013, B2.

[3] See e.g., CHARLES SANDERS PEIRCE, *Collected Papers*, eds. Charles Hartshorne, Paul Weiss, and (vols. 7 and 8) Arthur Burks (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1931-58), 5.498 (c.1905), contrasting real doubts and "counterfeit paper doubts." See also 6.499 (c.1906); 6.514 (c.1905). [References to the *Collected Papers* are by volume and paragraph number.]

[4] The lyrics of an old Cole Porter song "At Long Last Love" (famously sung by Frank Sinatra), run, in part:

> Is it an earthquake or simply a shock?
> Is it the good turtle soup or only the mock?
> Is it a cocktail, this feeling of joy?
> Or is what I feel the real McCoy?
> .....

what it purports to be." In these examples, "real" contrasts with "nominal, supposed, pretended, affected, fake," and such, and falls under the dictionary's "genuine, rightly so called, natural, sincere, ..., etc."

But we also distinguish real friends from imaginary ones, like those I had when I was small—to whom I chattered endlessly, and who, I insisted, must be set places next to me at meals. (As I recall, these imaginary friends were called "Dum," "Dagwood," and "Auntie Elsie"; and they were finally banished only when, in desperation, my mother packed a [real] suitcase for them and sent them off on a holiday, ... from which they never returned.) Unlike the children I played with after school, these "friends" weren't real. Similarly, we distinguish real animals from mythical beasts; real people from fictional characters; a sick person's real disease from a hypochondriac's imagined ills; real oases from illusory ones; a real improvement in a patient's condition from a merely apparent one, and so on. In these examples, "real" contrasts with "imaginary, fictional, illusory, merely apparent," and falls under the dictionary's initial definition, "actually existing as a thing or occurring in fact." From a metaphysical point of view, I believe, this use is key.

Some philosophers take "real" to mean "independent of us." But this can't be right. Many things—candles, computers, clothes, crockery, etc., etc.—though certainly real, are obviously *not* independent of us, since we make them. Other philosophers—Putnam's Metaphysical Realist,[5] for example—take "real" to mean "mind-independent." But this can't be right, either. Many things—the dream I had last night, Einstein's thought-experiments, a grocery-shopper's fear of mad-cow disease in the beef supply—though certainly real, are obviously *not* mind-independent, since they are mental processes and products. Not only physical things, events, phenomena, laws, etc., but also mental states and processes, ideas, thoughts, beliefs, dreams, etc., and the products of those processes, are real.

I think now of the recurring dream I had as a child, in which I was chased up and down the stairs of my uncle's house by a horse. This dream was real: no matter what you or I or anyone believes about it, *that* was what I dreamt, and not, say, that I was being chased around the kitchen of my grandmother's house by an enormous chicken.[6] Unlike fictional characters and such, which are whatever their creators make them, what our beliefs, dreams, ideas, etc., are doesn't depend on what you or I or anyone thinks about them. As this suggests, in the metaphysically key sense, "real" contrasts with "imaginary," and means something like "independent of what you or I or anyone thinks about it."[7]

Is it a fancy not worth thinking of?
Or is it, at long last, love?

See http://www.lyricsfreak.com/f/frank+sinatra/at+long+last+love.

[5] HILARY PUTNAM, "A Defense of Internal Realism" (1982), in HILARY PUTNAM, *Realism with a Human Face* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1990), 30-42.

[6] Although, to be sure, the moment I thought of the example, there was an imagined enormous chicken that chased me round my grandmother's kitchen.

[7] The idea is found, early and late, in Peirce. See e.g., CHARLES SANDERS PEIRCE, *Collected Papers* (note 3 above), 8.2 (1871): "[t]he real is that which is not whatever we happen to think it"; and 5.525 (c.1905): "A real is anything that is not affected by men's cognitions *about it* ... . An external object is anything that is not affected by any cognitions, whether about it or not, of the man to whom it is external."

To say, as I just did, that our mental states, processes, etc., and the products of those processes, are real is not, in itself, to take sides in those long-running metaphysical disputes over monism, dualism, pluralism, etc. It is not to subscribe to any kind of Cartesian dualism of physical and mental substances, or to any kind of Fregean or Popperian three-world pluralism; and neither is it to subscribe to any kind of reductionism. But that is another story for another occasion.[8]

2. *A Rich and Varied Reality*

Reality—the one real world, to use the phrase that recurs in my statements of Innocent Realism[9]—is extraordinarily rich, various, and multi-layered. It includes natural things, stuff, phenomena, events, kinds, and laws: e.g., moons, mica, mice, magnetism, molybdenum, stars, silver, squirrels; moreover, the earth we humans inhabit is only one small corner of a vast universe, itself perhaps only one of many "multi-verses."[10] But the more important point for present purposes is that, in this small corner of our universe, natural reality is overlaid by a dense mesh of human creations, physical and mental, intellectual and imaginative.

The real world includes physical artifacts, both human and animal, from beavers' dams and birds' nests to human beings' hats, huts, houses, books, bridges, carts, carriages, cars, roads, railways, airplanes, etc.—all made of natural stuff, or of synthetic stuff made of natural components. It includes our mental states and processes, including our beliefs, hopes, fears, imaginings, and the like. It includes institutions such as money, marriage, and markets, and social roles, rules, and laws—all constituted in part by what people in the society concerned do, and by what they believe, hope, fear, etc. It includes a wealth of intellectual artifacts: languages,[11] musical and mathematical notations and other symbol systems, historical narratives, philosophical, theological, political,

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(Peirce, however, believing that this definition reaches only the second grade of clarity, goes on to explain the real as the object of the hypothetical Final Opinion that would be reached at the end of inquiry.)

[8] A story told in part in SUSAN HAACK, "Belief in Naturalism: An Epistemologist's Philosophy of Mind," *Logos & Episteme*, 1.1 (2009): 1-22. A person's mental states and processes, I argue, are physiologically realized, but not in the way the reductionist supposes; for their content depends, not on the physical features of their physiological realizations, but on the relation of those physiological states to words in whatever language the person speaks, and on the relation of words in that language to things, events, etc., in the world.

[9] See SUSAN HAACK, "Reflections on Relativism: From Momentous Tautology to Seductive Contradiction" (1996), reprinted in HAACK, *Manifesto of a Passionate Moderate: Unfashionable Essays* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1998), 149-66, pp.159-64; "Realisms and Their Rivals: Recovering Our Innocence," *Facta Philosophica*, 4.1 (2002): 67-88, pp.85-88; "The World According to Innocent Realism" (note 1 above).

[10] See e.g., MAX TEGMARK, "Parallel Universes," *Scientific American*, May 2003: 41-51; BERNARD CARR, ed., *Universe or Multiverse?* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2007).

[11] But didn't I suggest earlier (note 8 above) that mental states such as believing this or that get their content in part from connections between neurons in a person's brain and words in his language? Yes. But this needn't lead us into a vicious circle; for, both in the history of an individual and in the history of humanity, the capacity for sign-use and the capacity for beliefs, etc., grow up together.

mathematical, musical, scientific, and other theories, etc., etc. And it also includes a welter of imaginative artifacts: paintings, sculptures, operas, and so on; and myths, legends, folk tales, children's stories, poems, plays, novels, movies, cartoons, video games, and so forth—*and* the imagined places, scenarios, and characters that feature in them.

Of course, historical investigation or philosophical or theological or scientific thinking, no less than art or literature, requires imagination; and writing a novel or sculpting a mythical beast, no less than historical or scientific or other investigation, requires intellect. Ideally, then—since imagination and intellect are intimately inter-related—we shouldn't divide mental creations too sharply into two classes. "[N]othing but imagination can ever supply ... an inkling of the truth," Peirce writes; indeed, "next after the passion to learn there is no quality so indispensable to the successful prosecution of science as imagination." But the kind of imagination needed in science, he continues, isn't the kind needed by a businessman thinking up opportunities to make money; nor is it "mere artistic imagination." What the scientist dreams of is "explanations and laws."[12] Creative scientific work is imaginative; but the explanations and laws a scientist imagines, if he is successful, are not imaginary, but real. By contrast, though a creative work of fiction is also imaginative, the places, people, scenarios, etc., that a writer of fiction describes are (normally) not real, but imaginary. And here it is primarily the imaginary than concerns me.

Some imaginative creations are, in due course, realized: as when an architect builds the skyscraper or the museum or the McMansion that was once only an ambitious idea in his mind; when a plastic surgeon actually constructs the elegant nose about which his patient had previously only fantasized; when an inventor actually makes the flying machine of which he had previously only dreamed; and so on. In such cases, there is first an imagined X (an imagined skyscraper, an imagined elegant nose, an imagined flying machine, or whatever), and then, later, a real X. Some imaginative creations are simply imagined, never expressed in representation[13]—the dragon a child imagines lurking under the bed, the feared event that never happens, etc.; in which case there is simply an imagined X (an imaginary dragon, an imaginary disaster, etc.). And other imaginative creations are not *real*-ized, but rather are expressed in some kind of representational form: when an artist draws the fanciful fauna and flora he imagines, or a novelist writes a book telling the story he makes up, a sculptor carves the chimera or the hippogriff he had formerly conceived imaginatively, or a film-maker makes a movie or TV series based on what was once, as they say in Hollywood, only a "concept"—or I include in a paper a description of a dream about being chased by an oversized chicken that I previously only imagined having had as a child. In these cases there is, first, an imagined X and, later, a physical representation of an X.

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[12] CHARLES SANDERS PEIRCE, *Collected Papers* (note 3 above), 1.46-48 (c.1896). I take Peirce's word "mere," here, not as intended to denigrate artistic imagination, but rather as indicating that such imaginings are for their own sake, and not, as scientific imaginings are, preparatory to something else—the process of testing, seeing how well those imagined explanations stand up to evidence.

[13] "But," someone might object, "imagining something itself involves a kind of representation." I think this is true; but I set it aside for now, because it isn't crucial to the present argument, and weaving it into the text would create significant verbal difficulties.

3. *The Intricacies of the Imagination*

The human imagination is amazingly flexible, capable of seemingly endless twists, turns, and iterations.

Most novels, for example, are set in (fictionalized) real places; and many include fictionalized versions of real people or real events. So some of the characters, places, events, etc., that figure in works of fiction are partly fictional, but also partly real. The King Arthur of legend, for example, apparently has one foot in reality—in the person of the British chieftain who united the tribes to fight off invaders after the Romans abandoned Britain; and one foot in fiction—in the brilliant imaginative embroidery of a thirteenth-century poet, Geoffrey of Monmouth, who is responsible for the hundred knights, the Round Table, the sword in the stone, etc.[14] Again, in Zoe Fairbairn's novel, *Stand We At Last*,[15] we encounter a fictionalized version of the real feminist leader Christabel Pankhurst, among a whole cast of purely fictional people—one of whom dies in a fictionalized version of a real event, the sinking of the *Titanic*. And in David Lodge's *Changing Places: A Tale of Two Campuses*, a fictional American professor from the State University of Euphoria, a "small but populous state on the Western seaboard of America, situated between Northern and Southern California "—i.e., a fictional state located on the (real) west coast of the US—exchanges jobs temporarily with a British lecturer from Rummidge, "a large, graceless industrial city sprawled over the English Midlands"—i.e., a fictional city located in the (real) midlands of England.[16] And (turning for a moment from words to pictures), a recent exhibition at the Minneapolis Museum of Arts entitled, "More Real? Art in the Age of Truthiness," presents contemporary works "that straddle the line between fact and fiction," such as Seung Woo Back's enormous photographs of what seem to be impossible scenes: e.g., what appear to be Korean boats in what appears to be a Korean harbor—but with a New York landmark, the Brooklyn Bridge, just barely visible in the background.[17]

Again, some imaginative creations are realized in representation more than once. The story of Captain Ahab and his pursuit of the great white whale, Moby-Dick, initially only an idea in Herman Melville's imagination, was represented first in his novel,[18] and then, several times, in movie form[19] (and for all I know, by now also in comic-book form, etc.). A British TV series of murder mysteries, "Inspector Morse," based on the novels by Colin Dexter, continued after Dexter's death; and then was followed, after the death

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[14] See e.g., RICHARD FLETCHER, *Who's Who in Roman Britain and Anglo-Saxon England* (London and Chicago, IL: St. James Press, 1989), p.18.

[15] ZOE FAIRBAIRN, *Stand We At Last* (London: Virago Press, 1963; London: Pan Books, 1964).

[16] DAVID LODGE, *Changing Places*: *A Tale of Two Campuses* (London: Martin Secker & Warburg, 1975; Harmondsworth Middlesex, UK: Penguin Books, 1978), p.13.

[17] PETER PLAGENS, "Too Clever by Half," *Wall Street Journal*, April 16, 2013, D5, reviewing the exhibition "More Real: Art in the Age of Truthiness," at the Minneapolis Institute of Art. (The satirical word "truthiness" was coined by comedian Steven Colbert.)

[18] HERMAN MELVILLE, *Moby-Dick: Or, The Whale* (1851: New York: Signet Classics, 1955).

[19] A quick Google search turned up a 1930 movie starring John Barrymore; a 1956 movie starring Gregory Peck; a 1998 movie starring Patrick Stewart; and a 2010 TV mini-series starring William Hurt.

of the actor who played Morse, by the "Inspector Lewis" series—in which the actor who as a young man had played Morse's Sergeant Lewis, now plays the new police inspector. Writers of "fan-fiction" re-imagine familiar characters from novels or TV series, and re-represent these re-imagined characters in their online stories about a vampire Mr. Darcy or a Martian Dr. House, or, ..., etc. Sculptor Robert Taplin makes intricate miniature pieces re-representing the imagined scenarios of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, now not in words, but in resin.[20] There are many forms of representation; and even more ways in which imagined things, flora, fauna, people, places, scenarios, etc., can be represented. For simplicity, I will focus in what follows on fictional characters, places, etc.; but the argument applies to imaginary creations more generally.

Fiction is fluid—inherently so, I'm tempted to say. Some novels include fictional characters imagined by fictional characters—as in Dorothy Sayers's detective novel, *Gaudy Night*,[21] where the central character, Harriet Vane, herself a writer of detective fiction and part-time sleuth, is writing a detective story in which one character, Wilfrid, is proving recalcitrant; or as in Lewis Carroll's poem, "The Hunting of the Snark,"[22] where fictional characters are in pursuit of a fictional imaginary beast. And a few novels, such as Jasper Fforde's wildly playful meta-literary series featuring Jurisfiction operative Thursday Next, include not only characters from other novels—Charles Dickens's Miss Havisham,[23] for example, is Ms. Next's Jurisfiction supervisor—but also imagined fictional scenarios, as signaled by the title of one of the novels in the series, *The Well of Lost Plots*.[24]

4. *A Problem about Fictional Characters, and Its Resolution*

The real world includes all the products of the human imagination, from mythical birds and beasts to Hamlet and Homer Simpson. There really are imagined flowers, animals, people, etc.. But there aren't and never were such beasts as unicorns, chimeras, etc.; there isn't and never was such a creature as the firebird of Slavic mythology;[25] there

[20] KAREN WILSON, "A Meeting of Past and Present," *Wall Street Journal*, January 22, 2013, D5, reviewing a show at Grounds for Sculpture in Hamilton, N.J., including a series of Taplin's sculptures entitled "Everything Imaginary is Real (After Dante)."

[21] DOROTHY L. SAYERS, *Gaudy Night* (1936; New York: HarperPaperbacks, 1995).

[22] LEWIS CARROLL, "The Hunting of the Snark" (1874) in *The Works of Lewis Carroll*, ed. Roger Lancelyn Green (London: Hamyln Publishing Group, 1965), 731-53. This poem of Carroll's has been described by Sidney Williams and Falconer Madan as relating "the impossible voyage of an improbable crew to find an inconceivable creature" (cited in Martin Gardner, *The Annotated Snark* [New York: Penguin Books, 1974]).

[23] CHARLES DICKENS, *Great Expectations* (1860-61; New York: Bantam Classics, 1981, reissued 2003). Dickens's Miss Havisham is an eccentric elderly lady who as a young woman was jilted at the altar, but still wears her rotting wedding gown and still keeps her crumbling wedding cake; Fforde's Miss Havisham is an eccentric elderly lady who drives her sports-car like a demon.

[24] JASPER FFORDE, *The Well of Lost Plots* (New York: Penguin Books, 2003).

[25] I first learned about the firebird from a historical novel: EDWARD RUTHERFURD, *Russka* (New York: Ivy Books, 1991). Wikipedia describes this creature as "a magical glowing bird from a faraway land, which is both a blessing and a bringer of doom to its captor," and notes that Sergei Diagilev of the Ballet Russe commissioned Igor Stravinsky to create the score for the famous ballet, "The Firebird."

aren't and never were such shining fish as the "stardines," nor such animals as the "brain-deer," "fountain lions," and "slobsters" I recently read about in a review of what sounds like a delightful children's book;[26] there aren't and never were such flowers as Edward Lear's "manypeeplia upsidedownia";[27] there isn't and never was a prince of Denmark named Hamlet, nor such a family as the Simpsons. And so on. This is as much as to say that novels, and the fictional characters, places, etc., that figure in them, are real; but at the same time, that the places and people they describe, and the events they narrate, are *not* real, but imaginary. The problem, of course, is that this sounds disturbingly like a contradiction.

How, without falling into paradox, are we to make sense of the fact that *there really are fictional characters*—the real products of real mental processes; but that *fictional characters are not real*? In "The World According to Innocent Realism," I wrote that "George Eliot's *Middlemarch* is a real work of fiction, and Dorothea Brooks is a real fictional character; but there never was any such place as Middlemarch, nor any such person as Dorothea Brooks. ... 'There really are fictional characters' just means that there are real works of fiction in which imagined people figure; and 'these fictional characters are not real' just means that there are no such people as these works of fiction describe."[28] This is right, so far as it goes; but it doesn't quite dispel the air of paradox.

To do that, I now see, we need to recognize that—like the more humdrum use of "real," which is always short for "real X" (as distinct from "fake X" or "bogus X")—in its metaphysically more significant use "real" also, though more implicitly, involves a sortal term. Often enough in metaphysics, we talk categorically: this or that just isn't real, we say; there's no such thing, it's purely imaginary. But such talk is elliptical: strictly speaking, we should distinguish, not the imaginary from the real, *simpliciter*, but imaginary Xs from real Xs—just as we distinguish fake Xs from real Xs. There is real counterfeit money, but it isn't real money; and there are real toy guns, but they aren't real guns. And so, too, there are real fictional people, but *they aren't real people*. There are real fictional characters; but they aren't flesh-and-blood human beings, they're mental creations.

And now the air of paradox is dispelled. What "there really are fictional characters" means is that there are real imagined people. (This is a point about the powers of imagination.) What "these fictional characters are not real" means is that these real imagined people are not real people. (This is a point about what it is to be a person.) And these two claims, obviously, are perfectly consistent with each other.

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http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Firebird_(Slavic_folklore). See also SUZANNE MAISIE, *Land of the Firebird* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1980).

[26] MEGHAN COX GURDON, "Ancient Tales and Eccentric New Inventions," *Wall Street Journal*, March 2-3, 2013, C8, reviewing Jack Prelutsky, *Stardines Swim High Across the Sky* (New York: Greenwillow Books, 2013). Perhaps I should explain, for readers whose first language is not English, that "stardines" are a cross between stars and sardines; "brain-deer" are like reindeer, but with huge bulging brains; "fountain lions" are like mountain lions, except for the plumes of water coming out of their heads; and "slobsters" are very sloppy lobsters.

[27] EDWARD LEAR, "Nonsense Botany" (1872), in *The Complete Nonsense of Edward Lear*, ed. Holbrook Jackson (New York: Dover, 1951), 127-29, p.128. As the name suggests, "manypeeplia upsidownia" is a drooping flower which on close inspection is seen to consist of many tiny people hanging upside down.

[28] SUSAN HAACK, "The World According to Innocent Realism" (note 1 above). GEORGE ELIOT, *Middlemarch: A Study of Provincial Life* (1871-72; New York: The American Library, 1964).

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Bertrand Russell[29] (and W.V. Quine)[30] enjoyed poking fun at Alexius Meinong's observation that "there are Objects of which it is true that there are no such Objects."[31] I suspect that Meinong may have meant only that there are *objects of thought*, i.e., internal objects, of which it is true that there are no such (external) objects; but I can't pursue that scholarly question here.[32] In any case, whether or not this was what Meinong was thinking, there certainly *are* real imagined Xs of which it is true such that there are no such real Xs.[33]

[29] BERTRAND RUSSELL, "On Denoting" (1905), reprinted in RUSSELL, *Logic and Knowledge,* ed. Robert C. Marsh (New York: Capricorn Books, 1946), 41-56, p.45.

[30] WILLARD VAN ORMAN QUINE, "On What There Is" (1948), reprinted in QUINE, *From a Logical Point of View: 9 Logico-Philosophical Essays* (1951; 2nd ed., New York: Harper Torchbooks, 1963), 1-19, *passim*. (Quine doesn't mention Meinong by name, but I assume his imaginary "McX" is a stand-in for Meinong.)

[31] ALEXIUS MEINONG, "Kinds of Being" (1904), in English translation in GARY ISEMINGER, ed., *Logic and Philosophy* (New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1968), 116-27.

[32] But see SUSAN HAACK, *Deviant Logic* (1974; expanded edition, Chicago, IL: University of Chicago Press, 1996), pp. 133-35, where I argued that Russell's criticisms of Meinong rested at least in part on misunderstandings—and noted that, while Russell accused Meinong of having a deficient sense of reality, Meinong had observed that metaphysicians have "a prejudice in favor of the actual"!

[33] My thanks go to Mark Migotti for helpful comments on a draft of this essay, and to Meggan Padvorac for our many enjoyable conversations about fiction.