

**CIRCUMSTANCE AND IDENTITY
IN THOMAS HARDY’S *SATIRES OF CIRCUMSTANCE*
IN *FIFTEEN GLIMPSES* (1911)**

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The paper examines the anthropological dimensions of the circumstance as such in Thomas Hardy’s *Satires of Circumstance in Fifteen Glimpses* (1911). Designed as a series of snapshots of reality, this cycle reveals the importance of paraphernalia and of objectified significations of man’s existence which, circumstantially at first glance, but profoundly on a deeper level, provide a glimpse into the inconsistencies of the characteristic for the Victorian and the early post-Victorian era positivist-empiricist grasp of life. Memory – a major component in socialization and in fostering individual conscience – has been compromised as an unnecessary diversion. The investigation of the relationship between circumstance and identity in this study rests on modern European onto-philosophy, existential ethics and hermeneutics.

Key words: Thomas Hardy, circumstance, identity, memory, conscience, hermeneutics, ontology

*I chiselled her monument
To my mind’s content.
Took it to the church by night,
When her planet was at its height,
And set it where I had figured the place in the daytime.
Having niched it there
I stepped back, cheered, and thought its outlines fair,
And its marbles rare.*

*Then laughed she over my shoulder as in our Maytime:
“It spells not me!” she said:
“Tells nothing about my beauty, wit, or gay time
With all those, quick and dead,
Of high or lowlihead,
That hovered near,
Including you, who carve there your devotion;*

But you felt none, my dear!"
And she vanished. Checkless sprang my emotion
And forced a tear
At seeing I'd not been truly known by her,
And never prized I – that memorial here,
To consecrate her sepulchre,
Was scorned, almost,
By her sweet ghost:
Yet I hoped not quite, in her very innermost!

Thomas Hardy, *The Monument-Maker*, 1916

Satires of Circumstance in Fifteen Glimpses, first published independently in a periodical in 1911, is the core of what came to be known later, on the eve of WWI, as *Satires of Circumstance, Lyrics and Reveries* (1914), which also included 'Poems of 1912 – 13'. The whole 1914 collection of Hardy's grew out of the initial fifteen satires – a series of episodic intrusions into the nature, varieties, and consequences of, social alienation. These are little domestic dramas to do with states of liminal doubt, to do with thresholdness of existence. In their titles, they indicate an ingrained sense of a borderline, of *being on a verge*: before/after, birth/death, celibacy/marriage, production/consumption, interior/exterior, intimate story/social history – blended in a distorted amalgam of quaint inter-reflexivity. The circumstance contains inevitability, inheritability, and creativity, originality – in mutually dependent spatial and temporal terms. The situations described in those fifteen snapshots of life replicate one another and the place-time relationship in each is generically valuable in defining human identity. The poems are bound by the biting argument of one's inability to free oneself from the past. The past returns through places, through objects of concrete physical value, reminding one of the unfinished talk about a problem, recalling, with regret, the unresolved controversies, the unsaid, the unexpressed, the unshared, creating thus an enormous void of longing. A large chunk of the whole collection of verse in this volume deals with Hardy's ambiguous lament over his first wife, Emma Hardy, with the fact of whose demise (on 27th November 1912) he seems to have refused to settle down. As for 'Poems of 1912 – 13' in particular, they could be said to rest on Hardy's courtship of Emma Hardy in Cornwall, around 1870 (Taylor 1981: 89). However, oscillating between sobriety and helplessness, the poet raises a variety of dead selves, dead relatives, dead hopes, dead delusions, repetitively revealing the fact of men's inter-dependence and limitations, as well as "a dejected author in

search of a subject". Hardy is said to have begun showing signs of aphasia and wandering attention at the time of the publication of the collection in hand (Halliday 1972: 210, 214).

Without a single exception, all the titles of poems in *Satires of Circumstance* utter space. Namely: *At Tea, In Church, By Her Aunt's Grave, In the Room of the Bride-Elect, At a Watering Place, In the Cemetery, Outside the Window, In the Study, At the Altar-Rail, In the Nuptial Chamber, In the Restaurant, At The Drapers, On the Death-Bed, Over the Coffin, In the Moonlight*. These phrases with an emphatic prepositional structure also indicate time by suggesting some usual increments of occurrence of events, usual portions of reality marked by reciprocal deception, by neglect – memorials of oblivion placing man's life between three socially recognizable major phases of being: birth, marriage, and death. In addition, the separate pieces relate to one another in terms of common problems as well as some similar characters. Hardy is known to have developed a very acute and intimate sense of "the relations among identity, community, and place" (Siebenschuh 1999: 774). William Siebenschuh observes:

"For Hardy, the connections between physical places and the larger issues of identity and belonging obviously began early and continued throughout his long life. This is in part because of his keen sense of the literal presence of the past in physical objects and spaces and in part because of his certain knowledge that the old physical ties between people and places were being destroyed by the changing modern world. (...) He consistently imagines the relationship of past to present as one of so many simultaneous existences and would most certainly have agreed with Margaret Atwood's suggestion that time "is not a line but a dimension... You don't look back along time but down through it, like water... Nothing goes away."

Siebenschuh 1999: 780

A careful insight into this particular collection suggests that Hardy was manipulated by the haunting and pluralistic presence of the past in his "analysis of human struggle in terms of images of place: in place/ out of place, and location/ dislocation," which symptomatically reveals the modern disease of "the emptiness" or "the void within" (Siebenschuh 1999: 784). Also modern is Hardy's implied perception of "the influence of place on the quality of life and mind", on our sense of safety/ lack of safety, our function as mutually bound participants in one common urban democratic whole (Cf Siebenschuh 1999: 785). Absorbed by the bewitchingly palpable presence of the past, Hardy must have been tempted

to recall things he had not in truth experienced: to recall that which sometimes contained a lesser dose of actuality than of fantasy, but was based on some verifiable circumstances of possible occurrences. What the poet, in states of anamnesis (i.e. of learning about life via rediscovering past incarnations of knowledge) insists on is what is indeed latent and therefore needs metaphoric phrasing. The notion of temporality is insipient and is repeated in stable structures of anthropological validity which make human history comprehensible and traceable (Cf Koselleck 2003: 25 – 26, 28, 30, 33).

In poems I, III, VIII, XI (*At Tea*, *By Her Aunt's Grave*, *In the Study*, *In the Restaurant*) the action takes place in circumstances of mundane reality where there also lurk, buried, failed promises, pledges and instructions. The first one portrays a “*young wife*” making tea to entertain her female guest – quite unaware of the fact that that woman was her husband’s first and in fact true love, his “*true choice/ Till fates ordained it could not be so...*” (*At Tea*, ll. 8 – 9). In the second, a girl and her lover disregard the girl’s aunt’s dying wish to use the money saved to cover “*the cost of her headstone*” and decide to spend it, instead, on a dance the now late aunt “*won't know*” about (*By Her Aunt's grave*, ll. 4, 10 – 11). In the next, “*a thin-faced lady, (...)/ A type of decayed gentility*” intends, “*almost breakfastless*”, to get rid of “*some score volumes of the works/ Of eminent divines (...)/ To make [her] rooms a little smart:*” [*She*] *needs/ No household skeletons at all*” (*In the Study*, ll. 2 – 3, 8 – 9, 15 – 16, 21 – 22). In the last (*In the Restaurant*, ll. 3, 5), the conversation goes about the future of a child yet unborn, but one of an out-of-wedlock relationship which leaves the lovers two options: estrangement between father and child (in case the woman opts for a hushed life with an enforced husband), or social ostracism – “*the teeth of scorn*” which shall make “*the child [...] come as a life despised*” (should the two lovers choose to stay together and raise the child on their own). All four poems signal existence in obscurity, existence in suppressing the Past, existence “*sanctified*” by oblivion – the easier way to bridle social stigma and burdensome background. Whilst *At Tea* and *In the Restaurant* sketch diseased connubial bliss (resting on either silencing the truth or letting it out in utter isolation from the community), *By Her Aunt's grave* and *In the Study* hint at a universe regulated by waspish fortune-hunters whose memory is hole-ridden. All four poems articulate ordinariness – a dining room (or a restaurant), a study (not any more used for cognitive growth but one that contains the option of financial growth), and a graveyard – a

popular Victorian spot for meditation and a refuge from the public (as well as, in this case, from a constant consideration of common social duties). Not present are those that might be immediate moral correctives (ingrained in the images of the dead aunt, or the previous female lover, or the deceased father, or the cheated legal husband). Yet even their lack does not topple the binding assumption that since each individuality is the non-Being of an *Other*, exhaustive understanding, fullness of comprehension and utter mastery of life are but fanciful, shallow dreams. It is the insistence on the regretful fact of their lack that suggests that meaning in life could only ever be achieved approximately as it is never an entity likely to be grasped, but a process of being: open, incomplete, and in some cases – awkwardly imperfect (Cf Iser 2004: 81 – 83).

The objective world in those poems contains the dead and the dead participate in life through objects of everyday reality which act as part of those actual circumstances in which the living function and exercise their rationality, and which delimit the living by placing them in a position of dependence on the past. As Gadamer argues, it is that dependence which is living beings' historical fate – never fully revealed to them in each of their own private lifetimes. It is again that fate which unfolds as tradition – ever a crossing point between liberty and history. It is also where we constantly find proofs and confirmations about the similarities between one life and another. Experience simultaneously encapsulates and erases its history, especially in view of the shared fact of all beings' terminality, of man's limitedness, of man's historicity as interdependence in time (Cf Gadamer 1988: 328, 334, 409 – 10, 421). Circumstantial historicity is also the recognition of the irreversibility of an act of genuine fulfillment, or of breach, of the bond between one and another, or between one and many, or present and past – physically referred to. The poem *In the Room of the Bride-Elect* suggests the element of a choice made in the past which then becomes a binding obligation for the expression of the future. A mother adorns her daughter with the bridal gown, sighing over the fact that her future son-in-law is “*a dolt to the one declined*”. The daughter sighs, saying dispassionately: “*Good God – I must marry him I suppose*” (ll. 11, 13)!¹ Choice is circumstantially bound – always the case in Hardy – and is usually down to financial, or communal (and much less often personal) consideration. Once made, however, choice channels experience

¹ In poem VII, *Outside the Window*, a gentleman is shown to have escaped narrowly a marriage to a “vixen” woman who, as he realizes, turns out to love another man. That revelation comes unexpected and short of long-term prediction.

irreversibly and creates a sensation of a boundary, a divide between *before* and *now*.² And the past is the series of choices already made and mutually related and repetitive. As Israel Rosenfield argues, “*We not only cannot escape our past, but we are, in some very deep sense that past (...)*”. “*(...) a personality, an identity, is an analogous reconstruction of an “I” in new situations*” (Rosenfield 1995: 197, 202). In the poem *In Church* the priest is caught by a female member of the congregation to “*re-enact at the vestry-glass/Each pulpit gesture in deft dumb-show*” (ll. 11 – 12). What is hinted at is the repeated pretence of spiritual devotion practiced by the priest, also mimicked by all other lyrical personae in the rest of poems in *Satires of Circumstance*: on the whole, people do not mind desecrating memory. Since the inhabitants of these satires rely mostly on falsehood, they are always separated, apart, living in discord, through ruptures, in oblivion, far from a “*perceptual consciousness of our being-in-the-world*”, or “*the ethical consciousness of our responsibility*” (Ricoeur 1965: 165, 171). In Ricoeur’s terms, *existential truth* and *ethical truth* remain for them locked chambers. Separations, avoidances of contact – these are the circumstances of the occurrence of events hereby, and the circumstances of Hardy’s personal life as well (Cf Robinson 2011: 444).

In 1920, on his eightieth birthday, Hardy wrote the following: “People are not more humane, so far as I can see, than they were in the year of my birth” (Halliday 1972: 218). Certainly, they were not more truthful to one another either. The titles of poems V, IX, X, and XII (*At a Watering-Place*, *At the Altar–Rail*, *In the Nuptial Chamber*, and *At the Draper’s*) signify important places of daily communion, of regular social encounters and intimate exchange of experience; they also function here as spots for meditation. In *At a Watering-Place* a man confesses to his friend, as he sees “*that smart proud pair*” (about “*to marry next week*”), that the groom is unaware of the fact “*that dozens of days and nights on end/ I have stroked her hair, unhooked the links/ Of her sleeve to get at her upper arm.../ Well, bliss is in ignorance: what’s the harm!*” (ll. 9 – 12). We could almost hear not all that distant an echo of Thomas Gray’s grievous finale in his *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, 1742, which reminds us that “[...] *where ignorance is bliss, / ‘Tis folly to be wise*” (ll. 99 – 100). Hardy stresses the inevitability, almost the necessity of, succumbing to ignorance and falsity as steadier ground for an untroubled, though morally crooked, existence amidst a multitude abandoned by its supreme spiritual master, shunned by “*The President of the Immortals*”. It might be worth

² On the issue of the limit in time see also: Eco 2005: 14.

mentioning that, unlike many other poetical works of Hardy's which rest on concrete names of people (some of whom real life characters), not one poem included in the *Satires* bears any specific names of persons. That may be interpreted as the author's desire to simultaneously universalize the multitudinous anonymity of experiential oblivion as well as the singularity of a world dominated by similarly unresponsive individuals. In such a world, knowing the truth in advance is to no avail whatsoever, as the poem *At the Altar-Rail* teaches. A groom gets a telegram from his beloved which says that a marriage would be a hurried step as she "*had eaten the apple ere you were weaned*" (l. 14)! The altar in the church, normally a symbolic place of truth and fidelity, has now become a spot for shockingly ironical suppressions of verity, for undisturbed promiscuity, and for surprising negligence towards the family institution (otherwise nucleus of Victorian social philosophy). When one reads those lines, one feels as though the poet is saying something like: "*the book was read before it was written*": i.e. there is nothing new in an experience of this caliber except for its umpteenth repetition itself. Take a marriage of this sort one step further, and you would enter the nuptial chamber (*In the Nuptial Chamber*) where you would be likely to find the same bride arrogantly declaring, in the face of her official husband (as she hears the band playing outside): "*And I swore as we spun that none should share/ My home, my kisses, till death, save he! / And he dominates me and thrills me through, / And it's he I embrace while embracing you*" (ll. 9 – 12)! Hardy's poetical spaces, seemingly innocently naïve and traditionally isolated in close communal terms, provide, in actuality, passages towards buried habitats of double living. Such duality, or plurality, of being and of metaphoric expression, is insipient in all phases of the transition from childhood to adulthood, and then to dying, and facilitate the process of permanent exchange between present and past as well as between a variety of consciousnesses contained in the same character. In such a world one is hardly surprised to find a woman who has assumed the role of a widow in advance. In *At the Drapers*, a wife is caught a glimpse of by her sick husband as she tries the latest-fashion widowhood apparel at a draper's. The man leaves, not wishing to distress her. On a common course of events, he would have "*to be cold and ashen// And screwed in a box before they could dress [the widow]/ 'In the last new note in mourning*" (ll. 11 – 14). The temporal boundaries of mourning matter less than the parasitical physicality, the rotten – in moral terms – feasibility they impart to the image of the woman in this poem. Awareness of ethical problems, and memories of actual transgressions in ethical terms, merge in Hardy, and create most unique

exploratory grotesqueries of apocalyptic caliber (Cf Taylor 1981: 94, 97 – 98). The problem always involves discussions of liminal states of being and of thinking, exemplified, as in the poetic pieces recently reviewed, by the quaint behaviour of hollowness clad as humans who, robot-like, revolve amidst altars, cemeteries, deathbeds, coffins, and interminable yet mutually related countryside lanes.

Hardy's poetics is built on phenomenologically related alternations of *awaiting* and *experience* – the constituents of a binom which unfolds in: *before/after, inside/outside, slavery/mastery, living/dying, instance/history, innovation/tradition, oblivion/memory, selfhood/otherness* (Cf Wismann 2003: 57). Propositions like: *wifhood/widowhood, maidenhood/maternity, celibacy/marriage, obscurity/eminence, ignorance/knowledge*, are in effect, subjugated to the greater, more general issue of alternation/simultaneity in a world where circularity reigns. However, as Wolfgang Iser claims, whilst the circle delineates the operative idea, it fails to pinpoint strategies for action, thus creating the danger of remaining abstract, for lack of a transcendental position which could allow us to define the activities of this mechanism of regulation. The only way out to tackle the problem is to recognize the need to treat facts via two inter-related circles: one – between time and space, and the other – between human activities which obey what they themselves have created (Cf Iser 2004: 21, 101). In poem IV, *In the Cemetery*, we come across two manifestations of human activity: a cemetery – ideally, an emanation of man's reverence for those who are no more; and a city drain – an emanation of man's practicality (in terms of channeling water for household needs). Some desperate mothers argue over the fact whose child was buried at a particular spot, quite unaware that the bodies of all infants have long been removed and packed together with hundreds more, as the space was required for the construction of the city drain:

“You see those mothers squabbling there?”
Remarks the man of the cemetery.
“One says in tears, ‘Tis mine lies here!’
Another, ‘Nay, mine, you Pharisee!’
Another, ‘How dare you move my flowers
And put your own in this grave of ours!’
But all their children were laid therein
At different times, like sprats in a tin.

*“And then the main drain had to cross,
 And we moved the lot some nights ago,
 And packed them away in the general foss
 With hundreds more. But their folks don’t know,
 And as well cry over a new-laid drain
 As anything else, to ease your pain!”*

This episode – very much the focal point of the whole collection of *Satires of Circumstance* – comes to demonstrate the devaluation of the dream of evolutionary humanitarianism, comes to scorn a universe which denies the need to remember. At the same time, it confirms the grave as a place of accumulation of history – thousands of nameless histories “*packed together*”. Man’s spirituality versus nature’s physicality. What is also rued here is the oblivion society has been drowning and the high rate of infant deaths during the Victorian age – the children’s bodies have been laid there “*like sprats in a tin*” – neatly, impersonally and very economically indeed. The ruthless drive of technocratic human progress *washes* human memory *down the drain*. The irony is contained in the latter idiom, which is to say that crying “*over a new-laid drain*” is pointless, it is not efficient, whereas the drain itself serves a good utilitarian purpose. A-temporal here turns out to be the practice of negligence, as it is repeated, or copied in each instance of packing away a human lifetime and making it merge with the common lot of thousands more – voiceless, nameless and unidentified, most probably because of a poor background. The problem is ontological. It is about the re-iteration of a physically and mentally healthier attitude: that of burial of meaning which in itself becomes meaning. In hermeneutical terms, this may be seen to lead to no actual growth of *Dasein*, other than if we treated the growth of nameless bodies as the occasional growth of lack. Yet meaning is contained even in such an oxymoronic void of responsibility – especially seen from the point of view of literary history which would be able to detect similarities of the subject matter in hand in a variety of other works (by Hardy as well as by other poets and novelists of that age in a more general sense of the word). Shunning the dead, however, is the inability to accept *otherness* – the otherness of that which is past and to which we already belong by definition, as it is also the past of our memory – temporally and spatially – and of which we shall all one day have the chance to partake. Reciprocally, minding the dead would mean acceptance of our own perspective of self-identification as mortals, as delimited by others. Ontologically, rather than just methodologically, we are at all times near, and remote from, the dead – a fact which is the perfect

illustration of each human being's circumstantial historicity. As Gadamer reminds us, the thrill in the whole is that this historical situation of being simultaneously in two polarities – near and remote from the completion of the understanding of one's identity – also means that historical being never exhausts itself by knowing itself. The horizons of the past and the present merge at all times and confirm our belonging to one common meaningful whole, above all because of the shared moments of arrival (birth) and departure (death) – themselves emanation of incessant circular motion (Cf Gadamer 1988: 167, 185 – 85, 188, 192, 348 – 49, 351, 357, 362).

Hardy's own historical standing has been that of a dense thematic involvement with the dead, an important portion of which could be seen in the not entirely unequivocal presence of his first wife, Emma Hardy, in numerous samples of the poet's self-perception. Hardy could apparently never get over a thing, just as literary history itself never got over Hardy either. As Peter Robinson points out, "in an act of Hardy-esque grotesquerie the poet's heart was removed after death, to be buried with his first wife in Stinsford churchyard, Wessex, while the heartless corpse was laid to rest in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey" (Robinson 2011: 440, 449). The past tended to return to Hardy all the time – during visitations of spots once favoured by both himself and his wife, through contemplation of "*that wandering western sea*"; in the "*primaeval rocks*" that formed "*the road's steep border*"; amidst the sinking sand on the seashore; by watching that "*ghost-girl-rider*", or "*the phantom horsewoman*" – with hair "*nut-coloured*" and eyes "*gray*". In the whole collection named *Satires of Circumstance, Lyrics and Reveries (1914)* the poems that most obviously endeavour to simultaneously resurrect and bury Emma are perhaps these four: *After a Journey, Beeny Cliff. March 1870 – 1913*³, *At Castle Boterel* and *The Phantom Horsewoman* – all written in 1913, following upon Emma Hardy's demise (Cf Robinson 2011: 448, 452). Murder and burial – as two forms of exertion of human power and of human memory – are also present in poem XIII of the actual *Satires*. In *On the Death-Bed*, the narrative revolves around two men who knew each other and shared passions for the same woman. Out at war, one shot the other dead and secretly buried him, manipulatively presenting the incident back to his

³ The latter poem bears the date of Hardy's initial meeting with Emma Lavinia Gifford (the to-be Emma Hardy) and the year following her death in 1912, which year seems to have served the poet as a divide which he could never overcome despite his marriage to Florence Emily Dugdale (39 years his junior) in 1914, at the outbreak of WWI – another divide in world history. The intimately important and the universally valid always flowed together in Hardy's life.

relatives as a case of the murdered one having been “*one of the slain*”, a victim of the enemy’s fire. This masquerade however, proves to be a poor explanation to the murdered one’s wife, who “suspected”, thanks to which the murderer loses her trust and affection. Hardy’s characters are prone to distorting reality to their own advantage, to smothering and twisting common belief, but the past never fails to catch up with them, even when they scorn its patriarchal, “*parochial ways*”.⁴ And it is the grave which works in Hardy’s poetry as the most capacious receptacle of buried yet haunting *othernesses*. The grave handles Hardy’s most attractively contradictory coincidences of human fate. It generates his satires on customary propriety, his ironic bites over delusional reveries of linearity, over success in personal achievements, and over the implausibility of accomplishing self-identification in solitude.

This is what one of two men standing over the grave of a beloved female individual (now dead), confesses, in a state of private Holy Communion:

“*Nay: she was the woman I did not love,
Whom all the others were ranked above,
Whom during her life I thought nothing of.*”⁵

In *Satires of Circumstance in Fifteen Glimpses* Hardy gathers a variety of polyphonic locations (the cemetery, the tombstone, the nuptial chamber, the drawing room, the study), all of which contain boundaries. Of those, topically and epistemologically, the grave works as the widest expanse in terms of its capacity to edify the living by reminding of the dead. The interment of the past into present-day reality comes to shred living men’s self-certainty; it shuts the comfort and utilitarian nonchalance in which they practice self-formation. True, Hardy seeks not all that much to reconcile the contradictions of existence. He allows his characters to live in pluralistic discursiveness⁶. Yet one would have to notice the brooding and worrying ghosts from the past which dominate the minds of the living, whereby they feel invited to integrate *othernesses* in their consciousnesses. They thus get a chance of objectifying the

⁴ See especially poem XIV, *Over the Coffin*, where two wives – the former one and the recent one – meditate upon their late husband’s death. They share a past of one and the same man’s heart, as well as a common social lot – widowhood.

⁵ Thomas Hardy, XV: *In the Moonlight*, *Satires of Circumstance in Fifteen Glimpses*, 1911, ll. 13 – 15.

⁶ Cf Robinson 2011: 439, 442.

surrounding reality and, eventually, themselves as well.⁷ This is a hermeneutical urge, evident in that the resuscitation of the past, in circumstantial validity and detail, aims at a thoughtful reconsideration of the present (Cf Gadamer 1988: 210, 220). The *Satires* satirize everyone and no one in particular, they are both universal and anonymous in their reference, both ubiquitous and imperceptible, both eternal and momentary. Umberto Eco argues that facts become available to us ever only via interpretations of those facts. And so, the ultimate truth always lies beyond the boundaries of a logo-centric model, is impervious to a drive to arrive at a definite, non-contradictory identity. The fluidity of being stems from the fluidity of its interpretations which may impart a variety of senses to a single occasion. But both Hardy and Eco remind us also that *being* never actually says “no” to anyone, except in human metaphor: all being does is decline a definite answer most cherished by us all. The only certain boundary beyond which experience ever recedes dumbfounded is the experience of Death (Cf Eco 2005: 28, 35, 37, 39). Ultimately, that is the experience – in all its interpretational mimics – contained in Thomas Hardy’s *Satires of Circumstance in Fifteen Glimpses*.

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⁷ Cf Iser 2004: 116.

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