Thomas Hardy’s reputation as a novelist has been, from the start, so overwhelming that his achievement as a poet has, until recent times, been quite overshadowed by it. This is ironic in view of the fact that Hardy himself held quite a different attitude to his two vocations. Samuel Hynes, in his seminal work The Pattern of Hardy’s Poetry (1962) mentions Hardy’s having declared to Sir Sydney Cockerell, his friend of long standing and his executor after his death, that he would never have written a line of prose if he could have earned his living at poetry. In Life, he speaks of his novels, his ‘prose contributions to literature’ as having ‘ever been secondary to his interest in verse’.

It was verse, he believed, that ‘contained the essence of all imaginative and emotional literature’. Moreover, the adverse critical reception of Jude the Obscure made him realize the freedom of thought that poetry actually allowed: “… perhaps I can express more fully in verse ideas and emotions which run counter to the inert crystallized opinion – hard as rock – which the vast body of men have
vested interest in supporting ..."4 Again, in the same context we have him making this wry observation: "... If Galileo had said in verse that the world moved, the Inquisition might have let him alone."5 The most complete confirmation of Hardy's high regard for poetry and his practice of the genre lies in his declaring in 1927, at the age of eighty-seven, that "the only ambition as far as he could remember, was to have some poem or poems in a good anthology like the Golden Treasury."6

All though his long creative period Hardy wrote poetry: from his early twenties till his death at the age of eighty-eight. When, after Jude the Obscure, he tuned away from prose, Hardy had published only a few poems, although the poetic output of years lay unpublished with him. A selection of fifty-one poems from his poetic creation of over thirty years produced his first volume Wessex Poems (1898) when he was fifty-eight years old. After that, at regular intervals, Hardy published seven more volumes: Poems of the Past and Present (1902); Time's Laughingstocks (1914); Moments of Vision (1917); Late Lyrics and Earlier (1922); Human Shows (1925) and Winter Words (posthumously in 1928). He incorporated into each volume the
poems written earlier during the thirty-odd years of unpublished poetic career.

Although, by his own admission, he believed that his poetry only reflected passing ‘impressions’ and not firm convictions, yet in the light of Hardy’s belief that the genre allowed greater freedom of expression of thought, it is not to his novels but to his poetry that we must turn our attention to glimpse into the mind of Thomas Hardy. His poetry contains a series of regularly recurring ‘impressions’ that easily shape into a complex of beliefs. He may have believed that ‘... the mission of poetry is to record impressions not convictions’ but he was also the poet who advocated the formulation of personal philosophy on the basis of individual experience: “After reading various philosophic systems, and being struck with their contradictions and futilities, I have come to this: let every man make a philosophy for himself out of his experience ... his own views as given him by his surrounding.”

T.S. Eliot in *After Strange Gods* (1934), sees Hardy as an outstanding example of a poet who failed to meet the norms of ‘impersonal’ creative endeavour. Eliot’s tone is impatient but his insight into Hardy’s mind and work is incisive as he makes his famous observation:
The work of the late Thomas Hardy represents an interesting example of a powerful personality uncurbed by an institutional attachment or by submission to any objective beliefs; unhampered by any ideas, or even by what acts as a partial restraint upon inferior writers, the desire to please a large public ... He seems to me to have written nearly for the sake of self-expression as well as man can.9

The bulk of Hardy’s poetry more than justifies this comment on his subjectivity: Hardy is a subjective poet. He is avidly interested in the human heart and the human condition. The mode of understanding these that Hardy adopts is through a close study of his own emotions and life experiences – a study that he undertakes with an almost scientific objectivity, never lapsing into sentiment. It is this interest in his own life as a subject of study (authenticated by his claim: ‘there is more biography in my poems than in all my novels’)10 that makes Hardy essentially a poet of a personal past. Consequently, time and transience are subjects he returns to repeatedly and the awareness of the passage of time exists like a groundswell through his poetry. T.N.R. Creighton has this comment to offer on Hardy’s interest in the flow of time:

Memory, nostalgia, the presentness of the past to those who lived awarely in the present, the pastness of the past, the tragedy of its pastness, its irreplaceableness and sanctity, are among his leading themes.11
Samuel Hynes, in *The Pattern of Hardy's Poetry* recognizes this basic pattern in Hardy's poetry and asserts that his going back in time to the past really symbolizes man's efforts to reverse the movement of time and to assert "the present existence of the past".\(^{12}\)

While Hardy was aware that to do so is but a natural human instinct, yet he was at all times keenly aware of the futility of the effort to reverse time: he saw time as 'a one-directional, non-reversible process, implying mutability and mortality'\(^ {13}\) and thus defeating man's struggle for permanence and order. Thus in Hynes's interpretation, Hardy's time is inimical to man, working against him always, a destructive not a curative force.

However, the vitality suffusing those several poems recapturing Hardy's past ['"Under the Waterfall" (276)] is one outstanding example of many more belies Hynes's statement. Hardy might realize the irreversibility of time, but by weaving the past into his present though the mode of personal memory, Hardy creates personal time and is able to see the essential continuity of this personal time.

Hardy continued writing well into his old age and a good portion of it tends to be retrospective in attitude. However, his approach is never sentimental. He avoids turning his ruminations into
mere nostalgia. He examines his past with certain objectivity, oftentimes the undercurrent of irony helping to achieve that objective distance. Yet, the basic pattern of Hardy’s poetry of personal time is of then and now, the present nearly always acting as a gateway, a means of access to the past. This suggests Hardy’s unwillingness to see the events of a human life as merely a sequence of unconnected moments. Hence, time is not always a distancing feature for Hardy – it is more often a living presence in his consciousness. It is because of this that we find Hardy viewing the past and the present, the flow of time, in one instant of time, displaying an integrated vision of time where there is a confluence or convergence not only of the past and the present, but tacitly through his acceptance of the flow of time, also of the future.

It stands to reason that certain circumstantial and environmental influences have played their part in the formation and shaping of such a perspective. Chief amongst such an influence would be the fact that the world of Hardy’s youth was an earlier England – rural, traditional, and secure in its country ways and rituals. Alongside it, however, was the rest of England – in the grip of a cataclysmic Industrial Revolution. Already reform movements like Chartism were
bringing rapid, dramatic changes into the lifestyles and attitudes that were carried over from centuries past. But the Dorset countryside in the south-western corner of the land proved a veritable backwater and the winds of change were slow to sweep over it. The Dorset countryside continued in the style of centuries, taking note of the changes (London newspapers were eagerly awaited and read, although a day late, in Dorchester) but not affected by them in any significant way for a long while. In 1847, when Hardy was barely seven years old, the railroad had already arrived at Dorchester. All through the years on his boyhood and young adulthood, Hardy witnessed the arrival of the new methods, new machines and new men into seemingly changeless society of the land of his birth. The threats that they would gradually grow to pose to the ways and attitudes matured into a major theme in Hardy's writings, namely his fiction. The often dramatic parting of ways between the ways of the old world of his youth and those of the turn-of the century modernized world was thus experienced by Hardy in the most personal way, giving rise to the need to recall the secure, changeless, familiar world of the past. In fact, Hardy's most powerful memories vividly preserved into old age, were memories of customs, events and pleasures of this rural (country) world. Poems like "The Oxen" (403),
"In the Ewelease” are rooted in experiences of the lifestyle of the past.

Irving Howe, in his book *Thomas Hardy*\(^1\)\(^4\) has an interesting observation to make about the nostalgia that pervades Hardy’s works. He sees a close parallel between the ways of Hardy’s land of birth and the ways of Wessex described in his novel, *Far from the Maddening Crowd*. Wessex is a place where:

... three or four score years were included in the mere present, and nothing less a century set a mark on its face or tone. Five decades hardly modified the cut of a gaiter or the embroidery of a smock-frock by the breadth of a hair. Ten generations failed to alter the turn of a single phrase.\(^1\)\(^5\)

This provincial rootedness or attachment to the soil of one’s birth for generations together, in any other poet might not have risen above a mere nostalgia that is in effect no more than a mere romanticisation of the past. But, says, Howe, it becomes a “starting point for that stringent and self-conscious nostalgia which animates the works of Hardy, George Eliot and Faulkner, thereby making possible an interesting interplay between the past and present in which each becomes a premise for the criticism for the other”.\(^1\)\(^5\) As his imagination recalls the lost but remembered homeland of the times
past, Howe discovers that “the writer releases his nostalgia through a fabled reconstruction, a balked piety which then sets off against the ruthlessness of historical change. His possession of a slowly fading world, remembered with pathos and unrivalled knowledge is for the writer an advantage comparable only to an unhappy childhood: it makes for tension, memory and a brief monopoly of legend.17

It is in such a memory that Hardy’s poetry originates, only out of such tension that poems like “The Oxen” (403) and “The Impercipient” (44) evolved where he recognizes the extent of his losses whereas his skepticism has refused him the solace of simple faith. Hardy’s strongest ties, surviving the eight decades of his life, were his ties of affection, pride and even some estrangement from the past, from the world of his youth. In his years of boyhood, Hardy identified himself closely with traditional Dorset culture. He gradually grew away from it as youth and a certain ‘class’ consciousness arrived. He realized that socially too his family stood on the precarious borderline between the peasants and the gentry. His father was a master mason with several workers under him, and was a life-holder of his house. These facts placed them well above the peasants though not quite with the gentry, although the family was
conscious of a lineage that had in the past stood higher in the social scale. These were ample reasons for Hardy’s mother, Jemima Hand, to relentlessly channelise the young Thomas Hardy’s efforts to areas that were significantly associated with the upper class. Hardy was encouraged to study and develop those tasks and habits that allowed an easy passage to the educated society. At Isaac Last’s school, Hardy began his acquaintance with Latin and finally with Virgil, a writer he would love throughout his life. Hardy proved a diligent student, winning prizes, and began his life-long habit of self-education. At sixteen he left school to be apprenticed to a Dorchester architect, John Hicks. This was to be the beginning of another life-long interest – Gothic architecture. This period was marked by introduction to new ideas and philosophies through association with his genial and well-read employer and fellow-workers. Thus, Hardy’s first steps into the real world were marked by a peculiar bi-polarity. As he continued to live at Lower Bockhampton, he lived in a world of shepherds and ploughmen in a hamlet where modern improvements were still regarded as wonders. Yet, he worked during the day in a world fast changing under the impact of modernization – a world that had already advanced to railways, telegraphs and daily papers from London. Thus, in the course of a single day, Hardy experienced the
timeless unchanging world of rural England, and, during work, the rapidly changing modern one that not only challenged the older world, but also some of the beliefs that sustained it. Hardy’s special ability to cross the barriers of time, his fluid passage through past and present in his poems of the past, owes definitely to this experience at juggling between two time zones as it were.

The winds of change sweeping Dorchester also brought a more important effect on Hardy’s ideas and beliefs. At Dorchester, his friendship with a Horace Moule, the son of a local clergyman, acquainted Hardy with the possibilities of modern thought, particularly of the more radical kind. Hardy was initiated to Darwin’s *The Origin of Species* by Moule. It was again Moule who brought to Hardy’s notice *Essays and Reviews*, a powerful and influential collection of polemical studies published in 1860 by a group of dissident clergymen and radical dons which questioned the very fundamental dogmas of the Church of England. Thus, this juncture, Hardy’s youthful pieties faced a struggle, a losing struggle in some areas. The boy who had taught Sunday school and had once entertained ideas of entering the church now lay abandoned by the maturer Hardy. Although Hardy never revised his ideas again on the
subject, he was throughout to feel keenly the loss of the consolation
and solace that his youthful beliefs could have brought him. Mid­
nineteen century was a period witnessing the flourishing of the
Higher Criticism which had begun to undermine Christian beliefs by
demanding the same use of reason and evidence to judge sacred
history as were used to study secular history.

Tossed and torn by the new beliefs that Hardy took, given his
characteristic earnestness, with complete sincerity and seriousness,
Hardy would often look back to a time more placid and to beliefs of
the past that were comforting ["The Oxen" (403), "The Impercipient"
(44)]. Hence, these early years of Hardy, with their rich and complex
experiences, in a sense, carried the germ of that special perspective
where we discern the confluence of the modern and the traditional,
where, on the one hand he is fully with the new, yet he is loathe to
part with the old. His habit of looking at the past while not ignoring
the present, owes much to this. From this very attitude apparently
developed that special perspective where Hardy views a man’s life in
its entirety with its complex historical connection intact – he can look
far back into his past and see it as a part of the present. This was
especially true with regard to himself and his personal history. Noorul

In Hardy nostalgia is a major source of discovery and creation ... It is an answer to the inexorable mutability of life of which Hardy is all too aware. In a world where nothing abides, memory is the only instrument of integrity and continuity.¹⁸

Thus, to sum up, Hardy’s overwhelming interest in time and its steady recurrence in his poetry often as a major theme or as a suggestive undercurrent stems from certain circumstantial influences around him. Hence certain biographical facts require consideration in order to understand Hardy’s strong links with the past. Most importantly, the fact that Hardy’s strongest links were with the people from his youth – his family and his wife, Emma, with whom he shared a tumultuous relationship that grew from passion to indifference to a renewal of love after her death – a relationship spanning over thirty years of his life. Secondly, Dorset was remote as far as keeping pace with the changes taking place in much of England was concerned. Dorset culture remained unchanged while the world around rapidly changed chiefly due to industrializations and the consequent social changes. Ironically, yet another important factor for Hardy’s characteristic yearning for the past, were the changes that he himself underwent. That is to say, Hardy’s exposure to the ‘modern’
philosophies of his time and to the new world of ideas through his habit of self-education brought about certain revision of ideas and perspective. While Hardy never changed his new formed ideas, yet he would always yearn for the solace he could not allow himself and look back in time for the solace brought by the old beliefs and ideas that stood forever rejected by him. The ways of an earlier world were to always charm him with its absence of tentativeness and doubt over and above the other drawbacks of the period that he vocally voiced. Lastly, the fact that during the period of his apprenticeship with Hicks, which also was the period of the budding of his literary ambitions (strengthened by his friendship with a local poet, William Barnes) was a period where he commuted daily between Dorchester and Bockhampton – between a world coming alive, though very slowly, and one that had frozen time. This experience must surely have helped develop the ease with which he traveled back in personal time without losing awareness of the present.

G.M. Young's comments (Victorian Essays, 1962) that Hardy's poetic voice in the poems of the past is the voice of an old man looking back passively with nostalgia. These poems, he feels, reflect 'the tone of an aging man watching the fire die down, and thinking of
old tunes, old memories and moments remembered at railway stations and lodging-houses; sunsets at the end of London streets, water coming over the weir, the rain on the downs. But what we hear is the voice of an age, of a generation carried beyond sight of its old landmarks, and glazing doubtfully down an illimitable vision, of cosmic changes endlessly proceeding, and ephemeral suffering endlessly to be renewed. Twilight was coming on: 'an evening chill was in the air'.

Young's characterization of the voice of the age is an oft repeated, popular description of the obsession of several of the writers' preoccupation with the past. A rapidly changing scenario created an atmosphere of uncertainty: old ways, old customs, old beliefs stood challenged by their world of cataclysmic change. And many of them gave way and died quietly, disappearing forever from the fabric of English ethos. The only safe, certain 'landmarks' were those of the old ways, which now existed only in memory of the old and the not so young. Hardy's rural England as we have seen, is the English countryside of his youth, which when he began to recall in his poems, had already begun to disappear. His revisiting the earlier England, then is like a visit to a fabled land which as he moves ahead
in time, appear increasingly more wholesome, attractive and pleasant. Much of the belief could quite as easily be the direct outcome of pure nostalgia.

Noorul Hasan in his *Thomas Hardy and the Sociological Imagination* (London and Basingstoke, Macmillan, 1982) emphasizes this very aspect of the nineteenth century imagination: ‘... There can be little doubt, however, that for better or worse, the English countryside had entered a new phase of civilization in the nineteenth century, and consequently, there came about in this century an increasingly nostalgic quest for a lost rural identity ... it is so central a consciousness in much of the most remarkable literature and social thinking of the century that it assumes the pervasiveness and force of a vital tradition. Nineteenth century literature is, therefore, not a pastoral tradition but a correlate of contemporary structures of feeling ... in many such communities, for instance, the past persisted in the most irrational, historically unaccountable manner’. (p.201)

But Hardy had another, more cogent impetus that set him off so often on a journey to the past. His personal crisis arising out of his rejection of religion left him even more vulnerable to the onset of the ‘evening chill in the air’. He considered himself basically as
‘churchy’, meaning by that perhaps that he was deeply aware of an responsive to, all the other aspects of the church’s role within the community, save the theological beliefs it preached. The truth and validity of the religious tenets were rejected for all times by him, but he always respected the value of these beliefs at the individual and community level. The value which he, however, now denied himself; although, paradoxically, his memory of the days of more assurance and solace, did not allow him to forget. Hence, his frequent journeys to his past, to a time of greater assurance, and less tentativeness.

Philip Davis in Memory and Writing (Liverpool, 1982) is alluding to the same feature that other writers of the 19th century too showed in their writing, when he says that the repudiation of the ethics and values supported by Christianity gave rise to a certain vacuum to which the century responded by an overwhelming concern with personal memory: ‘I have been arguing that the nineteenth century concern with personal memory is an aspect of an a response to, secularization. The continuing need for a witness; the need for something abiding and returning that will not let life become a matter of mere drifting or forsaking; an internal voice reminding one of the weight and seriousness of a life which otherwise one takes too easily
as simply one's own affair – there are some of the post religious functions of human memory by means of which the individual cannot escape considering his own life at some distance from himself" (p.337)

Hence, the relevance of the past to Hardy lies in the fact that it helped him feel that life was, after all, not without importance – it was more than just 'a matter of mere drifting'.

Coupled with this was Hardy's belief that every man should make a philosophy of life from his experiences: 'After reading various philosophic systems, and being struck with their contradictions and futilities, I have come to this: let every man make a philosophy for himself out of his own experience. He will not be able to escape using terms and phraseology from earlier philosophers, but let him avoid adopting their theories if he values his own mental life. Let him remember the fate of Coleride, and save years of labour by working out his own views as given him by his surroundings.' (Life, p.310) Such an attitude must necessarily take with tremendous seriousness the smallest of his experiences as well as what he sees and hears around him. Thus, his own life, his past, the community and environment around him can never sink to the level of the incidental
in importance. They are relevant and reinforce the importance of the past to him.

As Philip Davies continues, 'where certain beliefs were no longer possible and where society replaced those beliefs only with so much cant and lip service, it was the duty of every man to make as honest and coherent account as he could of what his memory told him of the life he at least, had led and known. This manifest individualism was not a mark of pride so much as a confession of near despairing loneliness and uncertainty. (p.351)

Of course, the apparent self-absorption was sometimes misunderstood as T.S. Eliot did in his famous stricture against Hardy for his poems of 'self expression' in his essay “Thomas Hardy” in After Strange Gods (London: Faber and Faber, 1936). Eliot’s remark is characteristically insightful but he was perhaps temperamentally unsuited to comprehend a mind like Hardy’s which, even in its most personal of utterances, could maintain an objective, scientific distance. His every memory of past vulnerability became and opportunity productive of wisdom, although the wisdom came far too long after the event.

Quoting Robert A. Nisbet [The Sociological Tradition (London, Heinemann, 1973)] Noorul Hasan in his Thomas Hardy and
The Sociological Imagination says 'A degree of nostalgia is built into the very structure of nineteenth century sociology'. Hasan further explains, 'In Hardy nostalgia is a major source of discovery and creation. ... It is an answer to the inexorable mutability of life of which Hardy is all too aware. In a world where nothing abides memory is the only instrument of integrity and continuity'. (p.201)

The nostalgia pervading Hardy's poems, however, is not sentimental, nor undertaken for the mere pleasure of 'self-expression'. Hasan finds Hardy's nostalgia 'genuine and health' as opposed to the 'self-defeating, sentimental yearning'. 'Hardy's nostalgia is genuine and healthy nostalgia, not a self-defeating sentimental yearning. It is an involuntary memory which can call up significant images, not romantic memorializing, which issues in dead pictures. As such it is a corrective to purely rational perception' (p.201). In fact Hardy's capacity for involuntary memory is so impressive in its focus and clarity of vision, that Tom Paulin (Thomas Hardy: The Poetry of Perception, 1975) actually uses a specific term 'eidetic' for it. By it Paulin refers to the special ability of Hardy of allowing the past to overtake him so absolutely that the visions seem to actually, physically rise in front of him so that he can 'see' it as one
would a photograph. Explaining the term Paulin refers to a poem ‘After a Romantic Day’ as containing a description of how the eidetic image is formed:

The Railway bore him through
An earthen cutting out from a city:
There was no scope for view,
Through the frail light shed by a slim young moon
Fell like a friendly tune.
Fell like a liquid ditty,
And the blank lack of any charm
Of landscape did no harm.
The bald sleep cutting, rigid, rough
And moon-lit, was enough
For poetry of place: its weathered face
Formed a convenient sheet whereon
The visions of his mind were drawn.

These last two lines contain the essence of Hardy’s memory manifesting through eidetic images. Just about any occasion or event can initiate the involuntary memory. The past vision then overtakes the present, flooding the scene totally so that Hardy can see it even as a participant all over again. The past then projects itself like a clear vision onto a search and for the moment be transformed to the present. Fusing of the past the present Hardy can then project it as a complex experience out of time. “Logs on the Hearth” (433), “Rome: On the Palatine” (68), “In Front of a Landscape” (246), are some of the poems where memory issues forth in the form of such ‘eidetic’
images. There is immediacy in these vibrant recollections which are indeed a far cry from the ‘dead pictures’ of the ‘memorialisings’ of the nostalgic memory of most other writers.

However, Young’s contention that Hardy is like an old man passively remembering happier, youthful days is not very accurate. Hardy’s remembering is never passive “... Remember, I begin again, as if it were new,/A day of like date I once lived through’, he declares in “The Joys of Memory” (367). He actively participates all over again in the experience remembered; and he remains a participant rather than a passive observer.

Moreover, Hardy takes on a variety of guises. Although often he is able to remember the past with calmness, recognizing the ‘old landmarks’ serenely, there are numerous other occasions where the recalling is undertaken by him or his dramatic persona, in a mood of guilt [“The Revisitation” (152), “The Upbraiding” (486)], remorse [“The Trampwoman’s Tragedy” (153), “The Sacrilege” (331)] or self-discovery [“Surview” (662)]. He presents himself as an active seeker in his “Poems of Pilgrimage”. His stance there is of one not only discovering newer geographical boundaries, but also of a workaday philosopher using his imagination creatively to push back the
boundaries of common perception and re-order the old facts into a new meaning. Thus he refashions the earlier understanding into a fresh, new perception ["Shelley’s Skylark"(66), “Rome: At the Pyramid of Ciestus near the grave of Shelly and Keats”(71)]. In fact, Paul Zietlow says Hardy ‘... presents himself not only as one who sits by the fire meditating but also as a lonely wanderer across the landscape, haunting pathetically, futilely, the old environs, while haunted himself by pursuing, inescapable ghosts from the past. He frequently appears not merely as an observer but as a victim – a victim of time and change, of natural forces beyond his control, or of human understandings. Sometimes he appears as a victim of himself, in poems expressing both explicitly and implicitly his sense of guilt of past sufferings of himself and others. He is often not merely an old man gazing and remembering, but an old man burnt out, wrung dry by suffering, eager for death, haunted by memories he cannot keep down, struggling quietly to hold sorrow at a distance. And finally he sometimes sees himself as one whose life history evidence a clear structure of ineffaceable positive meaning’. (p.169)²¹

Towards the gradual disintegration of a sustaining community, Hardy’s attitude is one of regret, but typically counter-balanced by his
awareness of its unavoidability. The prospect of a social change seemed to stir in Hardy a threat of personal displacement leading finally to a presence in his works of a mixture of approval and anxiety towards this awesome reality. As Hardy grew older and was confronted with more concrete evidence of social change, he seemed to feel the need to hold on to the unchanging world of Dorset, the unchanging world of his youth. Hence, he reached back into his memories of the past. But Hardy’s reaching back into the past – his past as well as the past of the community and the place – was never an attempt to escape the present. As a countryman he was certainly familiar with the rhythms of life and the passage of time that constitute it. At the same time he was surrounded by evidence that taught him that Nature replenishes and renews through the cyclical rhythm of time where seasons, flowers all die only to give way to a repeat which was like a return. The past, in effect, continually renewed itself into the present. Hardy’s reaching into the past is thus an attempt to hold time without freezing it – to continually weld the present to the past and forge a single whole of it.

Thus, during a visit to the ancient Roman ruins, he feels the past has come alive. It confirms his belief that there are no barriers in
time. Standing in the midst of the Roman ruins, he feels this visit has “... blended pulsing life with lives long done,/Till time seemed fiction, past and present one.” [“Rome: On the Palatine”(68)]

END NOTES

3. Ibid., p.286.
5. Ibid., p.285.
6. Ibid., p.444.
8. Ibid., p.310.
13. Ibid.
15. Ibid., p.162.
16. Ibid., p.163.
17. Ibid., p.163.

