

needed for their control and abolition. We are at last beginning, however slowly, to outgrow the sterile epoch when military specialists and disarmament experts were aligned in hostile camps, knowing little of each other's problems and caring less. We still cling to certain archaic principles: that disarmament, for instance, should be controlled by one ministry and defence by another, that defence-specialists can veto disarmament proposals while disarmament authorities are not consulted over military developments. But the realisation is growing that defence and disarmament are indivisible, dual aspects of the single problem of national security, and that if the maintenance of balanced deterrence is an indispensable element in multilateral disarmament, the progressive stages of that disarmament and probably its subsequent enforcement must be worked out in close consultation with those forces on whom the balance depends. The deterrent forces in fact have at least as much in common with disarmament authorities, and with those who will eventually be responsible for inspection and control, as they have with traditional forces

responsible for orthodox military action. It will be from their ranks that any international inspectorate is likely to be recruited; and it will be on them, eventually, that the survival of world order is likely to depend.

THE LOGICAL DEVELOPMENT would therefore seem that deterrent and disarmament forces should ultimately come together under a single authority, distinct from the Ministry, or the Department, of Defence; leaving to the latter the organisation of armed forces and the conduct of limited wars. But there is nothing logical about political developments, and service opposition combined with civilian parsimony is likely to make anything of the sort unlikely for many years. Still it is worth thinking along these lines. It would be the natural conclusion of Trenchard's doctrine of Air Power. He and his disciples might be surprised if they had survived to see it happen; but they might also feel satisfied, that it should after all be their direct successors who were charged with keeping the peace.

Philosophy

There is a place to which I often go,
Not by planning to, but by a flow
Away from all existence, to a cold
Lucidity, whose will is uncontrolled.
Here, the mills of God are hardly slow.

The landscape in its geologic prime
Dissolves to show its quintessential slime.
A million stars are blotted out. I think
Of each historic passion as a blink
That happened to the sad eye of Time.

But residues of meaning still remain,
As darkest myths meander through the pain
Towards a final formula of light.
I, too, reject that clarity of sight;
What cannot be explained, do not explain.

The mundane language of the senses sings
Its own interpretations. Common things
Become, by virtue of their commonness,
An argument against the nakedness
That dies of cold to find what truth it brings.

Nissim Ezekiel

Elliott Felkin

Days with Thomas Hardy

From a 1918–1919 Diary

October 21st, 1918

TEA with the Hardys—Mrs. Hardy and a man called McDougall and his wife, the author of a book just published on “Realism,” and myself. Thomas Hardy in better spirits than last time and amazingly lively, interested and interesting. A long discussion arising out of McDougall’s book on whether there could be such a thing as scientific treatment in a novel. Hardy said that all imaginative work was events seen through a temperament. That unconscious or conscious selection by the personality of the author must colour the work. I instanced Flaubert as a man who attempted to get at events in themselves but who so definitely had a point of view—and McDougall, who has apparently made a study of Flaubert in his book, agreed. Hardy said he found from experience that one could suppress one’s feelings deliberately, but even so one knew that one was still exaggerating personality in the selection of what was significant, in fact that what was to anyone significant was a kind of projection of personality. McDougall said he supposed that the difference between Art and

Life was that in Art one always was selecting, while in Life one had to take what came along.

A LONG TALK with Hardy later. He had been routing out old papers and found reviews in German papers of his work which it was odd to read now they were enemies. Talked a lot about dreams, and I told him of Jung. He said he dreamt so much and it was all stupid and unrelated, and that it must be a great strain on one, as one woke up so excited.

Talking about Lytton Strachey’s book, he said that Lytton Strachey had reviewed a book of his years ago and had picked out the two worst lines in it (poems), which was not the way to review. Spoke most interestingly of writing and how one created a lot subconsciously, so that in reviews afterwards one was surprised to see quoted this or that sentence, and never realised that one had written it. I explained Jung’s theory of dreams and the unconscious and complexes, and Mrs. Hardy said how nice it would be to go to a doctor and have good qualities given one. Hardy said “Yes, you would go and you would say ‘I find I am not as courageous as I was; would you lay on a little for me,’” and quoted the remark of a man—“I wanted to run away but my legs would not let me,” with that amusing ironical smile. . . . He said how often reviewers hit on your own ideas and reproduced them as their own. He had written a story with the idea how so much tragedy was grotesque, and the reviewer, struck by the same idea, had written a long essay saying how tragedy was nothing but grotesque.

Talked a little with the McDougalls about Forster, Arthur Waley, Goldie [Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson], and Monty James, from

In 1918 Elliott Felkin was a young temporary officer on the staff of the Prisoners of War Camp at Dorchester. He was given an introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Hardy by Lowes Dickinson and was made welcome at Max Gate. He says he was part of Mr. and Mrs. Hardy’s contribution to the war effort.

The following extracts from his contemporary journal are unchanged save for the omission of one name. The sketches are by Thomas Hardy from Wessex Poems, published by Macmillan & Co.