

ME MYSELF

AND SIR ROGER SCRUTON

[BY CARO DERKX]

- PREFACE

We are entering a dark age. We're going through a period of eclipse. And people know an awful lot of information, but very little coherent holistic truth. The knowledge that really matters is more easily lost than gained. We can easily gain piece-mail knowledge of this and that. And build up whole libraries of piece-mail knowledge. And this has happened before, many times. But the owl of Minerva spreads its wings only with the falling of the dusk. As Hegel famously wrote.

'I can't really smoke and speak at the same time. — Well let me just have a few paws of the cigar.'

And I think this is one of the saddest things about the modern world. That people live in a tiny time-slice, of the present moment, which they carry forward with them, but uh nothing remains. There's nothing in their experience which reverberates down the centuries, the centuries to them are completely dark. Just un-illuminated corridors from which they stagger into the single little sliver of light.

Anyway, that's slightly mystical. But what's the point of philosophy if it doesn't enable you to say mystical things.

THE LIBRARY

Oxford 12 Nov 2017 - England

Newton, Einstein, Tolkien, C. S. Lewis, Lewis Carroll, Ludwig Wittgenstein, Oscar Wilde, Stephen Hawking, Jane Goodall, Emma Watson, Hugh Grant, en Rowan Atkinson

De stad waar de onsterfelijke door de eeuwen heen tot je spreken. Oxford. Een plek waar iedereen dezelfde religie beoefend; die van de geleerdheid. Waar ze tempels bouwen voor hun boeken, onder de noemer 'bibliotheek'

De stad waar de bibliotheek der bibliotheken staat:
'The Bodleian Library', de kathedraal van de wijsheid.

De Bodleian Library is een enorm gebouw.
Opgetrokken uit gouden stenen en versierd met pilaren.
Het schijnt dat er ondergrondse gangen zijn, beschilderde plafonds,
en heel heel heel veel boeken.

Ik hou van boeken.
Boeken maken het mogelijk om andere werelden te betreden.
Als ik een goed boek lees, leef ik voor even het leven van een ander.
Ik vertrouw mensen die een goed gevulde boekenkast in hun huis hebben
meteen. Die boekenkast staat garant voor reflectie, beschaving en inle-
vings vermogen. De boekenkast-bezitter en ik zijn, zonder een woord tegen
elkaar te zeggen, bondgenoten. Lid van hetzelfde genootschap.

Ik had het geluk daar te mogen zijn, in Oxford, en ik wilde studeren, dus ik
stapte het bordes van de Bodleian Library op, en ging dat mythische gebouw
binnen. Er zat een man in pak achter de balie.

C Hi; I'm looking for a place to study, and I was wondering if there's a library
somewhere in the city centre that I can use?
Waarop de man antwoordde:

M Unfortunately not, the public library is under construction, it's going to be in
Westgate, but it's not finished yet. So I have to disappoint you, I'm sorry.

C There's nowhere in this 'city of knowledge' a place where I can study?

M No there isn't I'm sorry.

C

- M Well, there are some coffeeshops where you can sit. Just above the bookstores. You know Blackwells? It's a really good spot. Or you could try Waterstones, it's just around the corner. You just have to buy a coffee and you're free to sit down and read your book.
- C Buy a coffee?
- M Hmm.
- C But I don't want to 'buy a coffee' all the time and just 'read my book'. I want to be in a real library and study among books, that are not my own, and which I don't know yet. That's the whole point of a library right?
- M Well then I have to disappoint you, I'm sorry.
- C And I can't study here? This is a library right?
- M No you can't.
- C Why not?
- M You have to be a member.
- C Well can I become 'a member'?
- M No you can't. It's very hard to get in. To give you acces, you have to be a professor or a doctor, or you have to write a decent research. But we have to approve it, if it's not put forward by the university.
- C So you have to be a doctor and research Latin or so?
- M Yes, and they have to confirm it.
- C But can I apply?
- M No you can't, although, well, sometimes they do make an exception...
- C That sounds like a challenge.
- M You wanna try?
- C Try?
- M I think it's possible right now.

C Okay but I didn't prepare anything.

M What's your name?

C Caro Derkx.

M I'll let them know. You have to go through this door and you have to wait, till the jury calls your name.

C Ik dacht: Jury!!!???

Toen drukte hij op een knopje en ging er een klein deurtje open.
Waarbij een gebaar maakte van: 'there!'

Ik kwam in een kleine oude ruimte.
Daar was niemand.
Ik ging op een van de stoelen zitten.
Wachten, wachten, wachten.

Ik hoorde mijn naam.
Die kwam uit de mond van een lange rijzige vrouw.
De jury was er klaar voor.
Ik niet, ik was hier natuurlijk helemaal niet klaar voor.

Oké je doet iets met theater, bluf je erdoorheen
improviseren, verzinnen, dat kan je.

Ik ging de andere ruimte binnen.
De vrouw zei dat ik plaats mocht nemen op de stoel tegenover haar.
Ik ging zitten en toen begon het:

W Why do you want to be a member of the Bodleian Library?

C Well I'm Caro Derkx. I'm from the Netherlands. And I'm studying theatre. And I have the idea that I'm living a bit in my own 'leftish theatre bubbel'. And I want to try to get out of that bubble. So I want to do research on who you are and who you can become. Looking at the self and the other. The other outside yourself but also the other or the otherness within oneself. Looking at identity and how we can enrich our identity, through the stories we're telling about ourselves. Looking at the role or the roles that we play, and I want...

W Which publications do you need?

C Uhm, good question.

W And why do you need our editions specifically?

C Because.. well.. I..

W Are you a member of the University of Oxford?

C No, I'm not.

W Which university in the Netherlands are you in?

C Well I'm not really a student of an university. I'm doing HBO? We have a bit of a different system.

W You're not a student of an university?

C No I am studying, but the school I'm in is lower than the level of an university. I mean not lower but different.

Toen ging ze me helemaal na-tracken. M'n civil number. M'n bank account. Waar ik woonde, waar ik geboren was. Boerderij 't duifje, Arnhem, 24. Yes, I have a Jewish background. Ondertussen probeerde ik met trillende handen, op mijn telefoon, onder te tafel, op te zoeken welke uitgaven ik hard nodig had voor mijn 'onderzoek'.

W So you want to study about the self and the other?

C Ja, en toen ratelde ik een aantal filosofen en hun publicaties op die ik graag wilde bestuderen, heel casual. And my biggest hobby is to read.

Ze knikte zakelijk en liep weg
Ik bleef achter, (wachten wachten wachten)

De vrouw kwam terug en zei:

W Well... I think... we're going to... accept you.

C ...

W *But you have to make the vow.*

C *The vow?*

W *Yes, well let me see; 'Dutch, Dutch, Dutch ah.
You have to stand with your hand on your heart, and you have to say
this out loud:*

C *'Hierbij verklaar ik geen enkel document, uitgave, of ander object behorende tot de bibliotheek of zijn bewaring, weg te nemen, te markeren, beschadigen, of bederven; geen brand of vlammen te veroorzaken. Niet te zullen roken in de bibliotheek; en beloof alle regels van de bibliotheek te gehoorzamen.'*

THE LIBRARY

Oxford - 19 Nov 2017 /1 Feb 2018 - England

Your a what? Your a member of the Bodleian Library?!
How did you managed that?! Well I applied. And they accepted me.

Ik had een onverzadigbare hunkering naar kennis.
Dagen zat ik daar tussen de hoge houten boekenkasten.
Omringt door Plato, Nietzsche, Kant, Schopenhauer en Hegel.
De weken vlogen voorbij. Ik kon me geen beter leven voorstellen

Tot ik op een dag, mijn vertrouwde zaal binnen liep, en hem zag.

I KNOW THYSELF

Who I am?

I can't define it. No.

How would you define yourself?

It's a deep metaphysical question, what this experience actually means.

It's one of the things that occupies me all the time. But not to revisit that experience is dangerous. People don't revisit it. Same as they don't revisit so much of their inner selves. Because it frightens them. So they go back to distractions. And that's reasonable. I'm not saying they shouldn't do that, but they are missing out on something. Maybe missing out on everything that matters sometimes.

What I am, (it's not one thing), it consist in many different aspects of a life. All of which cohere in one single thing, which is 'I'. But how to put that into any other words. I don't know.

Roger Scruton.

A fifty year old man.

A Philosopher.

An outspoken conservative.

Who is actually in the first place a human being.

A resident of a provincial town in England.

I write books

and sometimes I write music.

And I, I made them slaves, my literary works, each of them had the task of unraveling some of this confusion. Putting it in objective form. Taking it out of me. Or taking me out of it. But it has always been addressed to the world, because it wouldn't have been meaningful otherwise. I have been saying to the world; he look, I exist. Does it matter or doesn't it you know, I wanted a response. And when my works became more clear, and others recognized my existence through them, I became to recognize my existence through them, and became humble and uhm serene in what I was.

Now that's enough of that subject.

THE UNIVERSITY PARKS

Oxford - 3 Feb 2018 - England

Daar zat hij, het 'Enfant Terrible' onder de filosofen.

Hij droeg dezelfde gebreide trui, en een ietwat vale ribbroek.

In de bibliotheek hadden we af en toe oogcontact gehad, maar onze neuzen vervolgens weer in de boeken gestoken. Dit zou onze eerste officiële ontmoeting buiten de dikke stenen muren van de bibliotheek worden.

In het park zat hij, op het bankje, zijn thermoskan gereed, te wachten, op mij.

Toen wist ik nog niet dat er weken vol verbazing voor me lagen.

De Britse Roger Scruton heeft een snelheid van denken waar je u tegen zegt, is ontzettend belezen, heeft meer dan 50 boeken op zijn naam staan, en is bovendien niet bang om anders te denken dan de gevestigde norm.

Scruton is conservatief, maar daar zal mijn verbazing niet direct opduiken.

Die komt pas in de dagen waarin we het zouden hebben over de nood aan geworteldheid, de troost van de filosofie, het belang van schoonheid en ten slotte over een ontmoeting, een ontmoeting die zijn sporen achterlaat.

II

CONSERVATISM

I became a conservative in the spring of 1968.

I was in Paris when the mass protests were about. And the thing that struck me most about the students in the streets, was the sentimentality of their anger. It wasn't about any thing objective. It was all about themselves.

Here they were the spoiled middle-class children, who'd never had any real difficulties to cope with. Shouting their heads off in the streets, burning the cars, pretending to be fighting against a tyrannical structure. But the whole thing was a complete fiction. They were enacting out, a self scripted drama, and the central character was themselves.

I was very much aware of the difference between me and everybody else. Not everybody, but most of the people I met.

So the things that my contemporaries took pleasure in like football, cinema, pop music, and all of whatever it might be, had very little significance for me. Of course I played guitar. I played base guitar in a pop group, and all the usual things I had to do. But even while I were doing it I regarded myself, just as ridiculous as the people around me.

It is not unusual to be a conservative, but it is unusual to be an intellectual conservative. My impression is that this hostility to conservatism comes in part because people who self identifies as intellectuals and thinkers, also want to identify themselves as in someway outside community, standing in judgement on it, gifted with superior insight and intellect. And are therefore inevitably critical whatever it is that ordinary people do by way of surveying, you know. So we've created an intellectual class which, which by it's nature does not identify with the way of life around it. And tries to gain another kind of identity through it's critical stands.

And produces the paradox within academic circles and within the press: 'to be a liberal instead of a conservative is almost boringly conventional.' The convention is to be hostile to conventions.

Now let me just review on the tea.

The core thought of conservatism is that you're here as a trustee.

You don't own the earth exclusively for yourself.

You must maintain what the dead have given you, for the benefit of the unborn.

THE UNIVERSITY PARKS

Oxford 4 Feb / 10 Feb 2018 - England

Ik heb mezelf altijd als links progressief beschouwd, maar hoe meer ik naar hem luister hoe meer ik me kan vinden in de conservatieve denkbeelden van Scruton, die langzamerhand ook mijn denkbeelden beginnen te worden.

Ik herken me in hem. Hij heeft het over zijn angst voor mensen. Zijn angst om verbindingen aan te gaan. Angst om niet goed genoeg te zijn. Angst voor bijna alles eigenlijk. Angst voor het leven zelf.

III

TRANSCENDENTAL HOMECOMING

My life was a kind of bildungsroman really, in which the academic part was a kind of enjoyable mistake. I wasn't, I shouldn't have been locked away in library's. My heart and soul have always been in other things. But it was useful to have all those books, because I needed eventually something like philosophy to live in friendship with myself. To learn to live without the fear of life. And that task, learning to live without fear of living, has been a big discipline I have set myself.

Being afraid of giving up a career for instance, that I thought to be certain and secure, my career as a teacher, I knew I should give it up, because I knew it was not me, but I left it very late. And uhm that's a small example. But also being afraid to move to the farm. Being afraid to go out and do things that I felt I should do. Being afraid of people. Being afraid of friendships. Being afraid also of enemies. Being afraid for the world itself almost.

Once you've seen, once you've experienced this, you feel that you're under an obligation to find serenity within yourself. And I think you must do that otherwise you're a trouble to others. Intellectuals in particular are a trouble to others when they haven't achieved that serenity within themselves.

Serenity is a sense of being fully at home in the world and within oneself. A kind of, if you like, transcendental homecoming. Homecoming from all the bitterness and fragmentariness of ordinary experience to some serene condition of being with the world or with each other that we don't normally possess. That's why I love the Beethoven sonnets, because they're a living image in sound where conflict and pain are overcome and brought to a serene solution.

These experiences of homecoming are incredibly important to us. They give us the sense that after all it was worth while. All that struggle that we went through to maintain ourselves as individuals and to show of to each other as individuals, to pursue individual pleasure and individual success.

I shall talk later about Religion and its place in all this. But you asked specifically about serenity now.

Well, you become serene as soon as you've seen, that you're not only the most important thing in the world, but you are also the least important thing. That you're the most important thing to you, because you are all that you have, but you are also no more important than that implies.

You matter.

Your life matters.

But you can only make anything of your life, if you recognize that others matter more. Learning to look at others and see that they are more important. Obviously love for another person is a great help in bringing this serenity, but I could never achieve love for another person without also the assistance that I got from art and music. Because they give me a absolutely clear perception that there are souls in the world that are far more interesting than mine. Which have also lived through troubles, and found in the heart of trouble the seeds of harmony and finally this restfulness with the self. That's serenity. A silence. That comes from within. And hum to me, this, hum, shall I stop here for a moment?

SCRUTOPIA

Sundey Hill Farm - Wiltshire 11 Feb 2018 - Great Britain

Sereniteit. Vreemd woord. Zo'n woord dat eigenlijk alleen nog maar in het woordenboek voorkomt. Scruton gebruikt het woord volop. Sereniteit. We zullen erop terugkomen met musicale begeleiding, maar eerst nog staat god op de agenda, om het daarover te hebben, rijdt ik anderhalf uur in zuidwestelijke richting.

De cottage van Sir Roger Scruton ligt tussen de glooiende groene heuvels. Idyllisch, is het woord dat bovendrijft. Hier is een kunstenaar aan het werk geweest. Hier is schoonheid gecreëerd. De wereld lijkt hier liefelijk geordend en overzichtelijk. Ik ben zelf opgegroeid op een boerderij, dus het voelt een beetje als thuiskomen hier in Wiltshire.

Scruton laat me de boerderij en zijn land zien, ik vraag de filosoof of hij een boer is? Ja. Dat hij af en toe wat gras knipt. En dat een boerderij bezitten al een stapje op de weg is naar het worden van een boer.

In zijn study, vraag ik hem of hij wat muziek wil maken op die grote vleugel van hem. Hij zegt dat hij niet goed kan spelen en maar een amateur is. Ik zeg dat ik er geen zak van geloof. Toen Scruton en ik elkaar in Oxford ontmoette zei hij ook dat hij geen piano kon spelen. Pas daarna ontdekte ik dat hij 3 libretto's geschreven heeft, en 2 opera's. Zo'n soort amateur dus.

Scruton is typisch, maf zou je hem kunnen noemen, origineel is hij zeker. Waar vind je vandaag de dag nog een Westerse filosoof die ongegeneerd in god geloofd? Althans in de noodzaak van het geloof in god. Die op het orgel speelt in een plattelandskerk en die de schoonheid en troost van de religie bezingt in nogal wat toonaarde. Die filosoof vind je in Wiltshire. Engeland.

IV

RELIGIOUS SENSE

C Sorry Sir Scruton, but you're not really good in the frame. Can you maybe move a bit to your right?

S Like this?

C Yes that's great, thank you very much.

S Shall I start from the beginning?

C No no, that won't be necessary, maybe we can pick it up from the part you were telling me about the organ?

S Right yeah,

I play the organ every Sunday. Because I'm the organist here in the village. I've always play Bach then. But my fingers are to rusty to play Bach very well. Beethoven has always been a great love. Chopin too, and uhm Mozart.

Right, yeah, to go back to what we were talking about earlier.

The roots of religion lie obviously very deep in us.

We're the only animals with a religious sense.

There is in all of us this need to establish the connection with something greater. Something which is not me. Is not you.

But in someway comprehends us both.

Even in this irreligious and pagan age, the desire to transcend our life here, remains just as strong. That there is something upon which life depends and towards which life tends. That there is something which is greater than our lives, that we can't put into any words. And that god feeling is all important. And if we deny it than we're completely at sea, and people become pray to superstition of the most appalling kind.

You only have to look at the history of the 20th century to see the truth of that. I think it's no accident that the loss of faith was immediately accompanied by the rise of totality government.

Communism

and Nazism

and Fazism

and Capitalism.

All of that are superstitions. So to me, to me a return, a return to the sense of the divine is absolutely vital.

And, I mean, it's possible for someone like Rilke to live with a kind of death of god feeling. To say to himself, 'well god has been taken away from the world, along with so much else, I will now remake everything according to my own inner light and find consolation there.' To some extent that's what I do. But not everybody is capable of doing that. Not everybody is Rilke. Most of the people don't live, don't rise to the challenge at all, they sink a long way beneath it and live without that aspiration to live something better.

Now the question is...

What you're going to ask.....

If people have lost the longing for paradise,
will they start longing to win the national lottery or something?

Well, I think the loss of faith in our century, is guilty for the arise of the self-centered attitude. I mean... Yes. When people lose the longing for paradise, they start longing to win the national lottery or something. They engage in a vulgar secular version of longing. I mean... I mean it is in all of our nature to long for the compensation for what we have not had. And to think, finally, that will be given to us. That which we've always wanted. Uhm, but it may be, that is the only way that many people can live properly, by holding in front of themselves this ideal, and trying to earn it. There's nothing vulgar or silly in wanting that.

So I'm very much opposed to take religion away from people, if you lose it yourself, *like Nietzsche did*, or Rilke did, that's fine, but that's your problem, you deal with it. And I think I, I worked my way back to something, like the god idea. I'm giving it a place in my life, as a creative endeavor to be something higher than myself, to lift all that day to day routine, and look at it from a transcendental perspective. To stand, so to say, on a little peak, and look across at this sea of confusion and hysteria and smile at it. And this god idea enables me, to stand, so to say, in judgment on myself, because I think I should. I think that's enough of religion?

We should go on to the beauty of the hunt.

I actually didn't say anything about that yet.

SCRUTOPIA

Sunday Hill Farm - Wiltshire 12 Feb 2018 - Great Britain

Scruton vervalft af en toe in monologen. Soms begint hij te prediken.

Als de priester van het geloof dat hij zelf heeft uitgevonden. Zijn geloof dat hij aan mij en de rest van de mensheid zou willen opdragen. Soms neigt hij naar betweterigheid, en erger nog, naar onderscheidt. Radicaal onderscheidt.

Tussen een goede visie en een slechte, een goed leven en een slecht leven.

Mindere mensen en betere mensen. Oikofobie, het verval van de westerse beschaving, dat we niet meer in ons verleden geloven, of in onze traditionele kunst. Ik weet dat er iets gevaarlijks in zit, en toch wil ik erin mee gaan. Ik wil geloven in de geordende en overzichtelijke wereld die hij creëert, en hij is een intellectueel, hij heeft gestudeerd, dus hij weet waar hij het over heeft.

Scruton vraagt of hij al piano moet spelen.

Laten we het eerst nog hebben over schoonheid.

Dan komt de muziek vanzelf.

V

THE WARRIOR OF BEAUTY

I'm one of those people who believe that the aesthetic instinct is not an arbitrary addition to the human mind, but actually what we're fundamentally about. Beauty, has been central to our civilization for over two-thousand years. And from it's beginning in ancient Greece, philosophy has reflected on the place of beauty in art, poetry, music, architecture and everyday life. Philosophers have argued that through the pursuit of beauty we shape the world as a home. It's a sacred task.

If we find beauty in a young person it is because we glimpses the light of eternity, that shines on this features from a heavenly source beyond this world. It's an invitation to unite with it, not physically, but spiritually. But we can also find beauty in a face full of grief and pain. Such as Rembrandt painted.

Our world has turned it's back on beauty. And because of that we find ourselves surrounded by ugliness and alienation.

No longer is beauty important in art.

No longer has art have a sacred status.

No longer does it raise us to a higher moral or spiritual plane

Art once made a cult of beauty, now we have a cult of ugliness instead.

Since the world is disturbing, art should be disturbing too.

Not beauty but originality, however achieved and with whatever moral costs became important. There is no longer any need for skill, taste, or creativity.

And those who do find beauty in art important, are just 'out of touch with modern reality.'

This has made art into a joke.

A joke that by now has ceased to be funny.

If everybody is afraid to say that the emperor has no clothes on.

Maybe people have lost their faith in beauty, because they've lost their faith in ideals. All there is, they attempted to think, is the world of appetite.

There are no other values than utilitarian ones.

Something has a value when it has a use.

And what's the use of beauty?

'All art is absolutely useless' wrote Oscar Wilde.

People need useless things.

Maybe even more than they need things with a use.

Just think of it, what's the use of love, of friendship or worship?

We see this uselessness in traditional architecture with decorative details. The useless details satisfy our need for harmony, in a strange way they make us feel at home. If you only consider utility, the things you build will soon be useless. A building is empty because nobody has a use for it, nobody has a use for it because nobody wants to be in it, nobody wants to be in it because the thing is so damned ugly.

Thoughts of the kind we've been having Caro, are dangerous. In our democratic world, people often think it is threatening to judge another person's taste. Some are even offended that there is something as a good or bad taste, or that it matters what you read or listen to. But this doesn't help anybody, there are standards of beauty. And we need to look for them and build them into our lives.

Our English countryside is devoted to beauty. England offers green fields and woodlands. Country lanes between villages. Landscapes in which the dominant landmark is a church steeple, or a country house. And here and there a night sky where you can still see the stars. For miles on end, the place seems inhabited only because the fields, gates, walls and copses remind you that there must be people looking after it. England is a country that has been looked after, not as a place to build and use but a place to appreciate for its beauty.

SCRUTOPIA

Sundey Hill Farm - Wiltshire 13 Feb 2018 - Great Britain

Ik vind het prachtig. Echt. Alles wat hij zegt.

Ik wil dat hij het nog een keer verteld, en nog een keer, en nog een keer.

En dat ik dan bij hem op schoot kruip, en dat hij dan met mijn haar speelt en dat ik dan thee voor ons inschenk, en dat hij mijn thee bijvult als hij bijna leeg is. Dat ik dan even afgeleid ben, en in de verte staar,

en dat hij dan raad wat ik denk en me complimenteert met mijn mooie gedachtengang. Ik wil gezamenlijk fantaseren dat we op een paard rijden, door de bossen, langs groene heuvels, en kleine riviertjes die nog geen namen hebben, en dat wij die dan een naam geven, en dat wanneer de zon ondergaat dat we dan eerste zinnen van onze lievelingsboeken voordragen.

Maar dan komt de gedachte; het is nostalgisch, het is de Shire, het is Tolkien het hoort in de boekenkast. Zijn Engeland is nog steeds dat grootse rijk dat India geregeerd heeft en Hitler verslagen, maar Engeland is niet meer groen en aangenaam zoals het ooit is geweest. En ik hou van de wereld die hij beschrijft, zijn jammerlijke liefde, maar het is niet waar. Ja, misschien is het waar binnen de muren van de dure kostschool waar hij gezeten heeft.

Waar Dante, Shakespeare, Tolstoy, Goethe, Montaigne, Wagner, Beethoven, Baudelaire de wereld vormgaven. Het is fictie. Het is stoffig.

Het is een fantasiebeeld en het behoort tot het verleden.

Het heeft geen toekomst!

Hij kijkt me aan.

VI

NOSTALGIA

You 'Dutch', Caro, are always afraid of things that's the trouble. Now, every serious idea is dangerous, but uhm, in a civilized mind it is not. Remember the founding work of our civilization, describes Odysseus' decision to give up immortality and live with a goddess, in order to travel across dangerous seas, to his home. We do have that longing for a home and we're trying to build it. All I'm advocating is that we should go on building it, it will always be a different home but it isn't in anyway nostalgia to say this is were our values lie.

I was very fortunate in having an unhappy childhood. So that my desire from the very beginning was to escape from it, I ran away, when I was 16, as soon as I could. There was nothing to go back to. So I went out quite anxious into the world, but nevertheless thinking that there was nothing good that could happen to me except by me going on and making it happen out of my own energy. So from the beginning I was in the business of making a home, which was be my doing.

The secret of real architecture, why Amsterdam is beautiful, because it's build as a home. But of course modern architecture is hideously larger, it's without a soul, because it's an architecture for nomads. Who sweep through it like a wind, like pieces of paper on a wind and then disappear. Moving from place to place, from person to person from one emotional relationship to the next. But the hunger is growing within them to bring it to a stop. Or to stand back and be at one with things. 'wohnen in der land', as Heidegger put it. And that is something which, I'm not a great fan of Heidegger but there's rather few things he tells that are actually true. 'Only if we know how to dwell can we build, and only if we build can we live with each other.'

This is not nostalgia Caro. It has to do with knowledge past on from age to age. It's perfectly reasonable in my view. It's only because the left have dominated the language in which these things are discussed, that my reasonable position can be made look like that unreasonable position. In which you were just attributing.

My child home was a little semi-detached house, by a railway line uhm, in which we we're very poor, and very much hum, living in the old... Under the shadow of the old class resentments of the English. It was a world of darkness. Or twilight. Yes it was a twilight world. And it had nothing to do with this place, this place is created by books and music in the middle of the

countryside which I love, and among people doing innocent old fashioned things with animals. That's as far as one could get.

MASTERPROOF

Sunday Hill Farm - Wiltshire 13 Feb 2018 - Great Britain

[still]

*'So I'm going to play the piano now.
It's a little piece of music that describes the beauty of the hunt'*

[Beethoven's 'moonlight sonata' starts - plays full five minutes]

[music ends]

VII

THE BEAUTY OF THE HUNT

Sundey Hill Farm - Wiltshire 13 Feb 2018 - Great Britain

Dit gedeelte van Engeland was ooit het Broaden Forest.

In de middeleeuwen een koninklijk bos dat gebruikt werd om te jagen.

En de schoonheid is wat we zo zullen waarnemen. De jacht omvat dat wat wij als mensen fundamenteel zijn. We zijn jagers-verzamelaars voor wie de ultieme vorm van sociale cohesie komt van de ervaring om samen te jagen met onze stam. Niet dat je de vossenjacht kan zien als een jagende-stam, maar veel van dat oer-gevoel die de jager-verzamelaar ervaart zie je erin terug. Onderdeel zij van een soort en niet alleen bestaan als een individu. We zijn ongelukkig omdat we op de eerste plaats proberen een individu te zijn. Terwijl troost komt wanneer men zich bezinkt in iets dat groter is dan zichzelf. En dat kan je doen met dieren omdat ze al bestaan, in dat leven van een kudde.

Er is het samenzijn met de paard wat extreem belangrijk is.

Of nou ja niet alleen het samenzijn met het paard, maar ook met de honden. Ze keren terug naar de origine van hun soort, rennend in de kudde. In een staat van extreme opgetogenheid, euforisch van binnen, maar tegelijkertijd blijft het vreedzaam, ze zijn niet... ja natuurlijk zijn de honden bezig met het vangen van een vos, maar de relatie die ze met elkaar hebben is fundamenteel coöperatief en vredig.

Net als de relatie tussen paard en hond, en mens en hond.

Er schuilt een soort troost in het zo dicht bij hen zijn, alsof je als het ware je gevoel van eenzaamheid en isolatie aan de kant schuift en zinkt in het ritme van die dierlijke vreugde.

De beste manier is om terug te grijpen naar deze dierlijke ervaringen en ze subliemer, architectonisch en esthetisch te maken dan ze anders zouden zijn.

Friedrich Engels, was de grote vos jagende marxist.

Nietzsche. Nietzsche oh ja zeker, Nietzsche hield ook van jagen.

Hoe anders dan in traditie en ceremonie worden onschuld en schoonheid geboren? De jacht is een heel goed voorbeeld van de poging om onschuld en schoonheid te creëren door middel van traditie en ceremonie.

Een ceremonie waar de dood zelf deel van wordt van het ritueel.

Want zonder de bewustwording van de dood

kan er sowieso nooit schoonheid zijn.

Daar is de vos, recht voor mijn neus.

De vos die we al die tijd met zijn allen proberen te vangen.

Zacht en oranje is zijn vacht.

Zo oranje als het haar van Sir Scruton.

Donkere ogen. Ze glinsteren. Ik zie mezelf.

Ik zie mezelf in de ogen van de vos.

2 kleine poppetjes.

Ik kijk hem recht aan.

Look 'm dead in the eye.

En

...

[black]

[end]