

GRAVEYARDS AND A SENTIMENTAL EDUCATION



I can't help hanging around the dead.

On a visit to Walter Scott's grave in the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey.



Some extraordinary gravestones. Early to mid 18th century.



I have been talking with Bianca (Carpeneti) and Chris (Lowman) about a true education of the sentiments – as envisaged by Rousseau – so much more appropriately contemporary than Flaubert – cutting through disciplines, disciplinary slicing through to the human ...

Is this not the embodiment?



Reading as redemption. Books that speak to everything – and the thought that we are all in search of maybe five that live and die with us, our very own texts. I think of Borges' infinite texts, but these would be utterly specific to ourselves, infinite not in their comprehensiveness, but in the way they speak to a single soul.

Update July 2020 – consider allegory – [\[Link\]](#)