

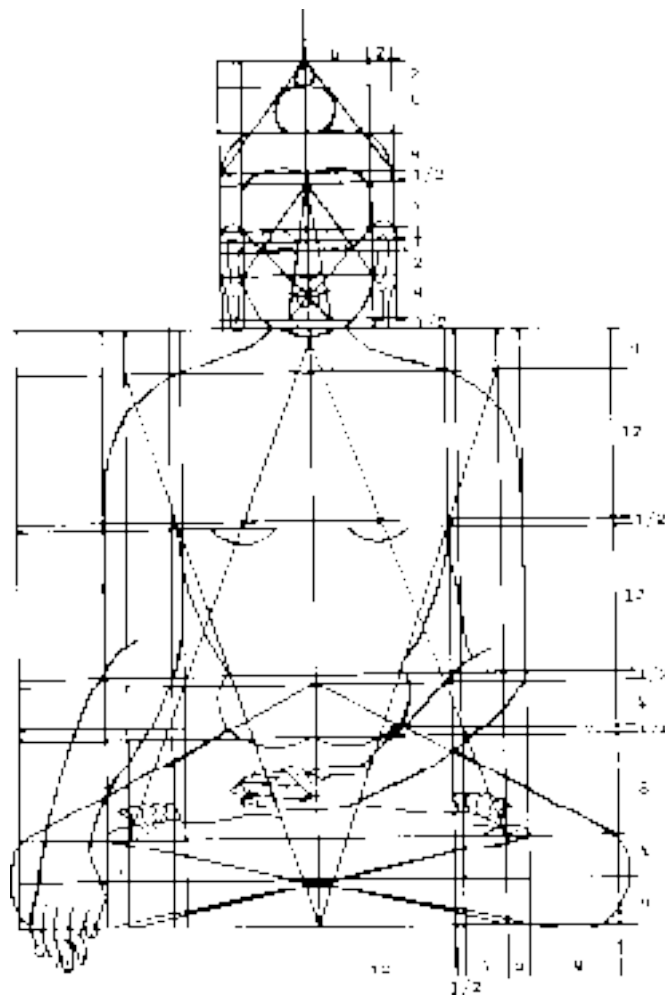
Neruda's seabirds

Jaromil's Journal of Musings

19 October 2001

0.1 Neruda's seabirds

A lyrical cut & paste of physiological doubts, aesthetic vocations, existential meditation and deep breathing.



peculiar intimate doubts (from a Jonathan Alex Gold essay)

Here all along I thought I was a scientist. I thought I was a philosopher. I thought I was a mathematician, studying algorithms and their proofs in the grand tradition of Euclid and Gauss and, of course, al Khwarizimi. I could have sworn that this is what I do. And yet, from what I can gather from the reports, and from what people tell me about myself, that's not it at all.

