

IMAGINARY THOUGHTS

I think therefore I am; I think. A takeoff on Descartes' famous dictum.

The native hue of resolution is sicklied over with the pale cast of thought. Shakespeare

Neither loose imagination, nor the mill of the mind consuming its rag and bone, can make the truth known. Yeats

Physical space and time are the absolute stupidity of the universe. Jose Ortega y Gasset

In the world of words, the imagination is one of the forces of nature. Wallace Stevens

It is impossible to believe what follows. The author also thinks so.

I appeared as a ghostly apparition in a void that had no dimensions nor items that I could distinguish. I do not know from the where and the why this odd existence that was me occurred. The one attribute I apparently had was an imagination that could translate any thought I had into a reality. I tried using it to explain my existence. For once and perhaps for the only time it failed me. I thought about some entity that could have been responsible for creating me, in other words a creator. If there was one such being who created it? I simply gave up. Otherwise, my imagination was limitless. Or was it?

Much to my surprise, I learnt that I could control 'time'. In other words, for me there was no past, present or future. I could travel to any time period I wished. I decided to take advantage of this ability by going backward in time to the moment the universe was created by the explosion of an infinitely small particle of mass. Obviously, this was a happening that I imagined. I then imagined what preceded this event and learnt that this was nothing more than the ending of another universe. I was confused. Was I also imagining this or was this the contrivance of another entity of which I was unaware? I decided to go to its timely origins and learnt that it was created in a similar fashion. It seems that the ending of one was the beginning of another endlessly. In other words there are an infinite number of universes and they are scattered all over. While they have many similarities, especially in a gross manner, they are not all alike.

They all have myriads of galaxies that contain huge numbers of stars, with many having solar systems that have a relatively small number of planets that orbit them. There are many ways in which universes can and do differ. I am responsible for most, if not all of them.

My imagination allows me to travel anywhere in any particular universe that I choose. Distance is not a problem. Distance and time are related. I can go anywhere instantaneously, and I have. I have visited a large number of planets and discerned a tremendous variety of behaviours.

Miraculously, I can be as creative as I wish in a wide variety of arenas. For example, in one world I am the greatest scientist ever, influencing the community of scientists as no one had

ever achieved. In another, I am an artist whose paintings and sculptures were never surpassed. In still another, I am an engineer and an architect whose efforts have enhanced the fields of construction, transportation and communication thus making the quality of life much greater. My favorite pastime was in the area of sound, especially by creating sounds that have been labelled music. I spend a great deal of time inventing devices to reproduce these beautiful sounds, basking in their beauty by assiduously listening to them.

However, perhaps my most important innovations were in the area of authorship. My works of literary fiction, poetry, philosophy, social sciences, myths, history, ethics, religion and psychology consisted of arduous efforts to eliminate destructive behaviour. I had limited success with the latter. I had to stretch my imagination to its limit.

There are two prime traits that the biological entities I encountered were imbued with. They are love and hate that are two sides of the same coin. I must have imagined them yet I do not know what my purpose was, if indeed I had one. Personally, after searching my being, I found the I has no such feelings. The author of all these writings, especially those dealing with love and hate, I labelled 'Anonymous'. I had never imagined a name for myself, perhaps because of my modest nature. Yet they all turned out to be best sellers. What the humanoids found attractive about love and hate remains a mystery.

I hope the reader of this epistle has enjoyed this piece of literature and has been influenced for the better by it.

Epigram:

The previous is nothing more than a movie script for which I have been well paid. Luckily, the movie studio that is going to make the movie has a great special effects department that can reproduce anything imaginable. Otherwise, many of the needed scenes would have been impossible.

Jack Basuk,

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