

the cat
was
a vet



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What is imagination
history

growing up

imagination today

nostalgia

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contracts

Intelligences

School

We need imagination more
than ever



My Sister Elise was about three years old when we got our cat, Filoche. Three days after adopting him we went to the vet to get Filoche vaccinated, and Elise really wanted to come with us. On the way back home, she looked very disappointed and my dad asked her what the problem was. She said she thought the vet would be a cat too. She said it would have been much better. When we thought about it from my sister's point of view, her reaction actually seemed rather logical. It is naive, but it is a very 'childish' kind of logic, one that makes this story fun to listen to.

Is it this naivety that creates such stories, or is it powerful imagination, or both? The question is: are they related? Does this special way of seeing things only exist in our childhoods? Like a snake shedding its skin, do we lose it at some point?

This innate creativity is special. Like textile. A fabric is a process, a story. It comes from soil, to hands, to machines, to skin. Fabric comes from fabricate which comes from Latin « fabricatus ». To fabricate is to invent, create something from scratch. Fabulation means to tell, to grow legends, to build stories by spreading them. Fabulation and fabrication are then very similar. They both use imagination but in different ways.

I use fabric in my work because it is sensitive. It is everywhere, on our skin and windows, it covers tables, beds, chairs,

and floors. We feel it, it creates our environment, a set for a life, a costume for your play. It stretches and changes depending on where and how you use it. It keeps smells and holds memories. I still have the stuffed animals from my childhood. The fabric is damaged where my hands and mouth used to be. I think we can all relate to the fact that the best thing about them is that they stink. When my mum would want to wash it, it was as if my stuffed animal's identity was being taken away, as if it would lose its soul.

I am wondering how, when, why and whether we lose our imagination as we grow up. As the saying goes: 'we lose our inner child'. Almost as if our ability to imagine and our being a child are the same thing. But are they?



Twelve years later, we're back in the car with my cat Filoche, my sister Elise, my dad Guillaume, and my mum Stéphanie. As we pass by our old town, my dad reminds us about that vet story. Elise seems happy to hear it again. She is asking us why she

does not think like that anymore. She says that it is crazy how her way of thinking was more creative when she was younger. She wonders how come we change so much. Filoche wakes up and says that he always wanted to be a vet himself. He also says that yes, it is strange, but today these questions of education and how children function are of increasing interest and progress is being made on the subject. Schools and parents are getting more and more sensitive to the power of imagination and creativity in general. Filoche says that he read about that.

Stéphanie says she has been sure for a long time that the relationship we have with imagination today is more positive than it used to be. But now she is not sure anymore. She thinks that in the past, the relationship between children and adults was very different. The parent's life seemed much more separated from their children's life.

My grandma said to us that you could see it at the table, there was never a table that would mix both generations, the children would always get their assigned table. And if they would sometimes be at the table, they would not be able to talk. But obviously, that differs from one family to another, adds Stéphanie.

Was it the same between imagination and adults?

Guillaume turns around and reaches to grab chips.

Stéphanie asks him to look at the road and

takes the bag to the front of the car.

Guillaume adds that he feels like today parents are encouraged to talk to and stimulate their children as much as they can. Children are now seen more and more almost as equals to adults, there is maybe more respect for their individuality; of their way of being, their emotions, while educating and taking care of them.

Radio: "...bib-bib-boup-boup ...anymore. «Whatever scholars have made of myth – which has not been much until quite recently – all have had to acknowledge that in its varied forms it certainly exemplifies imaginative activity. Some used to argue that it is the kind of crazy thinking that results from the imagination running wild, without the constraints of rationality. As such, it was claimed to be unproductive thought, reasonless, like the unconscious rambling of a demented dreamer. (cf. Blumenberg, 1985; Kirk, 1970). And yet it is ubiquitous in oral cultures. This was a quote from 'A Very Short Story of Imagination' by Kieran Egan from 1992."

I argue that the dreamers and storytellers were (and still are sometimes) associated with craziness. I am wondering if this could also be related with witches and people that were persecuted for having uncommon beliefs. I think restraining imagination is only a reason to control people

better. Because imagination brings creativity, invention and above all, questions. And curiosity is not good for order.

My mum looks confused and asks me if I'm talking about religion.

But maybe myths and religion-related beliefs are something else. I'm reading this book at the moment: Did the Greeks believe in their Myths? By Paul Veyne. He claims "To believe is to obey. The political role of religion is not at all a matter of ideological content". Filoche interrupts me and says that he read the entire book, so he knows more about it. He says that Paul Veyne explains that one of the ways to control people is to make them believe in a common force. For Paul Veyne, it becomes religion that creates specific rules, which the people then must follow. A God represents a referee who decides what is bad and what is good. These rules are being respected even more because they are dictated by an invisible force, which is not on the same level as humans, but much more superior.

This superiority that grows inside of each believer is created by imagination. In fact, Veyne elaborates on how the fact that this force is not visible and that its power is not delimited, creates more fear. Because by not knowing, our imagination takes over and projects our fears onto this mystical source. This creates a kind of God that is personalised. Each person is afraid for their own life. If this force can be

everywhere, then it can know everything. This kind of an imaginary force serves the common order. At times forced belief can prevent one from questioning things. That's how it was for a lot of societies in the Middle Ages. Because to believe in God was not really a choice. It wasn't a question of values or personal faith, but a political question.

I feel quite surprised that my cat read this book before me. I still think that there are different ways to deal with imagination. If your imagination is serving change, curiosity, and creativity, it becomes something else. A fertile imagination is the one that makes you create a story, or simply instead of being at the service of fear and limitation, could make you more free. We just need to create space for it. To believe in imagination and believe through imagination is different.

My dad says that a few generations back, our Western European society was in need of a much more collective investment. Considering wars and poverty, the society needed the new generations to be capable of serving their country, to understand logic, maths, sciences... Not necessarily to daydream and create fantasies. But if we go even further in the past - myths, legends, and stories used to play a very big role in the daily life of people. People of any society had always created stories about things that didn't exist or at least weren't visible. But by writing them down

and drawing them those stories became real. They became a part of what we know. Gnomes, hybrid creatures, fairies – are things that we all can imagine, still to this day. But often when we think about them, we think about them via their relation to childhood; even though those things were a part of adult life and were a very serious topic back then.

Elise hands Filoche the rest of the chips and says that these beliefs aren't gone from the grown up's lives. Some people still believe in things that aren't gods.

Filoche fell asleep again...

“Yes, but now to believe when you are an adult means religion most of the time.” My dad answered.

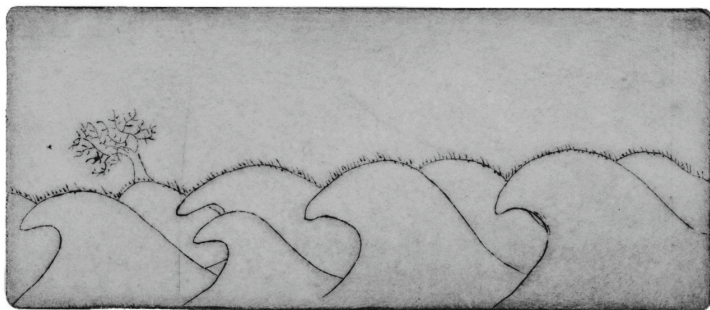
“Do you think it is because we have too much rational information today to look at things that aren't rational?” Says my sister looking at me.

Last Friday, I was at a bar with a friend of mine and we talked about becoming adults. He told me that when we grow up, we have responsibilities and therefore we must “come back to earth” and be rational and responsible to attend to them.

The more we grow up, the more obligations, schedules, and responsibilities we have. This makes it less possible to escape from reality, ‘escaping’ becomes a danger to this order because it concerns you and the

others around you. Because we all need each other, our society can only exist if the responsibilities are common. The public order loves repetition and is run by routines and rationality. While imagining, time and space can transform and extend. It can feel like you're not fully there anymore. However, 'to not be there anymore' can be seen as not being there for others, and as being 'unproductive'.

My mum seems to be more into the conversation now. Maybe because this responsibility that I was talking about is resonating with her role of being a mother. She looks out of the window. On both sides of the road the hilly fields pass by so fast that they look like waves.



She says that maybe to have order in growing societies, adults needed to get away from fiction, and stick to the problem-solution mindset. During the Renaissance, people started to believe in sciences. With the industrial revolution, a lot of jobs at factories needed very repetitive labour and

no thinking. Everything needed to be fast and efficient. She is sure that repetition, productivity, and efficiency are exactly what kills imagination and creativity. But these were necessary qualities to make the world that we know today.

By being so detached from our imagination we created a huge gap between children and adults. Children are still dreaming and playing and they are allowed to do that without causing any problems. Because they are not yet fully part of the society. They don't have responsibilities.

“Yes, well it makes sense that children fear growing up! “Says Elise with a wry laugh. “If adult life prevents us from playing and dreaming, it doesn't sound like fun. And adults are talking about losing their inner child. Does no one ever feel good for their age then? “

My mum gets annoyed by Elise. When you put it that way, it seems depressing and stupid, but of course it is much more complicated than that. Adults need to work and to take care of everything in order for their children to play and dream. But adults still play and dream with children or without – they can fall in love, create, and build futures.

To see childhood as a perfect time in life is as wrong as seeing adulthood only for its responsibilities. Adults think they lose their inner child because they miss

the mindset of not having to do anything useful. But being your manager also means being free.

Elise keeps quiet.

My dad sings along to 'Singin' in the Rain' in unison with the radio. He gets anxious when there is conflict. There is wind outside and it's adding flute sounds to the music.

Elise is not really listening anymore. She is on her phone. Filoche always gets triggered by it. He says that for example, this is something that blocks one's imagination. She mumbles that she is starting to feel bored of hearing this again and again. Filoche looks a little offended and speaks up, exclaiming that it is perhaps not the phone or the social media itself, even though he has a lot to say about that, but more the number of videos that she watches all the time. There are videos everywhere, all the time. I say that I am myself feeling very consumed by the overwhelming amount of video content available to us. I love it, but sometimes I feel like I choose to watch for the ease of it, and not for the quality.

My mum says that she is worried for the next generations. She thinks that these new technologies make the development of imagination, social skills, and craft difficult.

Elise is upset and feels attacked. She

thinks our mum is so old-school and should have a look at videos on YouTube to understand the current and future world. Videos help her generation a lot to understand all the crises happening in the world. To understand the news, she watches videos that summarise information, making it more entertaining and easier to comprehend. The new generations receive so much different information at the same time without ever really asking for it. Having so much awareness at such a young age is a lot of pressure, not having that awareness can also rob children of their naivety. Maybe their naivety is supposed to be there for a reason, to protect them. Rationality is replacing fairies.

Radio: *Brrr... Wee-e-e... « Today we are talking about the work of Willem de Ridder and focus on the text The Effect of Storytelling On You. The text is translated from Dutch and is about storytelling and how we lost our myths. We will now read a few quotes from the text: "Myths provided humans with complete stories that prescribed our images and perceptions which covered and erased the difference between the two. By filling the gap, humans have forgotten the existence of the gap itself. But now, society has become something of relative value due to our objectivism, which is in fact individual subjectivism (our inclination towards absolute individual freedom), and myths, unlike medicine,*

have lost their value as well as their function in our society.

By losing our myths, we have also lost their placebo effect, and this has led us to research in vain for a substitute to fill the gap between image and action. In vain, because the placebo effect is only possible when one holds an absolute value in something other than oneself and establishes a strong bond of faith with it. This is not possible in a world where individual freedom is absolute.” »

“The Internet increased individuality, for better or for worse”. Says my mum way too loud over the radio. In fact, because everyone can have a say in everything on the internet, it obviously creates more freedom and that’s great. Everyone can be themselves. But it also becomes dangerous for the common good. We do need to work together, make compromises, and respect a few rules, otherwise we drown in chaos.

Radio continuous «(...) of our continuity and repetitiveness... Presently, society demands various contrivances to continuously place the mind in a state of paralysis and to make us forget the difference between image and action, to the extent that such devices are ubiquitous in our daily lives, and it has become an obsessive habit for us to use them.

It can be said that the loss of the placebo effect has necessitated us to

use such life-sustaining-equipment-like devices. It is impossible to recover the placebo effect without abandoning it and we may end our whole lives surrendering ourselves to such life-support systems.»

I do think that we lost some of our abilities to listen to stories and history and especially to believe. But as we talked about the book of Paul Veyne earlier, believing can also easily lock people up. So, it is about finding a balance. When it comes to social media, it brings freedom, but it is also dangerous. Balance means being aware of what your beliefs are, how much you believe in them and why and being conscious about how you use your phone, why and when.

Filoché says that he cannot relate to this problem because he cannot manage to open his phone with his claws. He explains how getting educated about it at a young age is the way to go. That it is important to explain to a child how the internet works, what you should and shouldn't do on it. It is the same when you educate your child to act a certain way before going on a hike in the forest, because there is danger, even though there are a lot of interesting things to discover.

He also thinks that protecting children too much is not a good idea. To hide certain things from them because "they cannot understand" is underestimating the intel-

ligence of a child. Of course, all of this depends on the age, but still, children should and can be taken seriously.

My dad says that we often forget that we were all children once. And it is also ok to act like one sometimes, whatever that means. Children are learning from adults, but adults are learning a lot from children as well. It is just not spoken about enough.

Filoché says that it is also funny to see how some parents are changing their behaviour, or humour according to the personality of their child. It is like when one day you realise that you and your best friend are talking the same way. You don't remember who was first.

Radio: *“And that was Oiseau by Bertrand Belin... Today we will talk about this article by Jessica Stillman, “The World Is Literally Getting Less Colourful”. She talks about this analysis done by the Science Museum that she discovered via the newsletter of North-eastern University’s Dean Dan Cohen. She writes: “The museum’s collection is home to a treasure trove of technological and household items going back centuries, from telegraph machines to iPhones. What would be revealed if we took a picture of all seven thousand + of them, the museum wondered, and analysed how their colours changed over time? The results,*

published in a fascinating in-depth post, are a wonderland for design and data nerds to explore, but the basic takeaway is clear To the left, where older objects reside, is a riot of colour, with a substantial cluster of earth tones representing all the wood, leather, and metal people used to use to make things. As you move towards the right, things get increasingly grey, with a growing stripe of corporate branding blue.”

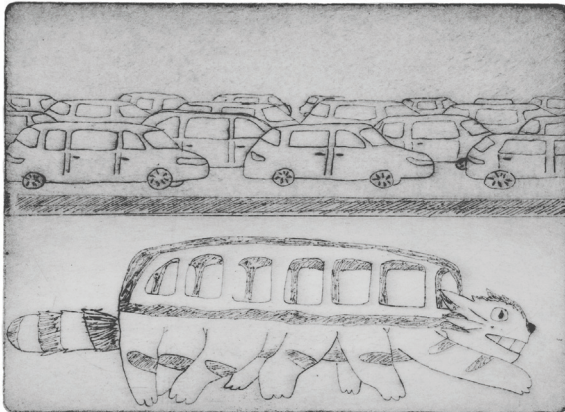
My sister looks at my mum and says that she saw a video on TikTok about that.

If we look closer at our daily surroundings and objects, we see mainly grey, black, or sometimes white. Cars, phones, shoes, buildings are a very good example.

Filoché says that he thinks the main reason why people in Paris are rude is because it's grey. Everyone laughs. I agree but I think that it is not only in Paris but in big cities in general. It is also not only about cities but about what we choose, what we like, what we accept. And this is having an impact on imagination. Children's objects or classrooms remain colourful though.

My sister just put a song from *The Moving Castle*, (a studio Ghibli movie from Hayao Miyazaki that came out in 2004.)

It's bringing silence, a musical silence into the car.



This song is one of those that always brings something special to the air, you can almost smell it. It's something that Elise and I are sharing as sisters, we both have this very special emotion related to that movie and that song.

It makes me think of the first time I watched My Neighbour Totoro (that is also a studio Ghibli movie directed by Hayao Miyazaki, it came out in 1988 in Japan). I was around five years old. It was during the holidays at Easter. My mum said that magic bells will come soon to bring chocolate to the garden. I remember that because I think it inspired me almost as much as Totoro did.

The film is about two young girls, Mei is four and Satsuki is around eight years old. On that day when we watched the movie my sister was not born yet, but I think I was somehow aware that I was about to have a sister soon. I don't know if I related directly to Satsuki, but what I'm sure of is

that I was in love with their relationship from the beginning.

When my sister was 4, she started to watch the movie with me, and funnily enough, she is the exact same as Mei.

(Satsuki and Mei are me and my sister...)

The movie starts with them moving into their new house. They are discovering their new environment, the neighbours and the forest that surrounds their garden.

Mei is spending her days looking at the plants, playing in the garden while her dad is working, and her sister Satsuki is at school. There is a giant Camphor tree just in front of the house. It looks like the entire forest is inside of that tree. Totoro lives there.

Totoro and all the other creatures around him are sometimes invisible, they are the wind, or the movement in the grass. Satsuki and Mei will meet these invisible entities; they will grow magic seeds and take the cat bus.

A new song is playing, and I wake up from my half-sleep. I realised that I was unconsciously watching the movie from my memories while the song was playing. This movie has no limits when it comes to imagining things, it is visual and sensitive. It is making the invisible visible, but only if you take the time to look at it. Not every character is able to see it in the movie. It is about looking at something that doesn't exist, but maybe by looking atten-

tively at it, it will exist.

I ask my mum to put on another song from Studio Ghibli.

My sister looks at me and says that Mei sees Totoro first maybe because she is the only one that had the time to look. Her dad and her sister were working and studying.

I love that we were separately thinking about the same thing.

I am six years older than my sister; she's been the closest person to me since she was born. Having this little girl by my side was also often an excuse to still play 'like a child'. It was so much freedom. The relationship that Mei and Satsuki have is for me the same relationship that I had with my own sister at a certain period of my life. My sister is fifteen now, we live far away from each other, and we don't play in the garden anymore.

In Totoro we still do. In the movie the relationship of Mei and Satsuki didn't change and will never change. That's maybe why I love to watch movies that I already know. I think there is something amazing in being able to see a character that you like and they haven't changed at all.

I say to my sister that time is definitely needed when it comes to looking at things. There is also something special about seeing something for the first time. I would give up a lot to watch Totoro for the first

time today. Because in this state of discovering something new, anything can happen, there is space.

“Space for imagination?” Says my dad with a smile.

And the fact that for the two sisters everything is a discovery, we clearly see that this space is being talked about. It is the same feeling that fulfils you as a child. It is the feeling of not yet knowing what will happen and how things will go. It gives space for things to appear.

“Space for imagination.” Says Filoche, proud that he had followed along.

In my work I am looking for this feeling, this place, but this time as a young adult. How to make space, how to remain naked whilst being in the know? This space, when I have it as an adult, is the most precious kind of inspiration. Because it is combined with my reality, with what I know and what I want to know. It is at this moment, when I look at a big tree, and it becomes giant by taking all my attention. It can become transparent, and I can see things or people moving inside of it. That’s where imagination is, not only in Totoro, but in our eyes, closed or open.

Filoche stretches and begins talking in a serious tone. He says that we used to believe. And we believed because we didn’t know. For example, we didn’t know what the

stars were, so a lot of stories were created around that. Same goes for the sun, and all at-the-time unexplainable meteorological events.

I say that a friend of mine told me about how when she left China, her home country, and arrived in the Netherlands she felt a bit like a child again. Everything was a discovery and that made her believe and imagine. Because she was observing a lot. And she was curious. So when something is new to us, that creates an ability to imagine and believe. But it also makes you more fragile and innocent.

“This ability is to me an intelligence”. Says Filoche, still feeling wise.

Elise pets Filoche on his head and tells us that she thinks that there are many types of intelligence, imagination is one of them. Being able to imagine something that does not exist yet. So, it's in a way about being able to be in the future, to have innovative ideas. And this is essential for evolution. So, we could say that imagination is essential to evolve.

Filoche walks over to sit in my lap and says that we should look at the exact definition of intelligence on Wikipedia.

Elise takes her phone and reads: “Intelligence has been defined in many ways: the capacity for abstraction, logic, understanding, self-awareness, learning, emotional

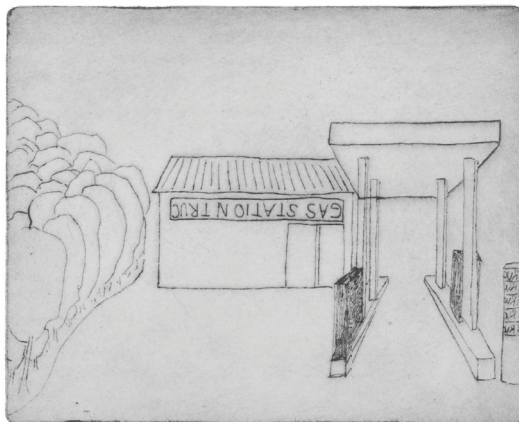
knowledge, reasoning, planning, creativity, critical thinking, and problem-solving. More generally, it can be described as the ability to perceive or infer information, and to retain it as knowledge to be applied towards adaptive behaviours within an environment or context.”

“Huh... This definition includes, in fact, so many ways of being intelligent.” Says Filoche.

He weirdly always believes in Wikipedia.

My mum says that she would like to stop to get some water and pee. Everyone agrees. We will stop at the next gas station.

Gas stations are such strange places. In the middle of nowhere, no one ever stays there for too long, it is empty and full, nice, and horrible at the same time. At this one there is a little store and two dusty picnic tables on a patch of wet grass. I quickly go to the toilet and go out again to smoke a cigarette.



There is a forest behind the store. It is this kind of grove of trees where you don't know if it ends after the third row of trees or spreads outback endlessly. To me, there is always something mysterious about gas station's forests. It's somewhere unknown. A new land. It could lead to Narnia or some other wonderland.

My dad comes out and says that it's cold and that we should start driving again because we're only halfway. We're back in the car and my dad wonders where we were in the conversation. No one really remembers.

Radio: "Gianni Rodari, a writer for children and adults, journalist, and educator. He was born in 1920 in Italy. In his book "Grammar of Fantasy" he gives immense importance to creativity, play and invention. He believes in a better world, a utopia where imagination is at the heart of everything and where children's education is more important yet less dramatic. He claims that "Imagination is often spoken of as a superfluous quality, or as a dangerous activity, or as a faculty reserved for a privileged group of people. In fact, imagination is an instrument that the mind cannot run without. It is used to play, to work, to live."

“Ah, perfect! the radio is still following”
Says Stéphanie

“In the past century, schools were about following rules and being rational. Now they are starting to use diverse ways of teaching and to make education more imaginative.

But this becomes very limited when it comes to a certain age. When the creative education fades away to be replaced by logical thinking and responsible behaviours. However It is important to organise these responsible behaviours and to be able to educate everyone on them, because if all the children start playing different roles, being in their head, looking out of the window and imagining that they are birds, then it becomes a mess, dangerous even. Because no one is there anymore and imagination in that sense is a very self-immersive activity. So, it becomes bad for group organisation.

For Gianni Rodari, school could be something else. Orthographic mistakes can lead to unexpected and creative sentences and playing develops concentration and logic.

While talking about children and to children, he addresses adults by reminding them of the importance of dreaming, of imagining, because without that what is the point of living?”

“It is very interesting to think that mistakes can create!” Says my dad.

This makes me think of the director of my primary school. I forgot his name. He was also the study supervisor for the after-school classes. I had to go to these classes very often and I was very scared of him. He used to quiz students on their homework in front of everyone. I was sort of famous for being bad at maths, and he knew it. One day he asked me to come to his desk and answer some maths questions. I got so scared that I could not say anything. He looked at me, laughed and then said in a very loud voice: “I’ve been told you’re stupid! But I didn’t imagine it’s this bad!”

The car stopped suddenly, Filoche almost fell off my lap. There is traffic.

Filoche says that this kind of story probably happened to a lot of people. Some of them might have forgotten it, but it always leaves a mark. There is a real problem with how we attribute the quality of being intelligent to someone. How come being good at maths is commonly considered more intelligent than being good at art? How come logic and imagination are seen as two separate worlds. Why can’t they work together?

School should be a place where you can make mistakes in a safe environment, over and over again. To learn and to fail. Games are great for that; they don’t have the pres-

sure of resulting in an assessment. If you fail, you laugh or get frustrated, but you will not get punished. You tried, and you were just bad at it. Unless it's the Olympics.

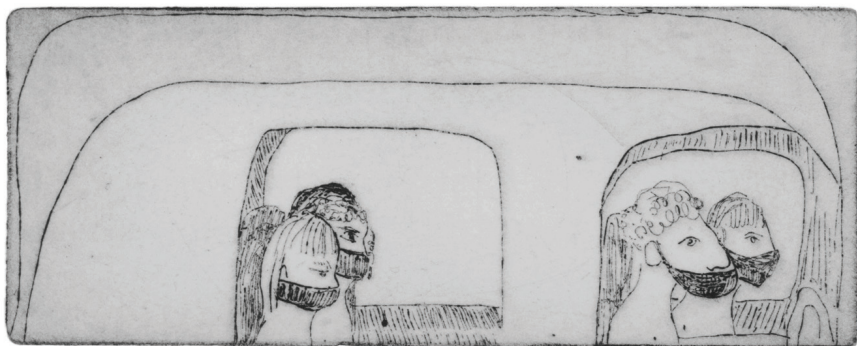
Filoché straightens up as he continues. He read this book a few years ago called *Homo Ludens*, the author is Johan Huizinga. The author writes about how it is commonly accepted that games are the opposite of seriousness. But play can be quite serious, for example with sport and e-sports competitions. J. Huizinga defines play as "a free action". If it is forced, play loses its essential component of consent which is, at most, the obligatory reproduction of a game. "Play is superfluous", a non-essential element of an adult's life. He also uses the example of children's play, where they do certain things "just for fun" in a way that is separate from what they would do in their "ordinary life" to fulfil a need or duty.

So basically, it's important to play for no particular purpose. As a cat, Filoché relates to this a lot. He tells us how when he sees a dust flake flying, he can't help but run after it, while knowing that it's not a prey. He does it, because it attracts him, because at that moment he just wants to run after that dust flake for pleasure and by instinct. Playing, imagining that it is prey is maybe also instinctive.

My mum says that she envies Filoché for having this free life that allows for some-

times meaningless actions. She says life for her sometimes feels like a game, which she sometimes thinks she has lost. When she thinks back to the past, she realises that the way she was educated in school was terribly closed-minded when it came to creativity. She is not talking about gluing pieces of paper on another paper exactly the way the teacher instructed, but real creativity – in talking, moving, socialising, playing.

The car is barely moving now, we're in the middle of a sea of cars. In the car next to us, all passengers are wearing face masks.



It's been a while since we have seen that.

We're all looking at them in silence. My dad opens the window. My mum turns the radio on.

Radio: *"bib-bib-boub-boub...Crises require a goal-driven and serious response. However, in times of stress, we tend to overlook the important hu-*

man capacity of play to temporarily forget about goals and improvise. Biologically, play can be characterised as de-risked, accelerated learning. For example, juvenile animals' mock fighting is highly effective preparation for real combat.

In unprecedented, rapidly changing situations, play is a critical capability. As well as providing some much-needed stress relief – how many of us are currently working from dawn to dusk? – play can end up being, counterintuitively, very productive. We can make interesting, new connections between ideas when we allow ourselves to loosen up from our regular, goal-driven, laser-focused, instrumental approach.” This was an article called We Need Imagination More Than Ever. It was written by Martin Reeves and Jack Fuller for the Harvard Business Review Magazine in April 2020.”

My dad starts talking about covid, and how much everyone started ‘playing’ in quarantine. He made a papier mâché globe map that he painted in different types of blue. My sister and I played hide and seek. My mum played piano and candy crush.

We need imagination now to make our life and society better. For children and for adults. Because children are the adults of the future and they need to invent and will need to invent, to deal with all the current crises. Because as adults, we are the

responsible ones for the present, it is essential that we open possibilities to reinvent our societies. By imagining that we live in a utopia, we will maybe end up getting a little closer to it. If imagination is a way to envision the future, then it means that we need it to grow. Maybe that's why we use imagination more when we're children. Because we need to grow.

Radio: *“ In his book Grammar of Fantasy, Gianni Rodari calls for a utopia: (...) “To those who believe in the need to give imagination its rightful place in education; to those who trust in children’s creativity; to those who know how liberating words can be. “All uses of voice for everyone”: this seems to me to be a good motto, with a beautiful democratic resonance. Not so that everyone becomes an artist, but so that no one becomes a slave. {...} I know that the future will almost never be as beautiful as a fairy tale. But that is not the important thing. In the meantime, it is necessary for the child to have the optimism and confidence to challenge life. And let us not neglect the educational value of utopia. If we didn’t hope for a better world, what would make us go to the dentist? ”*

“Or the vet!” Says Filoche.

My mum puts the music on.

Where are we going?

Reader, you choose the destination...

List of references:

Quote -A very short story of imagination by Kieran Egan, 1992 (-referring to Blumenberg)

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by Amélie Nothomb; Peau d'Ane (Donkey Skin)
by Jacques Demy; Max et les Maximonstres (Where the Wild Things Are)
by Maurice Sendak.

*Thanks to my thesis mentor Jasper
Coppes,
To my proofreader and friend Ilya,*

*To my mum Stéphanie,
My dad Guillaume,
My sister Elise,
And my cat Filoche.*

