

## Dr. K's Imaginarium

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~ imaginarium: a place of/from/for the imagination ~

Of dreams, visions, and other (im)possibilities. A portal into an apparently surreal dreamscape/mindscape that transforms according to one's hopes and longings.

The portal may be an actual door, an obstacle, a landscape, or something else.

The imaginarium offers a choice between difficult fulfillment or easy acceptance.

It reveals an alternate reality rooted in something else and something more. It comes from a place within and beyond the self, a place/nonplace guided by spirit and infused with divine presence. Perhaps it is a Memory Palace. Or it may be the mind of God. Or both.

Indigo and obsidian.

The imaginarium has rooms where art is composed of rainwater and wonder. Of dreamsongs yet to be uttered. Lightning strikes. And midnight caresses. Fractals. And mended fractures. Restored movement.

There are some bridges into the mist. Where we forget our inherited memories and remember our real names. Mysterious encounters happen on these bridges.

They lead into other rooms and other nights. Cabinets and chests with strange, lost objects. Misplaced things. Everything you wanted to find again.

And stones from unfamiliar rivers. Molten veins.

Deer who know the way in, and the way out. And trout thriving under aspen shadows. Where ravens speak secrets into your dreams.

In this imaginarium, friendship is real, and wounds heal miraculously. Life is something worth living in this imaginarium. There is solidarity and revolution and transformation.

Our affinities, aspirations, and commitments matter in this imaginarium. As do aliveness and connection.

Perhaps we will kindle a mountain fire there. Perhaps there we will share our traumatic secrets and our deepest longings. Then, perhaps, the imaginarium will become real.