

## *Of Knowledge and Creativity*

Ever since they were babies inside my head, Knowledge and Creativity have been intimate friends. Actually, that is not exactly true. For long periods of time they barely spoke to each other. It is more correct to say that they always had some kind of relationship. As children, in the winter, they played together in the snow for hours, building a snowman and having snowball fights, then playing board games indoors, when it got too cold. In the summertime, they went swimming together in the public pool. They each swam in their own, unique stroke, creating different whirlpools in the water that mixed together and resulted in a nice wave pattern.

Knowledge was a strong and determined boy; he had a large high forehead and he was tough on himself and very rigid in his lifestyle. He always won when they played Trivia Pursuit. And after he would guess the right answer to the trivia question, he would tell Creativity some extra general information relating to the question, for no other purpose than informing her of interesting anecdotes that were efficiently stored in his mind. Creativity was a very sensitive girl; she had two huge blue eyes and a soft, fragile voice. Her behavior was natural and comfortable, and when she told a story she really liked, she would get very enthusiastic, letting her words lead the way. She didn't seem to put rules in her life the way Knowledge did. And she was always the one that led games of 'pretend'. Knowledge would listen to all her stories and strange ideas, amazed, unable to understand what place in her being produced these wild thoughts.

At other times, they battled in passionate arguments and conflicts, growing frustrated at how they could not understand each other, and eventually erecting walls of silence between them, each self-containing its anger. When they were fourteen, they actually didn't speak to each other for a year, because Knowledge refused to accept that Creativity could see things that weren't really there, like her garden growing wild in Spring, or her planned Halloween costume that at the time was only an idea in her head. He called her a liar. She called him blind. But in the end, no matter how severe their fight became, they always made up, never saying they're sorry, just accepting their great differences. In short, they grew up together like many childhood friends, each developing in its own unique way, while witnessing the other's development. God, they spent years together, first growing awake and aware, then growing tired. They had so, so many shared experiences over the years together in my mind, that a complex and forceful bond existed between them. One day they realized there could be no other with which they could reference so many common experiences. They realized that without the other, they wouldn't even know what they would be like. So, on that day, in their mid twenties, they finally decided to get married and build a home for themselves, right under my scalp.

Knowledge and Creativity - so much has happened between them, so much sharing and so much battle. There were so many levels of interdependencies amongst them that consultants and researchers could find hundreds of beautiful computer-generated graphs to express their relations. But all these graphs and charts would be worthless in explaining their connection, because numbers cannot explain the complexities of real life. They cannot truly express the friendship of Knowledge and Creativity. You see, whatever it was that one of them did, no matter how small or insignificant, it always affected the other.

Sometimes they felt threatened by the other's presence and hurt each other very deeply and on purpose, almost in an evil way. For example, one time Creativity had an idea to build a huge set of wings from white feathers and jump off a cliff where it was really windy so she would be lifted by

the wind and she could fly high to the clouds. But when she told this idea to Knowledge, demonstrating with her arms what it would be like to surf on air, he laughed out loud, exposing all his sharp teeth, and made fun of her in a very mean way. Then he told her that there is this force called gravity and everything, even birds in the sky, have to obey it, even a silly girl like her. Creativity was very hurt and very sad to learn about this mean force called gravity. She cried for days and days, and decided never to talk to Knowledge ever again. But then she also knew that Knowledge is the one that makes all the money for them to have a house, buy food, and go to interesting places and countries. Knowledge was the one that did well on standardized exams and impressed employers at interviews. He worked hard and ambitiously, quickly learning the rules to new situations and places. She knew she was useless without him, and that even though he hurt her, she would have to continue to be his wife and friend.

But when things are good they are great. For example, sometimes, Knowledge and Creativity decide to make dinner together. Knowledge has thousands of recipes memorized and he almost always decides what the menu will be. He scratches his forehead for a few minutes while he takes into consideration all relevant information: the available kitchen supplies and general cooking facilities, the types of produce that are freshly available in their region, the season and the weather (in order to perfectly customize the meal to their needs). Then they cook together. And when the food is on the stove and Knowledge opens the refrigerator so that his back is to the stove, Creativity adds some exotic spices to the simmering sauce, or sometimes even a wild new ingredient to the boiling stew, just based on a hunch. They have dinner together with a lot of red wine (Knowledge always tells her which vineyard it came from and what year it was produced). Sometimes as they eat and drink, they have great conversations with a beautiful merger of their best qualities. Knowledge tells Creativity of far away places in Asia and Africa and creativity tells Knowledge of far way places in her mind. They laugh, and learn from each other. During these evenings, they are perfect complements.

They are at their best when they decide to write something together. Knowledge triggers Creativity, which, in turn, opens Knowledge to new directions, to many more interesting things that he quickly learns. It's really wild and remarkable what can happen when they work in harmony. For example, they wrote this story.