

1: Imagination - Wikipedia

On the face of it, memory, imagination, and prediction seem to be distinct cognitive functions. However, metacognitive, cognitive, neuropsychological, and neuroimaging evidence is emerging that they are not, suggesting intimate links in their underlying processes. Here, we explore these empirical.

Does the label of memory necessitate a 1: More importantly, if we can talk about a memory being in error, or even completely fabricated i. In one post I criticized the notion of implicit memory. In there I argued that what we call implicit memory is simply a way to describe the behavior of an organism based off its neurophysiological structure in the present, by connecting that behavior to changes in neurophysiology that occurred during past interactions. What do I mean by this? We know that the act of experiencing does not always correspond to the total reality of the events going on around us. For instance, just as a few examples, we know that your prior knowledge, your current emotional state, and where your attention is directed at any given moment will all greatly influence the nature of your experience, and thus, even the initial memory you form may be a grossly distorted representation of what was actually occurring around you. This here is already a slightly problematic point to consider, since we have to acknowledge that even from the very beginning, our memories are susceptible to all sorts of distorting effects based on cognitive processes unrelated to the truth of the circumstances in the world outside of ourselves. So already, memory is not about events, but about experiences. The notion that memories are not accurate representations of the past is not new. This is precisely the problem. Compare this to the imaginative process. Imagination also needs to be constructed in the moment from fragments of other thing stored in the brain. If I imagine myself winning the lotto or winning an Oscar or sky diving, somewhere in my brain needs to be stored representations of what a lotto is, what the Oscars are, what an Oscar statue looks like, what planes look like, what parachutes look like, what skydivers look like, etcâ€¦Imagination is certainly a creative process, but it is only made possible by constructing an imaginative experience from stored fragments of memory that it can be built up from, in something that seems to me very much akin to memory process discussed above. Moving on though, we also know that memories are not stable constructs. Our brains are always undergoing synaptic change. As our neurons fire, neuronal connections are created, strengthened, pruned, etcâ€¦Memories are thought to be the result of a set of neuronal connections made in the hippocampus, the memory trace I discussed above. Recalling an event is thus, at least in part, reactivating this set of neurons. The phenomenon that describes the change in our memories due to this reactivation and the process that subsequently occurs is known as reconsolidation. What this means is that all sorts of things at the moment of recollection can influence aspects of the memory you are recalling. Similar to the actual memory formation process, the influence of your prior knowledge, your current emotional state, other things you are thinking about, and where your attention is directed can all play a role in changing the memory you are recalling. And this process is going to happen every time you remember something. In a way, the more you remember something, the less likely that memory is going to remain accurate; you are constructing a new entity every time you remember. If memory is constructed from traces, and yet, because of the fact of synaptic change, even these very traces are constantly undergoing change, then it seems that some time down the line the only thing that connects your current recollective experience to the actual original experience, is a causal chain connecting the current memory trace to the original memory trace. We also know that often times we create false memories by activating certain concepts or categories related to the intended objects of memory. For instance, if I give you a list of words to memorize that include words like candy, sugar, honey, chocolate, etcâ€¦many people will later confidently remember reading the word sweet, though it never appeared in the list. In recent decades there has been a string of patients, who either under hypnosis or questioning by their therapists have retrieved long repressed memories of sexual abuse, witnessing satanic rituals, or alien abduction. Many of these memories came under fire when it was realized that certain psychiatrists tended to have an inordinate amount of patients with the same type of repressed memory. Elizabeth Loftus has been successful in inserting various false memories into subjects. Whether through vivid imagining or simply through repetition, we tend to be unable to distinguish between real memories and

imaginings. I mentioned above how memory is necessary for imagination, and how imagination can be said to draw from the memory area. But remembering draws from the memory area too, in what way are these processes different? Well, at first glance, memory the act of remembering is supposed to be about things that happened in the past, and imagination about things that have never occurred. It seems to me that the function is the same in both cases. No thought occurring in the present can have any effect on the past; necessarily, it can only have an effect on the future. And the effect of these processes is to aid in action selection. Memory and learning have a survival advantage inherent in them; otherwise the capabilities would have never evolved. Thinking about stuff in the past allows us to learn and apply the knowledge from past experiences to better act in the future. Imagining counterfactual situations allows us to think about possible events and outcomes and incorporate that knowledge into future action. What we call memory and what we call imagination are intimately tied in allowing organisms to better act in their environments. I am not quite taking the extreme position I seem to be. What I am arguing though is that these mental states that we call remembering are not cases of you accessing some sort of stored experience out of your memory vault. You are constructing an entirely new experience in something akin to the imaginative process, and while what you construct this experience out of will have some sort of causal connection to synaptic changes made at the time of the original experience, and while there are ways to ensure that this imaginative construction is more justifiably in correspondence with the original event, that original event is gone forever; all that exists is your imagining in the moment. If you enjoyed this post, you might enjoy these books! He spends what little free time he has these days thinking, and arguing, about consciousness, free will, morality, and whatever else comes up over tea. If you enjoyed this article, please consider sharing it!

2: Memory and Imagination | The Personal Essay: WRT

Is There a Difference Between Memory and Imagination? Ok, this has little to do with dogma, but I had nowhere else to put it. Greg argues that remembering is closer to imagination since it is a reconstruction.

Some typical examples follow: Fiction A form of verisimilitude often invoked in fantasy and science fiction invites readers to pretend such stories are true by referring to objects of the mind such as fictional books or years that do not exist apart from an imaginary world. Imagination, not being limited to the acquisition of exact knowledge by the requirements of practical necessity is largely free from objective restraints. Albert Einstein said, "Imagination encircles the world. Progress in scientific research is due largely to provisional explanations which are developed by imagination, but such hypotheses must be framed in relation to previously ascertained facts and in accordance with the principles of the particular science. Imagination is an experimental partition of the mind used to develop theories and ideas based on functions. Taking objects from real perceptions, the imagination uses complex IF-functions[citation needed] to develop new or revised ideas. This part of the mind is vital to developing better and easier ways to accomplish old and new tasks. In sociology, Imagination is used to part ways with reality and have an understanding of social interactions derived from a perspective outside of society itself. These experimental ideas can be safely conducted inside a virtual world and then, if the idea is probable and the function is true, the idea can be actualized in reality. Imagination is the key to new development of the mind and can be shared with others, progressing collectively. Regarding the volunteer effort, imagination can be classified as: Byrne has proposed that everyday imaginative thoughts about counterfactual alternatives to reality may be based on the same cognitive processes on which rational thoughts are also based. The phenomenology of imagination is discussed In *The Imaginary: A Phenomenological Psychology of the Imagination* French: Mental image and Imagery Memory and mental imagery, often seen as a part of the process of imagination, have been shown to be affected by one another. John Sweller indicated that experiences stored as long-term memories are easier to recall, as they are ingrained deeper in the mind. Each of these forms require information to be taught in a specific manner so as to use various regions of the brain when being processed. Perception[edit] Piaget posited that perceptions depend on the world view of a person. The world view is the result of arranging perceptions into existing imagery by imagination. Piaget cites the example of a child saying that the moon is following her when she walks around the village at night. Like this, perceptions are integrated into the world view to make sense. Imagination is needed to make sense of perceptions. The play of imagination, apart from the obvious limitations e. Belief, on the other hand, is immediately related to practical activity: The dividing line between imagination and belief varies widely in different stages of technological development. Thus in more extreme cases, someone from a primitive culture who ill frames an ideal reconstruction of the causes of his illness, and attributes it to the hostile magic of an enemy based on faith and tradition rather than science. In ignorance of the science of pathology the subject is satisfied with this explanation, and actually believes in it, sometimes to the point of death, due to what is known as the nocebo effect. It follows that the learned distinction between imagination and belief depends in practice on religion, tradition, and culture. Users of hallucinogenic drugs are said to have a heightened imagination. This difference is only one of degree and can be altered by several historic causes, namely changes to brain chemistry, hypnosis or other altered states of consciousness , meditation , many hallucinogenic drugs, and electricity applied directly to specific parts of the brain. The difference between imagined and perceived reality can be proven by psychosis. Many mental illnesses can be attributed to this inability to distinguish between the sensed and the internally created worlds. Some cultures and traditions even view the apparently shared world as an illusion of the mind as with the Buddhist maya, or go to the opposite extreme and accept the imagined and dreamed realms as of equal validity to the apparently shared world as the Australian Aborigines do with their concept of dreamtime. Imagination, because of having freedom from external limitations, can often become a source of real pleasure and unnecessary suffering. Consistent with this idea, imagining pleasurable and fearful events is found to engage emotional circuits involved in emotional perception and experience. Also crippling fear can result from taking an imagined

painful future too seriously.

3: Is There a Difference Between Memory and Imagination? | Cognitive Philosophy

Somehow this makes me think of an experiment they did to research pain, mostly, the memory of it. Turns out that if participants scored their pain an 3/10 every minute, but the last minute 10/10, their overall pain experience was very high.

Francis Ford Coppola "I realize that the Library of Congress is probably the major first step of an availability of all knowledge, all art, all of the philosophical discussion, all of the films, all of the drawings, all of the recorded music, all of the performances. The impact of that becomes totally numbing. We are becoming a nation of electronic voyeurs whose capacity for informed dialogue is a fading memory. Then even the smallest town will have the entire Library of Congress at their fingertips. The view of history that we get through the kitchen window is a more gentle view: Just take a look how few scratches and changes. Look at the neatness. What is Macbeth about? It is about the guilt of the king, who has murdered his predecessor Duncan. That is why he is our greatest and most tragic president. I was looking for a feeling of Lincoln. Fifty years ago, I was inspired to become a musician because of the music I heard in this Library. You see, this manuscript was discovered in in the Warner Brothers Music Warehouse along with a lot of other musical theater material. A total of eighty-seven original manuscripts were found. They were just getting ready to throw out boxes and boxes of all this old stuff. And, the prospect of it is around the corner. And the prospect of it, for the the Library of Congress, will allow this institution that has the memory of mankind in it to allow the people in the United States and around the world to find out things: I read a study that measured the efficiency of locomotion for various species on the planet. The condor used the least energy to move a kilometer. And, humans came in with a rather unimpressive showing, about a third of the way down the list. It was not too proud a showing for the crown of creation. But, then somebody at Scientific American had the insight to test the efficiency of locomotion for a man on a bicycle. And, a man on a bicycle, a human on a bicycle, blew the condor away, completely off the top of the charts. You sort of knew where the information was and were it was going. But increasingly, both with computers and in the large picture globally - you might say the global computer - it has gotten so rich that it no longer makes sense to us, in sort of understandable mechanical terms. It becomes more like a biological level of complexity. Watson "If you visit the science and technology division of the Library of Congress, you can see that the number of scientific articles and journals being published around the world has grown so large the sheer volume of available information renders much of it useless to us. And, I guess, it just reflects the fact that our civilization, in any way you look at it, is more and more complicated. And, how are you going to live with complexity? And most important, the finest escape artist that ever lived. Nothing could hold him. But, time to run. Where are the escape books?"

4: Memory And Imagination Quotes (4 quotes)

Memory is the bank of images from which in certain cases imagination can be developed. In my understanding we have different kind of imagination. The most important is creative imagination in which you build a situation in you mind using elements contained in you memory.

There many little girls and a single sad boy were playing truly tortured scales and arpeggios in a mash of troubled sound. My father gave me over to Sister Olive Marie, who did look remarkably like an olive. Her oily face gleamed as if it had just been rolled out of a can and laid on the white plate of her broad, spotless wimple. She was a small, plump woman; her body and the small window of her face seemed to interpret the entire alphabet of olive: I trusted her instantly and smiled, glad to have my hand placed in the hand of a woman who made sense, who provided the satisfaction of being what she was: My father left me to discover the piano with Sister Olive Marie so that one day I would join him in mutually tortured piano-violin duets for the edification of my mother and brother who sat at the table meditatively spooning in the last of their pineapple sherbet until their part was called for: But first Sister Olive must do her work. I was shown middle C, which Sister seemed to think terribly important. I stared at middle C and then glanced away for a second. When my eye returned, middle C was gone, its slim finger lost in the complicated grasp of the keyboard. Sister Olive struck it again, finding it with laughable ease. She emphasized the importance of middle C, its central position, a sort of North Star of sound. I remember thinking, "Middle C is the belly button of the piano," an insight whose originality and accuracy stunned me with pride. For the first time in my life I was astonished by metaphor. I hesitated to tell the kindly Olive for some reason; apparently I understood a true metaphor is a risky business, revealing of the self. In fact, I have never, until this moment of writing it down, told my first metaphor to anyone. Sunlight flooded the room; the pianos, all black, gleamed. Sister Olive, dressed in the colors of the keyboard, gleamed; middle C shimmered with meaning and I resolved never -- never -- to forget its location: Then Sister Olive, who had had to show me middle C twice but who seemed to have drawn no bad conclusions about me anyway, got up and went to the windows on the opposite wall. She pulled the shades down, one after the other. The sun was too bright, she said. She sneezed as she stood at the windows with the sun shedding its glare over her. She sneezed and sneezed, crazy little convulsive sneezes, one after another, as helpless as if she had the hiccups. This was odd, too odd to grasp in the mind. I associated sneezing with colds, and colds with rain, fog, snow and bad weather. The sun, however, had caused Sister Olive to sneeze in this wild way, Sister Olive who gleamed benignly and who was so certain of the location of the center of the world. The universe wobbled a bit and became unreliable. Things were not, after all, necessarily what they seemed. I was given a red book, the first Thompson book, and told to play the first piece over and over at one of the black pianos where the other children were crashing away. This, I was told, was called practicing. It sounded alluringly adult, practicing. The piece itself consisted mainly of middle C, and I excelled, thrilled by my savvy at being able to locate that central note amidst the cunning camouflage of all the other white keys before me. Thrilled too by the shiny red book that gleamed, as the pianos did, as Sister Olive did, as my eager eyes probably did. But at the moment Mary Katherine Reilly was at my side, playing something at least two or three lessons more sophisticated than my piece. I believe she even struck a chord. I glanced at her from the peasantry of single notes, shy, ready to pay homage. She turned toward me, stopped playing, and sized me up. Sized me up and found a person ready to be dominated. Without introduction she said, "My grandfather invented the collapsible opera hat. With that little stroke it was decided between us -- that she should be the leader, and I the side-kick. My job was admiration. With the clairvoyance of all fated relationships based on dominance and submission, it was decided in advance: There must be a reason I remember that little story about my first piano lesson. For the memoirist, more than for the fiction writer, the story seems already there, already accomplished and fully achieved in history "in reality," as we naively say. For the memoirist, the writing of the story is a matter of transcription. That, anyway, is the myth. But no memoirist writes for long without experiencing an unsettling disbelief about the reliability of memory, a hunch that memory is not, after all, just memory. Yet these things occurred too, and must have their stories. It is the piano lesson that has trudged forward, clearing the haze of

forgetfulness, showing itself bright with detail more than thirty years after the event. I did not choose to remember the piano lesson. It was simply there, like a book that has always been on the shelf, whether I ever read it or not, the binding and title showing as I skim across the contents of my life. On the day I wrote this fragment I happened to take that memory, not some other, from the shelf and paged through it. I found more detail, more event, perhaps a little more entertainment than I had expected, but the memory itself was there from the start. When I reread what I had written just after I finished it, I realized that I had told a number of lies. I think it was my father who took me the first time for my piano lesson -- but maybe he only took me to meet my teacher and there was no actual lesson that day. And is it even remotely accurate to describe as "tortured" the musicianship of a man who began every day by belting out "Oh What a Beautiful Morning" as he shaved? Sister Olive Marie did sneeze in the sun, but was her name Olive? As for her skin tone -- I would have sworn it was olive-like; I would have been willing to spend the better part of an afternoon trying to write the exact description of imported Italian or Greek olive her face suggested: I wanted to get it right. But now, were I to write that passage over, it is her intense black eyebrows I would see, for suddenly they seem the central fact of that face, some indicative mark of her serious and patient nature. That, at least, is steady and clear. As for Mary Katherine Reilly. I met her in Girl Scouts and only went to school with her later, in high school. Our relationship was not really one of leader and follower; I played first piano most of the time in duets. She certainly never copied anything from a test paper of mine: So, what was I doing in this brief memoir? Is it simply an example of the curious relation a fiction writer has to the material of her own life? That may have some value in itself. I was writing memoir--or was trying to. My desire was to be accurate. I wished to embody the myth of memoir: Yet clearly the work of writing narrative caused me to do something very different from transcription. I am forced to admit that memoir is not a matter of transcription, that memory itself is not a warehouse of finished stories, not a static gallery of framed pictures. I must admit that I invented. I write in order to find out what I know. If I approach writing from memory with the assumption that I know what I wish to say, I assume that intentionality is running the show. Things are not that simple. Or perhaps writing is even more profoundly simple, more telegraphic and immediate in its choices than the grating wheels and chugging engine of logic and rational intention. The heart, the guardian of intuition with its secret, often fearful intentions, is the boss. Its commands are what a writer obeys -- often without knowing it. By my lights, the piano lesson memoir is a first draft I try to let pretty much anything happen in a first draft. A careful first draft is a failed first draft. That may be why there are so many inaccuracies in the piano lesson memoir: But I would not publish this piece as a memoir on its own in its present state. The difference has to do with the relation a memoirist -- any writer, in fact -- has to unconscious or half-known intentions and impulses in composition. Now that I have the fragment down on paper, I can read this little piece as a mystery which drops clues to the riddle of my feelings, like a culprit who wishes to be apprehended. My narrative self the culprit who has invented wishes to be discovered by my reflective self, the self who wants to understand and make sense of a half-remembered story about a nun sneezing in the sun. We only store in memory images of value. The value may be lost over the passage of time. But I only know these things as a result of reading this first draft. While I was writing, I was following the images, letting the details fill the room of the page and use the furniture as they wished. I was their dutiful servant -- or thought I was. In fact, I was the faithful retainer of my hidden feelings which were giving the commands. I really did feel, for instance, that Mary Katherine Reilly was far superior to me. Our friendship or she herself did not require that I become her vassal, yet perhaps in my heart that was something I wanted; I wanted a way to express my feelings of admiration. I suppose I waited until this memoir to begin to find the way. Just as, in the memoir, I finally possess that red Thompson book with the barking dogs and bleating lambs and winsome children. It was only in reviewing the piece after writing it that I saw my inaccuracy.

5: What is the link between memory and imagination? | World Economic Forum

Descartes explains memory and imagination, as ideas, by patterns in the flow of animal spirits through the brain that are caused by traces of former sensations (memory) or by other bodily conditions that are more active when we sleep or

daydream.

6: Imagination and Memory - Oxford Scholarship

And the prospect of it, for the the Library of Congress, will allow this institution that has the memory of mankind in it to allow the people in the United States and around the world to find out things: to find out things of their own choosing and to put those things together in their own particular exotic journey."

7: MEMORY AND IMAGINATION

The first thing I noticed about Patricia Hampl's Essay "Memory and Imagination" from her collection titled "I Could Tell You Stories: Sojourns in the Land of Memory" was her use of the words "tortured flair" paired with "artistry".

8: Hampl on Memory and Imagination | The Personal Essay: WRT

Scientists know that memory is fragile. Simply by recollecting or imagining what could have been, we rewrite memories. Now, research with amnesiacs suggests a deeper relationship between the.

9: Memory & Imagination | Michael Lawrence Films

*Memory, tan sheds light on your writing and imagination, and you want to use it considers the sort of a memory-
imagination link, she's soaked. Understand the historian tessa morris-suzuki a light on your students to memory and.
Creativity into our brains is certainly evidence for writing can be enriched if you convey truths in this course is a.*

Your Arms Too Short to Box With God Report on the census of production 1968. Pt. 3. Morphogenetic and cell movements Organizational and managerial issues in logistics The building site The Twelfth Night and Tempest and Taming of the Shrew and Midsummer Nights Dream The buffalo soldiers Regular e irregular verbs list Transactions of the Department of Agriculture of the State of Illinois with . A week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers. 2.2.1 Steps in building a GIS Self-coached climber The sixth Pan book of horror stories Little me piano sheet music Computer and on-line catalogs. A Map of Glass (Library Edition) Peer-to-peer communication Brown beret national policies by David Sanchez Spanish riddles colcha designs = Nutrition, the aged, and society Gullivers travels book 4 Outlines Highlights for Child Psychology: A Contemporary Viewpoint by Hetherington, ISBN Tyre fitment centre business plan The Decroux sourcebook Principles of health science texas edition Depths of the heart. James Joyce and the Realism of the Ordinary. Ibsen and epiphany Suzuki rotary service manual This modern music Gemini (The House of Niccolo, 8) International political system Bongo-Da limestone deposit Business and bankruptcy law in the Netherlands General chemistry 9th edition The diary of anne frank act i scene 1 The messenger of Magnolia Street An exploration of homeless persons and families living in a rural setting Changing compensation structures Among the natives of the Loyalty group Gravity forms to /word ument auto-fill solution