



Fundamental Creation

by
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Somewhere amidst glittering speckles within or around the Galactic Milky Way thrives a civilization that controls and directs vast powers. Surging forces, like gigantic heartbeats, pump energy into lattice-works, tenuously wrought molds; thoughts craft shapely forms of great utility -- for what else is beauty-in-itself, if not inner-spirit's pleasurable functioning?

The Most High Assembly had come together in review of certain events which *she-principle* had caused. In effect, said Most High: "We are neither enforcers, nor law-givers. Together we constitute an investigative body. If need be, we are recommenders. *She-principle* has called us together and will be heard and reviewed accordingly."

She-principle's shy and sensitive nature struggled, forcing presence to transcend an instinct galaxies ancient, and which wanted to withdraw into a distinct and independent universe.

"Please acquaint us in a general way with your facts," Most High gently instructed, beginning the unusual proceedings.

She-principle paled and seemed to draw quickened breath, but when she communicated, thoughts were soft, resonant, comfortable, a matter of frequencies shifting smoothly and fitting easily within other pleasing frequencies -- the whole flowing along tender carrier waves. "The *creator* performed normally. All particles flowed smoothly, one after the other, their probability cross-sections sufficiently dense, their entropy energies maximal. *Creator's* modifiers structured them, breaking symmetry at key points, until basic elementals came into being. We . . ."

"Please excuse my unkind interruption, but among us are those unfamiliar with your interest specialty. Who or what is the *creator*."

Momentarily *she-principle* seemed to flicker, disappearing and appearing cyclically. A nature already burdened and marred by such a demoralizing experience hardly withstands close attention, no matter how kindly intended. Then *she-principle* steadied, becoming brighter, and her femaleness dominated again. "Our fabricator," *she* seemed to whisper, but with unusual softness.

"It joins computator?" Most High urged gently, striving to clarify for all beings.

She-principle acquiesced, silently moving them all closer.

Eschewing the others as best *she* can (which is hardly sufficient), *she-principle* explained: "Our codified thoughts conjoin with computator. Desirable and therefore necessary relations are selected, causing shapes and forms according to will."

"All your objects were formed in this way?"

The question was neutral, but *she* seemed to flush with fluttering frequencies.

"Please continue."

"My -- my -- beingness wanders."

"Wanders?"

Colors paraded swiftly. "I was thinking -- of -- of -- life! And -- and -- death?"

"Death?" echoed Most High, and all about other beings repeated the strangeness until the concept returned to clangor through and through. None can follow her fast-shifting colors. Their rude attention evaporated swiftly when Most High chided them. Warmth emanated again. Most High asked: "What occurred? Facts, Please."

"They -- it -- fabrications -- completed themselves quickly and satisfactorily within my postulated processes -- and -- I -- I -- thought to dispose of the -- the -- creations."

That was sensible. Everyone concurred. Supporting strength and warm interchange flowed.



“I -- I -- transported and disposed *computator*'s products to galaxy's edge forming there a small planet having a hot, molten core for the disposal site.”

“Excellent solution.” Most High waited. Colors leaped and shivered.

“Among -- the -- the -- creations were fossils.” She seemed to hang her head.

“Can you be specific?” It is asked kindly enough, but they all must wait for her interchange.

Enjoining thoughts swirled and coalesced, and then a veritable stream of meanings conveyed: *Life shapes, petrified forms. Trilobites, sponges, brachiopods, starfish, sea weed, armored fish, land and sea plants, scorpions, crinoids, cup coral, lung fish, tree ferns, insect wings, vegetation of every sort, sea urchins, spore-bearing plants, amphibian footprints, gastropods, insects whole, spiders, primitive reptile skulls, dinosaurs, turtles, stegosaurus, flying reptiles, birds, glyptodons, eohippus, whales, sabre-toothed tigers and homonoid skulls.*

“No life? Just forms?”

“All fossils, Most High. Stone shapes merely reflecting my wandering thoughts.”

“Then I don't understand your concern. While careless thought modes may have caused *computator* to fabricate a variety of lifeless impressions, you've had the decency to dispose of them out of the way. Why have you reported under priority? What *life* problems do you call us to solve?”

Colors darkened, becoming almost shadows. “My -- my -- planet has began its own life. Homonoids.”

“So? How does this most ordinary event concern us?”

“I --I -- moved among them -- from time to time. They bear strong resemblance to my fabricated fossil hominoids.”

“But where is the concern? We fail to understand . . . ?

“They -- they -- will develop intelligence, perhaps even, soul!”

All beings waited, still not comprehending her concern.

“They -- they -- will one day search and find fossils that I've buried everywhere -- lacing them in broad stripes beneath layers according to their fabrication order.”

“Your point?”

“The hominoids -- they -- they -- will surely wrongly conclude evolutionary history -- ascribing their own beingness to long, connective chains that are explained -- or appear to be explained by my thoughtless fossil shapes. They will not *know truth*. They will not know that the entire world -- that their own most beautiful presence -- began but 8,000 cycles earlier, already named by them as “Years.” They'll wrongly deduce and falsely reason. They'll become materialistic!”

Thoughts intermingled and deafened, whence her tender embarrassment no longer could be restrained. Startling shadows and lights flickered when her beingness disappeared, as though space-time had ruptured again.

Now she was alone with her shame, withdrawn and surrounded by nothing at all except her own warmth, her own comforting universe, wholly made of spirit and whatever energy she postulated for the moment.

