



THE WHAT

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ABSTRACT

What there is whatever so common is appreciated here, by listing four aspects of what there is, and then citing our four amazements at them and how the amazements inter-twine. These are four aspects of what there is. What there is excites us; what exists is divine; what exists changes; and what there is stays as it moves on. And these are our four amazements that intertwine. Subjectivity composes objectivity into what there is. Existence is pulled by the future unknown. Weakened subject is strengthened by objective existence. And all existence is "alive" staying and moving, as we see these amazements intertwine. Existence is alive.

Keywords: What, How, Change, Stay, Alive.

What There Is

What there is whatever so common so vast is appreciated here. This paper begins by listing four aspects of what there is, and then cites our four amazements at them with how these amazements intertwine. All these items are so exciting. These are four aspects of what there is. What there is excites us so much; what exists is divine and awesome; existence changes constantly; and what there is stays as it moves on.

And these are our four amazements plus their intertwining. Inner subjectivity composes outer objectivity into what there is. Existence is pulled by the future that is unknown. Weakened subject is strengthened by objective existence out there. And all this existence is "alive" staying as it moves. And we then see these amazements intertwine. Existence is alive.

A. Four Aspects of What There Is

Since we are constantly surrounded by what is not us ourselves, it is quite important to know what it is that surrounds us. Amazingly, this simple statement that just expresses our common sense can involve matters deserving of serious meditation. All things said above sound quite harmless, until we immediately notice that we have four aspects in our "knowledge of what things are" that surround us, to make up our world of daily living. These four aspects are that what exists all over is exciting and awesomely divine, as well as in constant change and steady yet on the go always.

This is the first aspect of knowing what things are. In our technological world today, the how of instrumentalism is often confused with "what things are" as they actually are. Our lifeworld is composed not of how things are made up, but of what these things actually are. The how is an instrumental recipe that makes up a thing. The world is not a collection of recipes but a collection of straightforward things actually existing. Confusing a thing's recipe with what the thing itself is, is one of the

causes of eco-disasters, as will be explained when we impress ourselves on the critical importance of revering what things are to save the world.

The "second aspect of knowing what things are" is the critical theme of this paper. It is that our knowledge of "what a thing is" is not an objective cognitive knowledge about a thing, nor is it our sensory encounter with a thing—knowing by seeing, smelling, touching, and the like. We know what a thing is by starkly encountering the stark presence of a thing. As children are fully aware, such encounter with a thing is the world event that happens the very first time since the world began. Some concrete examples come to mind.

Have we noticed how children clap their hands shouting as they drink a gulp of water upon rushing back home, totally tired out and parched up thirsty? Their excitement at gulping water is comparable to the first sip of plain water so world-shaking, after recovering from long months of illness. Meeting the plain water is no less than a world-miracle. We remember how Miss Johnson showered Helen Keller's palm with torrential water, while she firmly, repeatedly, and slowly wrote on Helen's palm, "w-a-t-e-r"! That water-event must have been quite a world-trembling miracle for Helen.

Such is our meeting with the sheer existence of what a thing is. Simply what a thing is, such as water, is simply a world-miracle. This is a total confrontation with a total presence of a thing such as water, in fact, of anything. Poetry is born here as children are so elated, continuing to clap their messy hands and stamp their tiny feet. "Water! Water!" they shout as they jump into the generous splashes of water, as they take a minute or two off from their playing and fooling around, all so important for them. Can we imagine how important simple water is as their important playing-around?

Now, here is the second amazing aspect of what there is. The enormous world-shaking importance of what exists is justly borne out when Moses asked for the name—the

essence, the what—of God. God answered simply, “I am that I am.” (Exodus 4:13). “I am that I am” is of course an equivalent to what things are. “I am that I am” is what spells out “what” existence is. “What a thing is” is “it is that it is” or “it is as it is” and no other. And can you imagine it? That simple self-identity of “what a thing is” is precisely the name of awesome God! What a thing exists anywhere is divine! This is quite amazing, isn’t it? Let us ponder on this fact.

The integrity of a thing is its self-identity, “it is that it is,” which is what a thing is. As soon as we lose this “what” things are, our entire world vanishes. As God creates and supports the very existence of the whole world, God is of course the essence of the world, to wit, what any thing whatever exists. Such is one implication among many others of the “name” of God—his essence, what he is—as the “I am that I am,” to sire, create, and support the “it is as it is” of all things and all the world.

Now, realizing that “what things are” is divine adds an extra-dimension to what things are as exciting and quite joyous as above explicated. This awesome divinity is the second aspect of what exists all over. We approach God with awe and reverence. In an identical way, we would naturally approach things with sheer reverence. Albert Schweitzer hits a part of it with his insistence on “reverence of life.” We would say that we must approach all things, physical, physiological, and personal, with utmost reverence as we constantly approach august God on our knees. We must divinely revere the life of all things alive and not alive.

Reverence of all things as their sheer “what” is completely distinct from the how of things. All sciences today are intent on how things are composed. Modern science takes water as a “two Hydrogen molecules combined with one Oxygen molecule.” This is to take water as composed of such and such elements. This is to approach water exclusively from the perspective of how water is composed—and nothing else.

Today’s science never bothers with what water is in itself. We must approach water as what water is, and our approach is that of reverence for what any thing is. Reverence cherishes and supports what there is as it is. Such reverence of things as divine is called “eco-piety,” quite essential to promoting Mother Nature, never using her for our sake, as we never use God for our sake.

“So, what is so important about reverence of things?” Wow! This is an important query. The how-composition approach tends to breed casual utilitarian planned obsolescence of use-and-then-throw-away lifestyle. This how-to utilitarianism vastly contributes to eco-disasters, to devastate all things, and we humanity will sooner than later be destroyed. This utilitarianism commits suicide to all things, including ourselves human beings.

And so, we have gone a full circle. What we began as one aspect of “knowing what things are” turns out to be all crucial for our very survival with all things in Mother

Nature. Knowing here is no less than our full confrontation with stark presence of what there is. This is worshipful reverence of things as divine. Reverence of what things are enlivens all things, including ourselves. Casual utilization of the how-recipes of things to exploit them for our sake kills us all with all things there are. We simply must reverentially cherish what all things are, no matter what they are, including even scorpions that harm us.

“What do you mean? Revering even scorpions?” Well, let me tell you an actual story. A man swimming in the river saw a scorpion drowning. Taking pity on it, he scooped it up and put it on land. Upon reaching land, the scorpion bit him. Asked why it bit him, he casually replied that it is its nature to bite anyone near it. To bite anyone is what the scorpion is. The man should have respect what a scorpion is. It is thus that the fault lied with the man. He failed to “respect” what that scorpion was. His failure earned him a bite. And so, respect of a scorpion takes a special knowledge and a special handling appropriate to the scorpion. Reverence of a thing implies appropriate knowledge of what the thing is, though knowing a thing alone may lead to exploitation of the thing. Some handy examples come to mind.

Yee’s book describing Chinese calligraphy is a sad case in point. This book is the world’s most painstakingly meticulous description of how calligraphy in China is made up, down to the minutest details, including even classification of styles, supplied with tons of enthralling actual examples. Sadly, how calligraphy is composed dominates the whole book, with occasional scant asides on what calligraphy in China is as distinct from decorative calligraphy in other cultures.

Almost no mention is made of how calligraphy in China is the soul of a specific calligrapher. Every character with its minutest strokes fabulously expresses the distinct life and personality of that specific calligrapher, much more than if we concretely meet that person. And each tablet of calligraphy utters differently each time it is gloated over, though all this while, this specific personality of this specific calligrapher is displayed as if we meet the honest confession of this specific person. Yee sacrifices what calligraphy is for how it is made up.

Here is another sad example. Children keep wondering, “Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are!” To this simple and profound question, all the world’s sophisticated physical cosmologies would never be able to answer. The reason is simple. All scientific cosmologies and cosmogonies are about how the planets are composed. Children ask what these stars are. The how can never answer the what-question. The how of science can never touch the profound question of what sort of existence things exhibit. Children raise the what-questions to frustrate adult’s proud yet superficial (though complex) researches on how things are composed.

Here is a third sad example. John Dewey of

instrumentalism claims that ends are endless, ever continuing. We would warn him that such “ends” are no ends but a simple chain of instruments of how leading to another how, endlessly. Such instrumental chain kills us all in its instrumental maze of exploitation for the next exploitation, for “use” is exploitation. For us, in contrast, the end is the clearly ultimate pinnacle, as divinity is simply our ultimate end. God is the matter of reverence, and reverence completes and ends all our whole life activities.

We have been notified that our ultimate God is the essence of what things are, ultimately. As God must be revered and cherished, so we must cherish all things as what they are, to wit, divine and precious. We must reverently promote the well-being of all things, as they are exciting and miraculous as we encounter them. “What things are” excites us in joy as we revere them into promoting them. The second aspect of knowing what things are as divine implicates our reverential cherishing of what things are to promote their wellbeing.

Children know best how to lovingly deal with simple water, and the simple life of all things. Rejoicing in “what things naturally are” is part of cherishing them, of course. The children rejoice in all things as jumping alive as children themselves are. They entrust themselves to these ordinary things, as they barter their precious pebbles casually strewn all over sidewalk, and then they forget these pebbles, “returning” these pebbles to the sidewalk of the common world.

We must follow children of all innocent ages. No adult Dewey is here. We cannot find him. Not a single one of us would even want to find such a “wise Dewey.” He is “no fun” as kids are all-fun, all self-forgetting, as children keep cherishing precious pebbles so many so common that are no adult “precious stones” so few and so expensive. We adults proudly think that children do not understand. Indeed, who do not understand whom at all? Who is wiser than who is?

We silly adults never realize that our “precious stones” are just as precious as children’s “precious pebbles.” Their only difference is that adults do not know that they are identical, while kids of all innocent ages know that they are totally identical stones. Children love their stones and forget them, and they never get stolen. We adults love our stones and never forget them, and they keep getting stolen. The divinity of what things are must be kept in reverential caring-for and returned to the world of things. The world of things is where all things belong, never to be hoarded, as God can never be hoarded. Hoarding God kills us the hoarders of God.

Here is the third aspect, no less surprising, of what things are as we know them. It is that the awesome divinity of what things are continues to change, and we who existentially know and encounter them must change with them. All things are alive. Their “it is that it is” constantly goes “it will be as it will be.” As the thunders softly boom, all tree leaves wave to wave one into the

other, trembling into one another. And all these happy leaves change their respective colors as seasons go shifting along. In the world alive with things all alive, all things are on the move, and timing becomes the crucial matter of life and death. Missing timing kills existence.

Socrates missed timeliness and perished. At the moment in court, any verdict carried legal force. After the court, Socrates must have realized that the verdict was unjust, imposed on him due to the judges being disappointed at failing to see Socrates begging for life. It is unjust to obey an unjust verdict. That time in court was one time. This time out of court is one different time. Socrates failed to ride on timing and bullied his way through with stolid logical consistency—as described in the Crito. He perished.

Kant also failed to feel for timing. He insisted that when a murderer came and demanded where his potential victim went, we must honestly tell the murderer where he went, no ifs or buts. Kant failed to realize how, in this specific timely situation, the obligation to save life overrides the obligation to be honest. Kant’s insistence is a sort of pseudo-ethics that kills people, by failing to feel for the shift of timeliness.

Now, we must generalize Socrates and Kant. Timeliness is one aspect of the specificity of specific things, each of which differs from all others. Philosophers in the West noticed that words like “here,” “now,” and “I” mean the same yet refer to completely different matters. What I mean by “here” here is not what you mean by “here” there. My “I” is never your “I.” They call such peculiar concept “demonstratives” “indexical” to the situations.

These august philosophers never realize how all concepts and all words are such “demonstrative indexicals.” My “chair” is never the same as your “chair” while we point at the “same chair.” Even though you and I point to the same “July 4, 1933,” we do not mean the “same thing” by this notion. It was the date before my birth, while it was when you were ten years old.

The same “Spring Symphony” is different as it is composed by Beethoven and by Schumann. Each of us is a composer of the music of rhythmic life. My “spring symphony” of my life is totally different from yours as you compose it out of your life. Missing this situational point is one of the causes of failures of so many negotiations of all sorts. Thus the third aspect of what there is features the incorrigible specificity of all things that keeps changing each moment.

This is the third alarming aspect of what existence is as we know it, to wit, existence changes with changes of time and situations, and our change appropriate to time-change of the situation is part and parcel of our existential knowledge of what existence things exhibit. Specificity of things that cannot be mocked includes the specific changes of situations and timing of what existence is. Changing and timing characterize how alive is what there is.

Reverence for the life of “what existence there is” (the second aspect) is reverence for the specificity of each existence that keeps changing (third aspect), and this reverence for existence alive and changing is absolutely enthralling (first aspect), jumping alive as children—as these children splash so elated in the water of existence. These three aspects of what there is breathtakingly confront us inexorably and inevitably. Such is our life so exciting and so enthralling, as we are surrounded by what there is, so gorgeous.

Now, after realizing that what exists enralls, awes, and changes, we are still overwhelmed more. Here is our final wonder. It is the final fourth aspect of what existence exhibits—by things that casually exist all over. It is the coincidence that is co-happening of all things. Such coincidence of things is quite breathtaking. We must look into this wonder of wonders that is yet amazingly quite ordinary.

All existence stands-out (ek-histemi) ex-pressing itself as itself. Expression utters, and all existential utterance performs existence. To say a thing does that thing, and to do it presents stark presence of that thing. To say is to do that is to be. Music presents such wonder-full unity of saying, doing, and presenting. Music moves rhythmically to present the raw presence of what there is, stable and alive. All existence stays as it moves on, musically. In moving and staying at once, the presence of what there is appears simply, and starkly. Music is the rhythm of sheer existence.

Existence sounds forth to stand out as itself, never sounding in, whatever it means. Sounding-forth drones forth calm in Oriental music. Anton Bruckner in his orchestral music sings such awesome presence alive, while Bruckner naturally typifies all composers of rhythmic music of what there is. What exists stays to move on to move me. Simple existence is aflame with dynamics to move on to stay on as it is, as all that is alive is. Such dynamics of existence is alive in rhythm, staying as it moves on, moving as it stays put stable—and alive.

Ultimate religion shouts the eternity of absolute staying in Buddhism, and shouts as the ultimate phoenix coming back alive, living out of its own ashes, in Christianity. Thus it is that all existents move back and forth between Buddhist calm and Christian resurgence. Likewise, we human beings are alive in death while dying to live on, day and night, dusk into dawn. Our human life unites Buddhism and Christianity, believe it or not. We would not have realized how great we are, siring both Buddhism and Christianity, both at once.

Here, all means are ends, to spread out for their own sakes. All means serve as ends, as all ends provoke themselves into further means to serve further ends. Means are ends as ends are endless, as Dewey insisted on, but now in a different light of what there is. Such coincidence of means and ends spells “art as experience,” as Dewey also insisted on in his book so titled. Dewey remains a great scholar, then, for all our complaints before.

All life is sculpture sculpting itself as sculpture. Art creating art is art itself. In art, how it creates itself is what it is already. How an artwork is produced is what an artwork is already. Yee’s meticulous description of how calligraphy is accomplished does accomplish calligraphy itself, in the final analysis. Yee’s book on how is itself the book on what, after all. Thus it is that how and what co-happen in the world of art. And art is the pivot around which the world of existence revolves.

We have seen that what things are is excitingly to be enjoyed, divinely to be revered, and ever moving and changing to be conformed to appropriately. And now we realize that such existence amazing threefold is staying as it moves, and means as it is an end, all so fascinating. We have never imagined how such humdrum existence daily occurring can be so extraordinary and so special, indeed, in no less than four ways.

We have gone through these four amazing aspects of existence, all so simple and so common. In the midst of such common existence surrounding us, yet all awesome and alive, we can easily imagine children often seeing people copulating and people dying. Children are thus immune from shock and fear. But we do hope that these children still remain children enough so afresh as to jump into splashing water and shout in sheer fascination, all self-forgotten. We do hope the sheer wonder of what there simply is stays with children day and night, from dusk to dawn, world without end.

B. Four Amazements and Intertwining

Looking back, we are simply amazed at what there is at many levels, and we realize that these amazements themselves compose what there is. Subjective amazement is part and parcel of objective existence. We now itemize such levels of amazements. We continue to be amazed that such subjective amazement is the essential component of “objective existence.”

First, to begin with, we can see that the four aspects of what there is as elucidated above amount to our amazed confrontation in four ways with sheer stark presence of things. We now realize that these confrontations compose what there is. Without such subjective confrontation with stark presence of things out there, what exists simply disappears.

Existence is inherently inter-existence. We the subject in enthralled enjoyment of water, being awestruck at how divine sheer existence is for us to cherish what exists in reverence, so much so that we ourselves are changed in the very changing process of things that co-happen in all sorts of happenings—all such phenomena of amazements are what essentially compose what exists at all.

Our subjectivity is part and parcel of what exists simply and starkly. Without our subjectivity confronting with whatever exists starkly present, no presence of any sort is possible, and so no existence is possible. Our subjective amazement is the essential part of objective existence.

What we call “objective existence” is actually “inter-existence” between subjective amazement and objective presence.

Existence is by nature co-existence that inter-exists between the reciprocal contraries. Without our subjective amazement, no objective existence can appear as decently and objectively existing. Objectivity needs something not-objective to stand as “objective.” Existence so common is such an unexpected oxymoronic mystery, in this first round.

Secondly, what is quite amazing is that all existence, including our own existence, is being constantly pushed ahead by the pull of the future all unknown. Existence is composed of pull of the future unknown. The unknown is the essential component of what exists here now. What we know about the present existence cannot be known without the unknown of the future. The known is composed of the unknown! The known depends on the unknown. Such known-unknown inter-dependence is quite an amazing composition of what exists at all.

This process toward the unknown future is the actual reality of what exists. To borrow Whitehead to our purpose, “process” is “reality,” and this process is constantly pushing itself into the unknown! This is quite an amazing aspect of what there is—pulling into the future and the future is unknown. Existence is a constant pull into the unknown. The unknown is part and parcel of the known.

Wow! How can the known be dependent on the unknown? But it is the fact that without the unknown, nothing can be known! This is because existence is alive, and being alive is being in constant pull into the future that happens to be unknown. But how could we have expected that being alive is being unknown? Existence so simple and so common is actually such an amazing mystery for the second time.

Mind you. This pull of the future unknown is my own tremendous opportunity and obligation to my own self. This future pull on me is my own vast unknown potential I myself alone can fulfill to my self. I need not and must not be a Super Woman or a Superman. I continue to fulfill what I am from birth, simply and persistently. And such self-fulfillment is absolutely admirable, no matter what it is. Many actual examples easily come to mind.

Helen Keller (1880-1968) who could not see, hear, or speak accomplished so impressively much. She even wrote several books. She continues to be ubiquitously admired as the model of all humanity. Freud in his painful mouth cancer and depression managed to become the father of the world’s psychology. Ellen G. White in her sickbed single-handedly founded Christian Science. The world’s great thinker, theologian and engineer Blaise Pascal suffered from stomach cancer for life.

And the list goes on about the many sick geniuses who accomplished so much so impressively. As a human being, I am also constantly pulled ahead by my future that

is unknown to me and to anyone else. My own “unknown” pull belongs to me alone who must fill up this “unknown blank” that belongs exclusively to me, no ifs and no buts. My unknown blank is exclusively mine. I lift up my soul, will, and determination to jump up into this blank to try my best to fill it up.

My dearly admired Helen Keller is beckoning me on ahead of me. This blank is my own. This blank is mine alone, privately owned, and it is the most pleasant obligation and opportunity to me myself to fill it up in any way I see fit, as I am pleased with it. This blank is mine, totally unavoidable and most pleasant, as it is exclusively mine and belonging to no one else.

This important point can never be repeated often enough. My future pull, precisely because it is totally unknown to anyone, even to me myself, is such an awesome obligation and the most pleasant opportunity to my own self toward my own glorious future. My future so glorious is my own distinct glory absolutely awesome, none of the business of any one else in world history. My dear Helen Keller is constantly telling me so. My future pull so blank is absolutely special.

Thirdly, “but what can we do if the self is too ‘weak’ to be amazed, and the present here now is too weak to rely on the future unknown to fully know?” Amazingly, the sheer stark presence that confronts us is graciously kind enough to help our weak subjective presence. We the subject simply hangs on to whatever that confronts us. We glibly call this phenomenon our social nature. I depend on you to become my decent “I myself.”

I am the other-than-I. Our sociality composes our very self, and even strengthens and supports our weak self. If we are too weak to look inside, we just look outside. Tree leaves are swinging happily into one another. Faint birds tiny and invisible are chirping silence in the floating clouds. We just look out. And we turn at ease and at home, somewhere outside us. This is a third mystery of existence simple and casual, for we would never have expected to enlist outside to strengthen inside.

Incidentally, “Do we see objective existence being cracked up?” This question assumes that objective existence can ruin itself without reference to our subjective irregularity. This assumption is impossible because of the seamlessly intimate correlation between objective existence and subjective management. As Gabriel Marcel somewhere said, environmental disasters indicate our human casual destruction of Mother Nature. Our own subjective devastation shows in devastating eco-disasters around us.

It is our own terrible “eco-disasters” within ourselves that cause eco-disasters in Mother Nature surrounding us. And so, the above management of subjective weakness covers cracks in objective existence outside us. In other words, repairing our subjective cracks inside us would redound to managing well eco-disasters outside us.

Fourth, you may ask, “What exists appears only when we are alive. What is being alive, then?” Wow! This is a

big and basic query. Being alive cannot be explained, for it generates all descriptions. Being alive can only show itself in concrete instances. Of course, we can randomly cite these examples from common daily ongoing. There are many more, so countless. Four simple examples come to mind, as follows.

My first example is this. I once saw an old man in love with kids who looked embarrassed, as he was surrounded by kids laughing at him. Asked why, the kids said, still pointing fingers and laughing, "He said he has no headache. Ha-ha! He has no headache!" I said, "What's so funny about having no headache? You guys have no headache, either, right?" The kids then turned to laughing at themselves, "Ha-ha! We have no headache! It's so funny! Ha-ha!" Their laughs show what being alive is.

My second example of being alive is this. I hugged my little missy who was in tears as she was hugging a tiny puppy so cute. I could not help hugging her, as she could not help hugging that cute puppy. Our hugging irresistibly shows how alive we were, no ifs and no buts. O how alive we all are every time we hug one another, no matter for what reason.

My third example is this. My dear friends eventually marry away one by one. My heart of hearts turns tender, sore, and quite lonesome. It hurts. Thus Buddha, Jesus, Beethoven, Schubert, and so on, are unmarried, so each of us belongs to them as they belong to us all. In music, no one is lonely. Music is alive, as my pain tells me that I am still alive enough to feel pain of being lonely.

My fourth example is this. I once saw a sea gull lying upside down, shaking her legs at the sky. I wrapped her, in eyes ruby red, and box-brought her to the animal doctor nearby. The next day I went, paid \$10, and brought her back pneumonia-healed to the same place, and released her. She proudly walked away out of her box, not even looking back. I was relieved. My relief and her proud walk-away tell of us happily alive.

A similar incident happened when I softly hugged up in my bosom a tiny bird hitting himself at the window, wrapped him up in a towel, and gently let him go to join his companion. Both those birds and I were so happy, while we went our separate ways, though I still remember them to this day. Our happiness showed how alive we all were.

Cherishing all these precious moments cherishes being alive. If I am alive in all these life-situations, I am clearly alive, and that is that, no ifs and no buts. Here is no room for Buddha, Confucius, Jesus, or Socrates or anyone else to but in and talk about what being alive is. Being alive is a sheer life-situation all ineffable, and totally indescribable.

Being alive is sheer presence clear and distinct, and all so ordinary, and yet it is so mysteriously inexpressible. Being alive is brute presence clearly embracing things everywhere, and at the same time it is all wordless all indescribable. But how can anything so common and ordinary be so ineffable and inexpressible? Such is the

fourth wonder of what there is, so common all over and so mysterious.

Now, furthermore, these four amazements intertwine. To begin with, in all this inexpressible vivacity of being alive, we somehow—don't ask me how, for I don't know—know how dissatisfied we are with the status quo here now. This constantly nagging dissatisfaction constantly pushes whatever we are here now into somewhere else. This "somewhere else," wherever it is, changes us inexorably—and inevitably.

Self-critique is built into our human living alive. We want something better that we do not know. We do know, however, that we are forever dissatisfied with what we have and how we are. This ugly dissatisfaction produces beautiful "something else." Of course, we will soon be complaining about this "something else" we have just managed to attain. And the cycle of creating something new begins all over again, always pushed on by our ugly dissatisfaction.

Being alive is constantly accompanied by such complaints. Being alive is not a pretty sight to behold, then. But thanks to this dissatisfaction never pretty, being alive continues to better what is already the best here now. Being alive is thus the dynamics of pushing ahead constantly, forever on the move. This is how vibrantly immature the vibrant children are.

Immaturity is completely different from "defect." Defect is assessed in the light of perfection we do know. Immaturity is pushed ahead by inherent dissatisfaction with what we are and what we have. Immaturity pushes ahead by dissatisfaction. Defect assesses and stops going ahead. Kids who are immature are vibrantly alive on the constant move ahead. Defect stops all moving. Being alive is ever immature on the move, never deadly defective.

Children are forever immature. That is why they are forever alive. Being alive is being immature vibrantly kid-fresh at each moment, all the time. Thus it is that being alive pushes ahead by the negative force of dissatisfaction with here now, while our future pulls us ahead by its force of the blank unknown so pleasantly attractive.

Moreover, it is thus that our unknown ahead and our dissatisfaction now somehow join hands to typify human existence that kid-blazes the trail of what there is, wherever it occurs. All this says that all existence is alive as we are alive, because our being alive is ultimately derived from all existence being alive, to begin with. In all this, children lead the way toward sheer existing so enjoyable

And so, the second wonder of existence as the future pull is just seen as inherently connected with the fourth wonder of existence as being alive constantly pushed ahead by dissatisfaction. Similarly, we can quite easily see how the first wonder of existence as intimate connection of subjectivity with objectivity makes us easily understand

how our subjective weakness can be healed by looking out toward objective outside, for they are inherently connected together to compose existence whatever, as subjective and objective are kinsfolk in one existence.

All this amounts to saying that our four amazements above express our admiration fourfold of the vivacity of what there is. All existence whatever is totally alive, subjectively objective, constantly pulled ahead by the future toward the exciting unknown that is for us to pleasantly fill up, as whatever our weakness we have can be healed and strengthened by the outside existence, and all this goes ahead constantly kid-alive. Our four amazements such as these spell our attractive obligation to fulfill our existence, no matter what and however we are situated. Existence alive is our pleasant obligation to our very self.

And so, to wrap up,

This tiny ode to what there is so vast

We madly chant to the friendly skies

Blue miles so high

Clearing our throats

Lifting our souls miles high

And kid-shouting together

In sheer joys!

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