



TIME SO ALIVE

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ABSTRACT

This paper consists of more than three sections, first on what time-alive is, and then why time-alive is essential to being alive, and then how time-alive naturally manifests itself. Thus describing what, why, and how time-alive is, these three sections conveniently present time-alive to fascinatingly portray being alive—by at last being fascinated by the now and by fivefold flip-flopping of time alive so amazing, to round up this whole paper.

Keywords:

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I. What Time as alive Is:

We are amazed. Time is what being alive is! Time expresses life. “Talking about time” talks about living days. Time tells of how odd being alive is. Here is a spicy example quite classical. Confucius quipped, “I am yet to see someone loving virtue as loving sex.” Wow! He is as frivolously profound as Chuang Tzu, if not more so! This saying is so irresistible that it is recorded no less than twice 9/18, 15/13 in his *Analects* so short and compact.

Thanks to this spicy epigram, we now cannot help but see sex as a titillating replication behind awesome virtue, and realize how equally irresistible and attractive both virtue and sex are. Sex titillates to draw us in; virtue provokes joy to draw us into rejoicing together. Sex is joy together; virtue induces shared joys and enhances them. I would miss my girlfriend and pursue her; I would pine after virtue and continue virtuous performances day in and day out.

Love and virtue unite in loving parents; “loving parents” is very much cherished throughout history in China as the filial fountain of all virtues. Sex reproduces new lives; virtue reduplicates new lives of joys forever expanding. Sex is performed in love to induce more love; virtue expresses mutual love to expand into more and more love. And the list goes on, without ceasing as life, love, and virtue go on together without ceasing.

“Now pal. You have degraded a spicy epigram into

ponderous parallelisms.” We plead guilty. Our only plea is that we are as spontaneously drawn into seeing enjoyable parallelisms between sex and virtue, as the epigram is spontaneously spewed out so delightfully on them. We are extremely excited, induced by this delicious quip, to see the same structure transferred from one world of sex into another world of virtue, and we now see both equally spicy equally irresistible, and equally innate and titillating. Virtue establishes the person as sex prolongs humanity. Both are utter joys all so natural. And such equality unpacks itself in time so alive and so enjoyable.

Here is another example. When it is July 4, 1933 today, it is not July 5. At the same time, July 4 today is constantly shifting to July 5. So, “being alive as time” is steady put while it keeps changing. Steady and changing is being alive, time tells us. Time repeats while time changes. As I repeat rubbing me, I rub feeling into me. Each of my repeated rubbing is quite warm and powerful. Time rhymes forward, not back. Time goes ahead changing as it goes back repeating. Time is music alive repeating forward, as Beethoven repeats ahead.

Growing Children:

And we must never forget. It takes time for things to grow and mature; it takes days for chicks to hatch, and takes a season for fruit to ripe. We must never force timing of things. We must be a mother to tenderly attend the needs of our babies who are our affairs, and patiently wait for them to mature of themselves. Time is needed to slowly hatch and grow all things our babies.

Beloved babies grow while asleep, and babies asleep seem not at all changing. We keep quiet beside them, doing our best to facilitate their sleep. Such is our loving management of affairs. In love, I take time to grow into you as you take time to grow into me; we mutually inter-enter to inter-grow. Patience in love wins time. Time alive tells of life alive moving. Love is powerful. One divine “I love you” is enough to settle things. Things are now happy in place. Love is divine—all-powerful

all-soft, and all-warm at home in things.

Time is the child who begins all always. We care for children because they are uncertain, fooling around, and are so juvenile. Such immature kids have no place in the august conference room of adults. We usually make light of children, and even our care can show our disdain of them. We never realize that it is precisely these “low kids worth nothing” who fabulously guide our vision of what is coming ahead, all so uncertain. Children are our awesome tomorrow, full of uncertain hopes all so irresistible.

The children are our indispensable future so wobbly, for us to fool around with, today. Time is kid-alive kid-ahead, so exciting so enthralling. The baby is actuality of an entity that continues in time to actualize itself. Time tells it, “You are my treasured baby. Go, go! Grow, go!” In spontaneity, an entity often grows unbeknown to itself. Such is the way of actuality alive. Such is the way of time alive.

“Time” is a four-lettered concept so bland and abstract, and so empty and uninteresting, until we are astounded to realize how stupendously fecund and alive its content is that in turn displays how alive time is. Whatever that exist, whatever are noticed, in whatever sizes and shapes and attributes, come alive and wealthy as they jump around in time and as aspects of time. Time comes alive in all things as all things turn alive as aspects of time. Time and things are inter-implicative. When we want to understand things, we look at time. When we want to be sensitized to things as jumping alive, we go to live in time to live time. Time is concrete and alive to make us alive, never dead.

Troubled Thinking:

“Does the troubled mind think?” Well, the troubled mind thinks troubled thinking, as a calm mind thinks calm clear thinking. Actually troubled thinking voluptuously paints phantasmagoria jabbing, sickening, and incredibly boring. Such an absurdist continues to erupt in the coattail of *Nausea* (Sartre) and *Metamorphosis* (Kafka), fascinating and repulsive at once. All these are kicked up by troubled thinking. We may hesitate to classify such “troubled thinking” as *thinking*, but mind alive is part of time alive that is amenable to thinking, and troubled thinking is part of mind alive, and so we could take troubled thinking as part of thinking, thanks to time alive.

Absolute power of oppression corrupts absolutely, while absolute power of supportive love inter-thrives absolutely. Concretely, Haydn weaves tapestry-beauty. Beethoven provokes muscle-beauty. Haydn sires Beethoven, who culminates in the great Ninth symphony extolling the universal love of brotherhood of all people. Thus inter-support wins over inter-oppression. Humane joy seeps in to fill up, and overflows all over. Laughter renders life happy. Joyous life fills days with laughter. Such is the sublime power of time alive, everlasting.

History:

Meanwhile, events happen to happen in time to become things. Some events happen unexpectedly (Nazism) and collapse just as suddenly. Some develop slowly, stay on, and peter out (Rome). Some others last for ever (Confucius, Socrates). Thus things are timed events without rhyme or reason. No one knows what these things are that happen to happen, much less why they happen to be as they are.

Amazingly, time makes sense out of these senseless event-things so haphazard. This sense is called “history.” Time creates history out of all event-things that erupt in time. History is a colorful tapestry of time that composes all worlds homo-cosmic. Time makes history that tells of time so exciting. Each implicates the other quite alive. History is alive unending, as time is alive, everlasting.

Strangely but trivially, time cannot be kept safe and stable in a box. Time keeps moving on, changing itself as days keep changing ahead. Time flows and flies on, waiting for no one, we deeply feel. We would bravely ride on the crest of waves of time. Or else, we just let the situation slide idly by, as we ourselves change with the change of time. We grow, get senile, and then vanish—all in time. What we can do—and must do, we tell ourselves—is to grab the forehead of time, plan ahead, and brave the onslaught of what is coming, both expected and surprising, and push *our* days ahead that belong to us alone. As our days inevitably press ahead, time is inexorably alive.

Sickness unto Time:

Sadly, however, we are in an unhealthy love-hate relation with time. On one hand, we love to have as much time as we can. We huff and puff to struggle in engagement to “save time” at its maximum. The more time we have, the happier we turn. We love to be forever-23, or better, forever-13. We love to be young-forever with plenty of time to spare. On the other hand, however, we “fight” against “deadlines.” The word itself is ominous; time is our “lines of death” against which we struggle to get out. Time is our deathly enemy against which we fight.

Such attitude of ours toward time tells of our sickness *unto* time on which we hang on with desperation, in love and in hate. Time must instead be dwelt in and enjoyed as our living situation itself. Time must be our living on itself. Time must be our own life at home. This “instead,” this alternative situation of time, is our heaven on earth that we must *achieve*, as time confronts us every minute of our day.

Thus “time” is our unnoticed task to tame, manage, and enjoy. This task is absolutely incumbent on us since our very living is our time alive. We literally live time, and so managing time is managing our very life. Curiously and ominously, however, no one in world history has ever noticed this necessary task of our very living itself, much less endeavored to devise ways to execute it. We do hope that the present paper can, if possible, come up with at least some adumbrations of how to execute this task.

At least, we clearly see what we usually do *wrong* in

managing time. We try so hard, huffing and puffing to struggle to force things to go in our own way. What we need is to stop imposing ourselves onto things. We can take deep breaths, allow things to go their own ways, and follow along what the situation naturally turns out. We slow huff-and-puff breathing down to the unnoticed rise and fall of our belly, and turn ourselves into the almighty presence of the present.

In fact, the present would be simply here with us when we let go of minding breathing and just live on as usual as before. We then quietly observe and calmly follow along, and by and by things will take care of themselves to turn out into what we originally and tacitly desire, after all. Letting go of things restores things to how they usually go along, and the situation would just turn out to be what we have been secretly expecting all along.

This is how the mother gently guides her dearly beloved child stubbornly refusing her hand. His mother simply follows him along from behind, and gently leads on in *his* own ways, never her way. We must “mother” our recalcitrant trend of the time against our will, by allowing the trend to go *its* own way. Allowing it gives us ample room to ride on its crest of its waves. We guide time by not guiding it, leading time by following it. Following is the best leading.

II. Why we must talk about time to express being alive:

“Time” is indispensable, even essential, to expressing being alive, in at least the following ways. There must be more, but this much is enough to show how essential time is to our expression of being alive.

First Essential:

First of all, one major task of our thinking is to elucidate being alive. But we are alive, and “alive” is an unknown to elucidate, and so we the alive-unknown cannot elucidate alive that is the unknown to be elucidated. And we not-alive is dead, and cannot elucidate the alive. So, our thinking alive cannot elucidate being alive. Our thinking cannot fulfill its major task. We are in . such a strange predicament, until “time” comes to our rescue. Time packs “alive” neatly to express “alive,” as explained in the above section, to elucidate “alive.”

Second Essential:

In addition, time expresses aptly to express “alive” in our daily living and thinking. “I have no time,” for example, is so apt that we do not know how else to say so without using “time.” Time is essential to expressing being alive. Our thinking alive must use “time” to express our being alive at all. In both these ways, “time” enables us to understand being alive, and enables us to express adequately how we are alive at all. This is why time is indispensable in our living and our thinking.

Third Essential:

Here is the third way in which time is essential. There is

a thin crucial line running that distinguishes devotion, obsession, and missing someone. Devotion is loyalty to a cause or a leader. Devotion is needed in a movement and revolution. The devoted wife is the essential support of her whole husband. The fortunate husband dearly cherishes her as he cherishes his own life. Obsession is being possessed by someone or something. One who is obsessed with an A sees things in the light of A, thinks in A-way, and lives A-way. The A-obsessed one lives A-way.

Missing someone is confrontation by the raw presence of someone who is absent, and can be quite painful. These three ways of living are clearly different but quite difficult to tell apart, until we see them in the perspective of time-process. Only following their respective time-processes of different culminations can we realize their differences. Time alive is essential to *knowing* them separately and differently.

Fourth Essential:

The fourth way in which time is indispensable is this. Pain is amazingly ubiquitous and various as being alive is, physical, mental, and spiritual. A well-known story tells of a genius Ts’ao Chih 曹植 being forced by his jealous brother in power to compose a poem on the spot, on pain of severe punishment. In seven steps, a poem was made, concluding, “Two branches originally from the same root./ One fries the other, why all so severe?” This poem shamed his brother into silence. This tragedy can be brought out by time-alive alone, not otherwise.

It is tough even to be a baby as his time tells us. Even joy can sometimes be pain, as having fun can be a lot of work. It is a good question whether joy or pain is more basic to its other. In either case, it is clear, however, that only time alive that reflects being alive at all can adequately display pain to lustily sing forth joy of life. As in so many concrete cases such as these, time alive is quite essential and indispensable to expressing life daily alive.

III. How “time” expresses “alive”:

Three Examples:

Many concrete examples come to mind that tell of how “time” expresses being alive. The first example is that time heals wounds by dulling the sharp edges of pain. The second example is that time inspires new ideas to enrich being alive. The next example is that doing constantly expresses, as Mom strokes and serves her baby, silently saying “I love you.” Conversely, to utter it can perform it, as saying “I miss you” does “miss you” and “I promise” does the promising act. We call such saying “performative utterance.” “To do” and “to say” often bite into one another. To do and to say are one dynamics of time alive.

Fourth Example:

Here is another example. Each drink of water dips me into womb-water of Mother Nature where a new baby is born. The baby is me myself. Each water-drink begins a new life to begin anew fabulous “me.” It is what Christians call

“baptism into Christ”; see John 3 together with many passages on Jesus’ baptism. It is a stupendous time-event homo-cosmic, begun by simply drinking a gulp of water that is everywhere to sustain life. Time is alive throbbing all over in a simple drinking water by me and by you. Time is cosmic-alive, drinking water.

Fifth Example:

And here is a strange example. The Christian God is partial and unfair. Jacob was a cunning cheater even of family birthright out of his elder brother Esau its legitimate heir. Esau was justly angry. Jacob must flee in abject fear. At a turn in wilderness, Jacob was visited by magnificent divine vision that Jacob called no less than “Bethel,” the House of God. God was partial to bad Jacob and unfair to just Esau. God is the God of Jacob! And being partial and being unfair are time-notions, of course.

Sixth Example:

Later, Jesus was confronted by a priest with people. Standing an adulteress in the middle, they asked that Moses’ law demands stoning such a person, but what would Jesus say. He was silent. Pressed, he said, “The one sinless can cast the first stone.” Stunned at themselves sinful, using the sacred law to trap a loving person, they silently went away. Finally, Jesus let go of the lady, to save law and sinners. Then, he silently went and died for all the sinners. God is partial to the sinner who should have died, and unfair to himself sinless and should not have died. Love is partial and unfair in time.

Seventh Example:

The next example is also important. We have heroism of success in Lincoln. We have heroism in failures in Confucius. But in the end, success or failure matters little. What we need in persistence through thick and thin. Persistence makes the person. And of course, “need,” persistence, “through,” and “thick and thin” are all time-notions. Time makes the person, nothing else. Time makes us truly alive. Time is alive.

Eighth Example:

Suddenly a voice is heard. “O my dearest! I love you so very much! You are my sheer joy!” This voice pours down the whole heavens to chase away daunted fear into love and joy. Joy seeps in. Love and joy seep through. Love is its own last word, to beckon in joy its own last word. They are their own etymologies. Love and joy are their own last frontiers of life that lasts long, unending. Joy and love compose life in power so pure and simple. No one is even willing to resist their onslaught. O joy in love! O my love and joy so precious, all so precious!

Ninth Example:

Each today is its own “today.” Today is TGIF, “Thank God, it’s Friday,” each today. Today is my Good Friday! Today is His Love Friday! Today is our Joy Friday! Love and joy pervade each today. I have nothing else in each today of mine that I desire more than anything else;

they are none other than love and joy! Love is power—in joy. Love, power, and joy inter-implicate to inter-empower. This trinitarian unity is absolutely delightful. Such unity displays time alive so inevitable. Time alive alone, nothing else, vividly presents such exquisite love and joy so irresistible!

Tenth Example:

Small is beautiful, stunning, and precious. Things small (hummingbirds) are less ugly than alive. We tend to cherish things small more than things big. In fact, things big are often composed by combining things small. Those who look only at things big tend to fall into the gutter as they look high at the stars. Of course attending to things small may miss the forest for the trees, but there is no forest without the trees. To attend both the trees and the forest requires time alive, shifting alive from attending the trees to the forest, and back to trees, to deepen the forest-understanding, which begins and ends at tree-understanding. Tree-understanding is the basic. It is in this comprehensive way that “time alive” is indispensably essential to our living days.

Eleventh Example:

Basil Mitchell calmly planted on roadside of thinking world a quiet landmine so powerful. It is his *The Justification of Religious Belief* (Oxford, 1981), perhaps mistakenly so titled. Here it is claimed that thinkers in religion and history, and in the humanities at large, constantly accumulate “similar cases” for a thesis. The more cases amassed, the more likely a specific thesis is shown to be, i.e., demonstrated as likely.

This accumulative reasoning totally differs from apodictive deduction. Mitchell’s proposal completely bypasses the heated arguments on legitimacy of “history” between Dilthey-Collingwood and objective scientists at the time. There both sides tacitly agreed that reasoning is of deductive sort alone. But deduction is often irrelevant to actuality. “1+1=2” is often inaccurate in actual cases, as the master logician Whitehead discerned and pounded on it, even claiming, “The exactness is a fake.”

Actuality and facts can only be discerned by time-consuming accumulative argument, not by deduction cut and dried. History belongs to the world of actuality, not of deduction. The Collingwood-scientist debates barked at the wrong tree of deduction. Such is Mitchell’s bombshell. Now, “accumulation” is a time-notion. Argument through time is exclusive reasoning in time alive, not in eternal verity of static tracing-reasoning. Accumulation actual is time alive.

Twelfth Example:

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Medical doctors must learn from patients on the plans to treat and heal their concerned patients. It is the patients who teach the doctors, who must follow them unconditionally without objection. Whatever discomfort patients report must be trusted as valid for these patients,

no ifs or buts. This following takes long time in sensitive listening and indwelling in patients' conditions, not just in their oral reports.

In all this existential learning from patients by the doctors, no pre-set regimen, in a textbook fashion assigned in medical school, is possible. Patient-doctor intimacy is absolutely essential and flexible to medical therapy. Such intimacy alive is accomplished only through variously meticulous and patient time-process of sensitive learning, long drawn-out. Medical practice is essentially time alive.

Thirteenth Example:

"Does 'identity theft protection' mean protection of identity theft? Or does the phrase mean protection from identity theft?" The answer is of course that the custom of language use decides. And we know that time-process in a specific community forms a custom. Thus time alive decides the meaning in usual language use. In this way, even meanings of words are in the hand of time. Amazingly, meaning alive is time alive.

Fourteenth Example:

Lifting a pen to cultivate thinking is amazingly tougher than lifting a hoe to laboriously cultivate the arid land. It is extremely difficult and hard-going to exercise the mind in a creative and innovative way. Creativity advances humanity, and creativity is the matter of mind going in all surprising and novel directions. Now, lifting, cultivating, exercising the mind, going in a novel direction, novel advances, hard-going, and all such mind-creativity in every way, are all time-consuming. Advance alive creatively is all-creative time alive.

Fifteenth Example:

Here is pain, our stubborn mystery. Pain just comes uninvited, without reason or cause that I even care to know. Of course pain is my enemy, but I cannot fight this strange enemy, for pain is my twist. Twisted pain need to be twisted back, but since I do not know where, what, how, and wherefrom of pain—pain comes without reason—I do not know how to "untwist" myself back to myself.

Pain is also similar to missing someone beloved, but with a nasty difference. Missing someone is confrontation with raw presence of sheer absence of love. But pain is worse, in that I do not know what I love (in pain), for I do not know what I lack here at all. Lack cannot fight. Lack can only fill up. But I do not know what to fill with, how to fill it, or where I can get what to fill. My pain is my lack that I love yet ignorant of. Pain is my lack I am powerless to fill. I am helpless in pain. I can only groan and writhe in pain, helplessly.

Fortunately, as pain comes without reason, so pain can go elsewhere for no why or how. All this while, I stay in pain insane. I keep enduring pain without rhyme or reason. I stubbornly endure pain unknown, and somehow in time pain mysteriously goes away. Now,

enduring, groaning, writhing, coming, and going—they all feature time ongoing unceasing. Pain is an example par excellence of time alive. Pain is where time is supremely alive.

IV. The Now:

"Photo" is confrontation of sheer presence, ever. "Music" is beauty of presence moving itself to move us. They meet us and embrace us, all-minded, heartfelt. We call all such photos and music alive is "now." All this is so trivial yet so amazing and awesome. "Now" continues on. "Now" is said to be accumulation of the then-gone, and the coming is the goal of "now." But the gone is just a part of now, however pervasive, and when the coming "comes," it vanishes nowhere.

Thus it is that, whether in the gone or in the coming, all that remains is "now." Surprisingly, however, "now" itself does not remain as it is but continues to change, as the gone and the coming keep changing the "now" as they keep vanishing in the "now." Such fascination! Such continuous changing all around describes time-alive. Nothing stays in time. Only time stays, yet time itself does not stay. Time is indeed alive.

So far, we have been concerned with what the now is. Two more aspects of the now must be considered, how to manage the now, and what benefits the now has for me. First, how can I properly manage my "now"? This is an odd question, for I am always in the now, and yet oddly I can often be out of my now-here. The question of how to manage my "now" while I am in my "now" sounds odd but it is actually proper and important, because I can oddly and often be out of me—out of my "now"—while always in me.

So, our first question is, "How do I manage my 'now'?" Of course, I must be aware that I am, and awareness of I-am is aware of me-now. Being unaware of my being me myself-now is part of dementia, in the young and in the old. And being aware of me-now naturally leads to cherishing my being-now. Cherishing my-now quite crucially composes the essence of the Tao of the swordsman who is at each "now" at the brink of death. Cherishing awareness of my-now consists of the entirety of Zen Buddhism. "Now is the time fulfilled. Repent!" is the essence of Christianity. Religion is ultimacy of living. Cherishing me-now is the ultimate essence of life. Such is how I manage "now."

Secondly, here is another odd but proper and important question, "What are the benefits of attending to my 'now'?" This question is odd because I am always in my "now," and it is odd to ask about benefits of being always in the now. But the question is proper and important, for this question puts me back into me, because being in me while out of me is my existential self-alienation, where my self is peeled out of me.

Slow normal breathing to focus on my "now" can lower anxiety and depression, lower heart-rate and blood pressure (by increasing oxygenation), and lower throat

snoring to help sleep. "Peeling me from me" is healed by loneliness sung in musical compositions to attend to "now." And this question on benefits of attending to my "now" heals my existential disease, as music must have healed music-lovers.

So, healing me into whole-me wholesome is one crucial benefit of attending to my "now." Attending to me-now loves my own self. Meticulously tending me-now prevents me from feeling lonesome, as loneliness tortures oneself for no legitimate reason. I must never be a tyrannical taskmaster over me. Each of my now-moment is an appropriate moment—and I have so many of them that compose me—to take a good care of myself. After all, my self is mine. My self is my "now." Caring for me each moment that is exclusively my "now" benefits me profoundly, to then spread to my beloved friends. Friendship in turn benefits me by tending each "now." Time is alive now.

Conclusion: Time Alive Mysterious:

Joy Now:

My "now" is incredibly rich. First, all I see, sense, and think are here now in my "now." Secondly, even the more I just imagine, the more my "now" shows. Moreover, no less incredibly for the third time, this huge universe is all wiped out each day as I sleep unawares. Once every single day, without exception, I am peeled off of me, and my whole universe so huge whiffs away into sheer nothing.

Even more mysteriously for the fourth time, even though "now gone, world also gone," my world gone does not wipe out my "now." Amazingly yet trivially, my "now" appears and re-appears as soon as I turn aware of me breathing, and I-now begins to spread out things thinkable and imaginable. "Now" is the king supreme, reigning over the whole universe of things and ideas. Now, something even more incredible happens for the fifth time. It is joy erupting now.

So I cannot but notice joy that has just come now, at home in me. Now I am happy, when I am happy now. Here, even "now" vanishes as I am happy doing stuff I do not even care about what it is. Smiles pervade. All this while, joy, now, and even I vanish. "Vanishing" is joy now all over. No one cares. Not even I could care less about it, whatever "it" is. Time is here all over nowhere. All around and nowhere no-when, this is time alive, all so alive.

Change Entropic, Change Extropic:

"You have repeated 'vanishing.'" Isn't it shocking that things around here now will vanish soon? Given time, stones will melt away into nowhere. This is why children wisely barter their precious pebbles, and then forget them, as these pebbles preciously vanish from the minds of those kids. "Out of mind, out of sight," and then things are out of existence. Such is the reverse of our universally well-known ontological shock, "Why is there anything rather than nothing?"

Things are constantly coming into existence and going out of existence, both at once and both taking turns. Wow! No wonder, the whole world is shaken to the core! Things are alive this world-shaking way. Time-alive smiles alive, and tells us that this ontological shock in and out of existence is joy alive. This world-ubiquitous ontological shock in and out of existence is awesome joy alive that is time alive.

Still, shocks in and out of existence are changes, and they are changes in existence, not just changes in features of already existing stable situations. Changes in the world are radical, existential, ever in upheaval, and constantly erupting to begin again and again. Situational and existential changes constantly alive are time radically alive. Change implicates being alive, as "alive" is in constant changes.

Worse yet, incredibly yet inevitably, "change" itself can never be described. "Change" has no content describable and definitive, because "change" changes its own content as it goes on changing, description is possible only when there exists some definitive content to describe, and so changing content in constant change that amounts to "no content" can not be described. Indescribable is time alive in changes, ever.

All this amounts to characterizing "life alive" ubiquitous as "time alive," and this characterization in turn amounts to featuring "time alive" as impossible to describe. Ouch! All such description of "time alive" as all-changes alive destroys all of what has been detailed so far in this paper. This paper self-vanishes in shocks of existence constantly coming in and going out. Constancy of in-and-out of existence forebodes self-vanishing of all in all out of all. Does this paper destroy itself, then?

Now, have we repeated again "vanishing," this time at the meta-level? We doubt if the vanishing of all will ever change, however many meta-levels of ontological shocks we climb up to. Thanks to ubiquitous changes all around, all this description of time-alive as all-changes leads us all willy-nilly to all-vanishing in universal Entropy. In other words, would the final word of all things be Entropy of "vanity of all vanities"? Does Buddhism hold the final conclusive word? Can we see any way out to rise up to "ex-tropy" of the universe, precisely through the ubiquitous changes of all in all?

This challenge is the crucial task of this paper. On this indispensable task hangs the destiny of all existence whatever. If ever this difficult task is achieved, our "Extropy" would amount to existential joys ubiquitous throughout the universe all over. At least so does time alive assures us with invincible smiles in all changes uncertain and existentially risky. Brave Joy is time alive.

Now, not a thing is nowhere-anywhere, and all is silent. All is calm, with no sound or sight to encounter. All is at home—in me, in the world. I am at home in my elements. In my primal vitality, I am not moving. All is alive and calm. All vitality animated in the world has been hibernated, now just awakened, and "Ma!" the

baby-me shouts, as soon as she opens her eyes.

Mom has of course been ready long ago at the side, with a bottle filled with warm milk. The baby, so hungry, eagerly nipple-suckles the milk, one tiny drink after another. In the meantime, the bottom is gently cleansed, the diaper is changed, and Mom now softly swings her baby in smiles of a lullaby. The baby simply clings on to Mom. The baby is still too small to tightly hug Mom, but hangs on to Mom absolutely totally with her whole being.

Mom and baby together compose “home” primal and all too natural, each in her other. It is Good Friday today in Peace Friday of Love Friday—all absolutely joyous. Thank God it is happy Friday indeed. All is quiet. All is calm. All is peaceful fresh afresh, for the first time since the creation of the world by the beginning-baby, again and again. Mother Nature all this while continues to stroke and suckle her baby-things tough and strong. Motherly time is alive, all baby-tender indeed. Primal and fresh is time alive indeed, unconditionally.

“Wow! So very soft and tender all this is!” All of us cannot help but snuggle under motherly tenderness. Now, such tenderness may be appropriately brought out here to round up the whole warmth of this paper. In fact, tenderness has been running through the whole paper as its warm leitmotif gently alive, as a baby soft and tender. Absolutely no one can resist such baby-draw fresh alive. We are all drawn in. This paper has consistently—and irresistibly—features and typified such baby-Mom tenderness—as time alive. “Time alive” is the final phrase running through the world.

Now we must keep this point firmly in mind, at all time. All of us sleep like a baby once everyday. Similarly, we also should live like a baby each single day. Actually, we all do live baby. We live “time alive,” and time-alive is our baby alive at each moment. Time-alive is our baby-alive. We look at our baby to learn of time. All this while, we live time consciously, to learn of our baby.

Each day, we meticulously care for our baby we love so much. And then, our baby in turn guides us on how to live, sleep, and live on like our baby. We care for the baby to live like the baby so fresh at each moment. The baby begins; we live the baby to begin living all things at each moment. The baby we care for actually cares for us to begin properly and at each moment, so fresh so exciting.

Caring for the baby amounts to caring for my self just born at each moment, to begin things at each moment. Caring for the baby begins my life continually. All these activities manifest time alive in me through me, without ceasing. All this is, mind you, incorruptible. All this is time alive on and on, as all this is baby-historic incorruptible. The baby so fragile in need of our care is actually long-lasting beyond corruption, forever at the beginning, forever fresh and historic.

Nothing can be said any more. Nothing is certain and cannot be definitely said, in any case. We must now continue to baby-live on. The baby is so fragile; the baby

is the beginning tender shoot, future-forwarding. This shoot keeps looking up toward the sun smiling and shining on tomorrow. Such is time alive baby fresh, forever wobbly afresh. We the babies alive are time alive, so exciting.

All this while, we who are so excited at the beginning of all things are still totally in the dark of what is going to happen in the next moment. We devote all our days to continuing planning, and we continue plunging into the next moment. And ironically the “next moment” is what is unknown to us. We plan and plunge into ignorance. Ignorance is bliss, ever granting us excitement. Having said on what, why, and how of time alive, the present paper has just begun showing this breath-taking baby of time alive.

REFERENCES

1. *The story appears in World Stories Newly Told, in its “Literature,” pp.217-218. 世說, 台北三民書局 2007, in its 文學 chapter.*
2. *See Whitehead’s conclusion to his “Immortality” in The Philosophy of Alfred North Whitehead, 1951, La Salle, IL: Open Court, 1991, pp. 699-700. This is his last public statement.*
3. *“Tougher” does not depreciate land-cultivation. We all need both land cultivation and mind cultivation.*