



## International Journal of Social Research (ISSN:2576-5531)



# Time So Alive

Ruth C. Chao and Kuang-ming Wu

### ABSTRACT

“Being alive” freely roams. Roaming freedom chants spontaneous coherence. Lively coherence describes lively time. This paper shows spontaneity par excellence at joy in such time so alive. Sections of this paper show such natural coherence of time so alive, overflowing all over, to fascinatingly portray being alive in time so alive. This paper has four major sections, beginning, essential, roaming, and beginning again, plus some interesting minor ones.

#### \*Correspondence to Author:

Kuang-ming Wu

#### How to cite this article:

Ruth C. Chao and Kuang-ming Wu.  
Time So Alive. International Journal  
of Social Research, 2018; 2:14.

 eSciPub  
eSciPub LLC, Houston, TX USA.  
Website: <http://escipub.com/>

## **Beginning**

### **‡The Bird:**

Perched on a dried stump, a tiny bird is so pretty. With a white beak, belly red, and all-black back, he tenderly softens me into the tender daybreak. He is my sun. He shines me with his sun out of my dark corner. He looks at me by not looking, saying that I am his. O, I am honored into soft day-bright. I am he! O, I am he at shy dawn! Tender sun-bright is all over me with my dearest tiny bird—who just lives during the daytime. O, how soft, bright, and tender all this is! My dearest little bird sunshines me into such tender joy, without rhyme or reason!

Things around me now bless me today, chirping with my dearest bird, and today, and another today, in simply January chill so clean and clear. Joy! Joy beyond all reason! My dearest little bird now sings with things around their ode to the morning sun, in January chill so clean, all hushed in their being-music of Christmas joy in January sunshine with tiny bird chirping the world-joys!

### **‡The Sun:**

All by itself, everything just sings out this ode to joys of the morning sun, in January chill. O, the sun of joy! The sun of joy! O the sunny joy shining over the plain wall! Shining joy is splashing over me and over you! Bless us all today, O, our sun of our joys! Now, get up, we all! We cannot help getting up, and be up and about. Joy and joy here, and joy and joy there, joys all over, filling overflowing all around! O blessed today! O, bless us today, our Sun of Joys!

Our joys begin the rest of our lives. Our lives are now full of the sunshine of morning joys at life's dawn! All things shout aloud in silence to begin to yet to begin living here now. Up, up, and about, we all do joys, nothing but joys at dawn! This paper presents such joys at dawn of time so alive. Many sections of this paper are designed to clarify what is being described,

to enhance joys of time so alive overflowing everywhere.

### **‡To Be Alive:**

To be is to be alive, whether non-humanly or humanly, and both human and non-human. To be alive this way shows how the human penetrates the non-human, and has the non-human pervade the human. Such inter-indwelling of being alive tells of time so alive. This is the theme so vast and all-comprehensive that whatever is described amounts to telling the biography of every single thing in time so alive.

This paper freely roams among themes on being alive, to then present natural coherence of time-so-alive. Such coherence spontaneously forms itself out of free roaming, touching one lively theme after another. We begin at observing one common feature of daily ongoing, and then begin asking about what it is, what it means, why it is as it is, and how it goes, and all such questionings naturally turn coherent to portray time so alive all around.

To be, to be alive, and time so alive are three in one; seeing one of them sees the other two, as lively presented in this paper. This paper re-describes time so alive to mirror it, and enliven it, and thereby to be enlivened by it. Reading this paper impresses us and enlightens our being in time so alive. This paper performs time so alive to turn us so self-aware as to be deepened in our very living, to thoroughly become our authentic selves, our real persons.

We now turn into world-individuals in time so alive. Here we spontaneously rejoice. We now continue singing heartfelt the rhythm of the world, thereby enhance such vast music homo-cosmic. This paper is a performative utterance of music of time so alive, vast and primal, and personal and social, in inter-personal relations. This paper sings the personal-interpersonal tunes of time so alive homo-cosmic. Many enthralling surprises will encounter its reader as she reads on.

### **Essential**

"We are so busy engaged in serious business. We have no time for such frivolous roaming of ours." Dear friend. Your "serious business engagements" are precisely random roaming, for why you are so busy at all has no answer. No one can answer such a "serious question," pal. You are drunk alive, dreamed dead. You just roam alive from one day to next. Your days are your time for no rhyme or reason, roaming. Your very saying "no time" is said in time, to show your time so alive. All this amounts to showing how our living itself exhibits time, and so how essential time so alive is to our very living, constantly roaming all around. No time, no life.

The following are some instances that describe why we must talk about time to express being alive. "Time" is indispensable, even essential, to expressing being alive. There must be more life-instances for time, but this much is enough to show how essential time is to our being alive.

#### ‡Alive:

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. And we not-alive is dead, unable to 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 of no-escape, until "time" comes to our rescue. Time packs "alive" neatly to express "alive," as roaming freely yet coherently.

#### ‡Time-expression:

"Being alive" is expressed aptly by "time" alone. "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. This is why time is indispensable in our living and our thinking.

#### ‡Knowing:

Time is needed to know important distinctions between devotion, obsession, and missing

someone. Devotion is loyalty to a cause or a leader in a movement and revolution. The devoted wife is the essential support of her husband who dearly cherishes her as he cherishes his own life. Obsession is being possessed by someone or something, to see things in the light of A, thinks in A-way, and lives A-way.

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

#### ‡Pain:

A genius Ts'ao Chih 曹植 was 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.<sup>1</sup> 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 clear that *only* time alive that reflects being alive 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.

#### Roaming

Primal thinking is in body thinking, story thinking, and music thinking, these three modes. Being human, our bellies breathe out thinking in a story-way, to pattern thinking and direct thinking, as our bellies create thoughts by storytelling. Analytical logic is just one bookish

---

<sup>1</sup> *The story appears in World Stories Newly Told, in its "Literature," pp.217-218. 世說新語, 台北三民書局 2007, in its 文學 chapter.*

mode of story thinking beside many other modes of being-breathing alive. Such breathing thinking is *rhythmic* as our hearts and lungs show us to make us alive. We minded follow such body-rhythm in our body thinking.

The rhythm of body thinking naturally chants the music of all things. Our body-chants just originate in our breathing. Breath to breath, we all sing out our world. Body thinking in story thinking thus performs music thinking. Our body in story thinking makes and poetizes the world homo-cosmic. Saying all this is our lusty singing that creates all things. Even a sudden sneeze is a staccato performing the music of the world of things. Every slight move and every little chuckle sing the glorious antiphony of beings all over. Nothing casual is casual but simply roaming all over the cosmos—bodily, story-way, and all-musical, all chanting fantastic time so alive.

Such is thinking primal homo-cosmic, to lustily manifest time so alive. All this hoopla of music is a sheer vast dynamics of cosmos so breath-taking. All these activities of thinking and singing are bodily musical and story-vibrant as time so alive. This paper casually *roams* around those living days of singing thinking, all too common and yet stunning cosmic, again simply breath-taking.

#### ‡Music:

Some days we live [in deep thoughts. Some other days we just coast along. Later, we would ponder on what these thinking days and non-thinking days mean. And then we think of what such pondering means. And in this way we continually ascend the meta-levels of “what it means.” The so-called “thinking” and “philosophy” consist in such continuous pursuits of meanings of “what it means” on and on.

And then, we suddenly realize that such ascent of meta-level pursuits of meanings composes the rhythm of time so alive. Asking for “what such time-alive means” is itself amazingly a rhythmic part, an ascending rhythm, of time so alive. Is this ascension what time-so-alive

*means?* And then we realize, further, that the rhythm of this ascent constitutes the music of singing “time so alive.” Our very statements describing such rhythms are themselves part of the music. Our saying sings music of time so alive. It is obviously the case that this music sings the meaning of time so alive. The following description of this situation sings the rhythm of time so alive. The music is the meaning.

#### ‡Sex as Virtue:

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.

### ‡Time as Stable and Change:

“July 4, 1776” is forever July 4, 1776, never July 5. On that day, the entire continent of USA was shaken in Declaration of Independence. But, now that centuries have gone since then, where are that day and that event? The answers are awesomely mysterious No and Yes. No, the day and the event are pushed away vanished by these centuries of time. The past has passed away into oblivion. But Wow! Yes! Every “July 4” since 1776 is being celebrated, as the Birthday of USA. Not even KKK would dare attack this Day. To be a USA citizen is sheer honor, pride, and happiness. “July 4, 1776” has existed for two centuries and for foreseeable tomorrows.

By the same token, our favorite black leader MLK (Peace Nobel laureate, 1964) was assassinated on April 4, 1968. The day and the event have passed away and gone. And yet the day stands forever as that day—existing. Now that day is one of established holidays in USA. Not even the death of our immensely popular President JFK was memorialized into a national holiday. Not even the racist KKK and the Neo-Nazis would object to MLK-day. They happily obey and celebrate this day as a national holiday. Such is time untouchable as existent and yet so honorable. Such is time so alive.

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.

Such double features of time—not-existing, yet existing—clearly manifest themselves in my own self. I often feel peeled off of my self. I am split in two. The Jews may feel so, being on top of things and alienated all around. Kafka is a typical example. Such is the absurdist trend of writing, expressing one’s own double-personality confronting oneself.

Not as smart as the Jews, I still often feel myself peeled off likewise. Profound loneliness pervades without rhyme or reason—all so absurd. I hear Schubert so shy and ugly singing his strange loneliness—ever so sadly. These double-features gnaw right inside my very self. Things so strange happen through time so alive. Time so alive may compose an absurd poetry of the self.

### ‡Growing:

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 so alive is baby so alive, as we gently swing our baby, humming “Sleep, sleep, Dearest, sleep! Grow a foot a night!” And baby so alive is of course baby always beginning from scratch. Baby so alive begins so alive. Time is baby so alive beginning alive unceasing. And we all live on in time. We begin to yet to begin each baby-dawn in time so alive. Baby, time, and alive cannot be repeated together often enough to please us so much without ceasing. Alive is we the baby as time so alive.

#### ‡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 a box. Time keeps moving on, changing itself flying, waiting for no one. We could bravely ride on the crest of waves of time, or just let the situation slide idly by, as we ourselves also change. 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 huff and puff to struggle in engagement to “save time.” The more time we have, the happier we turn. We love to be forever-13. We love to be young-forever with plenty of time. On the other hand, we “fight” against “deadlines.” Ominously, time is our “lines of death” against which we struggle to get ahead. Time is our deathly enemy against which we fight. Such attitude to time tells of our sickness *unto* time on which we hang on, in love and in hate. Time must *instead* be dwelt in and enjoyed as our living itself at home. This “instead,” this alternative situation of time, is our heaven on earth that we must *achieve*.

Thus “time” is *our* unnoticed task to tame, manage, and enjoy, for our living is our time alive, and so managing time is managing our life. Curiously and ominously, however, no one in world history has ever noticed this necessary life-task, much less endeavored to execute it. We see what we usually do *wrong* in managing time. We try huffing and puffing to force things

into *our* way. What we need is to take deep breaths, allow things to go their own ways, and follow along what naturally turns out in the almighty presence of the present.

#### ‡The Now:

The now would be with us when we let go of minding to just live on as usual. We then quietly observe and follow along, and by and by things will take care of themselves. Letting go of things restores things to how they usually go along, and would turn out what we have been expecting all along. This is how the mother follows her child from behind in *his* own ways, not hers. We must “mother” our recalcitrant trend of the time, allowing it to go *its* own way. Allowing it allows us to ride on its crest of waves. We guide time by following it. Following is the best leading. Many concrete examples tell of how “time” expresses being alive.

‡Time Heals: Time heals wounds by dulling the sharp edges of pain.

‡Time Inspires: Time inspires new ideas to enrich being alive.

‡Time Does: Doing 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. Such saying is “performative utterance.” “To do” and “to say” bite into one another to be a dynamics of time so alive.

#### ‡Water:

I drink water into the womb-water of Mother Nature, where a new baby is born who is myself, called “baptism into Christ” as John 3 and many passages on Jesus’ baptism call. A stupendous time-event homo-cosmic begins by simply drinking water to sustain life. Time is so alive in simple drinking water. Time is cosmic-alive, drinking water to give birth.

#### ‡Partial, Unfair:

Strangely, 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. Wild Esau was justly angry. Jacob must flee. At a turn in wilderness, Jacob was visited by divine vision that Jacob named magnificent "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 so alive, of course.

#### ‡Jesus:

Later, Jesus was confronted by a priest with people. Standing an adulteress, 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 these 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 so alive.

#### ‡Persistence:

We have heroism of success in Lincoln and heroism in failures in Confucius. But in the end, success or failure matters little. What we need is 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, to make us truly alive. Time *is* so alive.

#### ‡Love and Joy:

Suddenly a voice comes. "O my dearest! I love you so much with my blood! You are my sheer joy!" This voice pours down the whole heavens to chase away daunted fear into love and joy to seep through me. 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 unending. Joy and love compose life in power. No one is even willing to resist their onslaught.

O joy in love! O my love and joy so precious, all so precious!

#### ‡Today:

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 so alive so inevitable. Time alive alone, nothing else, vividly presents such exquisite love and joy so irresistible!

#### ‡Small:

Small is beautiful, stunning, and precious. Small hummingbirds are less ugly than alive. We cherish things small. 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 so 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 so alive" is essential to living.

#### ‡Accumulative Reasoning:

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 titled, claiming 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, to wit, demonstrated as likely.



This accumulative reasoning is not deduction. Mitchell's proposal completely bypasses the heated arguments on legitimacy of "history" between Dilthey-Collingwood and objective scientists at the time, when both sides tacitly agreed reasoning to be deductive alone. But deduction is often irrelevant to actuality. "1+1=2" is often inaccurate in actual cases, as the master logician Whitehead discerned, claiming, "The exactness is a fake."<sup>2</sup>

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 up at the wrong tree of deduction. Such is Mitchell's bombshell. Now, "accumulation" is a time-notion. Argument through time is exclusively reasoning in time so alive, not in eternal verity of static tracing-reasoning. Accumulation actual is time so alive.

#### ‡Patients:

Medical doctors must learn from patients on plans to treat them, following them unconditionally, 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, no pre-set regimen in a textbook fashion is possible. Such intimacy alive is accomplished only through variously meticulous and patient time-process long drawn-out. Medical practice is essentially time so alive.

#### ‡Custom:

"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 time-process in a specific community forms a custom. Thus time so alive decides the meaning in usual language use. In

---

<sup>2</sup> 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.

this way, even meanings of words are in the hand of time. Amazingly, meaning alive is time so alive.

#### ‡Pen:

Lifting a pen to cultivate thinking is amazingly tougher<sup>3</sup> 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 so alive.

#### ‡Anything:

We say, "Anything is possible" and "Anything is denied." So, "anything" is all and nothing. "Anything" is nothing, to go with denial of anything. At the same time, "anything" is an open possibility, to wit, all things. Interestingly, we also say "Nothing is possible" and "Nothing is impossible." "Nothing" can apply to nothing and all things. So, both "anything" and "nothing" cover nothing and everything. Are "anything" and "nothing" alike, if not meaning the same? Yes and No, vacant and full—both are at one in "anything" and "nothing." Such spread of nothing and all things shows time so alive.

#### ‡Pain:

Pain just comes uninvited. 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 my original self.

Pain is also similar to missing someone, but unknown. Missing someone is confrontation with raw presence of absence—of love. But in

---

<sup>3</sup> "Tougher" does not depreciate land-cultivation. We all need both land cultivation and mind cultivation.

pain I do not know what I miss that I lack. But I do not know what to fill with, how to fill, or where I can get what to fill. My pain is my lack that I love yet do not know. I am helpless in pain groaning and writhing. All this while, I stay in pain insanely, and somehow in time pain mysteriously goes away. Now, enduring, groaning, writhing, coming, and going—they all feature time. Pain is where time is supremely alive.

### ‡The Now:

“Photo” confronts us with presence. “Music” is beauty of presence moving itself to move us. They meet us and embrace us, all-minded, heartfelt. All such photos and music alive are “now.” “Now” is accumulation of the then-gone, and the coming is the goal of “now.” But the gone is just a pervasive part of now, and when the coming “comes,” it vanishes into now. Thus all that remains is “now,” yet “now” itself continues to change, as the gone and the coming keep changing the “now” as they keep vanishing in the “now.” Such fascinating changing all around describes time so alive. Nothing stays. Only time stays, yet time itself does not stay. Time is indeed alive.

Two more aspects of the now must be considered, how to manage the now, and what benefits the now has for me. First, the question of how to manage my “now” while 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. Of course, I must be *aware* that I am, to wit, aware of me-*now*. Being unaware of my being me-*now* is dementia.

Cherishing my-now crucially composes the Tao of the swordsman who is at each “now” at the brink of death. Cherishing awareness of my-now consists 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. This is religion, and it 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, as being in me while out of me is where my self is peeled out of me.

“Peeling me from me” is healed by singing music to attend to “now,” thereby heals it. So, meticulously attending to me-now heals me. After all, my self is my “now.” Caring for me each moment of my “now” benefits me, to spread to friends, who benefit me by tending my “now.” Widening friendship should deepen, diversify, and enrich the original love and commitment, not dilute it. Time is so alive now.

### 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. Thirdly, no less incredibly, this huge universe is all wiped out each day as I sleep, and my whole universe so huge whiffs away into sheer nothing. Fourth, 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 imaginable. “Now” is the king supreme over the whole universe of things. Fifth, joy is now at home in me, “now” vanishes in smile pervading. “Vanishing” is joy now all over. Time is here all over nowhere. All around and nowhere no-when, time is all so alive.

#### ‡Change Entropic, Change Extropic:

Isn't it shocking that things around here now will vanish soon? Given time, stones melt away nowhere. Children wisely barter their precious pebbles, and then forget them, and then things are out of existence, to reverse ontological

shock, “Why is there anything rather than nothing?” 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 so alive.

Shocks in and out of existence are *changes* in *existence*, not just 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 in time so alive.

Worse yet, incredibly yet inevitably, “change” *itself* can never be described. “Change” has no content describable and definitive, as “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* can not be described. Indescribable is time so alive in changes, ever.

All this amounts to characterizing “life alive” as “time alive,” to feature “time so alive” as indescribable. Ouch! All such description of “time so alive” destroys all detailed in this paper. This paper self-vanishes in shocks of existence in and out. Does this paper destroy itself, then? Now, have we repeated again “vanishing,” this time at the meta-level? Thanks to ubiquitous changes, all this description of time-alive as all-changes leads us all willy-nilly to all-vanishing in universal Entropy. Would the final word of all things be Entropy of “vanity of all vanities” in Buddhism?

Can we see any way out to rise up to “ex-tropy” of the universe, precisely through the ubiquitous changes of all? On this indispensable task hangs the destiny of all existence. If ever this difficult task is achieved, our “Extropy” would shout existential *joys* ubiquitous throughout. So does time alive

assures us with invincible smiles in all changes uncertain and existentially risky. Brave Joy is time so alive.

Now, not a thing is anywhere, all silent at home—in me, in the world. 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, eyes opened.

Mom has of course been long ready with a bottle of warm milk. The hungry baby eagerly nipple-suckles the milk. And then the bottom is gently cleansed, the diaper changed, and Mom now softly swings her baby in smiling lullaby. The baby simply clings on to Mom, hanging on to Mom absolutely with her whole being.

Mom and baby together compose “home” primal and 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 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 into tough and strong. Motherly time is alive, all baby-tender indeed. Primal and fresh is time so alive indeed, unconditionally.

#### ‡Soft:

“Wow! So very soft and tender all this is!” All of us cannot help but snuggle under motherly tenderness in the whole warmth of this paper gently alive, as a baby soft and tender. Absolutely no one can resist such baby-dawn fresh alive. We are all drawn in. This paper has consistently—and irresistibly—features and typified such baby-Mom tenderness—as time so alive.

#### Beginning Again

Now we all sleep like a baby once everyday. We also should live like a baby each single day. Actually, we all do live baby in “time so alive” that is our baby alive. Time-alive is our baby-alive. We look at our baby to learn of time. We meticulously care for our baby who in turn

guides us on how to live, sleep, and live on like our baby so fresh at each moment. The baby begins; we live the baby to begin living. The baby we care for actually cares for us to begin properly, so fresh so exciting.

Caring for the baby cares for my self just born at each moment, to begin things at each moment. Caring for the baby begins my life continually. All this is time so alive, 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. We must now 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 so alive, forever wobbly baby-fresh. We the babies alive are time so alive, so exciting.

All this while, we devote all our days to continuing planning, and we continue plunging into the next moment unknown. 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 so alive.

Time so alive, as reflected in its history, has no end, for time and history always begin here now. So does this paper (describing time) that has no end but always begins afresh again and again. Its end begins. The description of time so alive ends in this paper only for all readers to begin their living time so alive and so much fun. Do you have no fun? Live your time so alive again, and again, and again! "Again" is time so alive, isn't it? This paper ends so as for us all to begin living time so alive. No more can be said. It must be lived time so alive!

