

# Time-Logic

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## Abstract

Time-logic is ever at work as story-logic in open coherence. This theme and its enormous significance, both sadly, totally, and usually neglected, are elucidated in this essay. This essay has five headings: time as not space, time-logic as not space-logic, matters are situation-dependent, story-logic in time-logic, and harmony in dissonance. In these five directions time-logic is etched forth impressively, surprisingly. Finally, these five sections are rounded up into an actual scene common and fresh.

## Keywords

Logic, Time, Space, Situation, Concrete, Coherence, Child

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## 1. Introduction

Time-logic is ever moving, at work as story-logic in open coherence. This theme and its enormous significance, both sadly, totally, and usually neglected, are elucidated in this essay. This essay has five headings: time as not space, time-logic as not space-logic, matters and meanings are situation-dependent, story-logic in time-logic, and harmony in dissonance. In these five directions, time-logic is etched forth impressively, surprisingly. Finally, these five sections are rounded up into an actual scene common and fresh.

## 2. Time Not Space

Space and time are not just locations and scenes but also, importantly, the two *ways* in which we live and handle matters. To begin, the space-*scene* is all-different from the time-scene. Space is where things and ideas are, all dead-set staying put; even *we* ourselves turn dead-set in space, eternally positioned in specific spots. Secondly, such positioning turns things easy to survey, analyze, manipulate, and control. “Dead set” is ominously apt in space, both as position and as mode of living and dealing with matters. As we are positioned dead-set,

we turn dead-set in our way of living and dealing.

As we are set dead in space, we turn proud that nothing is new under our sun; things are “A as A, eternal” where this “A” includes “I myself”. We then embrace our self-obsessed chauvinism cultural, political, and religious. Such chauvinism closes us into *our* self-proud ways of living as heavenly, and *our* beloved dealing with matters as the *only* one eternally correct. Such closing-in spells self-preoccupation, even self-obsession, and such self-closure is unhealthy, as marrying our own sibling sires morons.

In space, we exclude difference; we classify moving music and poetry into a separate corner and forget them. Hating difference classifies things we resent *away* from our awareness. We are totally unaware that difference opens us out to fecund horizons to enrich ourselves and our world. We despise comparison and relativism that are enabled by cherishing difference. On the contrary, we in space are offended by difference, and take anything different from our way of living as “wrong” that breeds comparison and relativism, both of which are dirty words to avoid and delete from the world forever.

In this space-manner, we turn set and dead in the eternal status quo of ourselves. In the milieu of static space, things stay dead-set eternally, secure and easy to manipulate. Things are that they are, forever; they are as they are, never otherwise. Things are a tautology of existence; their tautology is their identity that never moves, as any motion is an anathema. With Parmenides and Zeno, space itself appears as raw steady presence of things that stares at us point blank, without rhyme without reason.

And so, in this smug space-manner, we tend to proudly brush aside, neglecting the immense life-dynamics of *time* that turns all things alive. Time continues to move everywhere alive, to turn everything alive. And time itself flows into space-attitude, smiling saying that things do not stay dead-set at all. As Salvador Dali painted, even the thing called “clock” melts into time that flows fluidly, forever changing. Identities of things are never identical through time, but continuing to flow in flux changing always, world without end. “Without end” is time continuing on and changing on.

Even our bodies that think all such matters as above never stay identical but continue changing, as they perhaps turn totally new and different in two days. All things are as they are *while* they will be that they will be. Their identities are not identical but keep changing into their “will be.” Besides, their “will be” itself keeps changing, without rhyme without reason. Things change in time because time itself changes; time is quite protean, as dear mythical god Proteus changes with the ocean seals he tends gently.

Even empty Buddhism thrives in *time* optimistic and hollowing and filling. Siddhartha then comes in, picks a stone up, and stares at it, saying that given time, that stone will melt away (Hesse, 1951). Natural science chimes in here, affirming that all things in all cosmos will vanish in entropy at later time. India then playfully says that the cosmos vanished will appear again to vanish again, in recycling rounds of playful millennia, on and on, world without end. Time is the

delight without end of lifeworld more than once, more than twice, again and again countless times, world without end indeed.

All things are alive in time; in fact, it is time alive that turns things alive, while things are dead-set in space. Time does such wonders of turning things alive while time is itself alive, sensibly, meaningfully, world without end. “Without end” is time forever alive in sense quite meaningful always. In contrast to space where things are all set dead, time moves always, and motion features life alive and meaningful.

“Whirl is king, having driven out Zeus,” joyously shouted Aristophanes in his *Clouds* (Aristophanes, 1993). That it is shouted as a *comedy* is significant, as comedy is joy. Time is the whirlwind of life that blows away, with perfect delight of living, the dead-set Zeus of space absolutely dead, simply because vibrant life in joy must chase out from all of us death that is dead-set so dull so deadly and joyless. Joy belongs to life; joy does not exist in dead-set dead space.

Of course we must also add that time-logic is more timely logical than random whirlwind that comes in only to go away elsewhere unknown, all quite arbitrary. This orderly whirlwind of time is *music*. “Orderly whirlwind” sounds oxymoronic but the phrase aptly describes the sweeping power (“whirlwind”) of music so harmonious so meaningful (“orderly”) that overwhelms things in integral-orderly manner, and this overwhelming power is sheer *joy*-power that sweeps through all things all concretely.

Music sweeps through in time to turn things integral concrete to make sense, and the sense of music is what is sheer joy rhythmic ubiquitous. In this sense, *all* things concrete and meaningful are music. Music is the primal flow in time of meanings absolutely concrete, dancing joy and more joys alive. Music is time-logic par excellence, all too happily sweeping through the entire lifeworld, always turning it into nothing but sheer joy.

### 3. Time-Logic Not Space-Logic

In order to be clearly impressed about the odd situation of daily ongoing, so common so uncommon in time, as above hinted at, we must first be clear about *logic* in space as entirely different from logic in time, both together composing life-actuality as actuality-logic so meaningful. This is because time and space are not only names of situations of life but also names of our two different *manners* in which we live on to deal with matters surrounding us, and this manner of dealing is called “logic”.

It is the manner of dealing with matters that decisively shapes our living. To repeat, this manner of dealing is what we glibly call “logic”. Logic originally means the pattern of gathering and bundling; this pattern is our manner of dealing with any matter whatever. This logical bundling is executed by way of valid inference, and inference has two modes, inference in space and inference in time, which inferences are space-logic and time-logic, these two. Logic gathers, please see “analects” (p. 44, *Merriam-Webster’s Collegiate Dictionary*, 2008) and “legend” (p. 710, *Merriam-Webster’s Collegiate Dictionary*, 2008). On “logic” as

bundling things into senses and meanings (Wu, 1998, 2001).

For reason unknown, however, thinkers in the West who came to dominate the world today take logic solely as space-logic, totally neglecting time-logic, in fact, totally unaware of the crucial existence of “time-logic” that always actively shapes the lifeworld that includes space-logic. Time-logic is always moving and active, always shaping. Now, isn’t it amazing that logic so eternal moves and shapes things? Can we ever imagine logic as moving and actively shaping?

We today turn unable to even imagine logic to move and actively shape things, intoxicated with logic-as-spatial as we are, totally brain-washed by the dominant Western space-logic all dead-set. Time is overdue when we turn around to ponder on this “unusual time-logic” that has been moving through the lifeworld, shaping it since time immemorial. It is this dynamics of time-logic and its life-significance that this essay aims to elucidate; its elucidation itself is also a performance of time-logic—in story-logic, as time-logic turns out to always act as story-logic.

Now, “logic” is our manner of living and acting because logic is the grammar of things and ideas. In space, space-logic is eternally dead-set as the settled grammar and syntax *over* things and ideas, as standard logic with set names of logical axioms, so well-known to continue on, all eternally dead-set as the standards of valid inference also eternally valid (Reese, 1999). We enter there, and we are awestruck. Logic in space has all answers; what problems do we so imbecile have?

In contrast, time-logic keeps changing *with* changing expressions of things concrete. As we think, so we say, and our patterns of saying tends to blend into bundles one after another of things we say about, to make sense alive as things are alive. Such is how time-logic moves and acts—through us and through our conformity with actual things in flux. Of course in this situation, things are hopelessly space-logically topsy-turvy. We in space-logic never would have thought how eternally valid “ $1 + 1 = 2$ ” could ever turn invalid in some concrete situations.

Even how valid “ $1 + 1 = 2$ ” is depends on the situations to which the supposedly valid formula “ $1 + 1 = 2$ ” applies. “One stone plus one more stone” do yield 2 stones. But as logic-master Whitehead noted for us, one load of explosives added to one spark produce far more numerous pieces than 2 pieces of splinters (Whitehead, 1951). And of course 1 husband plus 1 wife would result in more than 2 in their family, and “how many more than 2” is uncertain in space-logic out of touch with the actual situation of a married couple.

It is thus that space-logic is dead-set stable forever, while time-logic is continually unsettled, always changing with the winds of things coming and going, blowing without rhyme or reason. Space-logic sets down dead-steady the standards of inference whatever through all sorts of shifts of concrete ups and downs, while time-logic always looks up to *shifting* situations, always to conform to them.

Conformity *to* the situation is the way of time-logic ever changing with the

situation ever changing, continually to make sense of the concrete situation, as change is “time” and making sense is “logic” and so situational sense whatever is always time-logical. Being “with the situation” spells vibrant life ever *alive* of all matters ever fresh at dawn of existence alive. Time-logic is life-logic.

Now, the above consideration of space-logic vs. time-logic is never a facile speculation toying with idle and empty possibilities. The consideration concerns a very urgent matter of life and death. Two serious facts of life stare at us in the face, pain and eco-piety. Both revolutionize our life-attitudes, as these attitudes are shown as the very logic of living. Pain and eco-piety are both beyond the ken of space-logic. Eternal space-logic has no room for both that are inherent in concrete living. Both are inherently time-logical. Let us go into pain first, and then into eco-piety.

*Pain* throbs through each minute of each of us, each time completely fresh so painful. No pain-in-general exists in our concrete living in pain. Each pain comes and strikes each of us as *the* very first in world history, as each of us writhes and groans unawares all too aware. Space-logic all lifeless universal has no such concept of “pain” so life-urgent.

Soren Kierkegaard managed to eke out “sickness unto death” that spreads as a ubiquitous life-situation of despair, but not even he has a philosophy of the logic of pain. Pain incorrigibly concrete throbs in us all alive through *time* alive. Pain belongs to time to make the “world as time” passing in pain. Pain is totally time-logical, for pain makes painful sense only in each minute that *is* pain, in time of pain.

And never should we who have no pain *now*, unaware that pain can strike us any time, glibly suppose that we are usually out of pain. Pain can and does strike anyone at any time. Pain is starkly personal and specific, as it spreads ubiquitously all over humanity at any time. Pain is definitely a time notion time-logical, personal and universal. Each pain throbs all by itself, coming, and coming again, all too stark real.

And after undergoing searing pain, joy comes so welcomed. In joy, I totally forget myself, so elated as to lose the world with me. Both in pain and in joy, then, the self comes to its own by losing itself as sheer existence. And so it would be sheer joy of New Heaven and New Earth when we have undergone pain into painless peace. Peace after pain is so tender so sweet, and so overwhelming!

As usual, the all-inclusive Bible does express joy this way. “When the Lord brought the captivity of Zion, /We were like those who dream./ ...Bring back our captivity, O Lord, /As the streams in the South./ Those who sow in tears/ Shall reap in joy./ He who continually goes forth weeping,/ Bearing seed for sowing,/ Shall doubtless come again/ with rejoicing,/ Bringing his sheaves with him.”

Such joy! Such rambling! These people in these words inter-chant to inter-express to inter-enhance, all too feelingly, totally overwhelmed into poetic shouts. This poetry is that short Psalm 126, itself quite scattered as it is quite overcome with joy, *after* undergoing so much pain. “Don’t you like the weather?”

Wait a minute,” we commonly say. Similarly, we can say, “Don’t you like pain? Wait a minute”. “Wait a minute” is magnificent time-logic story-presented, undergoing graphically from writhing in senseless pain into glorious painless elation that cannot close our mouths ha-ha-ing together forever—after having been through pain.

Let us now go to the second theme, eco-piety no less existential and time-urgent. Recently we hear of an attractive notion, “eco-piety”, which is totally beyond sentimental wallowing, as “piety” is never cheap feeling that wafts here and there, nor is “eco-” in casual locality. Eco-piety involves no less than a revolution of the logic of serious living itself. An explanation is in order.

In space-logic, all things and all meanings are dead-set and settled, and so there spontaneously arises an impression if not assumption that space-logic is apodictic, and such spatially settled apodictic logic is eternally carved in the firmament above, dominant over earth from eternal heavens. So does space-logic think, forgetting that all this proud assurance is concocted by us human, all too human.

Forgetting our fragile human origin of apodictic space-logic, science and technology come too proudly and confidently to dominate in one-dimensional space-logic to manipulate Mother Nature, as if such violation of nature is a matter of course. The result is vastly eco-disastrous. Seeing such disasters, scientific technology tries to patch up whatever havocs technology has played, and the patch-up is done in the same proud space-logic. The more things are patched up this space-logic way, the more disastrous the eco-situation turns, as our identical manipulating measures are applied, and it is “manipulation” that is the source of the disaster.

Into this devastating hell eco-ubiquitous, “eco-piety” comes along to urge us to turn around, to urge our heartfelt *reverence* for the way of our Mother Nature, away from *our* one-dimensional manipulative space-logic, so as to practice the time-logic of Mother Nature’s *natural* ongoing. After all, Mother Nature’s way is motherly “piety” caring for concrete things in her; it is never our human way of manipulation.

Such urge of eco-piety thus involves *our* total revolution from humanly proud space-logic toward time-logic observant, reverent, and flexuous *with* Mother Nature. The same eco-reverence applied as undergoing pain without revolt is our piety toward Mother Nature inside us in pain. Piety takes time to undergo; piety is time-logical. In all, in pain and in eco-piety, time-logic is at work, not space-logic, as life-logic absolutely essential for cosmic thriving together among actual beings.

#### 4. Situation-Dependent

Each actual thing has “identity” that does not continue “identically” through time. Thing’s identity is in constant change. Space-logic based on fixed identity dead-set, as “A as A, eternal”, cannot handle “not identical” in “A as not always A”, to wit, “A is A *and* A will be what A will be”. For example, space-logic dead-

set has no facility to deal with growth, repentance, and relativism. They are all in flux ever in change, and so all out of bound of space-logic, all settled dead-set without change at all.

But of course the very living itself consists in always *growing* out of status quo into uncharted tomorrow, in changing mind and heart on whatever one has been holding, to wit, in *repentance* to usher in new horizons, and in *relativism* as continuous flexuous conformity to ever shifting situations; these three are all typical of life-ongoing. And so they express an indispensable dynamics of time-logic on living.

All things everywhere at any moment are in flux, un-graspable by fixed canons of static logic all-spatial. In space-logic, all things continue to be contingent, ever unpredictable as changing weather, and so our weather reports and forecasts, based on space-logic of probability, are consistently inaccurate. Actual situations have nothing for space-logic to hang on to “with reasonable expectation”. Concrete things are part of the situation, and so thing’s identity is internally defined by its shifting situation; as the situation shift, identity changes.

It is thus that things are “unpredictable” in space-logic, but being unpredictable is not being arbitrary. Time-logic senses two factors here that show how unpredictable is not arbitrary but somehow reasonable, to wit, time-logical. Being logical in time changes as time changes, while being logical itself is reasonable, to wit, being inevitable and non-arbitrary. Two time-factors show such changing reasonableness of time-logic.

One, thing’s identity is composed by many elements actively coming gathering—“logic” gathers—to grow-together concrescent, concretized into something concreted, specific and definite, as each thing is as it is, never any other. Concrete things are thus complexed, many plies embracing one another, quite richly complicated, never arbitrary. Such is the dynamic actuality that composes definite “facts”.

Such factual definiteness is quite complex, however. To begin, if it is 5:30 pm on July 4th, 2016 now, this “now” is never 5:31 pm, July 5th. “Time” is definite. Moreover, at the same time, such definitive “time” is constantly on the go changing into something else, as “5:30 pm on July 4th” slides *inevitably* into July 5th. This inevitability of time is never arbitrary never random. This first factor of time, definite yet changing, both inevitable, explains how actuality always changes without being random and arbitrary.

The second time-factor in dynamic actuality follows from the above first factor. It is that the meaning and significance of thing’s identity is defined by its situational context in which it occurs. Identity is situational, contextualized by actuality at the time when a specific identity appears as itself and no other. The significance of the identity of an entity is decided and decoded only by looking at its concrete situation where it occurs.

Confucius impresses us as great, only in the light of his incredibly persistent joy in his lifelong failures. We see Socrates as so peculiar, only in the context of his persistent quest of universals while engaged in his midwifery, only to fail to

practice his life-significant midwifery at his final defense, as described in the *Apology* where he won the argument and lost his case, courting death-penalty. Poor Socrates!

Lincoln towers over his society of his days; his greatness is shown only in the context of his insistent and persistent struggles against the accustomed institution of slavery brutally inhumane that yet composes his society. Gandhi is shown to be powerful only in the specific historical context of his stubborn nonviolent peaceful protest against the customary British occupation in his days, and finally succeeded in chasing it away in peace in silence.

It is thus that the situational context brings out the significance of an incidence of an identity. For example, the identity of a word that is its meaning is thus defined by its shifting situation in which it occurs. The same word never means the same but means one thing one time, and another meaning another time, never dead-set identical (through different times) to be spatially legislated from above, as defined by dictionary.

Noticing that *some* words are defined by the situations in which they occur, such as “here”, “now”, “I”, “you” and the like, not by dead-set definitions in dictionary, the West gets excited into a complex splash over “indexicals”, “demonstratives” and “indexical signs, egocentric particulars, and token-reflexive words”. So many complex names are invented for these “unusual instances,” and so much complex arguments are devoted to such “complexities” of some words thought as exceptional. These excitements tell of how much at a loss the West in space-logic is to make sense of situation-dependence of meanings of words.

The West in its space-logic never notices that actually all words are situation-dependent, as all meanings are defined by actual situations at a specific time. Look at “days”, “pain”, “joy”, “friendship”, “piety”, “courage”, even “mistakes”; each of them means differently as the situations in which they occur differ. And situations themselves constantly shift as one, one time, and another, another time, each different from others.

“Myth of the Cave” in the *Republic* 514a-521b boldly proclaimed without proof that meanings are dead-set definitively in the Realm of Ideas above vicissitudes of the concrete. Still, all Socrates’ quest of such “universals” (the dead-set universal meaning of each word) in his early eristic dialogues has failed totally. This fact clearly shows how all meanings are derived from the “situation here now”.

It is thus that *all* words are indexicals, to wit, all meanings are defined by the concrete situation at the time, not dead-set eternally by dictionaries. Time shifts the very life-milieus from one to another, and each of these milieus supplies definite meanings to words and situations, as Mencius says, “That was one time; this is one time” (2B13) as he says one thing and acts one way at one time, and then says and acts another way another time, in line with each situation at the time. Poor Socrates perished because he stubbornly refused to admit these time-logical shifts of situational meanings in his space-consistency that he argued for in the dialogue of *Crito*.



Whitehead's last public quip, "The exactness is a fake" can be taken as his logical endorsement of all meanings as pan-indexicals. But then, his endorsement makes the matter worse indeed. "All words as all indexicals", to wit, their meanings as ever shifting as they are defined by shifting situations, leaves space-logic having nowhere to hang on to. If the situations keep changing, then all situation-dependent meanings are an impossible quicksand, sinking indefinitely with ever shifting situations as we step into it.

Rescue from this quagmire comes from logic itself. Logic bundles matters into meaning; what is logicized is a blended bundle of sense, sensibility, and meaning. As mentioned above, identity of a thing is grown-together into a specific *concrete* identity, and concreteness is each time definite; the concrete is logical reasonable, never to be mocked. At the same time, however, such concrete identity changes *with* the situation that forever changes, and so understanding the specific situation here now is needed to grasp the meaning of a specific word used here now, never arbitrary.

Besides, understanding the situation we live in is not our extra-chore imposed on us so bothersome, but our routine necessity on daily basis, as we simply must grasp our specific lived situation at the time in order to live on adequately in each specific ongoing of the day. And so, as we understand the current situation to live on, so we grasp the words we use here now to live on here now, without confusion but all clear all assured.

Such is time-logic alive and situation-specific, in common daily ongoing all over ubiquitous in our concrete lifeworld. Describing such common fact about time-logic tells a common story about time-logic. Storytelling is an exercise in story-logic. And so, telling a story about time-logic exercises story-logic in time-logic on time-logic, all quite ordinary and yet quite indispensable to our daily living. Telling a story creates a situation that in turn creates meanings; storytelling shows situation alive *inside* our thinking. Situation dependence of all meanings amounts to story-dependence of sense of things, both inside us ourselves and outside concrete.

Moreover, importantly, each of us s stories; we all *love* to hear stories and tell stories. Storytelling is never our bothersome extra-chore but our joy; we just love to talk, and talking tells stories, tall tales and essential notices. "Old wives chats so idle" are made of stories. *All* our writings and dialogues since the world began, serious and casual, essential and needless, are stories told with gusto. In fact, we live to breathe stories, as our stories daily told create the world we live. All storytelling is essential to our living. Silence all story-talking, and we all die.

That is why we simply must tell stories to live on, and fortunately we love to tell stories as we love to live on. Telling stories keeps us alive, as we love storytelling to love living on in the world created by our storytelling. Anthropologist scholar Frey tells us stories about the American Indians intensely in love with stories that literally create their world (Frey, 1995). Stories make sense of things as stories make things come alive. Story-making in story-bundling is story-logic we live on. Story-logic is life-logic that is time-logic.

## 5. Story-Logic in Time-Logic

“Now, what are your own statements in this essay? Are they space-statements or time-statements?” Wow! You gave me a tough self-referential stab! I must respond immediately. Now here is my riposte, simple and significant. I have been telling *stories* on time-logic, and I have been taking *time* doing so. Telling stories engages story-logic; taking time doing it engages time-logic.

My storytelling exercises story-logic; my taking time shows time-logic. It is thus that my saying-performance in this essay shows how I myself have been engaging story-logic in time-logic and as time-logic. Story-logic is so powerful and comprehensive that it even includes such self-referential performance, and such performance is *itself* time-logic exercised in story-logic.

It is thus that in storytelling time appears as time-logic, to wit, as how time *bundles* things into sense, as “logic” always does. The logic of appearance of time-logic is engaged here, and such logic-of-appearance of time-logic is storytelling. In other words, a phenomenology of time-logic is storytelling. Storytelling bundles up things into sense; logic bundles things into sense, and so, storytelling is story-logic.

Therefore, time-logic appears through story-logic. Looking into story-logic enables us to understand time-logic, and understanding is logical, both as story-logical and as time-logical. It is time now to consider story thinking (Wu, 2011); isn't this consideration in time itself an exercise in time-logic as story-logic? Story-logic has two features, all-inclusive and all-coherent; in short, story-logic features open coherence. Such story-logic is as powerful and as alive as time-logic as life-logic, isn't it?

Storytelling is *open* to adding and deleting of details as an actual situation demands, and so story-logic is “open”. In all these open-ended adding and deleting, however, storytelling still makes sense all-*coherent* in such open free handling of details continually adding and deleting, and so story-logic is persistently “coherent”.

Story-logic is all-mighty because of its open-accepting coherence as described here, and such description charts story-logic. This story-logic is alive because it is thus sinuously flexible, closely mirroring and trailing sinuous actuality alive, sometimes adding some details, sometimes deleting them. Sinuous is alive; stiff is dead. But time-logic may be too elusive to grasp as it is; time-logic appearing as story-logic at work would then show us concretely how time-logic is actively shaping up actuality. As we watch flexible storytelling shaping things into daily history, we come to realize what time-logic is quite alive.

## 6. Harmony in Dissonance

Time-logic gathers and blends together whatever matters there are, harmonious and not-harmonious, to enhance differences among them, and then the differences in turn strengthen the blend itself. Such activities to and fro typify time-logic on the move. Difference is dissonance, and so dissonant disharmony strengthens harmony, and then harmony goes the other way around to confirm

disharmony all concrete all alive.

Time-logic *moves* around in this way on and on, to make all things jumping alive. Difference and dissonance are two essentials of moving blending—such moving shows dynamic time-logic—that is actuality-logic. Describing all this tells the story of time-logic as King of actuality in actuality-logic, and so the description here amounts to story-logic in action to etch forth time-logic as life-logic.

Now, time-logic accepts in stride in time (“time”) any happenings in time, accepting them as sensible (“logic”) and not arbitrary. Happenings in time are concrete, and so time-logic is as incorrigibly concrete as all happenings, as time is concrete in which any events are accepted as harmonized with *any* others that keep happening and erupting in our days. This “any” includes all harmonies and all dissonances, as music can go on harmoniously only by accepting dissonances, as harmony-experts such as Mozart and Schubert fill dissonances into their compositions to turn them into harmonious and exquisite musical beauty.

Dissonance happens of course as internal contradiction in an identity of a thing that does not stay identical in shifting situations. Space-logic can do nothing but only brush aside dissonances in time as “contingent exceptions”. Such refusal of dissonances turns *all* things into contingent exceptions to august “laws of nature” in science. These pan-exceptions spell total defeat of all scientific laws.

But then, how could time-logic accept such dissonant identity-contradictions that natural science throws up its hand admitting them as all “exceptions” to it? The answer is, by storytelling all flexible with flexuous actuality. Telling stories, musical and historical, of any unpredictable dissonant contradictions of existents, would harmonize any and all dissonances into persistent coherence that is sensible and meaningful harmony alive.

“Any” in storytelling is open to all additions and all deletions as demanded by concrete things happening concretely; accepting any happening this open-handed way in actuality makes sense of all of them into harmony alive. Such open-armed harmonizing of all dissonances makes for story-coherence all over without exception. It is thus that storytelling performs open coherence; story-logic is openly coherent ubiquitous, to compose history. History is typical story thinking in time-logic.

Story-coherence is *open* as situations are open, open to any dissonances and any contradictions seen by space-logic that never moves and so cannot deal with them. Still, logic itself is *moving* as time-logic to turn things fresh moving, integral and logical. Time-logic is at work as story-logic that continually weaves all events, including ones dissonant and things contradictory as they continue to erupt, into subtle story-coherence harmonious and alive.

Story-coherence is powerfully all-comprehensive, persistently embracing all things however painfully unsuspected. All this is an enthralling story-actualization of time-logic in actuality totally alive. A concrete example comes to mind. How could we have expected an eruption of the lowest bestiality of brutal racism, out of the high noble culture of historic Germany?

What does bestial Hitler have to do with high-cultural Goethe and Beethoven? All are Germans, but Hitler is an atrocious hell all too German, while Goethe and Beethoven are noble heavenly, also all too German. And, incredibly, both happened together in the same realm of Germany, which is now both hellish and heavenly. Such is actuality totally out of our reasonable expectation.

All such extreme dissonance in actuality so surprising, even obnoxious, is embraced by timely telling of its *story*, one by one in its actual sequence in time, and then we would accept the story as one of world histories, however incredible and disgusting. Our lifeworld is filled with such bizarre surprises, and they are continually told as stories to “make historical sense” of such non-senses, all as factually inevitable. Such is the powerful story-logic at work as time-logic in actuality.

Story-logic powerfully makes coherence out of *any* incoherent happenings, and this “any” is persistent “open coherence”. Such insistent harmonizing of atrocious disharmonies is the unbelievable achievement of time-logic in story-logic. Time-logic story-logicized is the gutsy vibrant logic of life homo-cosmic. Story-logic presents time-logic that persistently spreads from one incidence to the next, on and on, to compose world histories, on and on.

## 7. Conclusion Alive

“Wow! What complexity you have presented to us! These five headings in five sections may have managed to coherently succeed in elucidating time-logic. But these pages are awesomely unapproachable. No philosophical system should be constructed here, should it? After all, time-logic is the logic of *concrete* thinking, right?” Thank you so much, dear friend, for reminding me of this essential point in time-logic. All right, then, here is an actual scene quite common, fresh, and alive, as we then draw implications from it about time-logic, now shown as no less common, fresh, and alive.

Everything is going meandering *as* they are going as they are, where I casually am—at home there, whatever “there” is. A bird tarrys on a tiny twig as its home ever so eternal, and then in the next moment casually flies away, leaving nothing behind. I am a tiny casual bird, tarrying somewhere I happen to tarry, and then flying away, leaving nothing behind. I tarry to fly, and fly to tarry. You can wink at me, and I wink back, and we chirp antiphonal, as birds are doing now in chilly dawn of early May. You and I are tiny birds all so alive! It’s Mozart-dawn so kid-innocent, eternally fresh.

Spring is here yet still not here. We are all birds chanting the spring nowhere somewhere, as we are dotted by tiny shy leaves tenderly shaking in soft drizzles, as distant booming thunders rumble all around us, assured yet unsure; Mother Nature smiles. Bees buzz. Birds swoop. All are so happy. Poems chant themes rhymed; in spring here not here, themes are sung in poems unrhymed.

Bees buzz themes; birds flutter poems. They all blend unrhymed to compose joy; it is the music of the spring joy, bouncing Schumann’s Spring Symphony. Confucius (11/25) is here thoroughly enchanted with his cherished youths who

sing their spring-chants to celebrate spring festival. Spring smells fresh at each of our breathing in of ineffable fragrance, embracing all spring-things, as Mother Nature smiles.

In such way as this, actuality is open coherence ongoing in shy spring, ever meandering here now away from here now—in springtime. All is calm and quiet; all is gloom-dark balmy, still requiring thick jackets and perhaps a flashlight. The whole scene is not threatening and yet we must be on toes to hurry by, not to stay around idly; it is still too chilly to stay around.

Our dearest kids do not care, though. They just rush *out* running, shouting, and fighting, all for nothing. They are at home everywhere anytime, all outdoors. They are pieces of all-open moist heaven accidentally dropped down here on earth to compose spring still chilly fresh. Heaven so vast is of course at home anywhere on earth, as “vast” is “everywhere,” and such “vast anywhere” is where kids are at home anywhere. Such is children irresistible at their springtime, always.

Let us tarry here in these children for a while. Li Chih stresses “child heart 童心” as “true heart 真心” and “original heart 本心” that begins all scholarship; losing the child heart loses true scholarship (Li, 2000). Such child-heart begins all. Beginning is all-crucial, enabling as it does all scholarship on all matters. Incredibly, casual children are thus awesomely weighty in scholarly significance. Casual messy children are actually weighty scholarship, so adult awesome.

“But *what* is the child’s heart?” Li Chih did not say what it is, but this child’s original heart consists in insatiable *wonder* and curiosity that the awesome adult Aristotle says begins all knowledge (Aristotle, 1999) and then, curiously, never comes back again to this crucial theme of wonder, as none of Western thinkers did, either. After all, they are all adults, not children! Thus we adult thinkers without child-heart of wonder sadly miss even the bare beginning of scholarship.

This gem this wonder is casually tossed out and around among casual stories, continually and lovingly told by Mom and Granny whose lives are centered in their cherished shouting children they all-motherly can never get over. This gem tells us that we are made by nature as the child in insatiable wonder at all things, such as “Why is there anything, not nothing?” All human cultures are built on this casual kid-heart that is actually an explosive toward tomorrow. Let me explain.

Casual messy children’s insatiable wonder is a landmine that explodes forward toward undreamed-of tomorrow. Without such kid-explosive of wonder, no human life can ever exist at all. Human life is made of the child-heart of wonder, all of it, which explodes ahead into tomorrow, ever! Tender fragile and immature as those messy children are, they are our future tomorrows here now, as their today explodes into tomorrow, making these tender children an awesome beginning of things so jumping alive. Children’s core of future-explosive is their insatiable wonder.

Much more than casual drifting emotion, “wonder” is my whole being *nisus* absolutely personal, leaning forward away from myself, eager for knowledge and

more knowledge that I do not have, world without end. Such persistent leaning of my whole existence ahead of me explodes my status quo here now to eventually explode the whole world into unknown horizons, one after another. Such explosion forward of child-wonder is time-logic par excellence.

But, to think of it, isn't all such description of child-explosive quite incredible if not oxymoronic? Child-explosive unites poverty with power. The power of human culture consists in the child-poverty of their no-knowledge. Such kid-poverty is the power that explodes me to make me exist, making me stand-out as myself and no other. I am essentially an exploding existence, standing-out as myself leaning ever forward in kid-wonder toward the unknown tomorrow. This bundle of wonders makes the child to grow into the child. Wonder grows all children into an adult as the child.

All this is of course an idle chatter about common sense we all know, and such commonsense chatter precisely describes "open coherence" of story-logic kid-casual and intensely kid-actual, and kid-fighting kid-meandering for nothing, all joyous so alive. Such description can go on indefinitely without ceasing, as time never ceases to present such children so messy. Time-logic kid-meanders forever as the heaven is vast forever. Time-logic told in story-logic is the kid-logic of heaven so vast so much joy relaxed, at home everywhere always, staying at home anywhere on earth. Time-logic is anywhere-logic anytime forever; time-logic is logic of eternal kid-heaven at each moment of every kid-instant on earth.

Time-logic is an eternity of each kid-instant, when an instant is eternal joy of kid-heaven forever musical, as heaven hummed by kids forever belongs to messy kids always joyous. Joy is music. Time-logic is the logic of music kid-thinking kid-chanting forever. In all this, joy is dotted with pain of whining kids often hurt often rushed in by Mom to hug away to bind wounds, as our writing is dotted with jots of insights that include pain always, continually meandering through thick and thin of life-actuality. All this describes the time-logic of music thinking in chanting kid-joy, dotting and dotting, jotting without ceasing.

Each jot of mine dots out my kid-dawn. Now listen. Crisp chill in early May air dawns my entire days; they all wait to live on ahead as the child cannot wait to rush *out*. O, how fresh how weighty these common dawns of my kid-days are! How thrilling how kid-alive! This spring-dawn smiles at my clean Tabula Rasa, all kid-readied to fill in with words carefully munched on, to tell of ideas appearing first ever in world history. These ideas are meticulously arranged as they are cooked appropriately, on and on, forever at springtime among the irresistible children all so casual all so messy.

This dawn is followed by the next "this dawn", each fresh as the next, and no less exciting no less clean, to roam around in crisp kid-novelties of spring, one after another. Each idea comes stunningly novel and kid-enchancing as the one refurbished last. Each of my fillings-in is the first ever event of writing-in in world history, at the fresh spring-dawn never known before and yet so familiar-endeared so kid-invaluable. They are children we all are familiar with who always spit out surprising insights in their sheer wonder in their sheer musical

joys. They themselves *are* our wonder of musical wonders.

My spring-dawn is the child, precious as my parents before me and my children after me, and those who come after me as casual children teach me afresh, fresh as what have come before me as my parental heritage that I live anew each day, on and on. In all, it is thus that time-logic is life-logic via story-logic, so spring-joyous musical in concrete time of common days, on and on, kid-world without end.

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