



Research article

# Confucius the Global Man of “One” Extraordinary

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## Abstract

This essay proposes that Confucius shapes whole China, due to being the person of persistent “one” in five aspects, one, “one” in structuring the bewildering details historical and much more, two, “one” in provocation of his followers, three, “one” in reverence for history, classics, parents, and fellow beings, four, “one” in persisting struggles through lifelong failures, and five, “one” in consistent joy throughout life. And Confucius’ combination of five aspects of “one” is so powerful as to shape China through millennia. Such great Confucius deserves shaping whole global interculture. This essay details these six aspects of Confucius’ greatness worldwide. **Copyright ©AJSSAL, all rights reserved.**

**Keywords:** “one,” global, provocation, failure, joy

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“Confucius (551-479 BC) can truly be said to have molded China’s civilization in general. It may seem far-fetched, however, to say that he molded Chinese philosophy in particular--that he determined the direction or established the pattern of later Chinese philosophical development--yet there is more truth in the statement than is usually realized.” Wow! What ultimate adoration totally unconditional it is! This fabulous claim is daringly made



by Chan<sup>1</sup> who is usually careful and hedging his statements with many qualifications. Here is the only place where he unplugs all his modesty.

Perhaps the claim is overstated, because China has at least two other powers besides Confucius that contribute to Chinese culture. They are Taoism and Buddhism. Still, Taoism is a tacit underground base that silently supports China. Buddhism came later to stimulate the theorizing tendency of China's thinking, and Buddhism itself was soon thoroughly Sinicized by joining Chuang Tzu to turn Ch'an or Zen. And so, Chan's claim, though extraordinary, does have ground for justification.

Sadly, however, Chan throws out this unusually bold statement without backing it up with evidence. This essay attempts to supply at least one piece of evidence, and we will be surprised at how great this one alone is, great enough to make Confucius great indeed, in fact, Confucius' greatness overflows into global intercultural. We are, as we are here, always surprised at digging into placid ordinary-looking Confucius, for our digging stuns us with a treasure trove totally unexpected. This essay is one such example, deserving of pondering.

Confucius as our treasure trove in this essay goes as follows. This essay proposes that Confucius is great in shaping China as a whole, due to being the person of *persistent* "one" in five aspects, one, "one" in structuring the bewildering details of information historical and classical and much more, two, "one" in provocation of his followers and others, three, "one" in reverence for history, classics, parents, and all fellow beings, four, "one" in persisting struggles through lifelong failures that he fully knows, and five, "one" in consistent joy throughout his life that is usually inspiring of despair.

Any single one of these incredible aspects would deserve our utmost admiration and emulation. Incredibly, six, his combination of all these five aspects in one personal life is quite rare indeed, humanly unique in world history. Confucius' combination of five aspects of his "one" is naturally so powerful as to shape the entire China through its long millennia. Such great Confucius is quite deserving of shaping global intercultural itself, as a whole. We now detail these six aspects of Confucius' greatness worldwide.

*One:* Confucius is "one" in structuring the bewildering details of information historical and classical and others: Confucius' scholarship is less in knowing much than in skewering stuff into one (15/3). His way is to thread all into "one" and hit it straightly, so as to live it up with faithful self-authenticity 忠 and analogizing other-understanding 恕, to wit, loyalty to self *and* forgiveness to others (4/15), and the "and" here is the "one"-consistency of his daily living. Significantly, all this is revealed not by Confucius himself but by one of his dearly beloved students. This important point will be detailed in the next aspect below.

Let us go a step further. Confucius' penetrating-through into "one" naturally results in extremely compact expressions. They are poetry, for poetry pierces with a bare minimum of words. All penetrating insights are poetic. They are always short and sparse, and quite piercing sharp. These poetic words never drone<sup>2</sup> but hit us straightly as

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<sup>1</sup> Such rare all-out adoration appears in Wing-tsit Chan, *A Source Book in Chinese Philosophy*, Princeton University Press, 1963, p. 14.

<sup>2</sup> *Tennyson's Poetry*, NY: W. W. Norton, 1971, may be an exception. He still enlightens us.



lightning, enlightening us, though they are often unintelligible, but being unintelligible strangely evokes enlightenment.

Thus Confucius' words are worded in poetic parsimony, and such poetic pack spreads out in limitless implications and expanded connotations. Nothing is simpler than his poetic "one" so compact in all his sayings, whose common simplicity is yet so fecund, forming a sheer poetry, so much so that none of his translations already countless in world history have yet to hit straightly at what his point involves in each of his terse sayings bequeathed us.

It is in this way that his simple and straight sayings, always in sparsest one-pack each, are extremely razor-sharp and powerful, as if to gouge our heart out, "halting in words and quick to act" (4/24). Whatever Confucius says *does* things into vigorous living. What Confucius dots on daily living amounts to a performative utterance. For him, to say is to show and to effect, with concrete results in actual living. His sayings express concrete thinking thoroughly actual. His "one" skewers it all in scholarship, in his way to live in poetry parsimonious, and in simplicity that acts and effects concretely.

*Two:* Confucius is "one" in sensitive provocation of his followers and others: Classical wisdom literature usually drones on and on enunciating elucidating, and then quickly goes stale and then fizzles out of date. Confucius is far from such dead literary fellow. He wakes us up. He quips just one concrete snippet, a tiny bit, and stops and waits. He thus opens us out, letting us jump in with our own fresh thoughts. Confucius is ever jumping alive to provoke us alive, always.

It is in such a manner as this that Confucius' "one" is incredibly dynamic, igniting his fellow beings to start them off on ahead, forwarding them on and on (以發, 2/9) in their own progress, in their own growth, and in their own elements. Confucius is the world's most ferocious provocateur. To begin with, he did generously accept *anyone* who comes from all over, widely and indiscriminately (15/39). Such is his "teaching."

And then, surprisingly, after accepting all people without discrimination, Confucius always raises "one" to incite to challenge his students to return with 2, 3, 10, and so on; if they fail to return their own ideas in their own ways, he stops teaching them (5/9, 7/8). He says of what is gone in classics for them to "know" what is to come unlimited, and then Confucius is as happy as in heaven (1/15, 3/8); his joy is composed here, among many others.

If he fails to harvest such delightful results, he would dare to refuse and even accuse those who fail so. He even hits with his staff an old man at the shin undeserving of humanity (14/43 or 46). Old age has nothing to deserve respect, if such an old man fails to fulfill his own humanness. Confucius is a gentleman of humanity who knows how to love people and how to resent people 4/3.

All this describes what we usually call "the teaching of Confucius." It is nothing but provocation here and there, and all over, always. The whole provocation begins with his fuming anger 3/1, "if *this* can be tolerated, what else cannot be tolerated?" This is how Confucius cultivates in us an abiding sense of dissatisfaction, as a Yale professor said of "education" as a nurturing of our sense of dissatisfaction. Such cultivation always goes on in Confucius' classes, ever so atrocious from outside. In all this, Confucius' nostalgia lies in his constant admiration and adulation of ancient days when Forefather Chou was dominant (7/5).



Still, we must keep this aspect of Confucius firmly in mind. It is that his relentless provocation to forward his students constantly is quite *sensitive* to students' various individualities, quite special to each. To the same question asked, "Hearing [a saying, should I at once] act [on it]?" Confucius says to one impetuous, "Parents and elders still present, how can [you] act [on it at once]?" and then says to the other withdrawn, "Hearing it, do it!" (11/20). Confucius' provocation is alive and sensitive indeed; he is never a utensil fixated, automatic, and mechanical (2/12).

Confucius provocation sometimes restrains people to stay put, and some other time eggs others on forward, all depends on the ones being provoked, according as how different they are. In this way, contrary to Socrates who stoutly denies ever having seduced young people,<sup>3</sup> Confucius is widely reputed to having been "seducing" people openly, eagerly, and assiduously, "toward good, step by step" (9/11). Confucius' "seduction" is of course irresistible *provocation* of people into themselves for which he is quite well-known.

Confucius' seduction 善誘 and the usual seduction 誘惑 share the same "seduction 誘." But Confucius' seduction 善誘 is toward good, contrary to usual seduction 誘惑 toward evil, to which even Socrates agrees. And so, Confucius' seduction has produced a unique world revolution that cannot be repeatedly stressed often enough, being so enticing to the good.

Confucius engages daily and openly our usual seduction on his awed young later-comers, but this time in a totally contrary direction of the good. This is a total turn-around with equal attraction as our usual seduction to evil. This turnaround is quite stunning *worldwide*, indeed. Seduction by Confucius is of course his constant provocation that is not objectionable at all, but as attractive as usual seduction to evil.

*Three:* Confucius is "one" in reverence for history, classics, parents, and fellow beings: "Now, Confucius' provocative 'education' spreads everywhere, seemingly without any limitation at all. Is he then all over and quite *arbitrary*?" Now this is an important question that goes straight to the heart of Confucius. Arbitrary frivolity does share with provocative creativity quite a wide spread of quite wild ideas all over always, all spontaneous devil may care. Still, the arbitrary is careless, casual, in all its spontaneity, always hits and runs.

It is *reverence* that is conscientious, sensitive, and at the same time persistent, never casually hits and then runs away. Confucius pierces through things everywhere with daring, but all in reverence<sup>4</sup> for whatever there is, including Confucius himself. He has three cautions (16/7); he is in awe at those who were born later (9/23). He is so much in awe at the legacy of ancient tradition that he said he only elucidates the awesome legacy, not craft things anew (7/1). It is reverence described as such that separates the impiety of the careless arbitrary from the provocative creative that is no less daring wild and widespread.

Confucius' reverence thus implies sensitive respect always for all others and for all of what he himself does, and, to repeat, never casually hits and then runs away. His reverence is quite dynamic, and it literally spreads

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<sup>3</sup> His denial appears in *Apology* 23d. "Diaphtheirei" in Louis Dyer, revised by Thomas Day Seymour, *Plato: Apology of Socrates and Crito*, Boston: Ginn and Co., 1885, 1908, p. 59, or "diaphtheironota" in James J. Helm, *Plato: Apology*, Mundelein, IL: Bolchazy-Carducci, 1977, p. 32.

<sup>4</sup> Soon later "reverence" will appear as central.



throughout heaven and earth. His reverence is expressed in filial reverence 孝 and reverence to his elders 悌 0(1/2), his dreamed about ancient days of history, and his favorite classics, all to establish the “tradition,” and even meticulously goes through each fellow existence to pervade all over to penetrate them through, to reach the natural flow of water of things.

Confucius chanted heartfelt, “Water! O. water! Going so unceasing day and night!” while standing at the river bank 9/17. He sighs and heartily chimes in with his favorite student desiring to do ritual celebration of the spring season in Mother Nature (11/25). He sighs to desire to be one with the silence of the heaven giving birth to hundreds of things (17/17). His reverence says it all, pervading in one throughout heaven and earth, including every existence whatever in Mother Nature embracing the skies and the fields, the hills and the insects. Awesome indeed is his reverence for all, far beyond Schweitzer’s “reverence for life” and including it.

*Four:* Confucius is “one” in persisting struggles through lifelong failures that he fully knows: Confucius’ days are thoroughly penetrated by “one” extraordinary combination of consistent failures and no less persistent struggles in their faces. This failure-struggle combination is quite incredible, because usually we are stimulated to struggle on by the success-struggle combination, where our struggle harvests some successes, however small or rare. And in fact the rarity of success is one crucial stimulant to our struggles. This is why we can say with confidence, “Failure is the mother of success.” It is because success encourages our struggles to persist on, and on.

But quite strangely, such adage does not apply to Confucius. Incredibly, Confucius daily faces his life-long failures, and he *knows* it, too, and yet he is famously known all around for continuing to struggle for his impossible dreams that he fully knows is impossible (14/38 or 41).<sup>5</sup> His combination of failure and struggle borders on an incredible miracle; it is wonder of all wonders. What whips him on remains unknown, but it is clearly *his* fact of life, namely, continuation of struggles despite his continuing failures that lasts lifelong. How he did it and wherefrom his spur is remain unknown to us. It remains our ultimate wonder.

*Five:* Confucius is “one” in consistent joy throughout his life: Even more incredibly, Confucius is never soured in his continuing struggles all his life against his lifelong failures. On the contrary, his is the consistent life of continuous joy; his is an irresistible joy overflowing all around! Now, joy has its own personal authority absolutely ultimate. When I say I am in joy, everybody must believe in me, no ifs and no buts. I am the final authority to assure everyone that I am happy.

And so, when Confucius describes how happy he is, we simply must believe in him enough to seriously look into what he says and learn of *how* happy he is, really. He said he is so happy that he does not even “know the old is about to arrive” (7/19). That is an extraordinary confession on his part, and yet we cannot doubt his sincerity. “But does it mean?” we are naturally tempted to ask. We want to know how happy he is.

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<sup>5</sup> In retrospect, we see that Confucius’ failure has lasted even beyond his life, in that what “tradition” he established by his reverence for the past was eviscerated its reverence and turned into a handy tool of “traditionalism” in the hands of later dictators, to hammer their people into obedience. What tragedy! We will soon detail this failure so tragic and constant in Chinese history.



Well, no one knows for sure, but at least one thing is certain. “So happy that I do not even know the old is even about to arrive” could mean that at each and every moment, joy is starkly present, staring at me in the face. And of course I do not mind such staring of my own joy, now do I? We doubt if Confucius himself does mind such overwhelming joy at every moment of his life, despite failures that is usually depressing. And so, his overwhelming joy we cannot doubt is quite extraordinary, out of this world in this world!

And so, to repeat, it is for sure that Confucius is overwhelming happy at every moment of his days, as his *Analects* shows. Three chants of heartfelt joy begin his terse *Analects*. They go like this. “O, to study and time and again to practice it, isn’t it rather pleasant! O, having classmate-friends come from afar, to compare notes, to criticize one another, and to mutually confirm our joys, isn’t it rather enjoyable! O, thus firmed up and turned invincible, and become unperturbed at the world ignoring us, isn’t it rather such ‘princely sage’ of us!”

Such unconquerable joy typically pervades the whole *Analects* of Confucius. Still, this joy overwhelming is so incredible in his situation of constant struggles against constant failures. We can mumble such joy; we do not understand it, much less *feel* such an incredible joy, and joy must be felt to understand, for to know joy is to feel it, no ifs, no buts. We remain aghast at such incredible joy of Confucius all beyond us.

And of course such joy is totally *invincible*, because if overwhelming joy can and does exist in constant lifelong failures that are the only phenomenon that ought to defeat all joys, then nothing in the world can defeat such joy in the very midst of failures. And believe it or not, such joy does actually exist in Confucius throughout his life, as his *Analects* amply show with tons of actual evidence.

Thus we can have absolutely *no* room whatever for doubt of any sort, theoretical or feeling-wise, on the *actuality* of such incredible joy. If the invincibility of Confucius’ joy is absolutely certain because he actually confesses to it, then Confucius’s absolute greatness for all ages throughout the world is totally assured. It is in this manner that such invincible joy of Confucius rounds up to climax all five incredible aspect of the extraordinary greatness of Confucius. Confucius is made supreme by his joy supreme.

In all, in the above meticulous portrayal in all its specific details, Confucius is bit by bit carved out and emerges as peculiarly Confucian and great, all in his own way. Besides being a holistic orientation as other high qualities of life, *reverence* stands out special in that any *common* person can be reverent; reverence requires no high intelligence at all. And reverence so common binds and pervades all life phenomena to ennoble them all, as reverence ennobles.

In fact, one of charming and cherishable qualities of low IQ people is that they are consistent and reliable, for they do not cut corners, and they are reverent consistently and reliably. There is one feature in the story of “Charlie” the moron<sup>6</sup> that moves us *deeply*. It is that he always admires people, without a single exception, and adoration can be part of reverence that ennobles every person revered. On meeting these people revering us, we feel we are supported warmly--always and reliably!

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<sup>6</sup> Daniel Keyes, *Flowers for Algernon*, Mariner Books, May 2005.



Reverence ennobles the one reverent as well as ennobling ones revered. Reverence is an amazingly powerful quality so basic, holistic, and ubiquitously ennobling all around. It requires nothing special from us, and it makes us all special and treasured. As such a priceless quality of life, reverence serves as an essential and indispensable linkage among all high qualities of a person—poetry, provocative creativity, and joy, as well as our failures we resent. Reverence features the peculiar “one” running through to thread Confucius, to manifest him great. We now go over them one by one.

To begin, reverence is awed at things, and without awe, no *poetry* can emerge. And so, poetry is filled with reverence. Poetry has precious bare few words, and each word in a poem is short, sharp, and so rich and powerful. In its short span, poetry penetrates things with reverence of things, in poetic reverence of sheer existence. In such a way as this, reverence links intimately poems to life.

In reverence, very few words express silence of awe in poetry. Poetic *parsimony* is the soul of reverence for beings, and reverence is the rock-bottom base of poetry, to enable poems to enliven their depths. Pull out reverence, and poetry turns into hollow word-play. Pull out poetry, and reverence turns an empty pie in the unreachable sky. The one is the inside of the other to establish to solidify and glorify the other, reverence and poetry and its parsimony.

And then, we see how *provocative* creativity comes from reverence for the others and reverence for the future. First, the young later-comers must be awed and cherished, as Confucius said 9/23, before they can be sensitively and lovingly provoked into their own creativity. Reverence implicates love and sensitivity, to induce caring appropriate provocation. Pull out reverence for the youth, and provocation would either cease or else turn into cruel senseless torture.

In addition to reverence for the young to provoke them, provocation must be attended with reverence for the future eagerly looked forward to. This is because of the excitement of the future yet unknown for which provocation is initiated and continued. Pull out reverence for the future, provocation would degrade down to arbitrary wandering to beat around the bush all-unknown. Reverence for the young and for the future authenticates provocation and endows it with life-significance.

Furthermore, listen to this personal confession by Confucius 7/18: He says that I am “one who so eagerly pursues as to forget meals, the one who is in such joy as to forget worries, not even knowing the old about to arrive.” Now, do we not feel here, wholeheartedly, Confucius’ overwhelming joy? And do we not realize how, without his reverence for the unattainable dreams of Confucius himself who even fully knows their impossibility, his deep joy here would turn shallow and senseless?

Joy is deepened in life-significance by reverence. Reverence is glorified by joy beaming and brimming all over even beyond failures, beyond life, and beyond death. Without joy, reverence turns dull without shiny luster. Without reverence, joy turns shallow and flippant and senseless. Reverence is the solid depth of joy. Joy is the crowning glory of reverence. Luster of reverence is joy. Reality of joy is reverence. Both are one in two, two as one.



Now, “reverence and failure” sounds unusual and is usually unnoticed, of course, but actually failure is meaningless without reverence for the tradition of our ideals we dream after. The relation of failure and reverence goes this way. If “well begun, half done,” then Confucius begins well and leaves his students to do the rest of the better half. If behind Einstein is his teacher his mother, then behind today’s science stands Confucius’ education provoking us forward. Confucius the teacher is a provocateur, alive to let create alive, never an Aristotle droning out dead information. All this amounts to saying that Confucius was a provocative revolutionary due to his reverence.

Interestingly, however, Confucius’ provocative creativity opens up *no* arbitrary floodgate to anything that goes. Our wrong impression that Confucius was merely traditional and ethical has a grain of truth. He did set a certain pattern of right living. His “one” raised is one corner of a square, and three other corners were expected to arise not from him but from the students. Still, the square itself was not explicitly expressed, but seems to be silently nodded at as a tacit assumption by all of them.

Still, the square of Confucius was quite strict, not even admitting any sort of heterodoxy, such as Hsün Tzu’s 荀子 whose life is infused with no-nonsense pragmatism. Confucius seems to have a definitive though ineffable tradition of right living, which was sadly soon to degrade into stiff cut-and-dried traditionalism; it is “Confucianism” as Confucian orthodoxy conveniently wielded by subsequent dictators.

“But what is it that prevents Confucius’ provocation from turning arbitrary, devil may care? How is the creative different from the arbitrary?” Wow! This is a good question, my friend. Let us see how Confucius proceeds. He *reverses* traditional classics and digs assiduously into them. Reverence for classics saved him from “anything goes.” And perhaps reverence *itself* is enough to keep us creative without going around the bush of “anything goes.” “Reverence” is in the end reverence for existence as such, including Schweitzer’s “reverence for life,” for any life whatever.

In fact, what critically turns subtle tradition alive in Confucius into stiff formulaic traditionalism later is precisely the loss in traditionalism of reverence for supple historic classics in the tradition of Confucius. Such formulaic transformation of supple, subtle, and elusive tradition makes it easy to handle whatever in the tradition, even arbitrarily to manipulate it into whatever we want to see to justify whatever we want to have. Loss of reverence is loss of the very life and soul of the tradition Confucius was so adamant at maintaining, so persistent at defending.

But the loss of reverence into arbitrary manipulation was precisely what subsequent dictators did; they “pacify” recalcitrant people under these dictators with what these people traditionally revered, that is, Confucian doctrines. The husk of Confucian instructions existed in all this, but all reverence was eviscerated by the dictators who used these teachings as a convenient stick to beat and whip people under these dictators into obeying whatever these dictators dictate; loss of reverence collapses tradition into dead traditionalism as a handy instrument to use by dictators.

“What is reverence?” This is another good question, my friend. Let us watch reverence as such. It is never a perfunctory handling of matters or persons. Reverence never casually treats beings of whatever sort; such





non-casual handling is irrelevant to hating or loving them. Reverence is careful and serious in consideration of things, even things reverent people resent. Reverence is kin to gentle kindness, considerate thoughtfulness to whatever we meet.

Such considerate handling of matters and persons is how Confucius habitually lived in. Reverence was his usual way of living. This is one aspect of how Confucius attracts us to make us adore him. All such above amounts to saying that reverence skewers to thread into one, poetic parsimony, provocative creativity of the young, and sheer joy in the face of failures in the life of Confucius, all featuring the great unique “one” of Confucius.

*Six:* Confucius’ *combination* of all these five aspects of his “one”: His combination is so thoroughly rare and unique in world history that this combination shapes the long history of the entire China. And, in addition, his combination deserves to serve as a standard to shape global intercultural. *That* combination thus tells of Confucius as truly the shaper of China and the world. We must remember that Confucius is fully human, all too human, not as Lao Tzu shrouded in myth, not as Buddha vanishing in Nirvana. Confucius is starkly human. And yet, in all his fragility of being human as we all are, he is so super-human totally beyond us all.

We must remember. Confucius keeps failing; he is all dripped in all his failures that lasted all his life. And at the same time, incredibly, he is drenched in all his personal joy every moment of his days, always in reverence for history and for all fellow human beings, constantly provoking people forward. Such *combination* of his extraordinary qualities makes Confucius so uniquely powerful as to shape the entire China all through its long millennia, and beyond China, due to his extraordinary combination incredible beyond all human beings in the world.

It is in the manner that such uniquely powerful Confucius ultimately redounds to uniquely contribute to global intercultural, overflowing as he does in his daily ongoing to propose with his life the Chinese mode of thinking to the world all over. His mode of thinking is all different from usual and ubiquitous logical analysis of the West. Naturally unaware of any thinker outside China, Confucius is of course free to develop and to perform and live his own way of thinking so fresh day in and day out, all in spontaneity..

China’s body thinking as he did undergo personally in his bodily life, story thinking that describes our daily ongoing irrelevant to abstract conceptualization, all in totally concrete thinking as Confucius forever dots out concrete daily details in deep implications, and even in invincible joy chanting, all in music thinking. Confucius even says that we must love virtue as naturally as we love sex!

This eyebrow-raising adage is so unusual that it is recorded no less than twice in his terse *Analects* that scarcely have room for any more, 9/18 and 15/13. Wow! Loving virtue as loving sex! What combination it is! Sex is not dirty but can be virtuous! O, how refreshing! How lusty, lustfully robust and vigorously vital! How jumping alive! All in the world’s pornography is here smiling with Confucius! Such is China’s body thinking (nothing is more bodily than sex!), concrete thinking, and story thinking, all singing life lustily in music thinking.



I have been for decades insisting on these delightfully actual four modes of thinking as a unique alternative thinking to the usual, long-faced dominant logical analysis of the West, all out of touch with actuality.<sup>7</sup> All this unique mode of thinking comes from Confucius; he smiles here, accompanied by Mencius, Lao Tzu, and Chuang Tzu, as well as a whole host of sensitive thinkers so poetic punchy in all China's history.

Still routinely practiced in China in historical description, in literary expressions, in political announcements and political pondering, China is today since Confucius' days dipped in such fourfold thinking uniquely Chinese. This is one exemplification of bottomless riches of Confucius he in his overwhelming joys bequeathed us. We cannot thank him enough!

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<sup>7</sup> See Kuang-ming Wu, *On Chinese Body Thinking: A Cultural Hermeneutic*, Leiden: Brill, 1997, *Story-Thinking: Cultural Meditations* (2011) and *Chinese Wisdom Alive: Vignettes of Life-Thinking* (2010, on Music reasoning), both from NY: Nova Science. *Body Thinking: Intercultural Meditations*, *Global Interculture: Cosmic Romance of Coexistence*, and "One and Many," *A Religious Plurality: Intercultural Meditations* are ready to publish. All articles are omitted. All my pages are on world intercultural, stressing China's unique contributions especially in thinking-modes.