

From World Interculture to Abusing Children

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Abstract

World ubiquity of mercy advocated by world religions makes it imperative to explicate our life-necessity to cherish children our origin, never to abuse them. This essay supports this thesis globally, one feature of world religions. Sounding exotic, this essay tightly traces our exciting necessity of living in “world intercultural” led by children playing together, to warn against our “abusing children.” Five links are here: to exist as joy, shown in living together, as intercultural in joy, lived by children playing together, so abusing them abolishes us and intercultural global.

This essay presents the links in four sections. Section I describes existence inter-existent inter-thinking, intercultural. Section II tells of how children live intercultural naturally playing, displaying our innate features. Section III responds to four objections to child-preciousness; raising objections to children reinforces children as our paradigm of world



interculture. The final Section IV ties up negatively on how “abusing children” abolishes “world intercultural” and us all with the cosmos.

Keywords: intercultural, children, inter-existence



I. Introduction

World ubiquity of mercy advocated by world religions makes it imperative to explicate our life-necessity to cherish children, *never* to abuse them. This essay supports their advocacy globally, a feature of world religions. Seeming exotic, this essay tightly traces the exciting necessity of living “world interculture” in joy, led by children playing together, to warn against our “abusing children.” Five basic links here: to exist is joy, in living with others, interculture in joy, lived by children at play together, so abusing them abolishes us in interculture worldwide. An elucidation in five points is in order.

One, just to exist is joy; otherwise, why do we live? Aren’t we living for joy that begins at just being around? If joy of merely existing ceases, we would then commit suicide—if not purposely then in death dragging. This fact underlies all feelings in living. Such is our life.

Two, the basic joy of mere existence appears in living with others; living with others is how we live in natural joy, as I depend on you who depend on me to be alive at all, together. Interdependence is how you and I live. “No one is an island,” says John Donne, and nodding at his idea by tracing out this saying of his thinking, as this paper does, is how I socially live on with him. Sociality is my life in joy with others.

Three, sociality is interpersonal interaction in inter-living inter-thinking, the way you and I ordinarily think is “culture,” and



so interpersonal inter-thinking in inter-living is “interculture.” As living is simple joy, so interculture is sheer joy of human living. We live in interculture in joy, and we die in lack of living interculture.

Four, children innately live interculture simply, spontaneously and in delight as they play with one another, shouting and jumping in grabbing joy, and so they show us primordially how to live interculture in playful joy. Children are all over in the world, and so children everywhere are our adult paradigm of world interculture that we must all live, as we cannot help but so live in delight.

Five, children are tiny, fragile, and in need of our care and nurture, and so we tend to make light of them to the point of abusing them. Since children are our primal paradigm of world interculture we live, abusing children destroys ourselves. Thus abusing children bears out, negatively, our adult dependence on them, who are, to repeat, our intercultural pattern of playful joy of life. We depend on them to live, as shown devastatingly by our wanton abusing of them.

This essay presents these five basic co-existential points in four sections. Section I describes how existence inter-exists in inter-living inter-thinking, to wit, interculture. Section II tells of how children live interculture naturally innately in daily playing with one another, how they do so by displaying their innate features all quite essential to living together in joy.



Section III responds to four objections to preciousness of children, thereby showing how ironically raising objections against children reinforces advocacy of children as our paradigm of world interculture we live. The final Section IV ties up Sections I, II, and III via a negative route of showing how “abusing children” abolishes “world interculture” to demolish all of us, including the lifeworld of our cosmos.

II. Interculture

Let us begin with a bombshell children casually drop on us adults, while they could not care less! Can we see Jewish kids playing with German kids? “Yes, easily, with gusto, too!” Can we see the supposedly open-minded scholar, Jewish Arendt, shaking hand with Nazi officer Eichmann? “My god, you must be kidding! Can’t you see they are hell-sworn enemies?”¹

Just by doing such casual thought experiment drives us home the bone-chilling lesson that children give us adults for world interculture, playing together between persons of different cultures, however obnoxious, for kids have no “obnoxious cultures.” Interculture is their present reality so kid-playful joyful, even between Jews and Germans, and yet it is our unreachable future far away so adult-grim, however much we grit our teeth. Now we have an even more extreme example than this.

¹ Arendt 1992. This is an ugly adult book on ugly adult abuse of adults and kids. It is a sad book of hell.



Jewish kids singing in bus, on their ways to the Auschwitz ovens, drive us to tears, in admiration of kids later wailing their ways to heaven. Atrocity of adults, their ultimate abuse of kids, is thus the radical other totally conquered by children on bus. “Why do you say so?” This is because when adult cruelty is absorbed cleanly, purely, innocently, and beautifully by kids, that ugly cruelty of adults is conquered by that black-hole of kid-absorption, silently, innocently.

Ultimately speaking, any adult abuse is conquered by child innocence, cleanly, totally, and child innocence thus saves adults from their own abuses. This is how the child parents the parent, as poetically intuited by William Wordsworth, “The Child is father to the Man.”² All this describes “interculture” most radical, as we see interculture of beautiful child-purity and ugly cruel abuse by adults, among adults mutually and abuse of children, not the reverse, as we can never see any child physically abusing any adult. “Abuse” is adult business *alone*. Shame on ugly us!

Let us now tie up children and interculture tighter. Watched closely, “interculture” reveals itself to consist in two opposite thrusts; interculture is radically rooted in oneself, to equally radically reach out to the wholly other. No one embodies more perfectly both these thrusts naturally, totally, than the child [a]

² Line 7 of “My Heart Leaps Up When I Behold,” in *The Complete Poetical Works of William Wordsworth*, 1904, p. 277. We can tell how his heart is the child’s heart, to “father” this poem of this joy.



hugging and dragging her tattered blanket all her own, thumb in mouth, while [b] eagerly looking out far ahead beyond her herself, both so shy and so bold. She is our sole guiding angel to our future; she is our future, and our intercultural so far is hers alone, now already here.

From the kids' bombshell on us, many lessons can be harvested. Here are just five of them, for kids' lessons are open-ended as kids' lives are open and unlimited to the future they live now. *One*, "playing with" is intercultural. *Two*, "play" is crucial, for life is play. *Three*, they our dear kids have "resources" to freely give us adults, and, *four*, all this while, they could not care less. "Could not care less" must mean being "natural as I am," self-forgotten. *Five*, "child abuse" abuses the adults to death.

In other words, children are at spontaneous play together to show us, simply and straightly, that "intercultural" is life. Sadly, although we all live truly only by living intercultural, we adults actually do not do so at all; our adult life is radically fissured. No wonder, we adults have very few simple joys; all we have are some artificially manufactured pleasures. Children in contrast truly live by living intercultural in joy always playing together. Children are our saviors into true living in joys spontaneous, continual, playful, and intercultural.

We owe it to ourselves, then, to watch children closely to learn from them, as we are privileged to care for their welfare and nurture them to grow. We now go into their five features just mentioned one by one, "play with" as intercultural, life as play, kids



as resourceful, and kids as “could not care less,” each briefly in Section II next, as each deserves books to explore.

III. Children

One, “playing with” is interculture: To begin, we must keep firmly in mind that existence, any existence, is inter-existence; to be is to be with something and/or someone different. It is not just that humanity is social, out of the blue, but we are social as rooted in the nature of existence. This is to say that all existents are social, humanity is one sort of existence, and so humanity is social. Moreover, as to exist is being together, so the sociality of our living naturally gives simple joy of existing at all time. Just to exist is holy, says a Jewish rabbi, and we cannot help but add, “Just to exist is joy irresistible, and so just to exist is holy joy ineffable.”

After all, what else do we live for but for joy? Our simple joy of being with someone else and/or something else is delightfully and naturally displayed in children playing together, as children cannot help but play together, in joy. No wonder, children always beam happiness, and they smile at the drop of a hat. “Children playing together” is the primal fact of all human beings as inherently social. To play is to play with someone or something; even while playing alone, I play with things and thoughts. Seeing all this, we now see play displaying itself as all-important.



Now let us develop this important point. “Playing with” inherently gets in touch with the other who is different from me in our ways of thinking and living. “Culture” consists in our customary way of thinking, and so such “contacts with different ways of thinking” are intercultural contacts, to inevitably write themselves beyond themselves further out into world interculture. Kids are all over in the world. Global interculture is kids’ playful business of joy that we adults should follow, in delight.

Two, “play” is crucial, for life is play: “But ‘play’ sounds so frivolous; what is so big about play?” O my friend, you in your snobbish adult pride miss an all-important point of life. Play explores novelty hitherto undreamed of, meeting things new is joy, and so play is joy to induce joy that is the essence and goal of our living at all. Have you wondered why casual children attract us for no reason other than that they are indomitably alive? Don’t you want to be alive?

Moreover, crucially, have you seen any child playing in sorrow? All kids shout for joy while at play; and any child crying plunges into play to relieve their sorrow into joy! We hardly need to remind ourselves of this obvious but important point. Playful exploration is joy, joy is what we live for, and so life is play, or else we die of no-play. Let us repeat this all-important fact by asking ourselves, “Except for joy, what else do we live for? What more joy can we have than joys of playing together?”



Life with no play is death merely dragging itself on. All of us, we adults included, simply need to play to live at all, and this is the fact of life so delightful. Strangely, however, we adults are ashamed of admitting that we need playing; we cover up our desire to play with a long-faced advertisement for our need to go out of our routines for vacation at regular intervals! Isn't "vacation" adult's name of playing? Ought not all our regular routines to be our fun playing? Shame on us!

Three, they have "resources" to freely give us: Children can afford to play with gusto to explore new things always, because they overflow with vital resources we cannot help but envy. Luckily, these dear kids are all too generous to show their resources and give them to us. In fact, all of what we are describing here belongs to kids' resources. Among so many of their resources, first and foremost, we see their "immaturity" dazzlingly displayed, as their resource!

Are you surprised? I am, too, myself. This resource is paradoxical, and that is why we are surprised. No one wants immaturity; everyone wants to mature, including kids. But have you noticed that "wanting to mature" so precious is made possible by "immaturity all aware"? No one is perfect, and so no one is mature. Immaturity aware, as kids are, is the mother of growth; immaturity denied, as we do, is death. We must learn from kids to be aware of being immature, and hate it—no kid wants to be called "kid"—to grow up.



Next resource of kids' is play; that kids are born to play is loaded with shattering existential significance. Play releases an overwhelming amount and power of wholehearted feelings and most radical insights, all beyond all sorts of dreams. All breakthroughs, theoretical and technical, poetic and scientific, originate in the free play of imaginations various, inventive, and surprising.

And all kids are innate experts at sustained plays wholly self-abandoned. The children at play are so much at one as themselves and with others that all people at play are kids, as kids at play are geniuses at work in joy, ready to explode any time soon into insights undreamed of. Play is the mother of invention; play is what makes true progress possible. No kids' play fooling around, no inventive progress is possible.

We adults proudly demur, "This is unbelievable!" we do not want to admit. Any adult achievement worth its salt originates in kids at play. "Research" adults cherish is fooling around in free play with any and all mindsets, with any and all trial and error. Research is "fooling around" beyond all adult "sanity" can make any head and tail. Don't you believe it? Look. "Research" constantly fools "around" as its etymology tells us.³ "Around" here involves "fooling around." Research fools around.

³ See "research" (p. 1059), "search" (p. 1120), and "circum-" (p. 224), in *Merriam-Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*, Eleventh Edition, 2008. I don't know why a dictionary must go around this way to reveal



Don't we remember the Wright Brothers' wildest dream to fly with birds? They were constantly ridiculed, everywhere courting their neighbors' laughing condescending condemnation, "If God meant us to fly God would have equipped us with wings; don't be foolish, my friends!" But they persisted in silence. Thanks to their being kids of stubborn naughty "research," metal is routinely flying today.

Again, an adult chemist Friedrich Kekule, all tired out, dozed off on a bus into a kid, and dreamed that all complex atomic elements of benzene stand up, and join hands to dance the "ring around the roses" into a neat benzene formula! This is the historic kid-moment when organic chemistry launched into the world the first time ever,⁴ thanks to kids dancing around, all hands joined. Both these adult tall "tales" are so "tall" that kids alone can reach and handle them. Kids are expert tellers of stories reaching far back into "once upon a time" only to soar freely far ahead into "and they live happily ever after."

Look. Every great event takes not just a thief, not just a lady. Behind the thief and the lady is the naughty kid giggling as he fools around. No wonder, Hans Christian Andersen is famous all over the world ever, not for his novels, not even for his poetry, but

research as fooling around. Is the dictionary itself ashamed of its being too frivolous to reveal it?

⁴ Kekule 1964, pp. 261-262 (actually three pages). This is the most detailed story on him I have ever found.



for his fairy tales for kids that are the great epitome of novels and poetry combined, devil may care.

Thinking this story way is kid in thinking at “play in thinking.” Kids are here shouting playing jumping, fooling around in fairy tales of adult research. They are just plain playing for fun “for nothing.” We are never aware that playing kids are bombshells exploding constantly into adult accomplishments. We applaud adult accomplishments, and we forget—or rather, unwilling to admit—that kids are the mother of adult invention.

Enough has been said about specific features of kids that surprise us, as kids typically do surprise us. But we are not at our end; are we ready for this landmine so silent? Here is the kid’s wonder of all wonders. We adults condescendingly take the tiny child to be a poor trifle bag full of defects all peculiar to kids. The children are of course silent, but as they are closely observed, these kid-defects slowly reveal themselves to be essential excellences distinctively composing the human.

All this is the amazing wonder of humility of all kids. Believe it or not, the child’s excellences are shown as “defects” to casual adults. Every such kid-defect is actually a human excellence kids alone show to guide adults to attain. “I do not understand. Perhaps I do not want to understand.” Let me explain, then, my dear adult. Let me first back off a bit and survey what we have gone through covering.

We just noticed three qualities of kids, immaturity, play, and defects. They are qualities that qualify all features that typify kids



as kids. “Play” is diffused all over kid’s life, as all kids play, playing even illness, hatred, and fight. “Immaturity” and “defects” appear as all-negative everywhere in kids’ activities, to tell of how charming kids are, to irresistibly attract us to care for them. All three qualities are kids’ resources as impish scaffolds bare, wobbly alive, ever jumping fresh, to grow into their glorious future of maturity totally unknown. This fact is a miracle so kid-distinctive so kid-precious.

Although no one is perfect, no one wants imperfection or defect; these are ugly words to us all. Amazingly, kids freely own them and get away with them as a matter of course, because their very “being” says they are “immature” yet, as they are all too aware, even to the point of hating it as they own it. Wonderful is “immaturity” that is kids’ that turns defects into steps to the future. Immaturity is powerful potentiality wobbly tender, and fresh for ever.

Kids’ mystery deepens! I once said to Norma my sister-in-law that my baby Mary was still out of Cola-bottle shape, for she was “20, 30, 20.” Auntie Norma laughed and said, “Give Baby Mary time, and she will grow into size.” She in fact wonderfully did! Today, after these many decades, I am still giggling, tickled and delighted at our conversation that bright early afternoon.

Unbelievably, no one else but kids jump to claim “defects” as theirs, to delight us their caretakers, forever alluring us to care for them. This is because everyone, kids included, knows that kids are *immature*, on their growing edges so wobbly playful. Kids are our



future now, entirely unknown, totally defective now. All of us adults smile and cherish kids' wobbly defects at play, shouting tumbling so impish so tender imperfect.

Four, all this while, children could not care less: This is what is absolutely stunning about children. "Could not care less" makes kids "angels." Let me explain. Every two minutes, Mother Nature paints a new picture of vast clouds, and no one cares to see it, *and* nature itself could not care less but keeps painting such beauty. Children are kids of the clouds; beautiful kids are part of nature casually beautiful. Neither nature nor kids could care less about giving away their beauty, and casually giving away their beauty is part of their beauty.

And children's beauty is stunningly different from adults', if there be any in adults, as adults are always huffing and puffing, rarely beautiful. In contrast, among children, playful "show and tell" prevails; they play and tell as they do their own things. Things always come out different than expected, and that is fun, not failure! Things different come out for kids to shout "Fun!" and learn things new out of unforeseen "Wow!" Kids have no failure but all "activities" of fun, ever discovering things fun.

"What are you drawing, Tommy?" He said, "How'd I know. I'm not done yet." Our questioned "what" is a purpose ahead of drawing, to yield success or failure in getting that "what," but Tommy has fun drawing now, drawing is its own what, and "fun" drawing here tells of "purpose" inside drawing itself now, and so no failure can happen at all. "Is this a doggie I drew? Oops, it is a



pebble so odd. O no, now it's a funny square. Wow, what is it? A monster, O I love to hate monster and fight it! Ha! Ha!"

Tommy drawing is fun unlimited; it is such a magic! His drawing is his life's "activity"; his life keeps drawing itself in fun playing that is learning unlimited. Adults struggle and fail at reaching their "purpose" beyond their struggles, and wail; kids do activities drawing and learning in fun. No activity, no fun. Kids' sorrow is "Nothing to do!" How could they have failure in "nothing to do"? How could kids have failure in their activities that are their purposes here now?

The child's future is now, and "now here" can never be a failure; the adult's future is far out there unreachable, to breed failures here now; adults' "here now" is a constant failure! For kids, no purpose makes "no failure"; "no purpose out there" makes fun learning, for learning is its own purpose. And "its own purpose" tells of "could not care less," doesn't it?

And "its own purpose" makes growth—as no growth can be forced into a preset mold, "purpose"—all natural alive that kids want yet without wanting. "Who wants to grow up?" "O no, not me," says an adult; enough is enough already! "What wants to grow up?" "Me! Me!" says a child, but he does not know what "grow" is; it is just a funny word and he like anything funny! All this depicts "could not care less," doesn't it?

Five, "child abuse" abuses adults to death: From the above harvests, we now know. Being privileged to care for children nurtures our life-seedlings. Thus abusing children tramples to



pieces our own budding life-vigor to our own future. Adult's child-abuse commits adult suicide. "Is child abuse so serious?" Child abuse is as serious as destroying our own living. Here is how and why.

Our child abuse destroys the "playing with" essential to intercultural living together, devastates children's vital resources for our life, to turn all-too self-conscious to destroy our spontaneity, to destroy all adult life. Tender seeds of the child must be carefully tendered. To tenderly care for tender children is our categorical imperative that is our joyful privilege. We have no ifs or buts at all about this adult obligation of ours so delightful and so absolute, as kids are our primal pattern to launch interculture we live.

IV. Objections

At this juncture, I can hear objections obvious, standard, and important. We now answer them, and answering them reveals that these objections ironically reinforce how great children are. Let us take just four obvious objections, to wit, that kids are imperfect, that they are so weak as to get sick, that they fight, and that they are haphazard. "Kids are trifles!" snobbish adults say in these objections. Now we answer them one by one.

One: "Kids are wobbly imperfect; they know so little that we adults must care for them." Now, my dear adult friend, who is not "imperfect"? Being human, no one is perfect; aren't we



all imperfect? The crucial difference here is that we adults put up a false front of “perfection,” while kids know to their bones that they are imperfect, and eagerly look up to us adults to learn.

Not we but they these kids are radically honest to themselves, fulfilling Socrates’ Delphic motto, “Know thyself.” Of course, they don’t like their own imperfection; “baby” is a four-letter word of deep insult to them. Being the children consists in enjoying themselves playing here now, while resenting being “babies” here now. Loving here now and hating here now enables these kids to grow unawares, wonderfully.

Hans Christian Andersen is the world-renowned teller of kids’ fairy tales, but he takes such kid-stuff as “smaating” or “trifles,” looking forward beyond them in his “serious” works such as plays, novels, poetry, travel books, and many autobiographies.⁵ Ironically, he ended up turning renowned worldwide for all time, precisely because of his resented “fairy tales” that are his despised “kid-stuff” he must have enjoyed producing.

Andersen is thus a true kid who resents being “kid”! In short, enjoying being kids while resenting being kids, both at the same time, makes these kids truly “kids,” and this is why kids grow (resent being kids) with gusto (enjoy being kids). In contrast, adults do not grow beyond their status quo, eternally stuck here now so boring, because of lack of such tension, and

⁵ Andersen and Faowes 2006.



beware, in our human living, no growth is death. In short, not to cherish imperfections that we resent kills ourselves.

And soon enough, the moment comes. In our adult tender sensitivity toward children as we are privileged enough to care for them—we would realize—comes, in the final analysis, from children's own tender sensitivity itself, after all! We adults can never cease learning from our tender angels who casually lead us, correctly orienting us, and guide us on, and on. We adults are eternally in children's debt, as children are eternal joy of our future right now and here. "Their joy" is our inescapable obligation of life to follow to receive, in all our joys inherited from theirs.

Two: "Kids are ever so fragile as to get sick easily; they are no angels." Of course, kids dare always to explore and experiment, and so they easily get hurt. But they bounce back no less easily. In fact, hurting is part of their life-experiment, to see how much pain it gives to get hurt. Someone says that the master of martial arts is one who is acquainted with pain. We need not go elsewhere to look for the master. Kids around us are born masters of martial arts, getting hurt all the time to get back up always. These dear kids are bouncing balls of living on.

"Seven falls, eighth up," says the tumbler-toy in Japan patterned after children. Usually, kids' playing takes away their pain; they are born to play, so they are born to take away pain. But of course their baby capability has limits. When seriously hurt or sick, Tommy loses his real gutsy "Tommy," wails and



cries, and Mama takes over. No problem is here, and then things amazing happen. Here is a true story.

A small photo is beside a bird a month of a calendar issued by the National Children's Cancer Society of USA. I am drawn to a Jeremiah of three years old in April month, baring his giggling teeth, one missing, with beaming eyes under his naughty cap. He is the paradise of overflowing joy, but he is supposedly ill with T-cell acute lymphoblastic leukemia. But still, that is adult's diagnosis, none of his business.

Jeremiah must be in pain often, but not always, to give off his joy so contagious. He is the almighty here now, happier than all of healthy us put together. He teaches me two things. One, joy is irrelevant to physical condition, and two, I live for joy, not for physical condition. I must follow him to manage myself into joy. He is my almighty teacher of joy in pain.

I go see him every time I feel nasty. I look up admiringly to him, my giving guiding angel, every dawn, for renewed joy of the day. "Does he know if not plan his future?" Well, he lives his future now, as all kids do. That is why he can afford to be so happy any time he is in "no pain." Pain makes "kid angels." We must learn from kid's fragility to soar up above pain, precisely in fragility, precisely in pain.

Three: "Kids often tend to get into fight for silly reasons." Yes, they do; they are human, all too human. But for how long do they fight? They fight for five minutes or less, and only sporadically, not often, and then play together again, as "fight" is



part of their play together. All this while, their parents are still quarrelling over their fight “done millennia ago.” In contrast, we adults constantly fight for thirty years and more; wars and battles have never ceased in world history.

They only sporadically fight for this reason; they forget. “Mama, I hate Charlie. I want to kill him.” Mama says, “OK, Tommy, you can kill him after dinner. Come eat now, honey.” “OK, Mama.” And then Tommy forgets all of what he says. Do we adults ever forget? I have two famous books written by two well-known scholars, and published by two distinguished publishers; both unilaterally and categorically condemn forgetting.⁶ This is a sad ugly sight of adulthood that we never forgets grudges, and so we adults end up never getting together to help one another in joy.

Chinese Taoist sages extol forgetting, even self-forgetting, and children are such spontaneous sages, as they forget themselves playing together. Playing plays together and children must forget everything to play. Born to be expert players, children are innate experts at forgetting. This is why kids attract us for no special reason except that they are so clean; they cleanly fight, and they cleanly forget and play again as they fight, together. Those who fight together stick together, to play on and on. Such joy together!

Four: “Kids are haphazard; they are purposeless.” Let us compare such “wayward arbitrary kids” with us adults who are supposedly devoted to our consistent purpose. Among us adults, 1%

⁶ Weinrich 2004, and Ricoeur 2004. Both books are famous among adults, and both are ugly as adults are.



of our ideal breeds 99% of failures in our trials and errors, all so frustrating. We try to use adult “logic of discovery” to go on, which is expectation-logic of unexpected-discovery, in other words, a contradiction. We use contradiction to tackle the unexpected headaches, and so of course we fail. We huff and puff wallowing in failures and contradictions.

Adult expectation breeds “laws,” against which actuality rebels with “contingencies,” of which our life is full. So, of course, life is full of pain of contradictions for adults. In contrast, for kids, every moment is full of unforeseen novelties, and so life is full of joys of curiosity satisfied. Life of adults’ pesky contingencies is life of kids’ new excitements. So kids hate “naps” to miss out on their joys, while adults are so fond of dozing off, “taking five (minutes of rest),” to do nothing. “No activity” is adult’s joy, and “Nothing to do!” is kids’ hell.

No wonder Adults are often tired, but never are kids. Kids just drop unawares into Mama’s lap. “No rest for the wicked (for adults)” is no rest for kids full of fun and play. “No rest” is uncertainty hated by adults and enjoyed by kids as joy of being “haphazard.” Uncertainty forebodes future haphazard. Kids’ “haphazardness” is kids’ future excitingly unknown.

Actually, then, kids haphazard are the bright “black holes” of great potentials, and such free potentiality is all-potent. They say Hitler respected no one else except children, for he did not know what they were going to be. He entrusted all future of his aspirations to those children. The almighty Hitler takes off his hat in front of



“all fragile” children. Such awesome incoherence is resolved by kids’ “haphazardness” that conquers Hitler!

Now, are we convinced by now? All our adult objections, proudly condemning children as imperfect, often hurt and sickly, tending to get into fight, and so haphazard, are actually our admiration of children so unlimited in growth, daring to venture out experimenting, honestly expressing hatred and honestly forgetting it, and full of unknown potentialities so potent.

These features typify how kids play together, and playing together is joy of interculture worldwide, and so kids teach us in their living, precisely while we adults proudly complain about them, how to interculture in joy unlimited worldwide, right here now as kids. Without kids, there would be no adults complaining to be perfected by these imperfect kids!

V. Abusing Children

Now, have you noticed it? Children have been described, and in describing kids, our awesome “interculture” appears by itself, for kids are intercultural as kids play with one another, and “play with” is intercultural. So, let us tie things up together. We have three points here, intercultural, kids, and abusing kids.

One, intercultural: Believe it or not, we humans live intercultural. I live with trees, literally breath to breath, as they receive my breathing to live on as I receive their breaths to be alive on and on. Robbing me of “trees culture” robs me of my “life culture.” We are radically social; interdependence is our human



essence, as part of the essence of the whole Mother Nature, as “mother” implies reciprocity of nurturing interdependence.

Interculture is interdependent in our “inter way” of living back and forth. “Interculture” is the way in which we think and live, and grow. Interculture is how we “inter think” to “inter learn” in “inter joy.” We all live for joy, so all of us live interculture. Robbing us of interculture robs us of our life. This conclusion, however surprising, is inescapable.

Two, children: Kids are innately playful; they constantly play with others, kids and non-kids, all in “inter joy” jumping shouting. “Playing with” is how they live, think, and grow. Kids are thus born with interculture playing “inter learning” to “inter live” in “inter joy.” If this is not innate interculture in all kids, nothing is. So, we adults must learn how to interculture by playing with kids. Since we all live interculture, all of us must live with kids playing interculture. All our living hangs on this “must” of becoming kids, playing with kids. Robbing us of playing with kids as kids kills us all.

Three, adults ruin themselves by abusing kids: This point naturally and inevitably follows from the two points above. India says, “Those who cut the tree cut themselves,” simply because trees nourish human vigor to live on. Likewise, those who abuse children “our root” abuse and poison their root to their death. Harming children harms the adults who harm them. It is such a sad reciprocity of harms.



Sadly, however, we do mysteriously abuse others, the “weakest” of whom are kids, so we think, and so we abuse kids. Abusing kids tells of us committing suicide. Child-abuse shows our absolute innate need of being led by kids and guided by kids. “Abusing children” clues us to our absolute dependence as adults on kids, as kids as our categorical imperative of existence.

Now, have you noticed it? I have been giggling while jotting all this down, positive points of kids’ joys and negative ones of adult abuse of children’s joys. Even jotting down my imagined kids jumping shouting so impish is my joy. Kids just continue to give me joy, for kids are joy. How could I stop describing them?

Naturally, then, abusing such children of amazing joy smashes my joy to ruin all my life and theirs. Only by being wholeheartedly with them in differences—usually I am ashamed of my differences from them—is my power of being myself. Kids are all of a piece; being with them requires that I be totally honest all integral. “Being with their differences” is intercultural that is kids playing, for play requires difference, and “no difference” makes “no play.” So, we must intercultural with kids in kids so different to fulfill ourselves, growing as kids.

Moreover, isn’t all this description simple as kids? Isn’t all this kid-stuff alive in all joy, deeper than adult logic? Life is larger than logic, and kids always live it up, so kids are larger than adult logic. Deep large stuff is kid-stuff of joy together, so casual so overwhelming, and so intercultural. “Abusing such overwhelming kids joyous” amounts to abusing ourselves to end the entire



lifeworld of Mother Nature in intercultural. This ending ends the world. Abusing children ends the whole world.

Now, beware. Abusing kids is not limited to physical abuse of them. Imposition of preset programs does abuse children who are constantly soaring sky high beyond all limits preset on them. “How’d I know what I am drawing; I’m not done drawing yet.” Any teacher who gives up on Tommy as hopeless is herself quite hopeless, for she wants to impose a preset purpose and preset pursuit on Tommy’s drawing. Tommy drawing is Tommy drawing up his life. Education educates kids out, to nurture and guide their growth of potentials, drawing them out into themselves.

Failing them even in this adult way of our good willed “education” abuses them, to fail ourselves and our future that is kids playing at intercultural, right here right now. We are then all doomed. We all know that world intercultural is our adult global goal today. World intercultural is children playing together in joy here now, to tell us this sobering chilling truth: Abusing children poisons our well of intercultural, and we die together with the children we abuse. We either thrive with children in world intercultural, or else die with children by abusing them to ruin world intercultural to ruin the whole cosmos. We have no third alternative.



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從全球互動文化談虐童問題

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摘要

慈悲無窮是普世宗教的主旨，由而珍惜小孩為人生基本，絕對禁止侮蔑他們。本文由全球觀念（也是宗教所主）支持這宗旨：孩子們共同玩耍以引導全球互動文化，警惕絕不侮孩。本文由五環成立：存有即共存、共生，即悅樂文化互動，由孩們共玩，因此辱孩毀滅全球及人類。I 節闡述生存即共存共思文化互動。II 節看孩童自然遊戲呈現人生本質。III 節回應四項反對，呈顯「反對」之支持孩童為文化互動之規範。IV 節由反面總結，說明侮孩必毀滅全球文化互動及全人類。

關鍵詞：文化互動、孩童、共存

