

UNWORLDLY WISE

AS THE OWL REMARKED TO THE RABBIT

BY

O. O. O.

INTRODUCTION AND IN MEMORIAM BY

WEI WU WEI

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'O. O. O.' is a signature representing the 'cube-root of zero', the algebraic sign for which, $\sqrt[3]{0}$, is not always readily comprehensible. 'O', symbol of zero, represents the Subject whose objects are all numbers from one to infinity.

INTRODUCTION

The wisdom revealed by these familiar and unfamiliar animals does not surprise me at all. Since the verbal expression attributed to them is that of their interpreter O.O.O., there is nothing unnatural or mysterious about what they are given to say. And their actions are clearly interpretations also: all is actual but not factual, like the content of our own relative 'lives'. Neither their lives nor ours are genuine—which is in accordance with Virtuality—but whereas our lives have no interpreter to extrapolate them for us to read about, their lives here receive extrapolation.

I have only one comment to offer: what a pity O.O.O. does not give *us* a similar treatment, and show us what is really going on in our own unobjectivized dimension! I think he might raise his eyebrows and reply by asking 'What difference could you possibly expect? No such difference could be, for no "difference"—difference being purely relative—has any Absolute existence as such whatever, never has had and never could have, for neither "space" nor "time" has any objective existence either, since relatively they represent precisely what, Absolutely, we ARE.'

I fear that O.O.O. might reply to my suggestion or plea by again raising his eyebrows—a habit he has—and pointing out that human-beings have neither the charm, the frankness, nor the simplicity of our animal brothers, and that their discussions would be cantankerous and obscured by the mists of conceptuality. Perhaps, after all, may he not be right, perhaps we could not 'do' it frankly and simply, as our animal friends *act*. However that may

Introduction

be, let us take advantage of the straightforwardness of these fellow sentient-beings and be content to profit by their more silent wisdom.

We are only asked to recognize ourselves in these brief, and sometimes gay, sketches, and to benefit by what they reveal. As for me, I have already done so, and can quite sincerely recommend the experience. I hope indeed that you, whoever you may be who are reading this, may benefit as thoroughly as I have.

WEI WU WEI

I. INTRODUCTORY

'Getting dark,' said the owl, settling on a branch above the rabbit. 'Is this a good place to rest until dawn?'

'It is dawn,' the rabbit replied, 'the sun is rising: you have it the wrong way round.'

'To you, perhaps; such things, indeed all "things", are relative. Anyhow, I am the dawn.'

'If you think so,' replied the rabbit politely. 'Yes, the place is excellent, peaceful, and the grass is delicious.'

'Grass is not my affair in relativity,' remarked the owl, 'but I seek peace in order to BE. Any predatory phenomena about?'

'Rarely,' replied the rabbit, 'the odd biped, but I go to earth, and they don't eat owls.'

'Very well, I will rest here,' said the owl, 'anyway I like rabbits.'

'I am flattered,' replied the rabbit, 'and you are welcome.'

'Juicy and tender,' the owl added, 'and sympathetic before dinner.'

'Quite so,' the rabbit assented, 'a view which is unfortunately shared by others. That is why we live below our nourishment, whereas you live above yours.'

'An intelligent bunny also!' commented the owl cordially. 'I will stay. In any case I have dined.'

'I am glad to hear it,' the rabbit replied politely, 'and I hope you enjoyed your dinner.'

I. Introductory

‘A rat; rather tough,’ the owl muttered; ‘I will do better tomorrow. Good-night to you, and don’t eat too much of that nasty grass: makes people sick.’

‘Good-morning,’ the rabbit responded, ‘sleep well: I will call you if anything predatory turns up.’

‘Thanks, good bunny,’ the owl answered shortly, closing his great eyes and swivelling his head, ‘I think you and I will be friends.’

II. I SHINE

The rabbit, looking up, said to the owl, while ingesting several inches of grass, 'I often wonder why you open your eyes when it's dark and keep them closed when it's light?'

'When I shine,' replied the owl, 'there is no darkness, for darkness is only absence of light, and then I observe you perpetually eating whatever the earth brings forth; when I cease to shine nothing whatever can appear.'

'Then our worlds must be different?' suggested the rabbit.

'There are no worlds,' snapped the owl, with a click of his beak, 'other than what appears when *I shine*.'

'And what appears when the sun shines?' suggested the rabbit.

'I am the sun,' concluded the owl; 'what you think you see is only a reflection in your split-mind.'

'Is that so indeed?' replied the rabbit, twitching her nose dubiously. 'Then why do you and the sun not shine at the same time?'

'I *am* "time",' added the owl, 'and all "time" is my time. Moreover at this "time" I am beginning to feel hungry.'

'All right, all right,' sighed the rabbit—as she dived hastily into her burrow.

III. LOVE

'Why do you eat so much grass?' asked the owl.
'Grass is an emetic.'

'I find it digestive,' the rabbit replied, 'and I love it.'

'Why do you not eat snails?' continued the owl.

'Because I hate them,' answered the rabbit.

'Impossible!' exclaimed the owl. 'Who is there to *love* what, and what is there to be *hated* by whom? The two most fatuous words in our language!'

'Any two of us,' the rabbit suggested, 'you and I, for instance.'

'Absurd,' continued the owl, 'how could we be two?'

'Why not?' inquired the rabbit.

'Because I am, and you are not,' concluded the owl.

'But in space-time . . .' suggested the rabbit.

'In no time,' snapped the owl, with a loud clack of his beak and an almost vertical swoop.

'Perhaps,' said the rabbit, as she dived into her burrow, 'but not this one!'

XX. THE STORM

'A bit stormy today,' said the owl, digging his claws firmly into his swaying branch, 'better stay indoors—since you have one.'

'I am potentially underground,' called the rabbit through the wind whistling among the trees, 'but you are high up where you are; hang on tightly—or join me down here!'

'You seem to forget,' hooted the owl severely; 'I *am* the wind.'

'Of course, of course; I forgot,' called the rabbit apologetically, 'but why *must* you do it?'

'I do not *do* it,' hooted the owl, 'I do not *do* anything. I just *am* it.'

'Bad luck!' the rabbit screamed, 'must be worse for you up there than it is for me down here!'

'It certainly is—*relatively*,' replied the owl. 'But, after all, why not?'

'Seems only fair to me,' hasarded the rabbit, 'since you *are* it.'

'But you are it also, you ass!' the owl hooted back.

'I never thought of that!' the rabbit called, diving out of the way of a falling branch; 'but am I a donkey too?'

'I was using the term figuratively,' the owl screeched back, 'but of course you are nevertheless.'

'And as stupid as that also?' the rabbit queried.

XX. The Storm

'Donkeys are not stupid at all,' the owl replied, 'it is a human locution—and idiotic, as usual where other animals are in question. It is as they appear in the split-mind of self-infatuated bipeds.'

At that moment the branch broke off, and the owl flapped down beside the rabbit.

'Better down here,' he remarked, 'in an emergency at least; any rats about or other rascally rodents?'

'Not in this weather!' exclaimed the rabbit, 'but may I offer you hospitality?'

'Thanks indeed,' said the owl, 'but I could not return it, and I should not be able to spread my wings if you asked me an unusually stupid question.'

'Harmless friends are better than dangerous enemies,' urged the rabbit; 'you would be safer in my house.'

'Safety is relative,' explained the owl, shouting down the wind, 'friends and enemies also. All that is my eye.'

'Quite so,' commented the rabbit slyly, 'and lucky we have two.'

'We have two of everything,' the owl assented, 'or of almost everything that matters. I so arranged it.'

'How clever of you, and what foresight!' said the rabbit ingratiatingly. 'I am so proud to have such a friend.'

'My dear good bunny,' said the owl affectionately, 'what difference could there be between "friends" and "enemies"? The ones have as good a flavour as the others!'

'Yes, yes, of course,' replied the rabbit nervously, but, but if a rat were to attack me now—would you not defend me?'

'Of course, of course,' the owl assured her warmly, 'rats are much more savoury than rabbits!'

'Is that your definition of "love"?' asked the rabbit, slightly offended.

XX. The Storm

“Love”, “hate”, what possible difference could there be?” asked the owl. “Neither is anything whatever except in relation to the other!”

“Then wherein does the difference lie?” asked the rabbit.

“There is no difference between opposing concepts,” the owl explained patiently, removing a large twig which had fallen on the rabbit’s head.

“Thanks. But wherein lies the *apparent* difference?” she inquired.

“Differences are purely conceptual, products of split-mind,” he explained; “their origin could not possibly contain “difference”!”

“Then what is their origin?” asked the rabbit.

“I am their origin,” the owl answered kindly, “but allow me to offer you the protection of my wing: I am invulnerable whereas you are not, and objects are falling in all directions. All objects are potentially dangerous to those who have not apperceived that what they are is I.”

XXVII. SUBJECTIVE REINTEGRATION

'Good-afternoon!' said the rabbit politely.

'Moo,' replied the cow, munching a mouthful of grass.

'Beautiful tender grass round here,' added the rabbit; 'hope you are enjoying it.'

'Moo,' agreed the cow, without looking up.

'May I ask you a question?' said the rabbit, diffidently. 'I have been hoping for the opportunity for some time.'

'Moo,' the cow acquiesced, with indifference.

'I fear it is a somewhat personal question, but—well—are you enlightened?'

'Moo,' assented the cow.

'How did it happen, if you don't mind my asking?'

'Moo,' replied the cow, doubtfully, shaking her head and making her cow-bell ring.

'My friend the owl, up there, says that you cows frequently are,' explained the rabbit.

'Moo,' the cow answered, with undiminished indifference.

'If he were awake, we could ask him, but he sleeps at this time of day.'

'I am always awake,' snorted the owl; 'I shut my eyes because I shine too strongly in the day-time.'

XXVII. Subjective Reintegration

‘We have a visitor,’ announced the rabbit, ‘a bovine friend of mine, and your presence is needed.’

‘Cows are holy girls,’ the owl replied, ‘and I am always present as no thing whatever; my appearance is only what is sensorially perceived as such by whatever sentient-being is conceiving it. I am, in fact, always present as my absence.’

‘You hear?’ the rabbit asked the cow, ‘he is always, in fact, awake somehow or other, and greets you warmly.’

‘Moo,’ said the cow, picking another mouthful of fresh grass, and looking up.

‘She agrees that she is enlightened,’ the rabbit explained, ‘but she seems doubtful concerning how it happened, and when.’

‘It didn’t,’ the owl snorted, ‘and there is nowhere in which it could happen.’

‘But why is that?’ asked the rabbit, mystified.

‘Only an entity could be enlightened,’ the owl pointed out, ‘and there aren’t any. Is not that your experience?’ he asked the cow.

‘Moo,’ she assented, munching happily.

‘But however can that be?’ the rabbit inquired.

‘A famous Indian sage of our times told everybody that what they dubiously call “realization” already exists, and that no attempt should be made to attain it—since it is not anything to be acquired.’

‘And did they believe him?’ asked the rabbit.

‘Apparently not,’ the owl observed, ‘I am told that yearly every phenomenal biped who is interested, writes, lectures, or reads about it, “meditates” and practises goodness only knows what in order to acquire it.’

XXVII. Subjective Reintegration

'Sounds silly to me!' ventured the rabbit. 'Do you not think so too?' said she to the cow.

'Moo,' the cow answered, nodding her head and ringing her bell loudly.

'Only the bipeds do it,' the owl pointed out. 'The same Indian sage remarked that "realization", or "liberation" as they sometimes call it, is "ridding yourself of the illusion that you are not free".'

'And even that did not convince them?' the rabbit inquired.

'To be convinced is not what they want,' the owl explained, 'for that would deprive them of their precious "selves".'

'Perhaps they would have listened more readily to ancient sages?' the rabbit suggested.

'An ancient Chinese sage told them that "never having been bound, you have no need to seek deliverance." Could it be more simply and forcibly expressed?'

'Hardly,' agreed the rabbit, thoughtfully. 'Do you not agree?' she asked the cow.

'Moo,' assented the cow, collecting a large mouthful of grass.

'Another Chinese sage, one of the greatest, stated that "to awaken suddenly to the fact that your own mind is the Buddha, that there is nothing to be attained, nor a single action to be performed—such is the Supreme Way, such is really to be as a Buddha",' the owl added.

'Definite indeed!' commented the rabbit. 'But what about what is called "liberation"?'

'Identical,' stated the owl, with a hoot. 'Anyhow, as another of their ancient sages put it, "Liberation" is only liberation from the idea that there is anyone to be free!'

'Then, after all, what is it they are seeking?' inquired the rabbit thoughtfully.

XXVII. Subjective Reintegration

'You tell us, for a change, and we will consult your friend,' suggested the owl amiably.

'Well,' said the rabbit, burying her head between her paws, 'may it not be that when a phenomenon becomes aware of what it is—it is "awake", "liberated", or "enlightened"?'

'Moo,' dissented the cow, shaking her bell loudly.

'Sorry if I am wrong,' the rabbit murmured, downcast.

'Not bad for a bunny,' the owl said kindly, 'but no phenomenon ever does, or ever could!'

'Sorry!' said the rabbit, humbly. 'So what?'

'What the phenomenon is non-phenomenally becomes aware of what-it-is *via the phenomenon*,' explained the owl. 'Ask your friend here.'

'Moo!' replied the cow, nodding her head and ringing her bell repeatedly, as she turned away and gathered a large mouthful of luscious grass.

XXIX. IMMORTALITY

'Sleeping late this evening!' said the rabbit, 'the full moon is up.'

'I cannot be late,' replied the owl, '"time" is *that-I-am*.'

'Relatively, of course?' commented the rabbit.

'Absolutely "time" is called "Intemporality",' the owl explained, 'and *this-I-am*.'

'So that is why you cannot be late?' the rabbit agreed. 'But phenomenally . . . ?'

'Phenomenally, I am due to integrate my noumenality,' the owl answered.

'You don't mean that you are leaving me?' the rabbit said, dropping her dandelion in dismay.

'Leaving you, bunny?' the owl hooted. 'To wherever, do you think, could I go?'

'I have no idea,' the rabbit replied, relieved, 'but life would be sad indeed to me without you.'

'Thank you, dear bunny,' said the owl, 'but my phenomenal dis-appearance cannot really separate "us", you know.'

'But must you dis-appear?' asked the rabbit, appalled.

'Subjected to space-time conceptually, all appearance must dis-appear,' the owl reminded her.

XXIX. Immortality

'Yes, but not now, I hope!' the rabbit exclaimed.

'That moment of my "time" is almost due,' he said simply.

'You must dis-appear?' murmured the rabbit, aghast.

'As your "you" that is about to happen,' the owl explained, 'but, as I, it cannot!'

'But how is that?' she asked scratching an ear.

'Never having appeared, how could I dis-appear?' he answered gently.

'But, phenomenally . . .' the rabbit hesitated.

'Nothing phenomenal can happen to this-which-I-am,' the owl said dreamily, 'for this-which-I-am is not, relatively.'

'But, as a phenomenon . . . ?' she murmured, again.

'*That-which-I-am* is every thing which appears and disappears, extended in space and in time,' the owl explained, 'whereby I am conscious of what-I-am.'

'Then *what* are you as "I"?' asked the rabbit, puzzled.

'I have no personal *existence* as "I",' the owl continued, 'for existence is finite—and I am not.'

'You are infinite as "I" . . . ? Yes, yes,' murmured the rabbit, 'but yet you exist?'

'*Existence* is objective,' the owl went on, 'and that I cannot be.'

'You are not objective as "I" . . .' the rabbit commented meditatively.

'*Existence* is relative,' the owl added, 'whereas I am absolutely.'

'Nor relative . . .' the rabbit mused raptly. 'Then *what* is there for you to be? *Who* are you as "I"?''

XXIX. Immortality

'How can there be any "I" but I?' the owl cried, raising his great wings . . . 'I who am every and no thing' . . . 'I who cannot even be as I!' he ended ecstatically.

'Then *where* are you as "I"?' asked the rabbit, with an enraptured expression, her ears raised.

'In the silence of the mind—I AM!' he finished with intensity, and stretching his wings he rose slowly from his bough.

The great wings smote the air, as he rose majestically above the trees, circling in wide spirals towards the full moon.

Holding her breath, the rabbit watched him, in a mixture of awe and of horror, as he rose higher and higher in the sky until he became a mere speck above her head.

Then, suddenly, the great wings folded, and a black mass shot earthwards, fell with a dull thud, and lay in a quivering bundle of feathers at her feet.

For uncounted time she remained as in a trance. Then a peal of raucous laughter rang out in the forest, and consciousness returned.

'By your leave, good rabbit,' said the hyena, 'my affair, not yours!'

'Render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's . . . ' murmured the rabbit, and turning to the hyena, 'the things which are God's are mine.'

'And what may they be?' he inquired, somewhat abashed.

'If you wish to know that,' she answered, with a penetrating glance which transfixed him, 'you would need to know that *you are what I AM.*'

IN MEMORIAM

(Quoted, with permission, from *Posthumous Pieces*, Chapter 79)

I am not subject to space, therefore I know no 'where',
I am not subject to time, therefore I know no 'when',
What space-time is I am, and nothing finite apper-
tains to me.

Being nowhere I am every 'where', being everywhere
I am no 'where',
For I am neither any 'where' nor no 'where',
Neither inside nor outside any thing or no thing,
Neither above nor below, before nor after, at either
side of any or no thing.

I do not belong to that which is perceptible or knowable,
Since perceiving and knowing is what I am,
I am not *beyond* hither or thither, within or without,
Because they too are what I am.

I am not extended in space, I am not developed in
duration;

All these are my manifestations, all these are con-
ceptual images of what I am,

For it is my absence, my absolute absence, which
renders concepts conceivable.

I am ubiquitous, both as absence and as presence,
Since, as I,
I am neither present nor absent.
I can never be known as an object in mind,
For I am what is knowing, and even 'mind' is my object.

WEI WU WEI