

( From: "*Tales on the Gulf Banks*" Series

## **A Dialogue on the Thames Banks**

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## **PRESENTATION**

To the candle which its light had dimmed

To the pure, clean soul that had ascended to its Creator

To knight who had recorded by his nobleness the best pages of memory

To the scholar, intellectual and physician who departed from our world after he had left the deepest effect on our souls with his science, culture, nobleness and love for his homeland.

To the soul of the brother and friend Dr. Abdullah Ben Abdul

Rahman Al- Baker I present this humble literary work.

**Mohammad Abdulaziz Ahmed Al- Baker**

## INTRODUCTION

The civilizational and human continuity remains a genuine principle and an essential objective of those who are carrying the real civilizational message, which seeks to upgrade the human entity and keep it away from the chasms of extinction and barbaric lowness. Bridges, factors of continuity and common shares between cultures and civilizations, which humanity had carried as a hope and a sacred dream, dictate on loyal humans to try as much as they can, to support and establish their pillars, in order to make distances closer and hatreds precipitated by ancient clashes of human struggles disappear. Despite the fog surrounding the dream and objective, hope remains even if it were a ray of light at the other shore, trying and debating based on "**Come to a common term!**"

Those were the basic lines of the newly borne idea, which I had tried as much as I could to enter the field of challenge and confrontation. There is no meaning for lagging which gives the sense of defeat and recidivism. At the same time, I had tried through events of history and documented scientific researches, to link between what had happened, and what would happen.

I apologize to the reader for any shortcomings in my work. Perfection is exclusively for Allah alone.

**Mohammad Abdulaziz Ahmed Al- Baker**

## **A DIALOGUE ON THE THAMES BANKS**

Thus, the idea was born.....and thus was the decision an idea perfumed with nobleness, which ancient civilizations had carried since the dawn of history. Its human characteristics had accumulated in the Arab human fabric, which witnessed the birth on its land of all heavenly messages. The last of which is the greatest and it came as mercy, light, justice and the full comprehensive freedom for the entire humanity, without discrimination or differentiation among humans.

Facts and events impose themselves. Concepts interlink and interweave. The questions often posed are fearful in their meanings, **"What is next? Where the world is moving? Why what does happen happen?"**

Inside myself the echo the great Ayat reverberate," **Argue with them in a way that is better**". **"Then verily, he, between whom and you there was enmity, (will become) as though he was a close friend."**

The weather in winter was cold and angry as usual in Europe, particularly in London, where the sun is in a perpetual enmity to this ancient city.

A short while after sunset the plane was maneuvering to land at Heathrow airport. From the window, I could see London in its phosphoric lights and headlights of vehicles moving along its streets. When the plane touched down the ground was wet with continuous rain and it reflected the lights. Some passengers unfastened their seat belts and started collecting their handbags from the shelves.

In the last week of January The Gulf air Boeing jet plane arrived in London after eight hours flight from one of the Arab Gulf cities, characterized by their warm sunny weather in winter. London is a city famous by its cold weather, cold feelings and foggy bleak atmosphere.

Due to flying against the direction of winds, the flight from the Gulf to London took eight instead of seven hours.

The passengers were a mixture of Asian and European nationalities. Among them was an Arab who seems by his shape, outlooks, figure and accent to be from the Gulf region. At the beginning of the flight, he gave his overcoat to the airhostess who took it with a smile. After he had placed his handbag on the shelf he went straight to the back seats for smokers.

The Arab man paid his Japanese seatmate goodbye, took his overcoat from the airhostess and moved towards immigration and passport counters. Within half an hour, the Arab Gulf man was moving with his cart out of the gate towards a taxi, which took him to his private residence at Cromwell Street, Southwest. He seemed exhausted due to long hours of traveling. The rain, foggy bleak atmosphere had deteriorated his fatigue, He felt bored by the reflected lights from the wet ground and put a smile on his face and initiated a short talk with the English taxi driver. Within half an hour, the taxi dropped him in front of his

residence building. He had carried his luggage and within moments he was inside his apartment, which he characterised by mixed furniture combining Arab taste with western artistic touches. This made it comfortable and relieved some of the psychological and physical fatigue. He wanted to have a bath. Therefore, he entered the bathroom but there he had felt an instinctive feeling of homesickness, caused by moving into a completely different culture and heritage. He tried to call the woman who supervises looks after his apartment to inform her about his arrival, She did not answer as she seemed to have been outside here house.

It was not the first time he travels alone away from his homeland and folk. Perhaps it was the 40<sup>th</sup> or 50<sup>th</sup> time. He does not remember the number of times he traveled with his folk or without them, but certainly, he remembers that each time he traveled he felt the same instinctive feeling of homesickness mixed with longing for family and home life in all its details. However, gradually he gets used to his new reality. Such a feeling previously stirred only ordinary cultural clashes, which occur unintentionally whether in the street or the general course of ordinary daily life or in any other foreign country, which is different in its heritage and its social and spiritual traditions.

From the reality of his, experience in dealing and coexisting with other peoples of different cultures and heritages especially the oriental peoples. Despite their different spiritual heritage, he has a feeling of affinity or of less psychological estrangement or disparity towards them.

In Europe, however, he has a strong hidden feeling of psychological, spiritual and intellectual disparity towards the Europeans. In fact, that feeling was not the result of his thought, spirit or environment, but was a natural reaction towards the feelings of the Europeans towards him while he is among them. He could not define certain incidents, which generated such a hateful feeling.

Perhaps it was due to historical, religious and political accumulations in addition to the inherent spiritual feeling in the depths of the human soul and its interactions in the natural

civilizational strife and struggle among humans of different outlooks, convictions and cultures in this world.

This is something natural and instinctive in the human soul. He tried many times to search inside his soul, mind and history for conensing reasons for that disparity and that closed outlook rapped in a sting of mutual hidden psychological, hatred, and enmity, whenever a terrible feeling had overwhelmed him. He could not find inside his soul a single factor, which imposes that feeling. Thus, he found himself a man with a soul saturated with radiating human warmth mixed with the perfume of a great heavenly faith, which carried light and peace for man on earth, in order to save him from a tragic end. The signs of such end are apparent from his staggering and limited visions.

He had discovered that the more he thought he had no hatred of enmity towards these humans, he found that he had inside himself an admiration and appreciation for their civilizational aspects, which the scientific and technological progress had attained, from which the whole humanity had benefited, and he personally had benefited.

So, what is wrong? Where is it? Such questions were imposing themselves on his thought while he was trying to understand that wrong with all his heart and soul. He sees madness is turning the struggle with the west from, a tool of dialogue controlled by rationality and the pursuit of human happiness and safety from calamity, into a tool of killing, burning, dispersion, destruction and unjust wars, the scaring features of which are apparent in the scopes of his thinking are about to hit him in essence ultimately.

Inside his mind, ancient events were repeating themselves as they had done throughout history. Their recording on history pages is a witness to their credibility and reality. Since the armies of the west began to knock at our doors as invaders, after the descent of the great message which carried to humankind the final word of Allah, which is a great constitution and the law which secures to the entire world a life of security instead of fear and happiness instead of calamity.

Inside himself there are fearful premonitions about terms which he knows nothing about them from his heritage, culture and society such as "racism", "sectarianism", "ethnic eradication" and "Nazism" .

In his query and astonishment he addressed himself saying, " We have never known such things since the dawn of our history." He continued searching inside himself for a single moment in which he had acted in such a hateful type of conduct but he could not remember any. In stead, he combined a picture of his great values, which his Islamic faith had implanted and originated in the essence of his heritage and culture. The foreigners in his country live, work get richer and enjoy all the services and privileges under a huge umbrella of generosity and sublime human outlook. The difference is clear and outstanding.

He recalled the minute details of his life. How he had spent his time and received his friends. How he had given aid to a stranger or a relative. How people in the street rally to help a man asking for assistance. These are superb things and spontaneous practices, which the west hardly has, anything like them.

The fearful visions pass in his mind and turn his admiration for certain aspects of the western civilization into a huge fear when he recalls thoughts about the destructive power of the huge technical civilization and what it could do if it were polluted by thoughts based on terms of racism, sectarianism, Nazism and ethnic eradication.

One final series of questions came up after thinking had exhausted him: Is there a vision, based on a faith, controlling the movement of struggle between him and the west? How long will it take before it is over? Is it sensible to continue while the western civilization has aware mature minds, which are certainly capable of understanding, investigating and knowing right from wrong and just from unjust? If so, are there hidden evil powers conspiring against the world and its human inhabitants?

He tried to run away from those thoughts but he could not because of the events which were going on in Bosnia, Chechen and all homelands of Muslims which aimed at distorting Islam as a faith in the eyes of other peoples.



Is not Islam the heavenly message and the faith, which uplifts man to sublime levels regardless of his race, shape, wealth and origin? Is not Islam the divine faith, which had freed man, from servitude and made him indeed the noblest and the most sublime creature on earth mentally, intellectually and spiritually? Is not Islam the divine faith which brought justice and mercy to man and the greatest organizing law of relations not only between man and man but also between man and everything in his life, nature and natural resources? Even in Struggles, Islam separated between right and wrong and between what is useful and is harmful to people. Is not Islam the divine faith and message for the entire humankind on earth and not for a certain sect, faction or race of humans? A very long tape of memories of events had passed through his mind. They had built inside him a huge feeling of self-confidence and trust in his history, society and culture.

He had remembered when he was a little boy going out of his house and carrying a dish of food to his neighbors house. He had remembered his father sitting and calculating **Zakat** of his money and identifying the needy among relatives, neighbors and others. He had remembered himself as a little boy playing in the squares and streets of the locality area in which his family used to live without fear or worry. He had remembered his father scolding him and his mother punishing him for not showing respect to the elders in his neighborhood. He had remembered how the little society was profoundly shaken when someone in the neighborhood or other localities did something contrary to the ethics of the society in which the young must show respect to the elders. A series of memories with all their small details and great images and indications constitute a source of pride for him. Deep inside his soul, he wishes them to remain deeply established in his society forever. He had a strong feeling that those traditions and that great spiritual heritage make his real strength and huge confidence and the unshakable belief in his society and its high values. Indeed, it was a long moment of reverie, which attacked him while he had a strong feeling of homesickness.

The sound of the phone ringing awakened him from his reverie. He was still standing in front of the mirror and the tub was nearly full of hot water. He turned the tab off and ran to

answer the phone. However, the phone stopped ringing so he went back to the bathroom wandering if his wife was trying to call him. He took off his clothes, lied down in the hot water, and started to bathe. Then, a pleasant current of comfort had passed through his body and soul and had removed his feeling of exhaustion. He started singing a gulf folk song. He went to the kitchen after he had finished bathing. He noticed that the woman who supervises the house had bought some fruits and put them inside the refrigerator. The woman is of Arab origin and is nearly 55 years old. She lives alone in a government apartment since her husband died. She had a son who works and lives in another city in Britain.

He came to know this woman last summer by chance when she was looking for a new residence and he introduced her to members of his family who liked her very much and asked her to take care of their house while they are away against a certain payment.

He had eaten some fresh strawberries and blackberries. Then he rinsed his mouth and went to pray. He was planning to make a quick surprise visit to some friends who usually gather at night in Queensway. Most of them are Arabs residing permanently in Britain.

He had put on his heavy clothes. Then he tried to call his wife to set her mind at ease about his safe arrival. He talked to his wife and children. His wife told him that she was about to call him again as he did not answer her calling him earlier. Then he left out and as there was a light rain, he waited under a bus-stop umbrella for a taxi to take him to Queensway. The religious lecture which had started after *'Isha* prayer at Reagent Mosque finished. The lecturer was an envoy from a well-established religious body in an Arab country. The main topics of the lecture were about fasting, the virtues of **Ramadan** and Islamic ethics in general. At the end of the lecture, the audience asked the *sheikh* about various topics of concern to the Muslims.

The audience began moving out of the mosque among them was the British woman of Arab origin, who takes care of the Gulf man's house in London. She went straight to the railway station and got the train back to her apartment. She got down at Pearl Escort metro station. Then she walked under her umbrella, as there was some light rain. She

stopped in front of the building in which Gulf man's apartment is located and understood from the increased lights that he had arrived. Then she went to her apartment in the vicinity.

When the woman reached her apartment, she dialed calling the Gulf man to congratulate him on his safe arrival, but he was already out with his friends in Queensway drinking minted tea. She entered her kitchen to prepare her dinner and feeling spiritual self-satisfaction and comfort because the presence of these people from the Arabian Gulf makes her lonely life less severe and spiritual environment in which she lives makes her huge pains lighter. She remembers those old days more than 40 years ago, when she was living among her family members: parents and an elder sister. She remembers with painful longing to her friends of childhood, her school and details of warm social relations. However, her loneliness is killing her. Although she had a son from her late husband but he works and lives in another city in Britain. The wheel of life in Britain does not have any mercy. There is no scope for such humanitarian emotions.

The woman had not forgotten when she graduated from university and got a job in an important location, from which she had gained her importance in the country. At the time, her single male colleagues were roaming around her seeking her approval to marriage but she used to reject their approaches politely. Her dreams were great. Why not, she belongs to a good family, beautiful, dedicated and of good conduct. She was dreaming of a higher and more sophisticated standard of living with a man capable of realizing her legitimate aspirations and big dreams.

The chance for realizing those dreams came with emergence of a man who was living in Britain and with scientific ties with a university in her city. She met him incidentally at the office of her boss. The man wasted no time and he asked her to marry him through visiting her family for this purpose. She had given her consent and later got married. He was looking for a woman belonging to his soul heritage culture and religion. She lived the last days before leaving her country dreaming of a European life and visualizing great images of streets, gardens and life style. She had never forgotten when she traveled to London

with her husband and they arrived at Heathrow Airport. From there they went to the house, which her husband had rented for them.

The family life of the woman had started in London where her husband used to work from 9am to 6pm. While her husband away at work she managed the home affairs. When she gave birth of her first child, she felt lonely away from her society and she missed the warm relations in such occasions. However, life in London was different intrinsically in its nature. Even the minutest details of life and dealings were entirely different

The fact, which she must accept, is that she had come from a drastically different society. All things in her new society from hobbits, conducts, culture, heritage and customs are different. She is exactly like the Gulf man in thinking of belonging to another society and wondering: Do not I belong to humankind society? Do not I belong to a people and a nation, which had produced the most ancient indigenous civilization known in history? She speaks to herself: I speak English. I have known some women who are my neighbors, during ordinary social occasions which are subject to a strange protocol and in which the human inclination and emotions are weak. Indeed, there is a huge psychological gap separating between them and me. |There is a hidden barrier, which I do not know its essence, which does not permit forming any real close relationships here as I used to have in my homeland. The relations with my friends had reached degrees, which surpassed the blood relations. In the street in which I used to live and on the way work there were good relations with my neighbors, the newspapers seller standing inside his booth, the guardsman of the office building in which I used to work. I used to exchange greetings with all those people and others in the morning with a real smile, indicating sublime human relationships. These sublime human relationships involved even the shapes of buildings, roads, smell of air, cries of children playing in the buildings entrances in our street, the sound of the call to prayer with its great words, which call the entire humanity to sublimation, sophistication, success and the worship of Allah the one. At that moment, she was missing the call to prayer and many thousands of life details in her original society. Here in London she finds no traces for them. Indeed, the western civilization

depicts clean streets, superb buildings, supremacy of law and order and a multitude of scientific achievements.

Then, a series of questions crowded her mind like a tempest. What is a real civilization? What is its essence? What does it offer to humanity? What does it usurp humanity? Mona sat by herself and with a quick investigatory look she could confirm the dangerous collapse of the humanity framework and the retardation of the power, which moves man towards his happiness, security in all his life.

They are flooding feelings made by warm human emotions, by which humanity weaves its real gown, which protects it from cold, fear, starvation and wretchedness.

This civilization apart from giving hatred and fear by the criteria of destruction as depicted in the eyes of people on the streets and homes fearing a killer thief or a murderer rapist, has not given humanity the means and factors of its happiness, security and stability. It has indeed granted humanity numerous means of comfortable life, which only a hater denies them. By these means, it has changed the shape of human life. It has changed the march of humanity in a way, which is nearly drastic when compared with ancient past. All these affected drastically man's health, progress of medicine and its researches, human mind, provision of information and quickness of transmitting information. It has affected the whole life of humanity with the communications revolution, landing on the moon and invading the outer space. However, this civilization has usurped man his humanness.

Despite the superb shapes and structures, which this civilization has given to humanity, it has produced weapons of mass destruction with which one simple mistake could annihilate human race, his civilization and all living beings on the face of the earth altogether. This civilization has stripped man from his humanness gown when it made him a slave and a captive to fleeting material gains and low lusts. It has torn the great fabric, which had protected man and his humanness the coldness of fear and wretchedness.

Even the divine resources which the great creator has provided to humans as treasures without charges for the perpetuation of their life, such as water, air, forests and seas.,

have become in great danger under those civilizations and are suffering from a huge pollution due to their discharges.

As such, that civilization had turned into a beast, which devours and destroys what it had made. In the end profits get diminished and come close to zero and then they turn into losses. Such losses will ultimately end in the loss of man himself.

Mona smiled bitterly when she remembered a small incident but carries great indications in its essence and human dimension. That was when she was waiting for the train at a metro station and saw an old European woman struggling helplessly with bags and was about to fall down on the ground. Therefore, Mona hurried naturally and instinctively to help her. However, the reaction of the old European woman terrified the English woman of Arab origin when she stretched both her hands to prevent her from coming any closer or to carry her bags.

At that time, there was an Arab man who had seen what has happened. Therefore, he approached Mona and said wondering if she was an Arab woman. She said, yes. He laughed and said to her "I have seen that you trying to help the old woman and her reaction. I request you not to blame her because she imagined that you were trying to steal her bags. The thoughts of people here had reached to such a degree that no one volunteers to rescue a man in need of help. Mona said it is strange indeed to find such feelings and sensations full of fear in the midst of civilized Europe. The Arab man turned his face and said," You have not seen anything, yet. It seems you are new here. Goodbye my train had arrived". The conversation ended abruptly

When she returned home, she related the incident to her husband, who said to her," Here they may misunderstand you therefore you should be careful and do not try to interfere next time in what goes on in the streets. Things here are entirely different from what goes on in our countries and societies.

The tape of images and events of her life here had continued since the beginning. the social relationships were limited to some Arab families, who take the opportunity of the usual social occasions such as the marriage of a friend or the birth of a new child or the

religious occasions , to meet together and nothing else except the usual rare visits and the transient meetings.

She remembers when she delivered her first and only child how her happiness was great and it had lightened her feeling of loneliness and decorated her house. Then the death of her husband and her son being away from her had constituted horrible things and heavy on the human soul.

She had to accept the natural postulates and axioms such as death as being something inevitable for every soul. However accepting her sole son being away from her while, she is in this age who visits her rarely, though he is young, highly qualified academically and has a respectable job.

It is something very difficult to tolerate by the soul that carries a great heritage, which categorizes such a thing as a disgrace. She had never forgotten that day on which she was looking for an alternative house, when the Gulf man met her at the entrance of the building. From the first look, she knew that he was an Arab, so she greeted him in Arabic. He replied her in the same language, with a smile that carries a lot of warmth and humanness. She asked him if he could tell her whether the building belongs to the governmental housing. He told her that it was a private building consisting of apartments owned by individuals and he was one of them. Seeing in him her son, she then asked him, " Where are you from my son? He answered her, " I am a gulf Arab and I have come here with my family to spend the summer holidays. I also reside in here during business trips. My late father had bought the house many years ago. "The he went on to invite her by saying, " Please come with me to introduce you to my family: my mother, wife, sisters. "She thanked him but promised to visit them soon because she was busy looking for an alternative residence and she went away.

Within less than a week, while the Gulf man was walking in High Street Kingston he heard someone calling him from behind. When he looked, he saw that same Arab woman but this time she was crying, sad and morally broken.

He hastened to her and asked what was wrong with her and why she was crying? She covered her face with her hands and said amidst crying. I do not know how to manage shifting my things from my old apartment to the new one near your apartment. I am shifting the light things in plastic bags and they are heavy and numerous. As you see, I am using this small two-wheel cart and I have to go on foot and return carrying more bags. I am tired and exhausted. The Gulf man immediately hailed a taxi, took the manual cart, and said to the woman, "Follow mew mother! Where is your house?" She told him it is near about a hundred meters away. They both got into the taxi and he was comforting and calming her panic. When they arrived at her house, the Gulf man asked the taxi driver to wait in order to take them back after they bring some things. Within few minutes, he managed to put as many bags as possible inside the taxi and told the taxi driver to take them to Cromwel Street and when they arrived, the Gulf man carried the bags and put them inside her apartment. Then he went back another time to bring the rest of her things by the same taxi. When he fished, he paid the fair of the taxi and thanked the driver. Then he told the woman that he had informed his family about you and they are waiting for you after you finish arranging your things inside your house. At that moment, she felt a new spirit moving inside her body. She felt as though she had suddenly returned to her homeland, origin and reality. She was a stranger quietly even after all those long years, which she had, lived in England and obtained the nationality and citizenship rights of the hosting country.

She remembered her father and mother at that moment, who died 15 years earlier and her sister who lives with her husband in her original homeland and the relation with her is by phone calls on occasions and rare times or by letters, which arrive in longer intervals.

Indeed, she feels a real entanglement and a killing loneliness. Her life has lost its meaning because she had lost everything in England: her husband, her son and affection of her



parents. Yes, she has lost everything. She has, even started losing hope and waiting for the end. Only Allah knows how and when that end will be. Mona awakened from her obsessions reverie and wiped her tears. She felt a need to get out of that frustrating atmosphere which presses heavily on her spiritually and physically. She hastened in making up things inside her new apartment. Then she went out to meet those good people. It was about six in the evening when she rang the doorbell. She had found a young woman waiting for her when the door opened, who received her with pleasure and seated her in the guest room. Then The Gulf man's mother and her daughters came in welcoming their guest. He had already informed his wife, mother and sisters, about her expected visit. Amidst this ceremonial atmosphere and cups of juice, Mona felt her soul cleaning from within. Soon the ice was broken and began relating her life story from the beginning.

They were moments Mona wished they would never end. She wished deeply inside herself if she stayed with them the rest of her life. With a mixture of sadness and pleasure to meet this Arab family, the guest had spent sometime, which had wiped the dust of her huge sadness. When she rose to leave the woman of the house told her, "As you do not work, so come over whenever you like to spend your time with us and consider us your folks here. It is also a chance to go out with us in our shopping and entertainment rounds. Here, we will never find a better friend and companion than you."

Mona answered with great pleasure, "I will be with you daily and you will always find me by your side and at your service." She then said goodbye and went back to her old apartment to spend her last night there. The following day workers will come with a big truck to move her furniture to her new apartment neighboring her new folks.

Mona indeed became lady in waiting and a friend to the Arab woman and her daughters. She used to leave them only to have a rest or go to sleep. She had become one of the

family members. She used to get up in the morning and go to have breakfast with them, because the Arab woman had insisted on her not to eat any thing except in their company.

The Arab woman had started delegating to Mona the task of following up and supervising the affairs of the house during their absence, as they come only during summer for three months in addition to incidental visits not exceeding one week, when London is their destination. However, if their destination is USA they do not exceed a night or two for resting only.

Mona performs her comfortable job consisting of supervising the house and receiving and paying bills of water, electricity, telephone and gas. She cleans and supplies the house with food before their arrival. Mona felt that Allah has compensated her with these people after the deprivation, which suffered from during the past years of her life, and the killing feeling of loneliness in which she was living for long years.

Nothing was more painful to her than when they return to their county. That is why she was always waiting and counting days patiently, living in state of permanent waiting for their coming back to London. On her [part the Arab woman considered Mona as a member of her family and fixed a good salary for her supervising the affairs of the house while its owners are away.

With such a salary, she could buy gifts for her dear grandson, who she rarely sees him. She also could pay the phone bills for talking to her sister and son who lives away from her physically and emotionally. However, since she had known this Arab family, she felt as if it were her folk and homeland. Nothing could make her sadder than when this Arab family is not in London.

Mona sighed and felt relieved and whispered, "Praise be to Allah, the Lord of all beings". Then she looked at a photo of her son Shaker placed on her bedside – table with an

overwhelming longing to see him, to embrace him and to strike his head gently as she used to do when he was a kid. However, he grew up and like all his peers in the society in which he lives; he began to show an inclination to independence in thinking and life. However, she had noticed that her son might be suffering among his peers at school. Although she tried to connect him culturally, to the language, religion and heritage of his original homeland, the drastic difference between his family lifestyle at home and what he sees and hears in the society outside caused him a psychological disorder. It was a logical result of the ongoing struggle inside him between two opposing societies in life concepts, culturally, intellectually and spiritually. The nature of the European life style has decisively won the struggle. It was not easy for the young man to resist the sweeping current of daily life, while taking him away physically, spiritually and psychologically from the original culture and the spiritual and civilizational heritage of his parents. He discovered in the end that it is easier to take the other side of life. He may be able to feel a real blending in the society in which he lives. He even may feel that he truly has become one of its indigenous individual members. So the person had become more refuting of his original human values, and farther away from them, so much, so that he avoided referring to his original nationality and roots in order to escape the looks of his peers and friends at school from the other society. Further, for the sake of making them feel he is one of them, and carrying the same cultural and civilizational fabric, he had reached the maximum extent of self-denial, rebellion and alienation. However, all his efforts went in vain. His mother watched his ordeal with pain and fear. Yet despair never crept into her heart, however, after the death of his farther, matters became more difficult. She had to keep the minimum level of values by reminding him always with his language, religion and culture.

Despite the advanced stage, which he had reached in his attempts to blend completely in his European surroundings and alienate tally from his origin yet there was a faint obsession deep inside him or subconscious that he could not get rid of forever. It is true that he over came it by forgetting it sometimes and through being more and more

ambiguous in his European society. However, the seed despite being small it remained alive and fertile to the extent that he coexisted with it, based on forgetting it and getting away from it. He did not know that his attempts were a big self- deception and elusion. His name and the names of his father, mother and family and the color of his skin will remain a live testimony that he is not an indigenous European in the eyes of the society in which he lives. He could change his religion officially but he could not take that decision. He did not know why and had never thought about it even once. The strange thing he felt an inner happiness, whenever, there were good events or news about Arab or Muslim affairs As opposed to this , whenever, there were offences against the Muslims or the Arabs in the news media , he felt a inner sadness. The seed was alive and liable to germinate but it was dormant and there was not a single artery which prepared to irrigate it to let it germinate and then to flourish and fruit.

Shaker has graduated from university and attained a high certificate in one of the important and highly demanded specializations. Indeed, he had no time to waste. Therefore, he got a good job in a far away British city from London. His mother was the happiest woman in the world when she saw her son takes his first step in his career. However, her happiness was mixed with an inner sadness covered by the hope that he in the coming tomorrow, he would retrieve his awareness and she could not do anything more than praying to Allah for the sake of his safety.

Mona imagined that Shaker would take her to live with him in the new city, after his position settles and improves their and gets all his job privileges. She did not know that on the ground of that city there would be other events, which will cause her more pain. As a human being, she suffered the pains of pregnancy, delivery and struggle to raise her son up hoping she would get her grand award in the end- the award of love and care at the time in which she is in dire need for love and care. The word loneliness had never crossed her mind at all. She suffered from it a little but she had never lost the hope.

Events happened, days passed, and the hope weakened and shrunk until it became a mere wish to see her son once a month since he had got married to a beautiful woman from Scotland who works with him in the same place and lives with her family in the same city. With each telephone call, excuses were causing torture to the mother. Then telephone calls became rare and stopped all together. However, he continued sending some money, which she spent on making phone calls to set her mind at ease about him and about her sister in her original country.

In a phone call, Shaker told his mother that he had got married and then, she realized her new situation, accepted it and got used to it. This of course was a way of easing her suffering. However, she had never forgotten to pray to Allah for the sake of her son. She used to spend the long nights of winter in praying to Allah as a means of overcoming her loneliness. She used to think and try to remember some happy events in her life. The happiest news was the birth of her first grandson. Since then, her first interest and concern has been buying gifts and clothes from her new salary, which she gets for supervising the house of those good generous Arabs. The TV news about the war in Sarajevo awakened her from a reverie. She cried when at the scenes of destruction and killed men women and children. She involuntarily switched off the TV set and picked up the telephone dialed the calling number of the Gulf man but there was no answer. So she put the lights off and hit the hay.

The meeting in Queens Way lengthened after the other friends who knew about the presence of the Gulf man, had arrived. They talked about various matters while drinking tea with mint after they had had dinner together. Among the gathering was a single European Mr. Wilson who is an official of a publishing house, which is in charge of the task to publish and distribute a literary work for the Gulf man. So most talking was in the English language, in respect to his feelings while being among them.

At about two o'clock in the morning, the gathering began to dwindle and each of the Arab friends offered to take the Gulf man to his house by their cars. However, he chose the English man Mr. Wilson take him home in his car in order to discuss business tasks of the next day, on the way.

In front of the building, the car stopped and the Gulf man got out, said good-bye to the English man, and then went into his apartment. He had smile and was feeling comfortable. He took off his overcoat and laid it on the big sofa. Then he remembered that he should call the good woman who supervises his apartment during his absence. Nevertheless, the time was not proper to call her at two –thirty in the morning. He took off his clothes and put on a sleeping gown. Then he sat on the sofa enjoyed smoking a cigarette. He felt, he was in a very high spirit. However, he soon felt sleepy, so went into the bathroom, brushed his teeth and went to his bed set the alarm clock at 8:30AM and hit the hay.

At seven- thirty Mona got up on the ringing of the alarm clock over her bedside table, which carries a portrait of her son Shaker. She had a bath and performed the Morning Prayer. Instead of calling the Gulf man, she preferred going to his apartment to prepare breakfast for him. She felt a strong urge to do that. Nothing is strange about that. It is rather a natural thing and a duty. However, she felt such a strong desire to prepare his breakfast without knowing the essence of that feeling. Perhaps it is a way of response to the good deeds of these Gulf people and she used to prepare meals when the whole family is present in the apartment.

However, as she is still an oriental Muslim woman deep inside her, she shuns from being alone with a strange man behind closed doors, which is something her religion forbids, though she is nearly about the age of his mother. Yet, that thing stems from an internal feeling. Even if she did not go to prepare his breakfast, he would not blame her. There is no reason to be sensitive about that matter at all. The urge to prepare breakfast for the Gulf

man probably stemmed from her instinctive feeling, which she used to get up in the morning and proceed immediately to prepare breakfast for her son.

Mona resolved her mind after she had locked her apartment and went to his apartment, a few meters away. She opened the door with the key, which is always with her. When she entered, she felt he was still asleep. She prepared the bathroom first, and then she entered the kitchen to prepare breakfast. In the previous day, she had bought eggs, milk, bread, cheese, butter and fruits and kept them in the refrigerator. While she was preparing breakfast, she felt quite happy. She heard the alarm clock ringing inside the bedroom. The man got up from bed put on an over gown as he felt her presence from the sounds inside the kitchen. So went towards the kitchen greeting her: Good morning Mother of Shaker. She answered back his greeting and said Thanks Goodness for your safety. It seems you went out and came back very late last night, I had called you twice after I had returned from the mosque and once before I went to sleep last night, but you were still out. He told her that he went out and came back at about two o'clock. I had spent sometime with my friends.

My mother and all members of my family send you greeting of Islam. She told him that they had talked to her before he arrived to inform me about the time of your coming to London. Then she said to him your bathroom is ready and your breakfast is ready too. "Do you intend to have your lunch here?" She asked him He answered her saying:" You are always like this, mother of Shaker; you have not changed your life a bit here from the habits of our mothers. You always take care of the affairs of your sons, especially their food. He asked her purposely to prepare his lunch food. (He purposely told her to do so although he knew that he will have lunch outside.)

Then he said:" I may come at lunchtime, but if I do not show up, have your lunch, do not wait for me.

After he had a bath, he put on his clothes, performed the morning prayers, went to the kitchen to have his breakfast consisting of fried eggs, juice, and toasted bread slices. Meanwhile, he asked Mona about her conditions and her son. He noticed that her smile disappeared and a cloud of sadness appeared on her face. So he hastened to change the subject and said: "Do not forget to prepare lunch by your hands, but please do not wait for men and have your lunch if I don not come on time." He took out an envelope, put it on the table, and told her: "Take this amount to spend on the house requirements during my stay here, which will last for about a week. When he finished having breakfast, she asked him whether he likes to have tea or coffee. He told her "Some tea, please!" He had sip and said I feel as if I had not left my house back home. She said it is my pleasure to hear you say that son. I always feel I have not done enough for you. I wish I could do as much as you have done to me by your generosity and good company. Then she asked him, "Are there any things you want me to do?" He thanked her and got up to leave. The time was about nine – fifteen. As he left the building, he noticed the sky was cloudy and he wished to have a fair weather, which is impossible at that time of winter. Therefore, he put on his overcoat, which he was carrying on his arm, and he smiled when he remembered that he has to buy an umbrella to protect his clothes from drizzling of rain most of the time. He felt the cold wind bites his face, so he put his hands inside the pocket of his overcoat and walked towards the hospital a few steps away to see his physician. He had to cross the street at the traffic light and he arrived on time to get the results of his medical check ups at home.

His appointment with the physician took 20 minutes, during which he had put his mind at ease about his health, and then he went to do the rest of his tasks for that day in which he will sign an agreement with the publishing company, which Mr. Wilson heads to publish and distribute his new book. He had to cross the street back to the side to get a taxi take him to Hummer Smith. Within a minute, he got a taxi and told the driver where to take him.



In King Street ,the commercial street in which the publishing company I located, he got out of the taxi paid the driver, who originally came from Jamaica, the fair plus tips which the driver considered as a mistake, so he told him : " It is for you Remember I am colored like you." The driver laughed saying: Good day sir.

The Gulf man went into the company office where the secretary welcomed him saying: "Welcome sir, Mr. Wilson is waiting for you". When he went to the second floor, he found Mr. Wilson waiting for him at the door of his office.

The Gulf man sat on a seat facing the desk and Mr. Wilson left his seat behind the desk and sat on seat facing him and said with a smile:" h hope you will enjoy a fair weather today in which we see the sun as you may have brought it with you from your country. Then gulf man laughed and said," The clouds are making the sky grey and the weather dreary causing me to feel depressed."

Mr. Wilson pressed a button and the secretary opened the door and he asked the Gulf man:" What do you like to drink, my dear?" the Gulf man said while he was getting up from his seat and taking off his overcoat "Red tea, please!" The secretary hastened to take his overcoat and hung it on a wall hanger, faked a smile and went out closing the door behind her.

They talked about the new book and the policy of its distribution after printing and translating it. Then Mr. Wilson started debating with him about the substance and content of the book, as an Arab working at the company had prepared a brief report in English about the content of the book and given it to Mr. Wilson who praised its idea. Smiling with an eyewink he said, "Sir, don't you think you had taken a critical stand from the western civilization in the context and content of your book? The Gulf man looked at Mr.

Wilson intently for a while then he sat straight on his seat putting his left arm on the desk edge beside him leaning forward to get nearing his face to Mr.

Wilson and said briefly, "Is what you say true? Is this what you have understood from it?" Mr. Wilson hastened to say, "Sorry may be it is not so really. While talking, the secretary opened the door and entered bringing black coffee for Mr. Wilson and tea for the Gulf man, thanked her before she left the room quietly, and then he turned his eyes toward Mr. Wilson to hear the rest of his point of view. Then Gulf man said, "I did not intend enmity by criticizing the western civilization and pointing out its negatives and human aspects. I am sorry for interrupting you. I prefer you read the book after translating it completely into English, for may be the employ of Arab origin could not convey to you its idea and content properly."

Mr. Wilson looked at the Gulf man as he felt there is no point to continue arguing. The Gulf man was right. However, he smiled at sudden idea, which crossed his mind and said, "Anyway whatever is the matter inevitably we are seeking success together.

The Gulf man hastened to comment as he lit his second cigarette during that meeting," Listen Mr. Wilson, I have to make you understand an important thing which is necessary for every human being to understand and that is the naked truth which permits us and enables us at the same time to side by rightness with a great might. Absolute power, ease and simplicity are the characteristics of the naked truth, by which it accomplishes its task and gives fruits. "Truth" as I understand it, is conviction. Let me explain the term "conviction" as I Understand it also. It is both a mental and a psychological belief. In something whether it is a thought, an action or a conduct, which coincides with what, is acceptable by the mind, ethics and nature of life. Then, such a belief turns naturally into a practice and a conduct. Do you agree with me on such a definition to conviction? Let us agree on this first.

Mr. Wilson nodded indicating a positive response and indicating I readiness to hear more. The Gulf man continued, "Based on my belief and convictions and with a simple extrapolation of human future, under historic and daily live experiments which were practiced and still by western civilization, the west made them. No doubt, I can see very dark and ambiguous clouds overshadowing the prospects of human future, in a manner that sends a shudder of terror in the spine of people of thought, knowledge and wisdom.

I would like assure you, that there is no sane human being on earth, who does not wish happiness to humanity, under a true human civilization, which gives and feeds man's spirit, mind and humanness parallel to its forms and means of giving as we see them today.

In a clearer detail let me Mr. Wilson put in brief as follows: "Today's human civilization which the west is leading has given indeed but its giving is confined to the means only. It has completely ignored man's spirit, feelings, values and principles. Yes, it has deprived man of humanness and sublime feelings. Mr. Wilson was perplexed and seemed not ready for a debate of this kind at that time in particular. Therefore, he felt he has to change the topic and said," Sir, may we postpone talking I mean the debating about this subject to some other time? As for now, let us discuss the details of doing business together. Our job here is to achieve our aspirations of a successful distribution to your new book.

The time was about one o'clock afternoon when the two men finished their discussions of the business in all its details. Nothing remained except another meeting at a later stage with the company's branch managers in the major British cities subject that they hold it at the earliest possible date. Then Mr. Wilson collected his papers and arranged them in a special file. Meanwhile the Gulf man was reviewing a paper in his hand. Mr. Wilson pressed a button calling his secretary. When she entered, he asked her about any further important appointments or commitments. She told him that she had postponed all appointments as per his instructions. She informed him that Mr. Shaker who is in charge

of a branch of the parent company. Then Mr. Wilson directed his words to the Gulf man please accept my invitation to have lunch together. The Gulf man smiled saying, " With pleasure, but I am afraid it would be at the cost of the company's work time." Mr. Wilson said smiling:" Do not worry. It is part of the core of our business and I know a very good restaurant in Nights Bridge area, which serves excellent food as well as its famous desert dish. The Gulf man smiled and said," I think it is 'San Lorenzo', in which I had my dinner sometimes. It indeed deserves your praise. Then the Gulf man excused himself for some time to perform his prayers for the midday and afternoon in an empty space inside the office.

Meanwhile Mr. Wilson continued talking to his secretary who remained waiting and trying to reserve for three persons at the San Lorenzo. He told her to call Mr. Shaker after 10 minutes. When the Gulf man finished his praying, Mr. Wilson told him:" I will introduce you to the company branch official in Liverpool who is distinguished in his work and has a bright future waiting for him her." The Gulf man looked towards the door and saw Mr. Shaker greeting him in perfect Arabic language smiling and extending his hand for shaking. Then He turned and shook hands with Mr. Wilson and talked about work conditions and latest updates at the Liverpool branch.

Mr. Wilson signaled to Mr. Shaker to sit a while before going out for lunch together. Shaker commented while looking with a smile at the Gulf man," How lucky I am indeed, as I had never imagined having lunch by a generous invitation. I really feel hungry.

When they got up to move the Gulf man had no idea that a man of the oriental features who speaks Arabic fluently is the son of Mona. He thought him one of the many Arabs who live and work in Britain. In the short dialogue between both men, the Gulf man said to Shaker, certainly you are an Arab. His response was," No, I am English. I was born and brought up her. "Yes I know that, but you are of Arab origin as indicated by your name, language and features. Shaker smiled silently and the Gulf man was satisfied with that.

However, he remembered the report, which a company employee had prepared about this book, and asked Mr. Wilson, "Excuse me! Isn't Mr. Shaker who had prepared the report?" "Yes, he is. He is responsible for preparing the report and revising the Arabic copy of the book." Mr. Wilson answered.

The Gulf man shook his head and preferred postponing this talk. Meanwhile, Wilson and Shaker were talking about other topics intermitted with moments of silence or comments on the bad weather conditions or traffic jams, which cause accidents in some places. Mr. Wilson parked his car a little distance from the San Lorenzo restaurant. The three men got down and walked to the restaurant. At the door, a waiter told them to leave their overcoats with a specialized employee for this purpose at the left side of the entrance and they went down the sub floor because it is warm and quiet.

The restaurant was not crowded at that time. However, there were some customers, peculiar among them a couple sitting at close table, a stout strong looking man nearly 65 years old and his wife nearly his age but who looks older. The man had smart features and athletic body. The Gulf man smiled and greeted them and the woman returned his greeting and her husband smiled at the Gulf man and his companions who were busy checking the menu placed in front of them on the table. The waiter was standing to write down their orders. Mr. Wilson drew the attention to San Lorenzo specialty desert dish.

The Gulf man smiled at Mr. Wilson and said, "You are right about the desert dish. r, Do not order the desert now! Leave it until the end. Unless, you do not want us eat a main meal after having desert, in order to cut down expenses. Shaker laughed heartily at this comment and they heard a laughing murmur from the neighboring couple, as the old man and his wife were smiling and looking towards the three men. So Mr. Wilson said them, "We are always accused of stinginess but indeed we are farthest from being so. He continued to say. Are not you English sir? "May be my origin is Irish, but I am American

and came with my wife to spend some time in Europe. We are in London now after we had visited France and Spain. Anyway, it is a matter of carefulness, which some people call stinginess. The Gulf man interfered to say, it is a matter of cultures languages, which always differ on the little details of life. Peoples of the world have their own different cultures, customs, traditions and concepts that they grew up together right from ancient time.

The old American man asked the Gulf man, " You seem oriental, sir. Despite your good English, your shape and features expose your orient belonging. The Gulf man replied with a smile, " You are quite close, sir. I am an Arab from the Gulf region." Shook his head and said, " I had spent part of my life while serving in the American Air Force as pilot in one of the airbases in Turkey. By the way, may I ask you frankly and without embarrassing you, as Muslims, do you really hate the west and its civilization and you want to destroy it? The old American man surprised the Gulf man by such a question. The Gulf man suppressed his temper and said, " Listen General. Let me remind you of an important era of Europe history, particularly the 13<sup>th</sup> century at the beginning of its renaissance. At the time, the philosophy and books of Ibn Rushd caused a storming current of awareness and cleared the dust of ignorance accumulated over the centuries. Due to his great role in the European renaissance, the European referred to that period as the Rushd era. His mere name became a term denoting liberal rational freethinking. Read dear General, what Ernest Renan and Pierre Moureaux had written about Rushd Philosophy in the 13<sup>th</sup> century. At the time the west, which you talk about its civilization was in dire need to a rational liberal thought of this Muslim Arab. Once the west found this thought, they attributed wrongly to Aristotle and made the symbol of liberalism and rational thinking, in all things. May I remind you General that Universities in the west started to appear in the 13<sup>th</sup> century, after Europe had become acquainted with the affluence and civilization of the Arabs and Muslims, during the Crusades wars. I think you know that the first university in

Europe was Bawd University in Italy, followed by Paris University, then Oxford University.

During that period of building universities, translation movement flourished from Arabic into Latin. The west had already translated since the 12<sup>th</sup> century Bon Sinai books in Medicine. The Europeans translated the books of Bin Al - Haytham, Al- Kinddy, Al- Farabi, and Al- Ghazali. The first philosopher the west knew was Bin Mammon of Andalusia. The most important centers of translations were in Toledo, southern Italy and Cecily. Then, the west knew bout Bin Maja and Bin Tofeil from the writings of Bin Rushed. The Gulf man added with a challenging tune, "During that era, the translation of Bin Rushed explanations of Aristotle's writings had played an important role. Let me remind you General, that Bin Rushed had explained the three books of Aristotle, namely: The Self, Physics, and Metaphysics. The west had no knowledge about them. These scientific books in Arabic caused a civilizational shock in the west during the 13thcentury. Then you accumulated a heritage of thought during 8 centuries starting from Saint Augustine, as the church had the sole possession of science throughout the middle Ages in Europe. People used to live in a totalitarian feudal system contradicting the existence of a true l state. As for the Science, which the church had possessed, it was only theology.

This is how the civilizational exchange with the Arabs during that stage of history, generated a new reality, from which the sun of a new humanism had shined which was different from everything the west had known before.

General, can you repeat your question, the content of which, assumes us savages without civilization or history? The American man fumbled and color of his face changed while he was trying with a smile to calm down the dialogue. He said,"May be this is true to some extent but this was in the ancient ages. Circumstances and situations now have changed. Now you see and hear the destruction, which the Muslim and Arab terrorist do in our

country. Then there are waves of animosity, which we sense from you against the west, its civilization and us. Let us deal with what is happening and based on deeds and not with events, which took place in ancient times. We deal with events and problems of the contemporary age. Do not forget, despite your contribution to civilization in the ancient past, as you say, you have to admit, that the true civilization, which the world lives today, the west made it and mastered the world by it.

The Gulf man answered with a smile, "Sir, let me remind you that terrorism is not a part of Islam at all. I wish you understood Islam and its essence, in order to know the extent of Islam innocence from terrorism, destruction and killing. Is terrorism limited to Islamic countries? Are not terrorism and indigenous organized crime present in your country and in the west generally? Let me give you my answer. You also stick the charge of terrorism to Islam because you want to create a new enemy after the defeat of communism. So what is your answer for the crimes you are committing against Muslims in Bosnia and Herzog and against Arab Muslims in Palestine by the Jews, who you support politically, economically and militarily? We, the Muslims do not rule out at all that the so-called Muslim terrorists are of our making to use them any time you want in order to achieve the purposes of the west and international Zionism and tarnish the image of the Arabs and Muslims who are innocent terrorism.

Whisperings went out from those in the restaurant and all eyes were looking at the two tables where the dialogue was going on. From the looks of some, you could understand that they encourage the continuation of the dialogue. Therefore, the Gulf man offered to continue the dialogue at a dinner party in his apartment and asked to know the names of the American couple. The told him their names are Richard and Barbara along with Mr. Wilson the manager of the publishing house which undertakes to publish and distribute my books. Mr. Shaker here is his assistant. "So, you are a writer?" The American commented. "They say so.", the gulf man said. The American looked at his wife and she indicated her acceptance of the invitation.



Mr. Wilson interfered drawing the attention of every body to eat their meals, which had become almost cold. Mr. Shaker meanwhile, had various emotions due to the shock he had from the talk. They all began having their meals and cutting light comments between the Gulf man and the American couple. During that time, they completed the introductions, exchanged addresses, and phone numbers. They had fixed the time for the next day meeting at dinner in the evening. The Gulf man extended his invitation for diner at his apartment to both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Shaker. "We will have an open discussion tomorrow", said the Gulf man. He went on to say,

"You and M. Shaker may change your minds about the idea which I had included in my book- that you feel it may affect your work in publishing. I promise you that will not have any effect on our personal rations"

Mr. Wilson exchanged looks with Mr. Shaker and said, "We accept your invitation with pleasure. You Arabs always astonish us with your generosity and warm feelings."

Mr. Wilson paid the bill and they departed. While walking towards the car the Gulf man said to Mr. Shaker, "I may not have known you well so far, but by coming to my apartment tomorrow it will be a good chance to know each other better. Generally I feel curios about you, may b e due to being interested in you."

Mr. Shaker answered, "Excuse me sir. Though I am here in a task related to my work, I am very happy to know you and it pleases me to be with you at dinner tomorrow"

Mr. Wilson insisted on taking the gulf man by his car to Piccadilly Square. There he wanted to meet his old friend, the sculptor who is one of the famous group of artists have become one of the juristic features of London city.

While he the Gulf man was going to take the train from Glister station to Piccadilly Square, he saw Mr. Yamato the Japanese who he had met on the plane when he was about to of leave the tickets window. The Gulf man greeted Mr. Yamato by shaking hands he

said to him," We have met once again Mr. Yamato. How small this world is!" "It is nice seeing you again: said the Japanese.

Indeed, how small this world is! The Gulf man said once again. He then asked Mr. Yamato where he had been and where he was going. The Japanese man told him that he had visited the natural history museum and that he will go back there again tomorrow as he had not seen it all. As for where he was going, he said to Piccadilly Square. The Gulf man laughed and said that he was going there, too. Then, they both went on the train to take them to Piccadilly Square. The Gulf man asked the Japanese man, "Do you have work in Piccadilly Square?" The biggest gathering of Japanese companies is in Piccadilly Square.", said Mr. Yamato. Further, the hotels, which are favorable to the Japanese, are in Piccadilly Square. There Gulf man said it is true because he usually sees many Japanese there. Once he entered a Japanese library in Piccadilly Square, but he could not buy anything from it because contains only books written in Japanese language.

Mr. Yamato said, "It is true that library is for the service of the Japanese community in London. It contains all newspapers and magazines in addition to Japanese books. Then he asked the Gulf man if he had visited EG centre. The Gulf man said he had been in it before, but cannot remember it clearly. However, he added," It must be in Piccadilly Square. I think it is a Japanese shopping centre," Mr. Yamato said," It is true. It contains many Japanese products. I am going there now to meet friend in the field of business. I am happy to see you again." The Gulf man said," We the Arabs generally have a deep feeling and admiration for the Japanese people. In addition, we have overwhelming good emotions especially toward oriental peoples. We are closer one another in human feelings and traits. He went on to say," Man feels homesick especially when he gets far away from his home country in this insecure world."

Mr. Yamato shook his head and smiled in his Japanese way saying," May be the Japanese feel homesick more than any other people in the world do. We had lived secluded totally

from the world since the dawn of history until the beginning of the Nineteenth century when we set out to Korea and China and the count down started for the events which led to the World War II and its tragedies, of which Japan had the lion's share." The Gulf man interrupted him to say, "But you have ended those tragedies Mr. Yamato and now you are in the forefront of all advanced peoples and had compensated all your losses with your excellent efforts and great diligence, the fruits of which were progress and sophistication unprecedented in the world."

The Japanese smiled shyly and said, "It is the Japanese spirit which has established itself in the Japanese psychological fabric and heritage through the ages." The Gulf man nodded and said, "You are right my friend. It is the spiritual and historical heritage unspoiled by strange ideas." Then he said to himself silently, "Even it was made by Confucius."

When the train arrived at the station before the last, the Japanese man enquired about the duration of the Gulf man's stay in London. "About a week" said the Gulf man. "And what about you?" The Japanese man said, "As for me my stay is a little longer."

Anyway, I wish you a happy stay and I am happy to have met you once again". He then took out a business card from his pocket and handed it to the Gulf man, saying it contains my work and home address in Osaka as well as the phone numbers." The Gulf man too; it saying you had already given one when we first met aboard the plane, anyway here is my business card at home and another card for my address in London. At that moment, an idea popped up in his mind and said why do not you join me at dinner in my apartment tomorrow? The Japanese said he would come if he had no important work or appointments. He said he would call before nine in all cases.

The train had reached Piccadilly where both men got down and shook hands good-bye when they reached outside the fence.

Yamato went left and the Gulf man went right and then went left along the crowded street leading to his friend the sculptor artist, who usual sits among other artists drawing skillfully portraits of tourists to take home as tokens from London. There he found his friend busy drawing the profile of a girl sitting in front of him. Therefore, he stood behind him seeking not interrupt his concentration on his work. He waited until he had finished.

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Mona has finished her works in apartment of the Gulf man. She was in a very high psycho-moral mood. It all took half an hour to make the beds and tidy the kitchen and the suiting and dinning rooms. Then, she went out to nearby store to buy house requirements and she still had a considerable amount of money left. In fact, the Gulf man intended to leave her in an envelope a lot more than the expenses. He did so in order not to injure her pride, if he gave her the money directly. As usual, she intended to give it back before he leaves.

Mona returned to the apartment, prepared lunch, and was ready for the Gull man who she expected to return at half past two afternoon. When he did not return, she expected him to have had lunch in a restaurant. However, she felt uncomfortable bed because he did not phone her to inform her that he was not having lunch at home. So she had her lunch and remembered before going to her house to place the under wears which she had washed in the morning on the bed so as he sees them when comes back. She arrived at four and performed her afternoon prayer before she had a siesta.

While she was performing her prayer, her telephone rang and stopped because there was no answer. It was from her son Shaker, who had arrived with his boss Mr. Wilson at the Company headquarters. Shaker started revising his papers and perfecting his notes, which

he started by the report he had completed. In fact he was thinking about what he had heard in the dialogue which took place in the restaurant between the Gulf man and the American Retired pilot. Shaker was feeling with a kind of strength and self-confidence. He was anxious to hear more during the dialogue, which was scheduled take place the following day at the apartment of the Gulf man.

As for his mother, Shaker decided to postpone calling her as he expected her to be outside her new house, which has not visited yet. However, he knew the address from his mother by phone. At that moment, two things preoccupied Shaker's mind: What the Gulf man had said about the Arabs and their civilization, which Islam expresses truly as it is a civilization message to the world and the entire humanity and not only for one nation alone. In addition to his mother, who he had felt strong longing to her, may be because he was near her in London.

Mr. Shaker telephoned his wife to inform her that he would be late for one day in London due to sudden last minute new business work. When asked about where he would spend the night, he told her that company had reserved a hotel room for him and he would talk to her from there later.

The Sculptor artist has finished drawing the girl sitting in front of him. She was very happy when she saw her portrait. Her boyfriend was with her and they both started to laugh. At that moment, the artist was surprised to see the Gulf man behind him looking and smiling. They shook hands. "Were you here for long?" the artist asked.

"Yes. All the time you were drawing the girl portrait." Then the artist invited the Gulf man for a cup of coffee, saying. Ten minutes is not a long time. It is a chance to have a rest." The Gulf man said, "No need to trouble your self. I will stand with you here until you get a new work and I will leave you and have coffee alone so as not to disrupt your work.

The Gulf man was talking while the artist was collecting his tools putting them side by side and saying to his colleague, I will be back in minutes. Then he pulled his friend the Gulf man from his hand and went together to have coffee in a nearby coffee shop.

The Gulf man told the artist I have come to see you purposely and to invite you for an Arab meal at my apartment tomorrow evening. The invitees are few and make sure to be at my apartment by 9 pm.

The artist scratched his head and the Gulf man understood that the artist work is at its peak at 9 pm. He said to the artist, "I wish you be with us tomorrow at dinner. However, I know that your work requires you to sit here every day to earn your living and that life is very difficult here and devoid of mercy." The artist looked at his friend the gulf man and said, "But, you invited me and I have accepted your invitation. As of 9 pm tomorrow, I am having a special leave. I work from 3 pm to 12 midnight. I think I need a three hours break to change the boredom of my daily life monotony.

"Did not you think before you came from your country that life is comfortable here?" the Gulf man asked. "It was a part of the youth dreams which the solid rock of reality destroyed soon," said the artist. The he added, "Listen no one in this world had chosen his fate by himself. Therefore, we work as much as or even more than our human potential.

However, for what purpose do we do that? He answered himself, "For money or for a life made up of money, sons and ambitions. Believe me my dear friend we bleed our lives each moment passes and without being able to satiate our hunger for money, which we cannot sometimes, collect enough of it to sustain our lives. Then our sons leave us to live independently leaving us suffering loneliness and sickness during our lat days waiting for our death moment. Is not this what life is all about? "

The Gulf man told him," Yes it is so, only when you do not base your life mainly on convection, a belief in the great power, which had created life with all its living beings. Are you still a Muslim my friend?" The artist answered with an emphatic "yes" but then he hesitated while saying some utterances about how difficult life was and about his wife and children." The Gulf man interrupted him to say goodbye and reminding the artist to come for dinner. The Artist greeted the Gulf man and back to resume his usual work place.

The Gulf man returned to the train station. At that time, it was drizzling. He bought a ticket and waited on the plate form for the train. His mind was thinking about the life of his friend the artist who had spent 20 years of his life in London, during which, he got married and raised four children three boys and one girl. However, none of them can speak even a word in Arabic. He lives a programmed life. His day starts at 12 noon when he gets up from bed. He goes to work in his usual place at 3 pm. He works until 12 midnight. He takes one day off a week, in which he takes his wife and children to have lunch in a restaurant.

The Gulf man remembered the dialogue, which took place between himself and his friend the artist. What was unforgettable his saying casually," Life here in the western society is drastically different from life in our Arab societies. Here there is no space for feelings and no place for emotions. You have to run as fast as you can to earn money and you have to do your utmost to economize in your daily expenses. If you sleep or feel lazy one day, you will not find food to eat and neither a relative nor a neighbor will sympathize with you."

The Gulf man returned home as he felt in dire need for a res. Thoughts were running like waves in his mind about the human struggle and its scaring prospects, under a human thought based on the laws of physical motion and with man possessing huger potentials and abilities of destruction.

Thoughts continue to turn around in his mind in the form of a silent internal dialogue. The outstanding question was: "Why the west is so inimical to Islam. Does the western civilization fear Islam to the extent of animosity? Will the obligation of civilization destruction remain valid? Where does destruction come from? Does it come from Islam? The answer comes from the same mind to say that Islam in its essence, legislation and meaning is a great civilization. From Islam the west derived the foundations of its civilization and from Islam it set out. So what is the nature of this animosity? What is the cause of that phobia? Has the west studied Islam as a heavenly religion and understood its principles and essence? Has the west studied the high values, the sublime principles and sophisticated conducts, which Islam calls for? Alternatively, is it an attempt carrying in its folds hated racism, directed by suspected parties, which consider the data of their spiritless civilization as recognized facts and may not be touched or criticized by those belonging to other civilizations?

The Gulf man felt a mixture of anger and pity while displaying his self, soul and reason as a representative of that Islamic faith, its great culture and heritage and which carries the most sublime meanings of human values and principles in addition to the high values of tolerance, justice and equity. He had searched inside himself many times to find a trace of hatred established in himself or inherited from past history or included in his culture against the west and its civilization or against other nations, starting from the Greeks and their ancient civilization or other civilizations such as the Indian and Chinese civilizations. He did not find any thing but respect, appreciation and breezes of true love for those peoples and civilizations which he considers as joints in the march of human history and had prevailed with Allah's wisdom and ability for times and eras and then perished due the necessities of human development hypothesis, within the links of historical and time chain.

The train had reached Pearl Escort station where the gulf man got down and went home directly. He did not find Mona (Shaker's mother) there. Therefore, he took off his clothes, put on a sleeping gown, lifted his under wears from the bed and went to sleep.



Mona got up from sleeping by the phone bell ringing. She lifted the receiver and heard someone says. "Hello Mama!" All of a sudden, she became wide-awake as if she got up from sleeping more than an hour ago. With a shaken voice she said, "Shaker my son, Shaker my love, I am your mother. "She was perplexed and crying and her son was trying to calm her. When was able to compose herself she asked, "Where are talking from?" He answered "From London. I have come for a special task related to my work and I want to check on you to know how you are doing." She said "where are you now? Come over immediately! I want to see you." He told her, "Do not worry! I will try to see you tomorrow. Now I just wanted to be sure about your safety. I phoned at four o'clock but you were not at home." She said with an ache in her heart, "Are you busy right now? If you are busy, tell me and I will come over to your place immediately. You just tell me about your adcostume. Are your children with you? He told her not to worry and that he will try to see her and will call her again before he comes.

Mona felt agitated and said, "My son Shaker come to have a rest her and spend the night with me in the new house. Ah! You have not seen the new house and you have to come over. I am you mother and I have the right to see you. Don't you want to see me?" There was a moment of silence, and then Shaker said to her, "Do not you say that because you torture me with these words mother." His voice was shaking, tears flooded his eyes and he told her, "I am coming immediately; please tell me your new address."

Mona gave her son the address and made sure to that he repeat reading it to her. She said to him that she would not leave the house until he arrives and that she would prepare a hot meal for him.

Shaker sat down in his room gazing in the empty space and thinking about his mother ass if he had discovered he had a mother suddenly. He had felt something shaking him from within himself and had discovered for the first time a strong emotion of strange longing growing inside him and attacking him violently overwhelming everything in his entity. He

got up from his] seat and moved towards the window overlooking the back garden separating the hotel from buildings characterized by their sloping brick roofs and chimneys. He was thinking of his long past years in which he had not experienced such a feeling. He asked himself, why is that so? He had no answer because he had spent his childhood spoiled. His mother Mona and his deceased father both had tried their best to link him with his culture and history. He had taught him his mother tongue through the debates which went between them and seemed unimportant to him about religion and authentic culture as well as the discussions about street incidents and the relations which bend between people here in their coldness and self interest motivations. They talked also about the wars, which took in their homeland. However, not all that constituted any thing of importance to him as he lived in the social environment outside his home at school or university. Therefore, he grew up and acted as a free individualistic person like his peers in that society. He slept outside his parents' house. He had constructed relationships in conformity with the lines of traditions and practices of the open societies, without selecting what is suitable and is not suitable.

Shaker had merged his life totally in the society there. In retrospective, he revised his past life and by contemplating, he discovered that what had happened was quite natural. He said to himself, "Yes it was like that and it still is."

I was born and raised here, amidst the huge noise of the western civilization. Then he wandered as if an earthquake struck his psychological and spiritual constitution, "Do I carry inside my spirit and soul the seeds of my original culture which I hear about?" he answered himself with a feeling of shyness, "Indeed, I could not be a thorough westerner at all. I had tried my best get along the life style here and I eclipsed them in my conduct and strange instincts. All that happened in a natural and spontaneous manner without pretence. I always feel an internal torturing foreignness being among them. Whenever, I felt its torture I secluded myself more from my Arab entity, trying to get rid of it decisively. The result is the way I am now. Then he exploded crying violently while kneeling on the floor and putting his head between his hands and leaning with them on his bed.

When he became quiet, he got up and went to have a bath. He wished, he could fly to his mother to through himself in her lap. When he got of the bathroom, his longing to see his mother was overwhelming. He had an internal fear of her dying before he could see her. In just few moments, all things and forts inside himself collapsed as though they were made of cardboard. Other feelings had replaced those feelings. He had never felt that way before that moment. Amid such emotions, the dialogue, which took place, between the Gulf man and the American man, during lunchtime that day was still resounding in his mind and forming a huge question mark.

He had felt incapable to stand in the way of a huge earthquake, which befell him. He went down from the second floor of the hotel via the stairs, took e first taxi, and gave the driver the address of his mother. He got down in front of a building in Cromwell Street. At the entrance, he pressed a button and before he took his finger off the button, he heard his mother saying to him while opening the gate," Come over quickly my love!"

Mona was waiting in the corridor when Shaker had appeared from the lift. She opened her arms and Shaker ran towards her. Amidst mutual hugging, Mona was crying and kissing Shaker everywhere in his face. Shaker was crying, in silence. Holding hands, they both entered the flat. On the way, she pulled his hand to kiss it; at that moment, he collapsed and started crying loudly hiding his face with his hands.

Mona composed herself quickly and embraced his head. Shaker was sitting on the sofa and said amidst his weeping," Forgive me Mother, I had mistreated you and left you alone all that time. From now on, I will not leave you alone. He raised his head and looked his mother in her eyes. He noticed her sadness although she was smiling. He said," I want to know everything about your life here?"

She said to him," I will tell you everything happened with me since you went t away. Allah helped me and was always with me." She paused a while and then looking at his face went on to say," let me tell you shaker that Allah does not forget his good subjects and always grants them his mercy. Please my son hold on to your religion and teach your children, their religion and raise them accordingly." Then she turned her face away and

said," I know that your wife may refuse but try to convince her with kindness and being good to her. Start by yourself my son! My believe in the greatness of Allah, his might and seeking his help provided me with the real power which took care of me and protected me against getting mad or collapsing. My prayers and to Allah Almighty attained me you coming to see me now. I know your essence and metal my son. I was sure all the time that you will return to your self and reality despite the circumstances, which concealed your true sight and insight. Shaker, I do not believe that you are with me and will sleep her and I will cover you before you sleep and will tell you the tales, which you used to like in your childhood. Do you still remember them? She laughed heartily. Then she raised her head and said, "Praise and gratitude to Allah" She got up from her seat and said," Let me prepare a dinner for you with my own hands. For a long time you have not eaten food prepared in my own hands." Mona left Shaker and moved quickly towards the kitchen. On her way the phone bill rang, so she went back to answer the caller who happened to be the Gulf man. He had to call and tell her that he had invited some guests for dinner in his apartment the next day:

+ **Good evening Shaker mother of Shaker**

- Good evening my son, when did you come back?

+ **may be around 6 o'clock and I have had some rest, how are you?**

- Praise to Allah, everything is OK, have you had your lunch? You were late and I had to leave.

+ **Don't worry! I have had lunch with some friends. Could you come over here for few minutes?**

-Is there anything wrong with you, my son? Do you want anything?

+ **No, do not worry! The matter is about an Arab dinner meal at nine pm tomorrow. I have invited some friends and I want to arrange it with you.**

- I can come at any time. Excuse me! My son has come suddenly to see me. He is with me now. As you know, I have not seen him for a long time. Anyway, do not worry regarding tomorrow's dinner. It will be as you like and wish.

**+ O, your son has come. Congratulations! Never mind! Y can stay with him. I only wanted to inform you about the matter. I will go out after a while to see my friends at Queensway. I would be quit happy to know your so, Please give him my regards. By the way, I am leaving an envelope with some money, on the little side table beside the telephone set, to cover tomorrow's expenses. All I want from you is to concentrate on Arab dishes. Further, I will arrange getting food from one of the Arab restaurants here.**

**- Do not busy yourself with this matter! Everything will be all right.**

**+As I have said, the envelope is beside the telephone set. See you! Goodbye!**

**- See you my son! May Allah protect and safe you. Bye!**

Mona put down the phone receiver and she looked at her son she found him looking at her with amazement after he had heard the telephone conversation, as if he wanted to inquire. She said to him with a smile," Nothing is strange Shaker. Allah has bestowed on me a good Arab family here and it has become my folks and homeland. It s members have made me forget my loneliness and the pains of being alone and so I felt safe among them.

She raised her head while praying to Allah to protect that family. Shaker said," You have excited my curiosity about those people, mother." She told him," Let me put some food and fruits on the table first, and then I will tell you the whole story while eating. "She went to the kitchen quickly and in few minutes she had put the food and fruit on the table and they both facing each other. He started to eat only to please his mother because he had no desire to eat. He was in psychological state, which stems his appetite for food of drinks.

Shaker listened to his mother who was telling him her story since she had met Gulf man, while she was looking for a new residence. She told her son how she came to know his family and how she had become one of its members. Shaker listened to her in dismay and with a curious look on his face, while she was talking about those people, as though they

had landed on earth from another planet. She talked about small details of her life with them and that she feels sad and lonely when they go back to their homeland, after they spend their summer holidays in London, during which she spend the best days of her life with them when they come o London

Her face beams when she talks about her feelings during the period in which she came to know these people. Her eyes glisten when she says," I feel while I a m amidst them, Shaker, as if had gone back to a palace I like and had bright memories in it, I feel my son, as if I had found my purpose and known my path. For long years, I lived with a fearful nightmare after I had lost my parents back home. Then I lost your father when you were still a young boy. The sharp teeth of the unknown started to show themselves in scaring forms. However, you were the safety valve and the source of solace. You were tantamount to tree of tranquility which shaded my life with security and which I was nurturing and waiting for its fruits.

Fear attacked me sometimes, as I got older .Living alone her nurturing taking care of you, I had only Allah's help and care. When I your father got married, he was tantamount to my father, mother and folks. When you came to life, our hearts you filled our hearts with pleasure. However, life and time change mercilessly and everything stated to depart, even you the sole hope left for me had forgotten me amidst your rush for life. I do not blame you for that as you had grown up here in a society which is different in its values , rules and conducts from the society which I have carried its values, rules and conducts. Believe me my son, despite what had happened, I had never lost hope of your returning. I was never angry with you but I was sad for your sake I always prayed to Allah for your sake. I tried to remember where I failed in teaching you our language, history and religion. I could not find a single incidence. You moved away along with the flood. However, I was sure you would return not only for me but also for yourself and for your own sake. Very often, I had felt the struggle, which went inside you between yourself with its values and it

spiritual, intellectual and cultural texture. Shaker tried to interrupt his mother but she raised her hand indicating that he should let her continue. Therefore, he kept silent. At the time, I had nothing, which I could do. Now do not let sadness prevail on you my son! I am quite content. I do not want anything from you except to see you and to be sure of your safety. I am very well amidst these people, my son. Allah had compensated what I had lost with these folks.

Shaker did not eat anything all the time in which his mother was talking. When she had finished, he got up and went toward the seat on which she was sitting and embraced her head and kissing it and said, "Forgive me mother! Please accept my apology> I now feel a flood of sadness overwhelming me. My only solace is that you are not angry with me. The presence of these people in your life is also a solace for me. I feel that I owe these people, could I see the man who talked to you over the phone. What is his name? When she told him shaker said to himself maybe he is the same man he had met with Mr. Wilson. His silence and absent-mindedness excited her curiosity. Shaker noticed that and asked her "I heard you talking about dinner tomorrow, mother."

She told him that the Gulf man has invited some friends for dinner and he wanted me to prepare some special Arab dishes sweets. He will bring the maim dishes from a leading Arab restaurant in London. They represent the true Arab generosity, my son. Then she said, "I will introduce you to him and you will have dinner with him at his apartment along with the invitees. You will sit with me tomorrow, Shaker, won't you?" Shaker laughed with a big astonishment and amazement at the fates, which play with the life of people and answered his mother saying, "I will have dinner with you tomorrow since you have invited me. That man has already invited me also today and I have accepted his invitation. His mother was surprised and said, "What do you mean the man has invited you also for dinner in his home?"

You would be astonished to know that I had lunch with the Gulf man this day incidentally.

His mother smiled and asked, "How did that happen?" he told her about the events of his day and task for which he had come to London from Liverpool. He told her about meeting the man through his work and having lunch together with his boss and the Gulf man in Saint Lorene Restaurant. He told her about the dialogue, which took place in the restaurant between the gulf man and the American Retired pilot. The Gulf man had impressed the American as a character of high culture and wide knowledge.

Mona in a mixture of amazement and joy moved quickly towards the telephone set to call the Gulf man. There was no answer because the man went out Queensway where his friends meet together at night. She put down the receiver and said to her son, "I feel an overwhelming joy which I have not known since a very long time. You have not eaten your food I am hungry and will eat with you. Sit my young man and have your dinner with me!" Shaker told his mother, "Now I can swallow the food and feel its taste with you." In a sad tune he said, "I wish my son with me now to see you and get to know you. He has f grown up. I promise you mother, that I bring him next time to see you."

Mona told her son not to remind her that he was leaving he was leaving her, and d to let her enjoy his presence with her for the day and the following day. Then she asked him, "Are you leaving the day after tomorrow?" He looked at her with a meaningful smile and said, "Yes mother. I will leave the day after tomorrow but I will come back to live near you forever. "

The taxi stopped in front of a famous Arab coffee shop after he had stopped at a famous Arab restaurant in London. The gulf man paid the taxi driver, while he was still inside the taxi because it was raining and then got down and hurried across the street towards the coffee shop door. He found some friends there, who usually gather and stay late at night drinking tea with green mint and smoking hookah. They talk mostly about their original homelands and events happening in their Arab and Islamic worlds and other countries of



the world. They notice that the western states stand motionless in the face of the Israeli crimes committed against Muslim Arabs in Palestine. Israeli atomic weapons are an overwhelming threat to the whole Arab and Islamic worlds. The western powers are collaborating with Israel flagrantly despite their claims of holding the principles of freedom justice and equity. Their eyes are blind when it comes to the use of lethal weapons against Palestinian children, women and old men.

These are the things, which people talk about, and they cause their anger especially in the Arab and Islamic world. They constitute the topics of talking among friends. There are different opinions and explanations for the motives for the strange eternal animosity of the west towards the Arabs in particular and Islam in general.

Some one commented by saying, " I am really astonished and perplexed from this position of the west, the civilization of which sometimes depicts reason, progress and human inclination and sometimes represents the dominating power which hinders the renaissance of others and turns into a fierce force and a brutal interference.

The Gulf man commented by confirming that it is true the west is a strange paradox. It is sometimes the west of goodwill, equity and human rights and sometimes the west of aggression, inequity, despite and colonialism.

The intellectuals of the west, not only the peoples and cultures, which the west had tried to merge in its historical and cultural cycle, recognize and suffer from this fantastic duplicity. Therefore, there are writings and intellectual positions for western writers and intellectuals, criticizing it and calling for dismantling of its sayings and rarefaction of its inclination. They focused on reason or on the west as concept, civilization and thought. One friend interrupted to say, " Although I do not engage in those things, I can say with confidence that negligence of Arabs and Muslims , their disunity and differences are the

foundation and base on which the west had based its policies of dealing with the Arabs and Muslims.

This is the logic of the pages of history, which we have read. We have learned from it that the weak have no right except submitting to what the strong impose on them. They also have the right to protest but not to object or reject, Sorry my friends! This is what I understand from the logic of ordinary life and conducts, even those, which govern human dealings in the same society, despite laws and customs, which govern this society.

The Gulf man excused himself and left them to go to the Library opposite the coffee shop before it closes. He had remembered that he had to buy some books. At that moment, a smart well-costumed man entered the coffee shop. He was thin and with his black beard seemed like the Gulf Arabs. The Gulf man thought him to be so. Therefore, he wanted to know him before he left the coffee shop. All who were present in the coffee shop stood up to shake hands with him and they seemed to know him very well. The man was a non-Gulf Arab who lived in Britain. He runs his own company there. He was a businessperson of good reputation, courteous manners and his stand beside his homeland while being in Britain. After the formalities of introduction, the Gulf man went to the library and bought three books and some newspapers and magazines. Then he returned to the coffee shop to spend the rest of the evening with his friends. He was thinking of tomorrow's tasks. However, what preoccupied his mind in reality was that ill-famed book which he read a few months earlier and was displayed in the library, which caused a great noise in the entire Islamic world because its author had offended prophet Mohammad, may peace be upon him. He had caused huge political and rivalry storms between Europe and Muslims. Of course, the position of the political west toward this issue carries in its form and contest animosity to Islam as a faith and Muslims as a nation. This strange position carried also a challenge not only to the religious feelings of Muslims, but also to all followers of the other heavenly religions. Such offence to Islam as a heavenly faith may open the door wide for the deluded atheists to offend the other heavenly faiths and their followers.

Then gulf man moved to go home at about 12 midnight. He was neither tired nor feeling sleep. He was leaving because he wanted to read as he had a good sleep in the afternoon. Some friends offered to drop him home but he insisted on taking a cab and requested them to accept his invitation for a dinner the following day. "It will be Gulf food. The invitees are two Americans, two British one of them of Arab origin, Japanese and the four of you," he said before moving towards the door.

However, two of the four accepted the invitation. Then other two declined the invitation because they were too busy. He teased them saying you will repent missing it. One of them said the decision is not final yet. o we may surprise you at your home. He told them that they would be welcome any time they arrived." You will be the lords of the home and I will be your guest." He said and left.

Mona insisted on going with her son Shaker to the hotel to bring his luggage and stay with her while in London. She told him that she does not want to waste any time far from him. She said that what was left of her life was less than what had passed of it. Therefore, he obeyed his mother, cancelled his hotel reservation, and came to stay with his mother. They both were in a very good mood. Shaker felt as though he was dreaming and the fantastic conditions of fatalism stunned him and awakened him in a painful dramatic way.

The Gulf man was lying in his bed and reading one of the three books he had bought earlier, that night .It was a book about contemporary Arab thought and paradoxes of the Arabs and the west. It attracted his senses as well as his attention. He stayed awake reading until four o'clock in the morning. He performed the Morning Prayer and wrote a note to Mona not wake him and leave him sleeping until he gets up by himself.

Mona insisted on her son to sleep in her bed and told him she would sleep on the sofa. They both stayed awake until one o'clock. During which time she opened the album of

family pictures and showed them to Shaker and they depicted the various stages of his life with his parents. One picture shows shaker when he was a little boy running towards his mother who looked very happy opening her arms to embrace him. She was young full of liveliness and beauty. In contrast, Shaker looked again at his mother who had become weak with grey hair and wrinkled face.

The picture made him as a bloodsucker or a thief who had stolen from his mother her youth and abandoned her at the time when she needed his love, kindness, pity and care. He remembered his son at that moment, and was missing him very much despite the fact the he left him just hours ago. His heart was broken and felt a great guilt inside himself. He felt perplexed while witnessing himself change. He felt that his negligence of his mother all those years has become a debt, which he must pay at that moment.

Shaker looked at his mother humbly and said," Please forgive me, mother. I feel torture by you and for you" "Only Allah knows how much love I have for you in my heart, son. Do not say so another time Shaker! As you are with me now, I feel as though you have never left me even for a minute." She told him. When she saw tears in his eyes, she embraced him and patted him on his shoulders. It took shaker some time to compose himself. Then his mother asked him casually do you perform your prayers my son? I always call on Allah to guide you to the right path. So try to seek Allah's help in all your affairs and hold on to your religion as in it you will find not only safety from self-torture but also from all evils.

Mona went to her bedroom and came back holding copy of the holly Qur'an she had it from the mosque the day before. She said to her son," Take this as a present from your mother. Read it and contemplate its meanings. I have never felt the taste of life while you were away except by Allah's sponsorship and care."

Shaker took the copy of the Holly Qur'an from his mother and it was time for him to sleep. Mona insisted that he sleeps in her bed and she slept on the sofa. She took the alarm clock, sheet covers and put off the light before closing the door behind her.

At half past seven in the morning, Mona got up just before the alarm clock sounded. She put it off so as not to disturb her son who was sleeping inside the room. Indeed Shaker stayed awake until three-thirty and then fell into a deep sleep. His mother washed herself and performed her prayer. Then she went inside the kitchen to prepare a breakfast meal shaker used to like very much. When she found that, her son was still in deep sleep she went to the Gulf man's apartment to prepare a breakfast meal for him. When she arrived, she found a note in which he asks her not to wake him. When she returned to her apartment, she found her son had got up and was having a bath. When he came out from the bathroom she asked him, " Why did not you continue sleeping? He answered her wit smile saying I have never slept like last night. Then he held his mother's head and kissed it. She told her son to remove the cover and have his breakfast. "Will you have breakfast with me mother?" he asked. "Of course I will. Do you think I can have breakfast without you? She answered.

Shaker removed the cover and with gasp said, I love you so much mother. You have not forgotten my favorite dish." Then they had their breakfast, after which Shaker dressed and told his mother that he would go to the company headquarters to do some work and he would come back as soon as he finished it. She told him to take a copy of door key as he may come back while she was away doing some work in the Gulf man's apartment. "Do not worry he lives a few steps away from here. Write down his telephone number so you can call me there when you come back. I will be there to prepare some delicious Arab dishes. Please come back as soon as you finish work! Do not make me worry about you!" she elaborated.

Shaker wrote down the telephone number of the Gulf man, looked at his watch, kissed his mother's head and went out to the crowded noisy street. As usual, the atmosphere was cold and cloudy. He walked to the railway station, which was not far away and took the train going to Hammer Smith Street. From there he walked the distance to Company headquarters in King Street.

Mona went to the famous stores nearby and bought the required stuffs for preparing food for dinner. She put all things in a roller kart and pushed all the way to the Gulf Man's apartment. When she arrived the building she had to carry the bags all the way to the kitchen inside the apartment. By doing so, she made noise enough to wake the Gulf man, but he stayed lying in bed half-asleep until eleven o'clock. He went to the bathroom lazily, had a bathe and went to the kitchen to greet Mona, good morning." She answered, "Good morning, I did not know that fates would lead my son to know you by virtue of his work and I did not know that he had lunch with you yesterday. I feel an indescribable happiness as I have two sons and they are both with me now."

The Gulf man smiled and said, " You are a good woman and deserve everything good. The most important thing is to be in a good health always". She interrupted him by saying, " Your breakfast will be ready in few minutes". He told her not to bother doing so because he is going to have breakfast outside at Harrods. He dressed and went out. He hailed a cab to take him to Harrods. There on the fourth floor he asked the waiter to bring his breakfast to the veranda. He ordered to have an English breakfast with fruit salad. When rain started drizzling, the glass roofing automatically shielded the customers sitting on the veranda. He had a cigarette with a cup of coffee before he left to have a stroll in various parts and floors of Harrods. He saw a game and wanted to buy it for his son but he postponed it until a short time before he leaves London, because he was not returning to his apartment directly. He went out on a free tour on foot. When he reached Hyde Park, rain had stopped, so he walked inside it for a while and then went to Kensington market on foot. He went to

the famous Marks and Spencer's, after he walked through the narrow streets there. He went inside it feeling a bit bored and all of a sudden, he felt an urge to go back to his apartment to read one of the three books, which he bought the day before. He was very near his apartment and he went back changed his clothes and sat in the guest room with a book in his hand. After an hour or so, he felt sleepy. Therefore, he went to the bedroom and slept for an hour after which he got up feeling lively and clear minded.

At half past five, the Gulf man received a phone call from his wife back home. He was very happy talking to his little daughter and two sons. When he finished, had call from Shaker asking to speak to his mother. The Gulf man asked Shaker to come over to see her in his apartment. It is a few steps away. Shaker said that he would love to but he wanted to sleep a little to be ready for gathering at night.

The Gulf man insisted that Shaker should come to his apartment straight away and that he and his mother would be waiting for him, and put down the phone receiver. He received a call also from his friend the artist who said that he did not want to work that evening would go home to get ready. The Gulf man suggested that he could come over directly as he is not going out. The artist had agreed. The American Retired pilot called to confirm that he and his wife would come to his apartment for dinner. He said that his wife was so excited because she has a great interest in cultures and customs of other peoples. The Gulf man told the American, "Mr. Richard I would be very happy to receive you at dinner in my apartment tonight." The American said, "So long until we meet again at nine." The Gulf man said jokingly with a laugh, "Don not come with your bombers and fighter planes as you accustomed us. We are having a special date of friendship and cordiality." The American Retired pilot laughed loudly and held the phone receiver saying to his wife, "Dear Barbara, come listen to what the Gulf man is saying. It seems many things will change tonight."

"We are happy to know you and we will come to your apartment with open American minds and hearts," said the American Retired pilot. The Gulf man ended the telephone conversation by saying, "You are most welcome. I will be waiting for you." The Gulf man then, called the Arab restaurant to reconfirm reservation for the main Arab dishes, which were famous Gulf recipes.

At about eight o'clock Shaker was the first to arrive. The gulf man welcomed warmly and Shaker felt comfortable as if he knew the Gulf man for a long time and not just 24 hours ago. The Gulf man called Mona and told her that the first guest had arrived. She looked from the door and a sign of pleasure and joy appeared on her face. She asked both, "What would you like to drink, now?" Without waiting to get their response she said I would bring you two cups of fresh orange juice." Shaker said, "No need mother to bother."

The Gulf man said to Shaker, "Now you are not a guest. You are a dear friend and a brother. Let us enjoy whatever this good mother offers us." Then, they talked about many things and of course about his book and means of publishing and distribution. They also talked about world even and problems of Arabs and Muslims.

The Gulf man excused himself to get ready for receiving the rest of the guests. He left Shaker to amuse himself with books and magazines, which were on the table beside the telephone set. A little before nine o'clock, the Gulf man returned to the sitting room wearing his Arab Gulf traditional costume - '**Dishdashah**' of fine blue English Kashmir fabric with the traditional head costume – '**Gutrah & 'Iqal**'. His shoes and watch were of very high quality. Of course, he had put on a high quality perfume. Shaker looked with astonishment at the Gulf man, who hastened to tell him that he preferred to receive his guests in his national Gulf costume. "I think it is better always for a man to be connected with his identity. It makes others respect him no matter how he differed with them in opinion "said the Gulf man. Shaker did not say a word but shook his head and had a pale



smile on his face. A moment of silence lapsed before the door bill rang. It was Mr. Wilson. Then the American Retired pilot Richard and his wife Barbara came arrived. A few minutes later the artist and two friends from Queensway Arab folk. An unexpected guest arrived last was Mr. Yamato, who apologized for being late looking for the address.

They all sat in the large guest room overlooking the street, after the host had introduced them to one another. Meanwhile joyous comment exchanges of formalities had taken place between the Gulf man and each of his guests. The outstanding comment was from Mr. Wilson who was so impressed by the Gulf man's costume saying, "Do you know it is the first time I have seen you in the traditional Gulf costume, I even could not recognize you for a short while. You look very handsome in this costume. The American woman, wife of the American retired pilot commented by saying to the Gulf man," The image printed in my imagination about you was not as I see it now. Your costume in its design and colors indicate a sophisticated taste."

The Gulf man laughed shyly and said, "Thank you and Mr. Wilson for the compliments. It is a mere national costume I intended wearing it on this occasion. Remember that by complimenting me you may instigate the jealousy of Richard I do not trust the reaction of an American man carrying the heritage of the American west.

Every body laughed, meanwhile Mona entered carrying juice cups on a large tray, which she put on the middle table and was about to start handing each guest a cup. However, the host got up tanked her and her himself started handing the cups for his guests. Addressing his guest he said, "It is an Arab custom that, the host serves his guests personally. Therefore, my friends consider feel at home and consider it your house and me your guest. You have to forgive me for not serving alcoholic drinks in my house, as you know. They all said, "Do not worry and no need to apologize because we understand the matter".

Some dual and trio conversations took place, the most important of which was the conversation between Mr. Wilson on one hand and the American old couple on the other hand. It was about the latest books, famous publishing houses, and the ones, which suddenly have become famous, among which is the publishing house, which published and distributed the Satanic Verses of Salman Rushdie. Barbara, who had taught philosophy in a famous American university for a long time, said to Mr. Wilson, "I think, it is not convenient to discuss this book here." The Gulf man heard her and turned his face smiling at her and enquiring. She smiled back and looked at Mr. Wilson, who hastened to say they are talking about the "Satanic Verses ". Madam Barbara thinks it is not proper to discuss it here, so as not to hurt your feelings. The Gulf man looked at Madam Barbara with a smile as usual and said, "Thank you, woman for your kind feelings. However, nothing regardless of its sensitiveness can hurt my feelings. On the contrary, it may be a good occasion for both of us to correct a misunderstanding. So feel quite free to talk about any topic you like.

If it is so Mr. may I ask you, have the Muslims raised such a conflict with the west about the book of the English writer Salman Rushdie? Do not you think it is wrong to confiscate the freedom of the writer as to what he writes or expresses? The Gulf man answered her saying, "You may find it strange to know that at this moment I wish that this writer were with us, to see by your own eyes how kindly I would receive him in my house to have a discussion with him, aiming at discovering the truth about what he has written. The truth is that Salman Rushdie has missed both right and truth and fallen in the abyss of lies and deceit. Let me explain more to you as much as I can his lying, deception and extreme offence, which he has committed suspiciously and intentionally to hurt the feelings of one billion Muslims."

She shook her head while looking at him with intense interest, indicating that he should continue talking. He went on to say, "First, the issue has civilizational dimensions within

the cycle of the permanent struggle between the Arab Islamic world and the west. I will explain this topic later. Second, the Satanic Verses novel has exceeded reality many times. It is not a true novel and it is not based on historic documents or relating factual events. Its reality lies in being a fairytale.

The third thing, it does not express, as it should the factual dreams of well-versed writer but it is in essence mere hallucinations resulting from nightmares of a distorted personal psychology. Kindly note that, I speak in the context of literary analysis of the novel. So kindly, be patient. She nodded her head and every body was listening. The Gulf man addressed all, "The writer who writes a history account must depend on scientific research and factual documents and should adhere to a special approach to studying history, in order to preserve scientific honesty historically. However, this book has not adhered to any of all these, neither to a scientific approach nor to reliable sources. Therefore, it depicts mere illusion and myth, we do not know whether his novel is a research study of the Islamic religion or a novel relating the history of Islam. As for what you said regarding the freedom of expression, the writer who enters real of writing actual history, should abide by the scientific approach, not by offending deceit and distortion to a heavenly faith, the religion of one thousand million human individuals, particularly as the westerners are ignorant of the civilizational facts and the social fabric of Islamic societies. Let me tell you something very important about the background of this writer of Asian origin, who was born in Bombay. Since his childhood, he suffered from psychologically because he belonged to the Muslim minority living in an ocean of Hindus. He talked in his novel "Shame" about the tragedies of Muslims prior to dividing India in 1947. When he was 13 years old, his father sent him to Britain to study in Rugby school, which is a sophisticated private school for the children of the upper English class. This led to his feeling of seclusion. Then he became introvert as his English peers made him feel inferior and belonging to a low class and not belonging to them socially and being odd creature among them, and this has distorted his psychology completely. He therefore, formed a revengeful

feeling due to those insults. So much so that his peers used to beat and abuse him only because, he is of Indian origin. His Indian English accent used to irritate them.

Selma Rushdie, madam, has developed a bitter hatred and felt that his culture and the shade of his semi white complexion were not enough to get him a true passport to be a respected Englishman. He, therefore, felt a great frustration and suffered from inferiority complex. The strange thing is that after all such psychological bitterness and frustration he joined Cambridge University and attained a B.A degree in history majoring in Islamic history. In 1968, he returned to his new homeland, Pakistan, after the division of the Indian subcontinent. There he formed bad impressions and feelings about Pakistan. Furthermore, his relation with his father as he explained it in his novel " Shame: Mid-night Children" in a manner in which he mixed love with hatred and respect with enmity. Due to these contradictions, he inevitably had to try manufacturing the place and conditions in which to give him stability after Europe has destroyed him psychologically. I mean London, and its completely different society, culture and heritage. Because he could not coexist with his original society, he became introvert and translated his literary talent while he worked in the Pakistan TV but he failed to adapt intellectually and practically. The censorship rejected all his literary works. Thus, he swam in an ocean of failure and returned to Britain where he was able to emerge in field of writing novels.. The strange thing is that he apologized for Muslims for writing that novel by saying," I confess that Muslims in many parts have suffered a great pain due to publishing of my novel. I am sorry that my book has caused such pain to followers and believers of Islam. Then he confirmed his mistake of basing literary work on disinformation and fraud, when he said, "As we live in a world full of religions and beliefs, this experiment reminds us that we all have to realize the sensitivities of one another."

The Gulf man went on to say," That was his psychological and personal background. I think he built his novel on a blend of western pragmatism floating on waves of illusions

about Islamic traditions. His novel, madam, is a huge tragedy of an Asian Muslim who lives in a country, which is free from spiritual restrictions. The man remained in the eyes of the British people a stranger spiritually and physically. Thus, he would never be a true British and that is his real tragedy. His novel constitutes a mixture of contradicting human feelings and emotions inside a person living his presence with all its tragic dimensions on one hand and seeks a future totally disconnected from his past. He has lost his ability to return to his original spiritual and cultural heritage. Thus, he has lost, also, the ability to achieve his future dream and fallen in this loss.

As for the freedom of expression, may I remind you of the fantastic chronicles about the freedom of expression in the west, especially your country, madam? Do remember the advertisement of Pepsi Cola in which the American actress Madonna appeared performing her song as though she were praying in the church altar and receiving her necklace from Jesus, may peace be upon him. What happened, then? Priest Donald Wilhelm head of the American Syndicate protested saying, "This advertisement is the most insulting thing to religion, I have ever seen." After this, protest a large number of TV stations stopped displaying the advertisement.

In France, when they displayed the film "The Last Temptation for Christ" the Christian believers set fire in San Michelle Cinema hall in the Latin quarter in Paris. Nobody had criticized them then. However, when Muslims set fire in few copies of the Satanic Verses novel, many in the west protested disgustingly against what they considered as intolerance and barbaric conduct.

In Canada, the government interfered and resorted to jurisdiction when a book appeared, rejecting the claims that 6 million Jews were victims of the Holocaust in the World War II. The judiciary prevented the sale of the book in Canada sentenced the author with a fine. Here, madam, in Britain, which defended the freedom of publishing the Satanic Verses in Britain under the pretext of freedom of expression, the government confiscated and prevented the publishing of Peter Right book "Intelligence Agents Hunter" and there was an attempt to confiscate in Australia. The book is about intelligence struggle between the east and the west.

Does freedom of expression allow dealing in double standards? The issue is farther than that, madam. "They were all listening intently when Mona entered the guest room calling every body to move to the dining room for having dinner.

At that moment, the Gulf man calmed down, as he was a bit emotional while he was talking. He said, "Yes, let us have dinner now and we will continue our talking later over cups of tea with green mint.

They all went to the dining room where there were many delicious Arab types of food on the table. While having dinner, Mr. Wilson Said, "We cannot deny the greatness of Selman's literary ability, which indicates a real talent. However, I have to point to the notion of the novel. Addressing the Gulf man, Mr. Wilson went on to say, have you read the novel of the famous Greek writer Nikos Kazantzakis, 'Christ Re-crucified'? I, among many other interested people in literature, think it has inspired the Satanic Verses novel.

The Gulf man answered by saying, " I quite agree with your conclusion. However, the novel 'Christ Re-crucified' despite being a superb literary work, remains a fable story, which insults and stultifies Christ, May peace be upon him. It belittles Christ

personality and makes Satan able to tempt and call him to contradicting religious thoughts. I remember that in one of the dreams related in the novel, Satan pushes Christ to abandon priesthood, marry a prostitute and commits adultery with another woman." Shaker commented by saying, " Yes, this is true, Mr. Wilson. I have read the novel. The American woman said, " What you have said is somewhat true. Are there any true things in Satanic Verses which history has mentioned? "One of the other Arabs present at the dinning table answered her," Had you read about Islam, madam, and coexisted with its legislations, the details of the faith and the autobiography of Prophet Mohammad, may peace be upon him, then you would have known that all Selman Rushdie has written in that novel is Imposture and hypocrisy. All he has written is false and the creation of imagination. Here the Gulf man interfered to add the novel practically contradicts facts of history, the faith, the prophet and rational reason. Do you know why Selman Rushdie steered the feelings of Muslims? That was because he has dealt with the topic in cheap, harming and lowly manner. We know right from the advent of Islam there is an attack against Islam as a faith and a civilizational heritage. Many individuals have written against Islam without real bases or evidences such as some Orientals of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, who tried to destroy Islam. So let Mr. Richard bring out all he has in his bag., In order to know its greatness as a message of prosperity, security, peace and justice, may I call you, madam to read the real books, which talk about Islam.

Despite what had happened, there were some positive stands in Europe and America from cultural and scientific figures and personalities, who expressed their rejection and condemnation of that novel. It is enough to mention the appeal, which the famous American historian Robert Graham had sent to Pope John Pall II asking him to condemn that novel because its author has insulted the feelings of all believers of the heavenly religions.

In France Cardinal Doe Kotare head of French Cardinals Conference had addressed the Christians of France saying," the Satanic Verses book stabs the French Muslims and their beliefs as Score Sandy stabbed you. We reject this wholly and in parts. There are many others in the west, who reject such cheap hypocrisy.

Shaker also and said," Professor Georges Sayigh head the Center of ME Studies who also works at California and Los Anglos Universities , as a Christian said," Selman Rushdie is drowned in the worst type of blasphemy. He is disbeliever and apostate." I have read the comment of Professor of history of religions and Islamic Studies at Harvard University William Graham, about that novel. He said," Through the novel and among the true Islamic scenes some words and false incidents were interwoven with words which have nothing to do with religion and their purpose is degradation of Islam.

This type of adding falsifications to religion has hurled the feelings of Muslims. It is tantamount to depicting Christ during a sermon having intercourse with whores.

While having dinner Mrs. Barbara inquired about the types of Arab food served. Everybody was pleased and appreciated the food, especially the sweet dishes that Mona has prepared. After they had finished having dinner, they all moved back to the guest room.

The American retired pilot thought he would steer a storm by a set of questions. He wanted to push the dialogue towards confirming his convictions and concepts as an American who participated as pilot in the World War II, the Vietnam War and served in various American Air bases around the world. However, he preferred keeping silent in the beginning to know the prospects of discussion and the psychological and epistemological dimension of the Arab Gulf man, who he has met incidentally n a



London restaurant. Apart from his desire to explore the other image, which he knows from the western media about Arabs and Muslims, their image in his mind represents backwardness and barbarism. The Arab – Islamic character in his imagination carries all evils and destructive enmity. Whereas he, as an American and master of the world with his compressive power and strength in terms of knowledge and civilization represents all the meanings of the human civilization in which the world lives today.

He wanted to test the credibility of western media, which consider terrorism and intolerance and Arab- Islamic phenomenon. In addition, they try to make Arab – Islamic terrorism and intolerance as a common principle. He started his comments by a shrewd question about the orient, trying tactfully to avoid direct reference to Arabs and Muslims. He said, " May I ask you as being Arabs and Muslims, about the nature of the struggle that is going on between you as the orient and us as the west and why violence comes from you countries towards us as the west? I mean, why this inimical spirit is. We feel your enmity as though it is against the civilization and its values, which the west has created. It is perplexing that you participated in making the bases of this civilization- as you have mentioned before- and what we feel today, is it not so?

Shaker looked towards the Gulf man, who was listening intently and cigarette in his hand. Everybody looked towards him to hear what he has to say. He took a seep buff and put the cigarette off. Looking at Richard he said, " Thank you my friend Richard for your question, which I have anticipated. Then he looked toward the others and said, " I only request your permission to let me answer at length. May I , my friend take you back to the roots of the at struggle , which I as an Arab consider it a misunderstanding and a cultural difference which produced that state of struggle. Before Homeros in the 8<sup>th</sup> century BC until the 5<sup>th</sup> century BC, during the Athenian Classical era, the west derived its cultural sources from countries such as Syria, Egypt and Iraq. With the advent of the

Hellenic, civilization emerged the terms "East" and "West". The Europe had the Hellenic civilization, which satiated the Europeans need for historic depth and roots to their civilization identity. I quote what Terry Hunch said in his book, "Western Political Approach to ME" that with the advent of the Hellenic civilization in Greece the struggle which you have mentioned started and the terms "West " and "East" emerged. After that, the Europe and its historians stopped exploration of the cultural roots of the European identity. They were no more preoccupied in justifying the historic and cultural legitimacy, which they found in European Greece. Inevitably, Rome became Europe the Mediterranean the centre of the western world during that era.

With the expansion of Islamic lands and the extension of Arab civilization in large parts of the Mediterranean region during the 8<sup>th</sup> century, the decisive separation occurred. The Arab civilization expansion compelled Europe to withdraw back and be limited to its Christian spiritual field, which was directly under its guardianship. This had created a strong cultural divide between the east and the west, so much so that the European subconscious could not get rid of the civilization challenge, which the Arabs imposed on Europe during the middle Ages. Further, even the current western colonialism and material superiority could not erase the traces of Arabs conquests 12 centuries ago. Those events had become an intrinsic part of the whole region. This research sees also in the context of his research that this interpretation of events carries within its frame a racist approach on part of the west towards the history of the region. However, there was another event, which depicted the civilization struggle between the west and the east. It was the crusades wars, which made the separation between the east and the west decisive and final.

The outstanding question here is," Why? "The answer is because the west had discovered during his Crusades wars that Islam is not a religion and a faith only, but a civilization

project seeking to spread globally. It seeks also to reach all peoples and human civilization as it is a comprehensive message.

Through this historical context of events, the west had formed its attitude towards the east. This historic attitude is still charging the attitude of people in the west toward the east. Therefore, the inimical attitude or the distorted image in the mind of the western individual about the Arab Muslim, culminated because of events and historical eras, which took place hundreds of years ago. In particular, the inimical stand of the Catholic Church, which had organized defamation campaigns of Islam and described Muslims as heretics and imposters. These campaigns continued from the beginning of 11<sup>th</sup> century until the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, when the Catholic Church stopped those campaigns, in order to make Christianity more open and of global character. As I have already said, my friend Richard, this historic friction during the Islamic invasions and the Crusades wars generated enmity and hatred in the western mentality for Arabs and Muslims.

Mrs. Barbara said to the Gulf man, "it is natural my friend, that your military attack during the Arab expansion against Europe and its civilization to generate such enmity. Do agree with me that human traditions and heavenly religions reject aggression and destruction? The Gulf man rose his hand indicating that he understood her question and said to her, "No, Mrs. Barbara, it was not aggression and destruction, the mutual killing and destruction were not the characteristic of that friction. Alternatively, let us say what distinguished that mutual struggle was the Arab science, by which the Arab-Islamic culture and civilization had shined at the time. As it was the basic and great source of knowledge, which enabled Europeans later to possess the pillars of the scientific power by which they have mastered the world.

Mrs. Barbara nodded her head as a sign of agreement with the Gulf man. However, her husband Richard said, "despite my admiration of what have said, about the history of the struggle, I would like to ask you why did the west obscure all the positive aspects of the Arab and Islamic civilization?"

The Gulf man said that his answer would be by western writers such as the French scientist Terry Hunch who said that the western history intended distorting the facts of that era. The only facts, which remained, were those that kindle feelings of hatred and malice. The western history ignored intentionally the Arab scientific and civilizational contribution. The western mentality preferred to conceal its admiration of Arab science on one hand and displayed its racism against Islam on the other hand.

Hunch said in his book that Europe made Arab Islamic civilization its scientific and civilizational standard during the Middle Ages. Europe was less developed compared with the degree strength and prosperity which the Arab Islamic experiment. Richard interrupted by asking, "do you want to say that foundation of the current political and intellectual difference and contradiction is that interpretation of history?" The Gulf man said, "It is the foundation on which the struggle was built. However, there are other factors controlling it and these are the same factors, which control the current struggle."

Sir, we are a nation, which possesses a history and a rich civilizational heritage, which is naturally different. However, the problem is that you understand that struggle in a frightening way due to your psychological complex, which is deeply rooted in the western mentality, due to the struggle events. For example, you have implanted Israel in the heart of the Arab world not for the sake of the Jews because you hate them, may I remind you of the holocaust, which took place in Europe. In contrast, Judaism set out from our land, as did Christianity and Islam. Jews lived among us in peace and security. Such peace and security were due to our values and human civilization. However, when you, sir, have implanted Israel and supported its aggression against the Arabs, the same complex, approach governs, and you take it as a basis for judging us.

The same complex and the same intellectual approach govern you, even when you deal with our legitimate aspirations or when you impose on us what we do not accept.

Now after this brief display of events, do still think my friend Richard that we are a nation of savages and barbarians who have no culture and no heritage and seeking to destroy the western civilization or we are just terrorists? Richard answered by saying, "By sound, reason which the rules of history and culture govern it, I say "No". He hastened to add, "judgment cannot be in this form."

The Gulf man said laughingly, "Do you know that Dr Henry Kissinger- Former American Secretary of the States- has a famous saying: We should not leave these savage Arabs control the fate of energy and the fate of western civilization". This expresses clearly the thought, which governs the western mentality, especially the mentality of western leaders. It reveals that strategic and materialistic interests in addition to imperatives and whims govern the policies of these western leaders. This is the negative image, which the west formed and fixated in its mind and imagination across history.

Mr. Wilson who remained silent all the time, was the one to ask again, "Why against you alone and not with other nations in the world having the same constituents and which establish a struggle motion between them and us? "Even you, Peter." said the Gulf man jokingly. Then he went on to say, "Do not forget the very obvious fact of the geographic contiguity between you and us." We are face to face on the opposite shores of the Mediterranean and on your southern and eastern borders. Furthermore, we have, as I told you earlier, a real civilization project that is Islam. Then, who said their a struggle between you and other nations? Do you consider Japan a part of your western world? Of course not, and it will never be. Then he winked at Mr. Yamato, whose eyes narrowed further as he smiled.

Richard said laughingly, despite what you have said we will never let you rise again or possess the ability to compete with us civilization wise. This is the logic of history.

The Gulf man answered him saying, " Yes, my friend Richard but we do not look at the issue from that angle. We seek affinity and rejection of animosity, based on illusions, which are the creation of events, the analysis of which shows that human contact and affinity constitute the great foundation of a human life structure. We live on a single planet and human life sales on a single boat and we have to seek together the realization of our supreme objective. Struggle is natural and inevitable among humans. However, we must balance between these principles by justice, not by the might of injustice, for the sake of supporting communication between peoples and civilizations. Further, as humans, we must explore together the prospects of the future, in order to see where we are heading, without fear, horror or a feeling of hatred. Le me I remind you my friend that all civilizations, which prevailed since the dawn of history eroded themselves and perished. These are the laws of the Omni Creator. You, despite the great civilization, who you are in control, are not immune to those factors of erosion.

Richard stood up and said emotionally, " I am proud of you and of the history of your nation. Despite the difference between us in many things, which are still inside our mentalities, I confess that h t e west must seek seriously to change the wrong concepts about the Arabs and Islam. I thank you for hosting us and the good evening time we spent together.Execuse us please as I and my wife are leaving hoping to be to keep in touch and to meet again. Mr. Yamato was the next guest to leave. Mr. Shaker went to see his mother inside. He hugged her and said, " I feel borne anew. I love the country in which were borne and raised but I am proud of you mother and my Arab roots. They both had cried again.

Shaker returned too the guest room with his mother and introduced her to Mr. Wilson. The time was about half past twelve when a car carrying the four Arabs, left to Queensway to

start another soiree among their friends. On the way, the artist was driving his car silently. Then suddenly he said, "I have a superb idea born in my imagination for a painting depicting the meeting which took place tonight. The some one retorted jokingly, what would you call it? The artist said," A Dialogue on the Thames Banks"

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