

George M Grow

# Wald



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## EXTRACT, THE FIRST ENLIGHTENMENT OF THE CLEVER PEARL

“That’s all very nice, Mr. Smith, but far too complicated for simple shepherds.”

Wald replies with a long, probably significant but unintelligible stare in the air. For him, his theory for everything he developed at his uncle’s manor is the simplest thing in the world. And while the Pearl assures the that she fully understands and, following his advice, will seek Allah, who holds her life in His hands, as long as she still takes everything as lightly as possible, does not believe in the worst possible case before it happens and doesn’t make any provisions for the future, it is up to Wald to prevent the girl from searching. “Why?” the Prince asks, as if he understood nothing at all. “Why oh why?” the Pearl also asks and mentions a Koran verse which states that he who seeks shall also find. “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,” the Prince quotes, bewails how everything runs contrary to everything again and that his guest was confusing them with his “bricks of the sky on earth” since all his awareness-raising stuff would make no sense if religion wasn’t about seeking Allah. That Wald shakes his head, that he keeps them from seeking, he puts across with a purportedly ancient wisdom that says that we always were one with the Mystery and it was therefo-

re impossible and preposterous to search for the secret. They had to get rid of the idea that they were ignorant and have to hit It. We were the Self of the unreachable Mystery, we were It now and we were never divorced from It. That's even why we could never obtain, reach or find It, but what we could do is to gain consciousness of It, to realize all that is given as an undivided body. Therefore, one might say, "It is not Allah who has to inspire me, but rather I have to inspire Him."

"I, Him? Ho, ho, you are surprising me, Mr. Smith. If that were the case, ever guy is a mystic anyway!"

Too, his niece seems affected by this information. With her eyes opened even wider than they already are by themselves, she prudently says,

"It's probably the case you cannot believe in God if you don't believe in yourself. I almost like to say: He who does not believe in himself is an atheist." By the way, a first-class lesson, in my opinion. But what is that? Wald, who should be familiar with the Mohammedan customs as far as to know that he shouldn't do so, gets up, bows before the young lady, takes her hand from the knee of her outstretched leg and brings it to himself until it joins with his lips in a kiss.

"Very nice, Mr. Smith, but it's enough now, keep your distance, sit down!"

“Cheers, Mr. Smith,” the girl calmly shows him her gratitude. Then he takes his lips off her hand, which, on its own, sinks very slowly into her lap, returns to his mat, crosses his legs and says to her uncle,

“Not only the mystic and the one who means well for the people, for the animals, for the world, who donates, acts and loves selflessly but every man, no matter whether he likes it or not, no matter he knows it or not, no matter he consciously participates in it or not, acts within God.”

“Everyone you say?” The Prince cannot believe it. “Oh, no,” he rebels against the Prophet’s word. “That cannot be true, that must not be true! Don’t tell me everything makes sense in view of all the nonsense in the world!”

Wald is compelled to smile, and this gives him the chance of making a date with the young lady’s magnificent eyes bursting forth like two moons from under her black veil. And still before he has removed his piercing gaze from her, he says to the Prince what he has already told him in its essence: that everyone acts in accordance with God since they were on the mission to form and constitute the universe. Though, since the Earth was not a heavenly planet but a place where all sorts of attempt were conceived, designed and examined, everyone would act in God no matter

he believes it or not.

“What tested?” the Prince asks in consternation. Then he adjusts his turban and indignantly asks, “What is that supposed to mean? Listen closely, Mr. Smith! Don’t tell me Allah is Doctor Mengele and the Earth is his research laboratory!”

“Uncle, if its existence is supposed to make sense, what the hell else could the Earth be but a research laboratory?” the girl asks and smiles - a cruel but also benevolent smile that – even now while she appears absent to him – affects him by the sense of understanding which he feels with the girl like a newly opened present. And after he, without averting his eyes from her, acknowledged to the Prince that not everything makes sense but everything was on its way making sense, the Prince blurts out the following question at him: in what, in view of all this, would a believer and a mystic differ in Allah’s omnipresent eye, which leads Wald to the counter question whether they know the difference between keeping farm animals and keeping pets.

“Say what?” the Prince uncomprehendingly asks, showing his big, round, stiff eyes, blinks, licks his lips and says to Wald,

“Mr. Smith! You’re the Promised One, you’re the Prophet, and it isn’t up to me to be dubious about your message. But say, what does Allah

want me to do? Shall I step in front of the tribal princes and call to them in the birth of the state, in the birth of the new House of God that they are not His beloved children but domesticated animals and pets!?”

“Uncle!” his niece says. “I guess what Mr. Smith is trying to say is that all people evolve, that they develop more or less blindly by trial and error. However, what is more, Mr. Smith reminds us that there are still people who yield up to their fate in both: in the identity of a person and in the identity of the cosmos which, as Mr. Smith asserts, is God Itself.”

The Prince sits up, heaves a sigh of relief and says, “Of course, darling, if we rely on Mr. Smith, this is Allah.” Then, after he has pointed at himself and at his niece too and has assured his sister, who is rifling through the crates in search for her passport, that she wasn’t meant by this, he applies to the young guest with the dotted tie and asks whether one can imagine God as a big brain and His Prophets as synapses of that brain. Wald expels this picture from his mind with a wave of his hand since this like any other comparison would lead away from experience. And instead of saying what one is doing during the process he calls “unification” in distinction from “meditation”, therefore, how to open the floodgates of the individual part of the psyche to The Psyche, how to let the Five Columns

dance, he floats his next dogma which is: that He whose body continued to grow every which way, expands consistently whether He likes that or not and affects space, time and world in doing so whether He likes that or not, splits His consciousness again and again. He did so in order to be able to sight into Himself and to question Himself, to see with different eyes, for example, with human eyes for organizing Himself in a better way. Even he, Wald, preferred to tackle a task with someone who has his own mind and is not too close to him, and so it was not necessary for people under this sun to know about Allah or to believe in Him, indeed, even this would be unwanted.

“Unwanted?” The Prince flips open his mouth and his eyes. “What do you say, honey, do you believe this?”

The Pearl bites her lips, but there is a thought to lead her out of the dilemma. “Uncle, even if every man is more or less...

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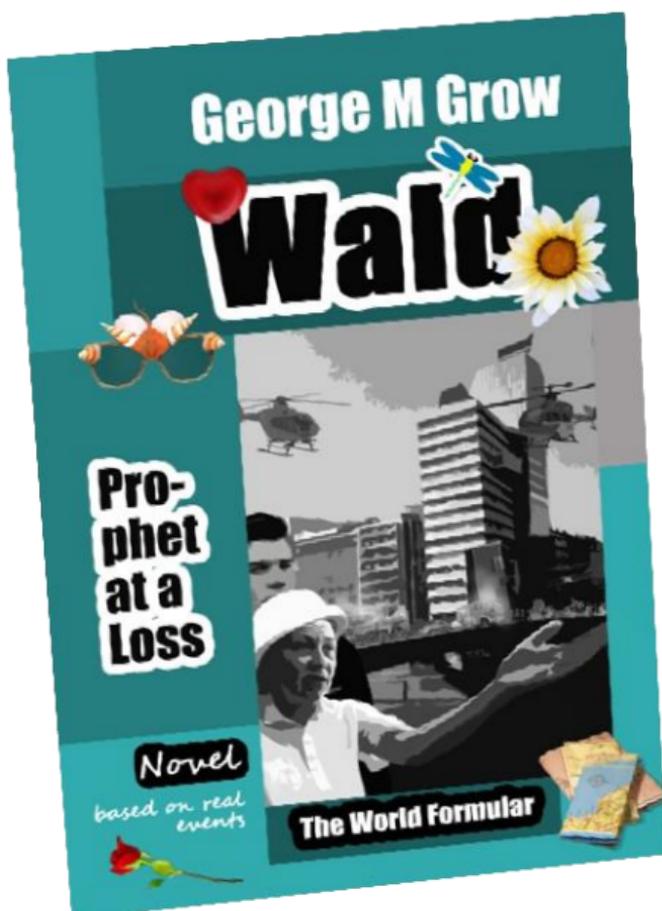
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