

Human Society: A Gathering of Necessity or a Gathering of Innate Nature?

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مُجْتَمَعُ الْإِنْسَانِ! اجْتِمَاعُ فِطْرَةٍ، أَمْ اجْتِمَاعُ ضَرُورَةٍ؟

I have always wondered about the nature of this remarkable creature called the human. I have long and deeply contemplated his words and deeds, his patterns of life and the nuances of his behavior. I studied the broad outlines of his life and scrutinized the exceptions. I searched for the motivators of his actions, as well as the inhibitors. I attempted to deduce the laws governing his movement and to extract its goals and ends.

I have long and often reflected on this human's relationship with his partners in existence. A partner could be of the same kind and sex, or could naturally differ in one or both. I adopted comparison as a principle during both research and conclusion. I compared the common denominators of the behavior of the tremulous human with the stable, typical behavior of his partners in existence. For my purpose, I selected two types from the animal world: bees and lions. And the human was the third world and the primary target of the comparison. These three worlds, in my view, represent the three patterns of societal living.

In truth, what the eyes of research and investigation have yielded about the animal world is too vast for my article to encompass. Much of it inspires awe before amazement, due to the marvel of creation and the genius of design. However, I preferred to select what is most familiar to human perception, for ease and brevity. For bees, as you know, and likewise lions, are familiar. Thus, I will not add much to your knowledge in this regard. This allows me to expand and elaborate on the

particularities of human behavior when gathering and interacting with others, whether they share his kind and sex or differ in them.

I will begin my research by analyzing the scientific facts about bee society and lion society. Then, I will move on to present my own reading of human society. Throughout this, I will present my arguments and substantiate my explanations regarding the motives for societal living in these three types.

The Bee Society

Bee society lives in kingdoms built through the cooperation of all members of the kingdom; not a single one refrains from useful, constructive action. Everyone is committed to a specialization granted to them from the beginning of their formation. There is the Queen at the top of the kingdom's hierarchy, and there are the nurses. There are the drones, carriers of genetic heritage, and there are the warriors. There are the scouts, and there are the diligent workers.

The Queen possesses status and the most important standing in the kingdom, but she does not rule. She has the fundamental role in existence, for she is the mother of all, without exception. She spends her day laying eggs, tirelessly. She is unaware of the state of affairs and does not know the conditions outside her chamber. She is perpetually working, persevering. Her sustenance reaches her in the best condition, so she does not ask.

Around her, an army of different-yet-identical beings toils. They differed in function when difference was a factor of construction and a necessity for survival. They were identical genetically when similarity was a necessity for belonging and unity. They never differ in their striving or their abode. The foragers provide sustenance for the residents, and the residents safeguard the health of the dwelling and the safety of the next generation of the kingdom's offspring.

And the drones in the vicinity are at leisure. They absorb the updates of time and embody the changes of place. They prospectively study the challenges of the situation and read, earnestly, the requisites of permanence. Each male works according to his unique genetic recipe to avert extinction and enable his function. Visions differ, so genetic recipes vary from one male to another. In the end, they compete to inseminate

the Queen. There is no conflict in this, only preference. The fastest and most robust in the race of strength wins the Queen and triumphs. No male butts heads with another or disputes. The field of competition is the arbiter and judge. The genetically fittest is chosen as the father of the next generation. Thus, everyone gains, as long as the preservation of the species and its function is the goal... is the headline.

The collective is in harmony, so they remain as they were inherently created. Work is divided among them, and they are diligent in what has been assigned to them. No individual neglects a task entrusted to them. Nor do they look at a provision destined for another. All toil in tranquility and confidence. An individual does not cease working as long as it is alive. Nor does it sever its connection to its kingdom as long as it is affiliated with it. There is no conflict over precedence or empowerment. The individual serves the whole, and the whole does not withhold provision from this individual.

One generation faithfully passes the trust to the next. The new queen does not fight her mother queen, nor does the generation of youngsters struggle with the old generation. When it happens that numbers increase and the hive becomes too narrow to contain everyone, the mother queen departs from her old fortress. A swarm of her entourage and loyalists follows her. The young one is crowned queen on the throne of her aged mother, continuing the work destined for her since eternity without deviation.

The world is vast, and work is plentiful, needing everyone and to spare. So, bees do not engage in wars of annihilation or eradication. Time is more precious than to be wasted in such heresies or confrontations. Thus, the successor bees engage in building the kingdom of the parents, and the predecessors continue, as they were inherently created of old, to build a new hive.

It is innate nature that gathers bees in a beautiful kingdom. It is innate nature that drives them to work with this deliberation. The whole harmonizes in service of the function. And the function is of such loftiness and necessity that it makes the individual, as well as the collective, diligent in their role. Were it not for the kingdoms of bees, the colors on God's earth would not have diversified and scattered. Were it not for them, trees would not have been adorned with cheerful bells of fruit.

Nor would humans and animals have benefited from the sweetness of this splendid honey.

And the cost is nothing. They work and do not expect a reward for their labor. They sip the nectar of a flower, carrying from it genetic deposits. They move to another, leaving the deposits for it as a gift. So, the first is happy with the role's fulfillment, and the other rejoices in the gift. And the bee is content with its action, spreading joy and delight when it carries and when it casts. And this contented one does not cease working until the sun of its Creator sets, returning with its precious load to its hive. It stores the essence of the flower as honey – the most precious nourishment and healing for it and for others among the servants of the Merciful.

No sane person believes that life on this earth could continue without this small creature. The future of plants, animals, and humans is contingent upon its deeds among them and us. If it were absent, cultivation would become meager, trees would become scarce, and bounty would be withheld. Grazing animals would diminish and become rare. And the carnivore would not find prey to feed on, so it would, in turn, wither and dwindle. Such is the state of humans; if plants were absent and meat became scarce, what could they consume afterward except the bitter and then the even more bitter... so ponder!

The Lion Pride

God endowed the lion with strength and majesty, and He bestowed them upon him abundantly. Consequently, a constant companion attached itself to them: roughness in body as well as in disposition. He settled it in the vast savannas where the horizon stretches beyond sight. Then came the command, the function: to cast terror and spread death in the expanses. For if you are lazy, the grazers will overrun the plains, exhaust the vegetation, and impoverish the homelands. Their numbers are large, and with the zeal and strength they were created with, they incessantly reproduce.

Where distances stretch and the expanse widens, speed becomes required for all movers, predator and prey alike. No safety is hoped for the slow and timid, nor is food desired for a lazy predator. The lion was tested with slowness of movement in its structure. For strength and its accompanying bodily roughness cannot coexist with agility of movement and its ranges. As for the prey victims, some have acquired

agility of maneuver and speed of movement. Others have preferred strength and roughness as a means, yet did not lack a share of speed. The lion starves, writhing in hunger, and fumes in anger, while the prey around it roam and strut mockingly... so what can it do?

Then, the lion realized the necessity of the tribe. Alone, it is too incapable to fill its voracious belly. Alone, its existence, with its might and prowess, might become subject to questioning. Then, strength is of no avail, nor can the dignity of appearance and countenance save it. The number is necessary to conquer both speed and strength. It, from its strength and majesty, can lead the group. The added value from gathering is capable of subduing the strongest prey even if they unite, and capable of catching the fastest among them even if they are seasoned.

Ruled by the instinct of survival, and certain of the necessity of society, the lion early on resorted to females, wooing them. They are less strong than him, so control and dominance become his right, and he does not worry. They are smaller than him, so speed becomes within the grasp of possibility, and he does not go hungry. They are fertility and instinct, and numbers are required for strength and the foundation of kingship, so he is not defeated.

The mighty lion did not struggle much to gather the tribe around him. For the lionesses do not lack cunning, nor do they lack sound innate nature in observation and management. They found in the handsome lion one with majesty and splendid appearance. They found in him the strong one with resolve; they found in him zeal. They, with their innate instinct of motherhood and survival, and he, with what males are created with – love of dominance and elevation. So it happened that necessity met needs, and the lion became the king, and around him were the lionesses.

And since that day, lions have lived cooperatively, forming the tribe to preserve their existence and stability. They tested solitude and individuality long and often, but they only succeeded when they gathered and united. The plains and valleys submitted to them when they learned the way to do so: they gathered and then united. Everyone submitted to them out of fear and caution when they experienced the value of added strength through union, so they united because they gathered. They knew the treachery of time and the overpowering force of fickle nature, so they

stood firm when they realized the necessity of gathering and union. So quickly did they unite when they had to rally and gather.

Human Society

In man's society, there are many stories and tales of deep emotions. How could it not be so! For even before that, in his very creation, speak as you will and as he wills, there was an act of discord and seduction. The angels never doubted an act willed by the Great Creator, and no creature who knew its Lord had disobeyed until there was the accursed Satan. And since then, man and Satan have been in a fierce, heated dialogue. Rarely does this human enjoy peace, and very often does Satan succeed in his deed. This one does not rely on a sound innate nature, nor does that one leave him without whispering for every base action.

Nothing proves my words more than a lengthy recounting of this human's life journey, from when he was in the cozy cradle until the grim, awe-inspiring grave enfolds him with its darkness and dust. After that, you must find the fundamental driver in man's society with other humans. Is it innate nature that governs, or necessity, or opportunistic self-interest that brings him together with others?

As soon as the light of morning breaks, at the thresholds of its dewy dawn, he raises his head, sensing the warmth of existence. He surveys the place, familiarizing himself with it. When he finds in it gentleness and safety, he prods the elements of wakefulness: "Awaken! Here is the sun of your world has risen!" And thus begins the journey of life, ruled by an instinct and a love for survival. His provision is a thinking mind, and driving him without leniency or slackening is an accursed devil.

Man begins his life armed with the instinct of survival and love of possession. As an infant in his mother's lap, he possesses no means of strength except a small, voracious mouth and a strong larynx skilled in the art of screaming. The little one succeeds in mobilizing the tender-hearted to serve him. Everyone around him is in constant motion. As for him, he is still in his warm cradle, sucking existence as he sucks his mother's breast. He accumulates in his core the elements of his independence. He knows weaning is near, but he delays the separation as much as he can. While waiting, he does not forget to cast here and there some radiances from

his bright mouth to amuse the entourage and delay, as much as possible, their inevitable upcoming alertness.

The infant grows, standing on two trembling legs. And with shyness, he takes his first two steps. He extends his hands to things, turns them over, learns them, and then uses them. He is decisive in his matter, wanting it as liberation and loving it as freedom. His nervous system develops, increasing the speed of his connection with the elements of existence around him. He accumulates, as much as he can, elements of strength and weapons of establishment. In his crawling and staggering steps, in his embracing the earth and letting go, he does not cease to implore the surroundings, and they, in blissfulness and foolishness, indulge him.

Then, as a youth, he experiences existence. He senses the beauty of the universe and the vastness of space. He is now more confident and steady in steps and actions. A curious hand from him dares to extend, feeling the heat of things and tasting the pleasure of possession. He searches for his self in the perception of others, and he tests his tools in the laboratory of those around him. When he masters his capabilities and tools, he extends the beam of mischief to reach the farther, secure one... then the even farther.

Early on, the daughters of the neighborhood suffer from the explosion of his virility, and quickly the panting of his haste is heard in the surrounding alleys and areas. And if you search well and deeply, and are allowed to delve into the hidden depths of the daughters of Eve, you will undoubtedly find many fragments and scars from this surge of masculinity. He plays, and they accumulate wounds and scars. He trains, and on the windows of waiting, they spend their lifetimes in distraction. He does not tire, nor do they, from his actions, become weary or bored.

For Eve, by nature, is diligent in her role, and she is knowledgeable in reaching the goal by all means. As for him, he sets out from emptiness and acts upon a crude, undefined instinct. He knows no goal, nor does he know a means. Instinct is the ruler and all he has, and it must manage the remainder. He experienced need and passion, and he must find the way to them. Therefore, you see him as an agent, spotting his unique attractions and empowering them. He tests his skills of

attraction and empowerment, developing them. Striving, he searches for a role and does not slacken. And for a position of regard, he often strives and is not content.

As for status, its seeds grow among peers and companions. He clashes with them, testing the level of his physical strength. He felt the level rise and gained privileges and spoils, invested in them, and became arrogant. He sensed weakness and strove to improve his efficiency, not hesitating. Then he throws himself into tests of strength repeatedly. If he wins, his eye is pleased, and his life is good. If he reaps failure, he deviates, reluctantly, to the path of the mind.

The children of Adam do not choose the path of the mind initially. For he begins life with his store of mind empty or nearly so, and before completion is a taxing action and toil. Despite that, he never despairs. For status is what he strives for as long as he lives. Whether the side effects of his striving are many or few, he is not preoccupied with the damages and those harmed. What matters is status, dominion, and power – if we approach the three from the important to the most important.

And this human grows older, acquiring the ambitions of men and their tools. His ability to think and act has become stronger and sharper. Status is present in thought and does not depart. And his hand in action searches for the way and does not relent. The beam of thought is long, with no settlement. For dreams have no substance; they invade plains and spaces without a monitor. As for the hand, it is shackled, restrained by the inertia of matter. The heaviness of actions incapacitates it, and the distance of goals exhausts it.

And hands clash, and very rarely do they intertwine. For status is what everyone strives for. And dominion is what all work for, without exception. So the essence of the matter becomes: who is at the front, and who are the laggards? Who are the fortunate, and who are those distanced? Status has chosen the pyramid for itself as a preference and has not accepted other shapes for representation. So there is the lofty peak of the pyramid, and here are its earthly bases. And between that heavenly one and this earthly one, the middle classes have piled up as descriptors. Then came the problematic command: "Work for your status, for I have not ceased working for it."

The masses raced for status and ranks and did not show mercy. The weakest among them, whose dreams were humble or whose resolve quickly faltered, so they did not

persevere, reaped nothing but the dust. And the strongest among them, who shone with ambition and strove for it steadfastly and were not daunted, climbed to the peak. They climbed the path to it and did not ask. They gave much sweat and blood and did not weaken. They heaped harm upon themselves and perhaps others, and did not stop. They accumulated gains and experiences until they finally reached it. And their struggle did not end yet, for they must persevere with action and giving if they want to endure at the peak.

And the multitude stretched of those who struggled as best they could, but they remained below the peak and resided in the middle classes. They wanted it as an ultimate goal, but the stronger plucked it early, and below the lofty honor, they reaped. They toiled as much as they could, but the peak was narrow, so they had to share the middle classes and wait. Hope drives them to reach the goal, their minds fixed on a resolve they have concealed and to which they are steadfastly committed. And on this very loom, they will spend their lives, weaving and scheming.

For status is not for everyone who desires it or sincerely and diligently strives for it. It is a test of merit and steadfastness, in which only the few succeed. And for the many others, they must repeat the attempt each time, and repeat. And if resolve leaves him, then he must be content with what was apportioned to him and not ask for more than that or increase.

And the human ages, and the circles return to where they started. He ends as he began, weak and dependent on others, he ends. He spent the first third of his life dependent on his parents, and here he ends his last third depending on his children. He has no life without the other at the beginning, and without him, in the end, he is the decrepit, clumsy, tired one. And if hope is tied to the forelock of the little one, what does the old one hold on his forelock and save? So the poor one swallows the water scorching his throat, and on the thresholds, you see him sitting, waiting for his fate.

I am astonished by you, O human! You spend the beginning and end of your life dependent, sucking from others – first with their consent and love, and then while they are compelled to endure it. And in the middle part, when God endowed you with strength, fortified your arm, and strengthened your might, you showed no

mercy to those others, nor did you hold back. You built your dominion in them and through them as much as you could, and for the sake of status, you never slackened in your work, striving and laboring relentlessly. You harnessed all you could for your kingdom, and in hoarding and amassing, you never weakened, gathering wealth and devouring it. Whether others were demeaned or went hungry, it mattered not to you, for wealth – which is ultimately what is relied upon – never truly satisfies.

Such is the nature of affairs as I have experienced, and such is the nature of people as I have comprehended. People received their allotted share of intellect and were not deprived of it. They accepted their share of intellect, never demanding more nor seeking an increase. Yet, when it comes to their share of power and dominion, they have never been content, nor have they ever been happy with what was apportioned to them. And they, as I see it and as you observe, have been scrambling for status and power since the time of Adam. For the sake of fleeting gratification, they have always contended and fought.

This is the story of man, from its first to its last letter. It is a poem from whose verses I have chosen to conceal some of the beautiful, while revealing much of the shabby in its core and structure. This is so the core text may become clear, and the rotten trunk of the tree may be distinguished from its garment and leaves. Thus, the intended purpose becomes evident, and the final aim is made easy for all its readers. No wishful thinker will be deceived by the glitter of an appearance, nor will any listener be taken in by the honeyed words of its ignorant. This is the truth of man, laid bare. Let us not, thereafter, exaggerate in praising life, nor argue foolishly, in our obliviousness, about the virtue of its human.

The Result, The Conclusion

The bee adhered to its innate nature and believed. So, one aligned itself to the shoulder of its sister and drew strength. It built for itself kingdoms, spreading them in the vast expanses, and wherever it settled, it spread good and benefit and bestowed generously. It granted the earth its green mantle, and with vivid color, it worked artistry in it and excelled. So, the ether was fragrant with the scent of flowers, and from a trailer of nectar, creation was quenched with a sweet taste and benefited. It

knew its role and set out sincerely, and beyond its role, it did not know and did not work.

So, creatures came, of plants, animals, and humans, praising the action. And from the action of the bee, they lived in prosperity and thrived. Without it, no spring would have come to a wasteland. Without it, no flower would have blossomed, and they would not have gained fruit. Vegetation would have deserted the valley and the plain, and the water spring would have dried up when it saw the plants around it wither and depart. And humans would have lived in a valley without cultivation or water. How could they abide if the bees withheld from them, or if they were prevented from it?

And the lions learned the way of survival, so they gathered. And they strengthened the bonds among themselves when they realized the necessity of society, so they united. They learned the bitterness of society if they diverged, and if they constantly differed among themselves. So, they dissolved the whole into the fabric of the tribe, and upon it, they established the kingdom and crowned. They ruled the plains of old, and from the plains, they never departed.

They subjected the inhabitants of the plains – grazer, rodent, and predatory beast – to the eternal law. So, every component committed to its role and function. Herds of grazers did not linger long in one land, exhausting it. Nor did the predators covet more than their need from prey, threatening its existence and extinguishing it. And here are the plains as they have been since their Creator permitted them and formed them. The grass still cracks the earth's surface every spring. The grazer still grazes on the fertility of the plains and their plants. And the predator still chases the prey every day, taking its need, its sustenance, from its meat, without increase.

As for man, he knew the necessity of his society but failed in organizing this society. How many a nation has become a thing of the past, forgotten, because it failed to organize its society! For when man gathered with the other, he only shared the space with him, and did not share visions and goals, nor did he share dominion and acquisitions. He never forgot his solitary self and could never soften the impetuosity of the ego within his essence. So, he granted his self all the ends and harnessed for it all the means. Nothing proves the truth of my claim more than the

outcomes of man's society with himself initially, and with all partners in existence if we wish to elaborate.

If the society of bees and lions is abundant in benefit for every resident, moving and still, then the society of man has been the opposite throughout time and across diverse places. Wherever man established his society, harm was inflicted on all around him, moving and still. He has afflicted the earth without mercy. He slit its belly, usurped its green meadows, killing the life within them and erecting a dominion devoid of spirit and life. He drained its resources, the apparent and the hidden, and he is still searching. He disturbed its water and polluted its air, and he has not ceased. He impoverished its soil and withered its plants. He destroyed the diversity of life within it, made its species barren.

And the other, of human kind, has not been safe from the disasters of this formidable society. Shall I tell you about man's injustice to his counterpart in creation, man? Or shall I tell you about man's exploitation of this man? The man who reached the heights of space dug deeply and uglily into the conscience of man, as deeply as he ascended. For he has plundered, killed, oppressed, stolen, lied, and exploited in the worst forms of exploitation. Then, he managed to erect the structure of his alleged civilization upon the blood and sweat of immense victims.

How astonishing you are, O human! What civilization or morals do you claim and profess? By the Divine, were it not for a small group of the good and the righteous, I would have doubted your virtue over the other inhabitants of the earth. And were it not for a word that preceded from the Lord of the worlds, becoming a proof upon all hearing worshippers, I would have denied you dignity fundamentally. And I would have denied you every virtue and every religion. But the proof is established and will remain evident to me in every ambiguity and at all times. As long as the Almighty, the Omnipotent, has affirmed and commanded, then I, the worshipping believer, have no choice but to say Amen... Amen... Amen.

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