

Saleh Al-Dah'han

Journalist

Sana'a, 26th September Newspaper, issue No. 339, 13/4/1989

Sultan Nagi is Bibliographical Historian...farewell!

In solemn funeral procession consisted of elite of sons of both parts of Yemen, writers, authors, intellectuals, professors, artists, and other groups of people, the corpse of the deceased of science and literature, Mr. Sultan Nagi departed to his last home in the day of last Tuesday after a trip of bitter struggle with the disease that he died in one of British hospitals.

He was an encyclopedia in history of Yemen, multilevel encyclopedia whether in political, social, cultural, journalistic or military history. Some of which were written by him, were collected in books, and most of them still awaiting collection. He was a truly national Yemeni.

During my acquaintance of him, after my hearing of him long ago whether in the South Yemen at the beginning of the seventies that we had weekly meeting in his house in Khormaksar, to hover in new worlds to remember the factual incidents, to extent of chatting about courses of events of the country which attracted the people, and to hover in the space of poetry, literature and art, where Sultan Nagi was leading the meeting.

In every trip in that world, no blemish impacted his steps, and nothing tainted its brilliance, that I confidently challenge a claimer- even if a single one, I will consider him one million - if Sultan Nagi had an enemy; the deceased was the enemy of himself. He was the first and the last enemy.

When the illness started threatening his life and when the Angle of Death (Azrael) began flirting him, Sultan Nagi was the power over each communer.

Before his heart started threatening him, he had refused many offers which he called (laxity or slackness) which were presented by many Arab countries in order to be devoted there as a student and teacher and researcher.

He preferred to flee from Yemen but to Yemen to stay as that singing bird in his flock because his demand was to stay in Yemen and to be buried in its soil. He did not look for the earnings of this world, that once I heard him repeating Ibn Al-Muqqafa'a saying, "A seeker of the world is as the drinker of seawater; the more he drinks, the more he becomes thirsty." By my life, he never drank except the fresh cool water from the headspring of (Y-e-m-e-n)...Yemen.

"May God rest his soul, O' Maeen's fhather."

•

