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Desire of Supposed Trip

A trip that is unexpected! Here I am sitting on my seat among a few travelers not more than fifteen. Usually, it seems that the people do not like to travel in Ramadan (Hegira month). The plane is preparing to take off, and the people tightened to their seats by belts around their waists are preparing to ascend up to the sky. It seemed on their silent faces marks of fears and resignation.

The steward gave me a copy of 14 October Newspaper that helped me to break some of the silence. It is the first time; I opened the newspaper to read during the flight – thanks. Due to delectation, "if there is an egg, I will break it, as they are saying".

There! Our plane is hurrying toward the clouded sky. Four days we could not see the sun, and then we saw it after the plane had left behind the clouded sky. It went this time over those remained clouds of Shamsan mountain. When I asked the steward, "what was the reason that made the aviator choose this direction? Ten times I have been traveling from Aden to Sana'a, but I have never seen planes passing that direction." "The Pilot has chosen this direction to avoid the clouds," the steward said. For the first time among some gaps I saw Aden from such direction.

"The weather is very wonderful, isn't?" my companion Ali Abdul-Kareem told me. I replied "circumstances impose obligation upon us to leave this wonderful weather to go over a supposed trip which was not expected." I looked to the left side to see three ladies surrendered to the gloominess and subdual; their black cloaks added something of sadness, why not? Since death snatched Sultan Nagi out of the life and mind two days ago and so the Ramadan happiness vanished. There we are accomplishing them on the way to Sana'a to participate in his funeral procession

The altitude was 28 thousand feet, the aviator flew his plane when the land was sheltered under thick clouds, and what was told by the aviator was just as a kind of tranquility. He told us about the height of the plane, its velocity and arrival to our destination, that he took the chance to penetrate through a gap in the sky to land, where the city washed with rain dazzled us when we saw the glittering of stagnant pools.

The temperature was 18 centigrade and sunlight was stealthily sending out into the city, and disappeared through cloggy clouds in the air that considered according to the people of the city as a proclamations of good news for the end of the rain after four days of continuous rainfall, and that made people know for certain that the continuation of rainfall might result in more damages.

It is a former palace that belonged to one of Imam's sons was our abode, it is called the Hotel which was changed to a hotel with palace features, its gates were semi arches, its doors were decorated woods, its location in a garden with a wide space, where you could see the " Dar- Al-Hamd" among the tall, verdant and evergreen tress as a fine curio with beautiful characteristic of the Yemen traditional architecture.

"In this manner, this will be our abode. As for Oras, Raydan and Osan, they have gone to their mother and two brothers in their abode waiting for the arrival of the corpse of their father in coffin, coming from London where he died. Oh! O time!!"

It is the same room in Dar-Al-Hamd to which I used to arrive for any task. In March of the last year, my colleague Sultan Nagi occupied a small room close to mine, in which he passed hours cramming among his books. In the evening he returned after a meeting of chewing qat (grass) with his friends and acquaintances to have "qat" alone except a book that he read or topic that he translated. For some times, I used to participate him in his loneliness, that we were talking about some subjects he read on Yemen in books in English to recall his memory for scrutiny or to repeat reading the books issued in Arabic language concerning the same subject. Once he said, "It is difficult that the historian could write the history in the absence of documents and unavailability of such documents because of indifferences, while in the west historians and researchers get documents easily and in a short period, and the archives of documents are not free from any documents even if they are simple, including treaties, exchangeable correspondences, and reports. Thus the historian or researcher does not face any difficulty to find the truth to be written down."

In the circumstances, Mr. Sultan Abdu Nagi wrote tens of essays and studies and some books which are still as transcripts.

Once, I heard knocks on the door of my room. It was to my surprise that the knocker was Sultan. I responded to his demand to chew qat (grass) with him, and he said, "I heard grievous news, pardon me, some minutes ago I heard the news from Aden broadcasting station that announced the death of dramatist, (Arbad)." I felt thunderstruck entirely, "Arbad" had already telephoned me before I left Aden to Sana'a. I remembered his voice at that moment. "Please talk to the Ministry of Health... I will die." I heard Sultan's voice while he was continuing his speech saying, "Imagine anyone having the body of Arbad easily dies, how a thin one will do?"

Sultan passed away and will never be back! Honoring writers like him should not be by commendation as it is said, or just mention the advantages of the dead. Honoring of hid examples should be with a special attention to their efforts and the books that they left behind, because they spent their ages in studying, researching and writing; many of which are unpublished, for known reasons, including inability of the writers simply because they could not afford paying for publishing, and because there have not been publishers.

However, the historian, Sultan Abdu Nagi was very optimistic that he declared to his friend, Mohammed Al-Anessi, "I am optimistic that the presence of center for studies in Sana'a and a center for researches in Aden that both form a nucleus for centers which will be illuminations for thought and literature."

And even these two centers if not provided with printing machines and capabilities, their role will be for archiving only, while the books publishing abroad will be impossible because of hard currency, but their role might be limited only on the collection and archiving.

In the occasion of our diseased Sultan's optimism, is it possible to recall to the importance of establishing the publishers and a government central foundation for the homeland?

O! Officials continue the historian's optimism to achieve the desire of tens and hundreds of writers, and researchers to publish their intellectual and literary production.

It is a desire and a dream for intellectuals in the whole homeland.

Perhaps, the large crowd of the national intellectuals, writers, authors, and teachers who attended to escort him to the grave in Khozaema cemetery is considered as appreciation for all those whose lives wilt due to the hardness and tiredness for the sake of others... leaving the position of "ego" to serve their people and homeland. Therefore, they get tired and leave the world in an age they have not yet intended to complete.

وشبه بها كانت
والرسائل الصياغة وال
الناقد صفة لا يترك
في جو بل عاد شمس
بعض غرائب الحوادث
لا زالت مذكورة -
.. سمعت مرة طرفنا
ان يكون الطريق .. سا
معه يصعب نقل من القات
قال : سمعت خبراً
سمعت خبراً من اذاعة
.. سمعت تعالماً ..
من عن قبي صغماً وان
- ارجوكم شوقوا لي
بانوت !!
.. سمعت صوت
وانحنا بضم اريد بانوت

ذهب سخطان .. وان
كاملته لا يكون بالاشارة
موتكم ان تكريم ابطال
وراهم من جند كبرى
اعمارهم انقلاباً وصحاً
طرفها للتشر . لاسم
اقت الكتاب على نشره
لا يمكن الامكانات والسي

.. ومع ذلك كان
متفاناً صرح بتفانيته
انسي متفاناً بان وجود
ومركز للبحوث في عدن
تكون اشعاعاً للفكر والادب

وحسب هذا المعركتان
سيقتل دورها للارشفة
والذليلات في الخارج بالعم
على التجميع والارشفة .
هل لنا ان ندعو بصف
الاحياء تلتصق

نبغات قلم

حكمة الاسبوع :

من خلال لوتك المبر
حصل قلم ربحي السهم

سعيد احمد الجناحي

أمنية الرحلة المفروضة

وصولنا الى صنعاء حيث امتنص في سمانها فجوة نظاً
منها هابطاً لتبهزنا المدينة المفسولة بالمطر حسن
رماناً لمعان الهماء الركونة .

درجة الحرارة ١٨ .. ونور الشمس ينسرب الي
المدنية .. ويختفي من خلال كتل السحب السابعة
في النضا، مما اعتبره سكان المدينة تباين نور
المهر .. بعد اربعة ايام من عطوئه المستمر .. ايضاً
الناس ان اسنبراره ربما يحدث مزيداً من الاضرار .
.. قصر سابق لواحد من ابنا "الاعام" مقرباً .
ويعلق عليه الفتحق لعد تحول الي فنلق بحول سيات
القصر بوابته اقواس نصفية وابوابه الخشبية مزخرفة
ويقع وسط بستان بياض واسعة . وتري "دار الحصن"
وسط الاتجار اليابسة الوارفة الللال دائمة الاخضرار
كتحنه غنية تمثل الطابع القري للهنسة المعمارية
التقليدية اليمنية .

أوسان
عنا سيكون سكننا .. اما كوراس وريضان وحيث لقد
اتجهن الي لهن والخبوين في مناخهم التلالوا لاب ..
لناتم من لندن في تابوت حيث وافته المدينة هناك .
اه .. ايها الزمن !!

رحلة لم تكن بتوقعة .. ها انا على الطائرة اتبع
في متعد بين عدد قليل من المسافرين لا يتجاوزون
الخمسة عشر .. الناس كمايتهم كما يبدو لا يحدون
السطر في رمضان .. تنهب الطائرة للاطلاع .. وينهب
المسافرون المشدودون الي الكراسي باحزمة طوقها
حول خواصرهم للارتقاء الي غوق .. الي النضا، ..
تقرأ على وجوههم الواجعة عانم الخوف والاستسلام .

.. ناولني المضيف عدنا من صحيفة ١٤ اكتوبر ..
معا ساعطني على نفس بعض من الوجود اول مرة
انفرد المسحينة وانرا بعضاً مما كتب اننا، رحلة الطائرة
- شكراً .. لو وجدت بفضة لنفسها فرحاً كما
يقولون - هاهي طائرة رحلتنا تنطلق نحو السماء،
المليدة بكل من السحب .. اربعة ايام اخذت الشمس
عن فانظرنا .. لتراها بعد ان تجاوزت الطائرة السماء،
المسحبة . ولتفسي هذه المرة معتابة مانبني مسن
السحب فوق قيم سيمان وعندما سالت المضيف عن
سبب مرور الطائرة من ذلك الاتجاه الذي اختاره تائد
الطائرة عنسرات الهوات سائرت من عدن الي صنعاء،
لم تهر طائرة من ذلك الاتجاه . قال المضيف : اختار
القرار هذا الاتجاه لتفادي السحب .. ومن بعض
الفجوات شاهدت عدن من ذلك الاتجاه لأول مرة .