Mahmuod Ali Al-Hag Writer and reporter Sana'a, Al-Thawra Newspaper, 19/5/1989

Sultan of Letter and Honor (On occasion of the commemoration of forty days for death of Yemeni historian Sultan Nagi)

O! Sad Sultan, you have left earlier carrying your files under your arm your files, secrets, silent angry, accumulated patience in the "Cottage of Uncle Tom", and your endurance as "Siyzef" due to pure ambition and frustration that stifles the breath. Because of the infected rocks of time and fluctuation of decisive weather.

Early you have sheathed your pen which was embroidered with truth...your pen which has never dipped in ink-well of hypocrisy and adulation, or submitted to opportunism, seductions of ranks and degraded notability.

Hastily you have ridden your nimble horseback travelling in the darkness of the night and seductions and in the gut of the night in which distructions were competed, and crowded terror, spread on the sides of his paths which assassinate the steps and lay mine in the distances between the man and intention, between trees and the shades.

It was, it still, in your tongue some words, we still waiting for in the context of the useful historical sentence. You have said to us that you would return crowned with health and information to supplement your pathetic speech with us. Two desires - you have said – if God prolonged my life I would complete the constituents of the lesson and bring out to people to show parcels of hidden truths which satisfy desires of the Yemenis!

You have said to us that the real historian was the conscience of the history and infallible witness on his time; he is an eye to observe the reality on behalf of the blinded people...it is absolute but takes sides with the right not falseness, to the people not the ruler!

When the tragedy has come to an end after the tanks conversation and dialogue of artilleries, you have disdained to stay on the odors of the powder and remains of victims, you have treaded on your heart weakened by the pains of gun defeat to the north Yemen!

They described you that you had taken sides with one of the parties, since I have known you at a short distance in the beginning of the seventies (both of us from one village in Al-Maqatera), I warded you off what I heard about you. You have never been with any of the conflicting currents someday but you dared to talk in your meeting that we used to go to in your house in Khormaksar where writers and officials used to attend those meetings.

We were apprehensive for you from savagery of the tribe which is disguised with proletariat, and from the dangerous eyes under wrong slogan (if not with me, you are against me) in (the worst stage) which did not distinguish between the reactionaries and the entire national independent. The dark of fear has been spread in lieu of safety, hatred sown while instead of love and the growing of the human values!

You used to be silent for long time when you chew "qat" while listening to what you called (discussion of exaggerations), and when you got rid of that in your mouth, you gave full swing to your tongue. Actually we did not come to agreement with you in certain views and we did in others on the actual deeds and positions which submitted to trial and venture

SULTAN NAGI Yemeni Historian & Thinker

but your opinion was always (as great as your tongue) and this made you obtain the respect of esteemed people even when they were in contrast with you.

Sultan Abdu Nagi, you passed away in the bottom of your heart caldrons of anger, spoliation, and overwhelming sadness for division of the homeland. Even the Yemeni Writers Association, while you were one of its founders, did not let you go except you had something in your heart after they disappointed you in the election of its executive council, with you was colleague of your concern and your associate, the maker of the word, Mohammed Saeed Garadah.

I felt painful at the time of hearing the news - when I was in Egypt – disastrous news was told by the good man, ambassador, Ahmed Al-Shigni.

"Didn't you tell us before your traveling to the city of clouds that you would return to listen from you any reply on some questions that come out on the mouths of times?" Your last afternoon meeting with us in the hermitage of the good – humored friend, Abdul-Gabbar Al-Adeemi was like a farewell of flowers to spring. At that time your face was pale as the pale of the issue which heaped you psychological tearing and suffering which hasted the moment of death!

Again, "Thu Nawas" saddles his horse and rides toward the divine secret... split the torment of the sea...disappears...keeping out of sight and remains in the memory and conscience for ever!

O! My friend, the death is right, only the good- humored and pleasant are passing away! Abu Al-Taiyeb told the truth: "The death on his palm of the hand, jewelries are chosen by generous"

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• الجمعة ١٤ شوال ١٤٠٩ه المورج 3 1 5 -1 -عادف يوم الثلاثاء الماضى .. مرور (٤) يوما على رحيل المغفور له المؤرخ 10.1 اليمني الكبــير الاستــاذ القـدير (سلطان ناجي) .. وقد كتب الاخ/ محمود علي الحاج) هذا الموضوع: -لطان ناهر 1

> مبكرا رحلت وأيها السلطان الحترين متابطا ملفاتك واسرارك وغضيت الصناعت وصبرك المتراكم في ،كوخ العم توم، وتجلدك كـ سيزيف، من جراء الطموح النقي والاحياط الكاتم للانفاس ... من صخور الزمان الوبي، وتقلبات حالات الطقس الخادع :

> مبكرا اغمدت براعث الموشى بالصدق .. براعك الذي ماانغمس قط في محبرة النغاق والترتف . أو استسلم لأوراق الانتهازية ومغربات المناصب والوجاهة المبتذلة ا

> مستعجلا امنطيت صهوة حصائك الرشيق مسافرا في عتمة المجهول واحتساء ليبل تزاحمت فيه المهالك وانتشرت على جنبات درويبه حشود الرعب التي ماانفكت تغتال الخطى والسرى وننغم المسافات بين الانسان والغاية . بين الشجرة وفينها .. كانت ، لما تزل ، في لسائك بفية من كلمات تنتظرها في سياق الجملة التاريخية المفيدة .. قلت لذا ساعود مكلا بالعافية والمعلومات لاستكمل حديث الشجن معكم .. امنيتي مقتها ـ ان يعد الله في عمري لاتمكن من استيفاء مكونات الدرس واخرج على النائس شاهرا رزما من الحقائق المخفية التى نفي باشواق اليمنيين اليها :

> قلت لذا ان المؤرخ الحق هو ضمير التاريخ وشاهد منزم على عصره هو عين ترصد الواقع نيابة عن المغمضين ، مجردة ولكنها تنحاز الى جانب الحق لا الزيف ، الشعب لاالحاكم

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وحينما وضعت الماساة اوزارها بعد حوار الديابات و-ديالوج- الدافع استنكفت البقاء على روائح اليارود ورفات الضحايا - سرت على قلبك اللخن باوجاع الانكسار الى حضن الوطن شمالا :

وصعوك بالانحياز إلى أحد الفرقاء .. ولاني عرفتك عن كتب منذ مطلع السبعينات (كىلانا للحدر من قرية واحدة في القاطرة) فقد درات عنك ماسمعته .. لم تكن يوما مع أي من التيارات المتصارعة بل كنت تجرؤ على الكلام في مقيلك الذي عنا نؤمه في منزلك بخور مسكر ويحضره ادباء ومستولون . كنا نخش عليك من همجية ،اللبيئة، المقنعة باممية البروليتاريا ومن العيون التي في طرفها خطر تحت طائلة

والاستلاب والحزب العارم على استمرار تشطير وجه الوطن حتى اتحاد ادبائنا وكتابنا ـوانت من مؤسسيه لم يدعك ترحل إلا وفي نفستك شيء مضه بعد أن خذلك في انتخاب مجلسه التنفيذي ومعك رفيق همك وجليسك صائع الحرف الشعري محمد سعيد جراده!

امضنى النبا الفاجع لُحظة أن سمعته - وأنا بين يدي أرض الكنانة - من لسان السفير الإنسان/ أحمد الشجني الم تقلل لنا قبيل سفرك إلى بلد الضباب بأنك ستعود

لنسمع منك مجيبا على تساؤلات مرتسمة على ثغور أيامنا ا كان مقيلك الاخسير معنسا في صومعسة صديق الطيبسين عبدالجبار الاديمي بمقابة وداع الزهور للربيع كان وجهك يبدو شناحيا كشحوب القضية التي اوسعتك تعزيقا نفسيا ومعاناة تدنى الاجل ا

ومن جديد يسرج ذو نواس حصانة ويركض نحو الغيب - يشق عباب البحر - يتوارى - يختفي عن العين ويخلد في الذاكرة والضمير -

الموت حق ياصاحبي .. الطيبون يرحلون ! وصدق ايو الطيب :

المسوت نقساء علسى كفيسسة قىلائىد يخشار منهما الجميسياد

> الأسيف/محمود علي الحاج صنعاء ٢٦ ابريل ٨٩م

