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اقرأ في هذا العدد

- ❖ اضطراب الحياة الاعلامي في الجزيرة 2
- ❖ انطلاق اول قافلة للحجاج السبت 3
- ❖ 111 كيانا سياسيا يتنافس في الانتخابات 4
- ❖ اسيا تودع هذا العام بكارثة زلزالية 6
- ❖ اعادة مفصولين سياسيين للتربية 7

الدمقرراطية مباشرة

الشيوط

DÉMOCRATIE EN DIRECT

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العراق يصنع ابوابه المستقبل ويؤكد حضوره الدولي والاقليمي

تكلم حتى نراك!

نقل ان همدانا بولغا صرح بوجه انه تدمغته قتلًا: يا هذا تكلم حتى نراك
والقاسية: ان هذا التبدد في مواظبة على حضور دروس الاستاذ، ولكنه كان يترجم الصمت طول الوقت، دون ان يتلق بحرف واحد.

وكان الاستاذ - المصروف بر - تلميذ الصامت، ولكنه لم يكن يرد عليه، وقد قال له: يا هذا تكلم حتى نراك. فنظر ((التلميذ)) هو فمعه عن ذات بالدية لهذا الاستاذ - القاسية - الانتفاخي... فصامت بدوره، بعد التهمجة الاعلامية التي راقت ((التلميذ)) هذا المجلس لآخر بركة بفت لا لاقول رويديا ولكن بصور لا تكون سريعة جدا، ثم بعد تسرع عنه الكثير، فلا مقلبات، ولا مقلبات، ولا حتى استجوابات لوراء انه اعتراف بالاحترام الذي يعم حين صدم المجلس حال انه سيكون ((قل من تلميذ من الخسران استشاري)). وفي وصف خاصة، سماعت، لتنت الالقاسية مجلسه بكون كلامه، لا لانه لا يطهره، لا

عام مضى ... وأخر يأتي



بعطاء الحجاج
تودع سفينة الحجاج بعد عام مضى، وتفتح سفينة جديدة على عام مضى، عام مضى غابسة السلام، يحلوه وجود، وفي محاسن صيغة على تعبيره السبيل في العراق. فقد شيد هذا العام انقار السيادة التي العراقيين ليسل بومين من مع دعا في 28 حزيران واغن عن تأسيس الحكومة العراقية المؤقتة بقيادة للشمسور 1456. وايضا ولادة المجلس الوطني والشمسور زمان، والشمار 100 - الديمقراطية العراقية كقوة سيادة المهية، والتعهد لتأسيس السلطة التي سيستهدا العراق في الثلاثين من الشهر المقبل، وهذا ولادة افادة الثورة العراقية المؤقتة، وبقاء الديون العراقية، بتسمية اراءت عن 79,90 في ضوء التناق سباريس، واختيار العراق عمدا في مدينة الشارقة الدولية، والتكليف الديبلوماسي في الأمم المتحدة، الذي شكل اعترافا دوليا وغير عا بالمشكلة العراقية المؤقتة، ومواصلة اشاعات مؤثره مدبره للكون الملحمية.

UN AN EST PASSÉ, UN AUTRE VA VENIR

ثم بعد يسبح بقلو السراء ذي قسيدة وسال القسيدة ما كانت تستأجل، لكن كان حبيلا لو ان المجلس تكلم ولو مرر اصدقا، حتى يراه العراقيون.

محمد عبد الجبار الشيوط

تأسست سنة في المحلات الدولية

"I prefer not, to," he replied in a flutelike tone. It seemed to me that, while I had been addressing him, he carefully revolved every statement that I made; fully comprehended the meaning; could not gainsay the irresistible conclusion; but, at the same time, some paramount consideration prevailed with him to reply as he did.

"You are decided, then, not to comply with my request — a request made according to common usage and common sense?"

He briefly gave me to understand that on that point my judgment was sound. Yes: his decision was irreversible.

It is seldom the case that, when a man is browbeaten in some unprecedented and violently unreasonable way, he begins to stagger in his own plainest faith. He begins, as it were, vaguely to surmise that, wonderful as it may be, all the justice and all the reason is on the other side. Accordingly, if any disinterested persons are present, he turns to them for some reinforcement for his own faltering mind.

"Turkey," said I, "what do you think of this? Am I not right?"

"With submission, sir," said Turkey, in his blindest tone, "I think that you are."

"Nippers," said I, "what do you think of it?"

"I think I should kick him out of the office."

(The reader of nice perceptions, will here perceive that, it being morning, Turkey's answer is couched in polite and tranquil terms, but Nippers replies in ill-tempered ones. Or, to repeat a previous sentence, Nippers's ugly mood was on duty, and Turkey's off.)

"Ginger Nut," said I, willing to enlist the smallest suffrage in my behalf, "what do you think of it?"

"I think, sir, he's a little lumpy," replied Ginger Nut, with a grin.

"You hear what they say," said I, turning towards the screen, "come forth and do your duty."

But he vouchsafed no reply. I pondered a moment in sure perplexity. But once more business hurried me. I determined again to postpone the consideration of this dilemma to my future leisure. With a little trouble we made out to examine the papers without Bartleby, though at every page or two Turkey deferentially dropped his opinion that this proceeding was quite out of the common; while Nippers, twitching in his chair with a dyspeptic nervousness, ground out between his set teeth occasional hissing maledictions against the stubborn oaf behind the screen. And for his (Nippers's) part, this was the first and the last time he would do another man's business without pay.

Meanwhile Bartleby sat in his hermitage, oblivious to everything but his own peculiar business there.

Some days passed, the scrivener being employed upon another lengthy work. His late remarkable conduct led me to regard his ways narrowly. I observed that he never went to dinner; indeed, that he never went anywhere. As yet I had never, of my personal knowledge, known him to be outside of my office. He was a perpetual sentry in the corner. At about eleven o'clock, though, in the morning, I noticed that Ginger Nut would advance towards the opening in Bartleby's screen as if silently beckoned thither by a gesture invisible to me where I sat. The boy would then leave the office jingling a few pence, and reappear with a handful of gingernuts, which he delivered in the hermitage, receiving two of the cakes for his trouble.

He lives, then, on gingernuts, thought I; never eats a dinner, properly speaking; he must be a vegetarian, then; but no, he never eats even vegetables, he eats nothing but gingernuts. My mind then ran on in reveries concerning the probable effects upon the human constitution of living entirely on gingernuts. Gingernuts are so called because they contain ginger as one of their peculiar constituents and the normal flavoring one. Now, what was ginger? A hot, spicy thing. Was Bartleby hot and spicy? Not at all. Ginger, then had no effect upon Bartleby. Probably he preferred it should have none.

Nothing so aggravates an earnest person as a passive resistance. If the individual so resisted be of a not inhumane temper, and the resisting one perfectly harmless in his passivity, then, in the better moods of the former, he will endeavor charitably to construe to his imagination what proves impossible to be solved by his judgment. Even so, for the most part, I regarded Bartleby and his ways. Poor fellow! thought I, he means no mischief; it is plain he intends no insolence; his aspect sufficiently evinces that his eccentricities are involuntary. He is useful to me. I can get along with him. If I turn him away, the chances are he will fall in with some less indulgent employer, and then he will be rudely treated, and perhaps driven forth miserably to starve. Yes. Here I can cheaply purchase a delicious self-approval. To befriend Bartleby, to humor him in his strange willfulness, will cost me little or nothing, while I lay up in my soul what will eventually prove a sweet morsel for my conscience. But this mood was not invariable with me. The passiveness of Bartleby sometimes irritated me. I felt strangely goaded on to encounter him in new opposition to elicit some angry spark from him answerable to my own. But, indeed, I might as well have essayed to strike fire with my knuckles against a bit of Windsor soap. But one afternoon the evil impulse in me mastered me, and the following little scene ensued:

"Bartleby," said I, "when those papers are all copied, I will compare them with you."

"I would prefer not to."

"How? Surely you do not mean to persist in that mulish vagary?"

No answer.