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DREAMS, DREAMTIMES AND PORTALS IN VIRTUE OF MAGIC REALISM AND BUSH
POETRY: GILGAMESH OR IN HIS EVITERINITY EXPEDITION AND OLD BUSH SONGS

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ABSTRACT

On account of the fact that the study of dreams under the lens of the Freudian psychology strikes the eye as "the royal road to the unconscious"ⁱ since it is the "disguised"ⁱⁱ achievement of a targeted desire; dreams take shape of real perspectives for a persona or a poet. In time, the dreamtimes take seizure of the Australian aboriginal mythological sacred era and also often employed to designate an individual's or a group's set of doctrines or ideologies, the concept of dreamtime erects the millstones of a community, rules and regulations for social decorum to ensure continuity of fauna, flora, land and man. That is why it dominates the system of the community, cultural lore and how man responds in his milieu to. All in all, such dreams and dreamtimes find portals in *Gilgamesh or in His Everternity Expedition*, for Dr. Shakir Abidaladgem Ja'afar (1972) eclectic Iraqi dramatist attuning the old *Gilgamesh* epic into a modernist drama, and *Old Bush Songs*, for Andrew Barton Banjo Paterson (1864–1941) Australian bush poet, however the portals here symbolize the last terminus of a meant desire and dreamtime and give origin to dreams in *Gilgamesh or in His Everternity Expedition* and dreamtimes in the Australian collection, *Old Bush Songs*, in light of both magic realism and bush poetry. There is one further point on such an issue that dream and dreamtime strike deep roots in history, yet the images of the doorways and portals burgeon through these two concepts and prod them into the fore, that is why the paper tackles no an iota of sheer fancy beyond the gyves of history in the current artworks and lends more countenance to trail facts and ethos than to survey past incidents.

The actual study manipulates such a locus in two sections with a conclusion; the first reconnoiters the acts of dreams as described in the Freudian psychology, the dreamtimes as iconized in the Australian mythology and the images of the portals in *Gilgamesh or in His Everternity Expedition* in virtue of both magic realism and bush poetry; the second throws itself into the depth of dreams, dreamtimes and portals in *Old Bush Songs* in virtue of the Australian bush poetry and the postmodernist magic realism. The conclusion takes soundings of the soul-searching papers and the sheer results.

Keywords: wish-fulfillment, plentitude, hybridity, metafiction, authorial reticence, collective consciousness, cinematography, figural interpretation, spy hole, provincialism and phantasmagoria.

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Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Robert Burns (1759-1796)ⁱⁱⁱ

Section One

Dreams, Dreamtimes and Portals

In Virtue of

Bush Poetry and Magic Realism: *Gilgamesh or in His Eternity Excursion*

A case in point deems that dream, by hook or crook, is a spy hole to the unconscious mind floating into existence during sleep and driving from libidinal urges. In the Freudian psychology are there two thoughts revealed in dreaming: the latent dream content and the manifest content, both give impetus to the so-called dream work; success, ambition and trepidation are all in conformity with the image of an ascending escalator since the sleeping mind has no nexus with reality, but the innate instinctual dispositions are not set during sleep by the pangs of reality. So the goal-directed motor activity is at chaos during sleep and the motivational programmes that are provoked during sleep fail to be obliterated in the motor activity during sleep. In part, sleep and goal-directed actions are mutual states, that is why it is quite convenient for man to act on his wishes through imagination that defers the pressure to act. Therefore, the dreams regarded as guardians of sleep and the royal road to fathom the unconscious; dreams give a headway to fear, desire and emotion: all types of dream emanate from a wish-fulfillment; they contain crucial messages that come to the fore through symbols.^{iv}

Similarly was done in *Gilgamesh or in His Eternity Expedition*, adapted from the ancient Mesopotamian epic, Gilgamesh of Uruk that grows momentum as a cult figure of worship during the old Akkadin Empire c.2350 BCE, somewhat tantamount to king Arthur as his mere name designates; "He who saw the Deep", haunted with dreams: there is a "day residue"^v; a meteor symbolizes a perishing friend, a falling star Enkidu's eventual fate, mountain collapse as the defeat of Humbaba, a bull as Humbaba and the bull of the heaven they fight ferociously to defend Uruk from mass destruction. Enkidu loses himself in pursuit of meteoric fame as he sets foot in a community and abandons the kingdom of animals at the hand of a beautiful lady, Shamhat, and loses his mood to commune with four-footed creatures; Gilgamesh of Uruk loses his ecstatic moments in pursuit of meteoric desire of immortality. Here comes the sincere friend to dream of being in perdition and condemned to perish. For he casts both Huwawa and the Bull of Heaven into death, next night he dreams as being summoned to the Underground where the queen of death recites the writ of execution, then there appears a sense of mitigation for the sake of his boon friend, Gilgamesh; it happens in reality that Enkidu dies in a grisly way. So dreams, here, never take the royal path to the wish-fulfillment or rather they trip from latent dream content to manifest one:

"My friend, why are the Great Gods in conference?

(In my dream) Anu, Enlil, and Shamash held a council,

and Anu spoke to Enlil:

'Because they killed the Bull of Heaven and have also slain

Humbaba,

the one of them who pulled up the Cedar of the Mountain

must die!'

Enlil said: 'Let Enkidu die, but Gilgamesh must not die!'

But the Sun God of Heaven replied to valiant Enlil:

'Was it not at my command that they killed the Bull of

Heaven and Humbaba!

Should now innocent Enkidu die!'^{vi}

For the dramatist , Dr.Shakir Abidaladgem, takes as gospel that "playwrighting"^{vii} pertains to everything social, political and activist , thus he confronts three kinds of challenges ; in the first he is a bush poet ; the romantic atmosphere should be preponderant and paramount ; he drags life into poetry , folklore tales into the moment , that is why there is no "ornate diction"^{viii} as found in romanticism , in the second , he delves into surrealism to obliterate the classical narrative style ;in the third he employs neologism^{ix} , prose , modern war diction and economy in structure as he pertains to the group of eclectism holding tenure of no system and lines in dramaturgy and calling the scene as a portrait , for him life is in portraiture , that is how he portrays himself as a half absurdist and a half surrealist endeavoring to depict life as he merely feels ; born and bred in the welter of wars and sordid economic blockade ;in the midstream of iron regime and fire tyranny, tastes no sweet in his accumulative experiences and hankers after what man feels and shuns in his life. Definitely , a dreamer, to the extent ,envisages the past as a remedy for the present moment, Not only is ***Gilgamesh or in His Eternity Expedition***, for him , an epic figure lives in the far past, but he is as a preacher without uttering to proclaim that wars and their repercussions wreak havoc upon modern man ; as a saviour to wake man, bereft of any hope or ambition , into his sense and mind: Gilgamesh , here, acts as an emblem of protest against what happened and happening ; as a character he functions as pivotal in the five portraits but he recoils from the last one ; the dramatist loathes imitating the past form and conventionality, he exerts himself , through the six portraits or moves , to erect innovative cures for man to redeem himself : " it is not a theater that imitates more than creates"^x, it is of a great sultry challenge to have life portrayed but in condensed form and content, that is why it is quite convenient to find words fraught with shades of meanings; cinemagraphic images guide one to his true existence, to truth; cinemagraphic touches help the dramatist to give much shrifts to an image ;as found in the portrait two , The Market , and portrait six , The Light :

Colours on stage converse with each other, they commingle, in time the green fades , in time the red coruscates ; the green comes from the right wing of the stage to stampede the red...Then the blue tends to be an interlocutor , as the yellow street light coruscates ,the other colours vanish, the yellow tends to be preponderant^{xi}.

That is why there is no need to words ,an image comes equal to a thousand words, they seem highly expressive and open to explication. In time Gilgamesh pertains to Urk, Lamassu, the winged bull-man, to Mesopotamia, but they never designate any sense of provincialism; they are summoned for the sake of cosmopolitan aspects just to shed light on the chaos and turbulence occurred in Iraq as a realist past of human life; yet throughout the sixth portrait or move, it is hard to find mention to a particularity of place or time. The dramatist resuscitates the past just to fathom how worse and poignant the present grows. To the joy of his doctrines, he innovates a language between Gilgamesh, on one scale, and the present Urk people in terms of telegraphic codes; signs, pauses, punctuation marks, sounds, aha and agonizing utterances, since man runs equal to others in sorrow and trepidation .On the other scale, he drags the prescient readership into being a part of the portraits as an interpreter or a referee or an Urk man or Gilgamesh himself in light of "figural interpretation"^{xii}. Inevitably, the dramatist violates all the customs of dramaturgy and casts a sense of cooperation between the text and the readers as his ideas percolate through images and utterances, though short, coincided periphery-centered, they are highly impressive.

Yet dreamtimes are certain layers of stories and tales reckoned with the lapse of time appertaining to the Australian aboriginal myths. Such narrates a specific viewpoint of a community and reflects, to some extent, sapience and knowledge people inherit generation by generation. The myths, here, regarded as a catechism, a liturgical manual or a history of civilization. That is to say, dreamtimes surpass borders and limits to strike a note of importance to social and religious vantage points. By courtesy of literature and poetry, in particular, system and ethos float into existence throughout ages; Shamhat tames Enkidu, obliterates his deep-rooted mannerisms and accultures him to Uruk decorum:

The harlot spoke to Enkidu, saying:

"Eat the food, Enkidu; it is the way one lives.
Drink the beer, as is the custom of the land."

Enkidu ate the food until he was sated,
 he drank the beer-seven jugs! -- and became expansive and sang with joy!
 He was elated and his face glowed.
 He splashed his shaggy body with water,
 and rubbed himself with oil, and turned into a human.
 He put on some clothing and became like a warrior (!).^{xiii}

To the heart of the abovementioned excerpt, man could reshape or refurbish his systems, life. Dr. Shaker casts his country agonies into a gray panoramic system, overall, the dreamtimes are system, ethos and mannerism the commonality appeals to. There are, forsooth, some categories; public myths, private myths, sacred myths and feminine myths; each category addresses a prow in the community. For the aborigines deem that the world launches during a mythical period termed as Dreamtime or the Dreaming; the ancestral beings lurk beneath the ground after they have created the landscape, man, laws and system on which people rely. They teach them how to survive in time of hardship. Having achieved all these feats, they return underground, that is why there are certain rituals held at the hand of the aborigines to reactivate their ancestors; singing, dancing are meant to drag them into ground, then they recite a song in unison to return them to their lair. Dr. Shakir exerts himself to find a system in his shattered lands. However, the dreamtimes are just acts of revival to the ancestors to erect a system on the ground they have abandoned, as what Gilgamesh and Enkidu weave to cajole Uruk's Assembly of Men into blessing the forest expedition; the machination propounds that it is necessary to devastate Huwawa, the forest guard, to usurp great wealth to the city. In doing so, Goddess Ninsun, Gilgamesh's mother, is to be obliged to bless his friendship with Enkidu:

The one who knows the route protects his friend.¹
 Let Enkidu go ahead of you;
 he knows the road to the Cedar Forest,
 he has seen fighting, has experienced battle.
 Enkidu will protect the friend, will keep the comrade safe.
 Let his body urge him back to the wives (")."
 "in our Assembly we have entrusted the King to you (Enkidu),
 and on your return you must entrust the King back to us!^{xiv}

Here comes the precocity the dramatist germinates in *Gilgamesh or in His Eternity Expedition*, with the caveats in mind then, fostering formidable array of grotesque portraits contingent upon past-present shuttle, folklore and modern dictions, black and white versus colour images, pellucid and grizzly pulses and so forth. Much of what the portrait one "Space" elucidates is rather realistic; half realist and half fantastic and takes the initiative in no place and time, but it exposes an ambience savage, abrupt, forlorn, lorn, obnoxious and brisk. there is a salvo of gunfire; none fathoms such shots whether they are for ecstasy or mourning; mourning for lost companions, then a diaspora of banners showing the latest world news; from all these sources of commotion Gilgamesh appears on the stage with his eternity plant, the moment he endeavours to take a bite or a morsel, a cannon explosion rives and rants, then it faints. The Space portrait shifts the heed from pellets and flaming shrapnel to life. In such a kind of living, man finds no expression, no system, no dreamtime to adhere; in the ancient epic, Gilgamesh exerts himself to erect a system, his people respond to a system of veneration and respect, that is why the dramatist drags Gilgamesh into modernity to redeem a lost and usurped system; history looms larger and larger in his drama, apart from time, for both morality, virtue and for philanthropy, altruism^{xv}:

Gilgamesh has arrives after a strenuous expiation to cull the eternity plant, now he is the cradle of his land, modern Uruk land, he gets a whiff of it, heaves a deep sigh, the moment he endeavours to take a morsel, the canon commotions flutter the doves of him^{xvi}.

What is more, the images of doorways in the epic show their face as essential to the whole construction of the narrative, so often they target a meant point and provoke pathos or excitement; the portals of the Uruk city symbolize magnificence and a burgeoning epoch to the newcomers; Enkidu plunges further into Uruk life and

decorum as he passes through the gate. As gothic aspects stipulate certain strokes of architecture, there should be opulence and resplendency^{xvii}; it is quite convenient to find the image of the portals iterated through certain synonyms; gateway, entry, entrance and doorposts:

I will enter the city gate of Uruk ...

I will devote (?) myself to the New Year's Festival.

I will perform the New Year's (ceremonies) in...

The New Year's Festival will take place, celebrations...

They will keep shouting 'Hurrah!' in...^{xviii}

On the contrary, in *Gilgamesh or in His Eternity Expedition* Dr. Shakir accommodates the second portraits, The Market, in a sense of pellucidity, there are no portals; the eye slides from hilarity in portrait one into ecstasy, colours, carts with humpbacked old people; there is a fruit and vegetable array, then it manifests itself as fruit and vegetable bomb; banana bomb, tomato bomb, that is why here, in such a freakish portrait Gilgamesh endeavours to take a bite or a morsel from his grasped eternity plant, drums, dancing and hilarity sounds stymie him. Once observed as logical, it turns to be phantasmagoric; the dramatist, to the last, constructs his Gilgamesh in prose with grave tone that lays the hands of the prescient readership upon the sense of anarchy, craft and corruption man suffers from; it grows totemic for Gilgamesh to salvage his modern people and to poke the ulterior motives of self-perfection^{xix}; man desires to augment, thus he delves into their lanes and streets to bestow upon them his remedy: the eternity plant, none pays attention, they are thoroughly engrossed in nothingness; no doors out:

A clique plunges, with hilarity, into the stage, another clique tends to be bracketed with them, one upon one they dance; dances are commingles to the extent there is no unified dance, dances get lost. Light fades, Commotion not heard.^{xx}

What is to the point is that the Australian literature rotates around the bush poetry since the unique landscape, fauna and flora thrive in such a ground. The bush poetry kept orally from generation to generation and whose creator almost always emerges as anonymous. In part, most of the Australian litterateurs continue writing bush poetry in the midstream of twentieth century. In this regard, A.B. Paterson in the *Old Bush Songs* endeavours to reconnoiter the marvelous landscape and beauties of the forests. Such ballads strike deep roots, mind and heart, in the nation; *Waltzing Matilda* surges into existence as the unofficial anthem to the Australians and tackles a tale of a vagrant swagman roving the continent unshod, because he has nothing but his feet and a swag humping the billy, matilda and so forth. Such a song grows momentum to be an anthem to the countryfolk and the townsfolk as well. On the plus side; the style of the song is as dreamy and lush as the Australian landscape. In time, the bush poetry tenets are well portrayed in *Gilgamesh*; tablet five paves the way to the ambience steeped in leafy boughs and thick forests in Mesopotamia:

Across the face of the mountain the Cedar brought forth luxurious foliage,

its shade was good, extremely pleasant.

The thornbushes were matted together, the woods(?) were a thicket

... among the Cedars,... the boxwood,

the forest was surrounded by a ravine two leagues long,

... and again for two-thirds (of that distance)...^{xxi}

Moreover, Dr. Shakir observes the evergreen colour as a vanishing dream; all the people lost between shrapnel and neurasthenia, war and peace, the play pertains to the realistic war drama, yet there is no evidence whether it is front line setting or return-of-the soldier or home front as there are fusillade, explosion, bombardment and shelling, it is a kind of war repercussion drama, all people and everything in lethargy^{xxii}:

All at a twitter, the violet colour drops, then the green does, the red does and the blue does, the violet and yellow wane. With coruscation the faint blue tends to be preponderant and permanent.^{xxiii}

Yet the foliage in the original text of *Gilgamesh*, at the very outset, presages both intimacy and quietude; as the epic plunges further into the kinks and fissures of the city just to give a hint to the readership that Uruk is

the abode of a creature, two-thirds god and one-third human, paying much heed to his hedonistic and carnal desires; palm trees and flowers with hybrid colours are to pinpoint his collapsible personality. He rushes into deflowering and raping women as a fierce panther:

Is Gilgamesh the shepherd of Uruk-Haven,
is he the shepherd. ...
bold, eminent, knowing, and wise!
Gilgamesh does not leave a girl to her mother (?)
The daughter of the warrior, the bride of the young man,
the gods kept hearing their complaints, so
the gods of the heavens implored the Lord of Uruk [Anu]^{xxiv}

In the abovementioned excerpt, the libidinal desire floats into surface so evidently, the protagonist, here, dominates every shred in the city-haven. Yet Dr. Shakir in drama, denudes Gilgamesh of his ingrained traits of libidinality: he appears to his modern Uruk people as sapient and finds no words to utter but his usual hesitation and trepidation, it is so sordid for him to live in the modern age; the past fails to resuscitate the present. What is to the point is that Gilgamesh fluctuates between mind and heart, fancy and reality, superstition and truth; as in portrait four, Gilgamesh endeavours to catch an airplane but in vain; such triggers the sense of magic realism, as a term, emanating from having two contradicting aspects; mundane and everyday touches under mysterious lenses; it is a kind of antinomy and manipulating mysterious and grotesque qualities of reality or rather it is to find a headway to mythical and magical perspectives in life. In time, man suffers from his hectic day, in time, he finds expression in inspiration to have the sense of the magic realism, it is necessary to grip a smattering of recognition to the constituents of such a style; marvelous elements heave into view as having something fabulous, for instance, levitation and flight dominate the portrait four and five; there are shrapnel, plants and planes aggravating around the pivotal character. In part telepathy, thought reading, appears in portrait five, The Speech; Gilgamesh has no words to utter but some ahs and sighs since there is no rapport between them. So such a device is meant to encompass the sense of phantasmagoria as the first condition under which magic realism surges into view:

Gilgamesh rouses as the jetfighters fly over him; multiplex planes; apaches, mirages, civil planes other types I have no knowledge about or rather I did not see them in my whole life, all the planes rotating around his horned head we do get wind of.^{xxv}

Second in order comes the sense of plenitude stipulating both the baroque and the stupendous reality in an artwork to convey the hub of strangeness and excellence; in portrait one, Gilgamesh in his usual vesture comes into the stage to meet his modern people, none pays heed to his presence, there are plenteous gestures he reveals but none responds. Third, hybridity takes hold of multiple inharmonious planes of reality; urbane and rural, western and indigenous. Such planes lead to "a more deep and true reality"^{xxviii} than conventional realist techniques, Dr. Shakir germinates two major styles, pantomime and scenery, Gilgamesh loses any rapport with the people for whom he sacrifices himself as being in the welter of a jeopardizing expedition. Fourth, metafiction centers on the role of the reader and explores the impact of fiction on reality and reality of fiction and the role of the reader in between, for instance, Gilgamesh sent to equate the chaos formula, but bit by bit, he reaches no a unanimous consensus and cordiality with Uruk society:

Gilgamesh pushes into so chockfull market scrutinizing faces whose scared complexion surprise him, he invites them the eviternity plant, yet they pay no heed to him, they have no mood to see any, he makes a tour inviting them all to the [plant but none takes].^{xxvii}

The more the epic proceeds as narrative and logical with the magic realism touches, the more the dramatist, Dr. Shakir, relegates Gilgamesh into mire and; as much through excluding everything at the back of beyond, the historical figure in the portrait three, the Café, finds people flummoxed without stamina to change themselves, in the café are there no tea sipping, no backgammon and no commotion, all the people in tableau, that is why the dramatist manipulates the device of chiaroscuro just to throw light on the pivotal character who fails to introduce himself, or his eviternity plant into the modern Uruk society; it is in all

measures, a pantomime scene as the characters lose the societal and cultural rapport ; the array of people here is thoroughly dumfounded ; the moment he endeavours to take a bite or a morsel , his stomachache wrings him, then he raves and rants , none gives a life ring to him; garbage thrown everywhere . Of particular interest and innovation is the way of yoking modern devices and diction with the folklore and mythological aspects altogether.

In the Fifth , the authorial reticence of the creator as he keeps himself tight-lipped about the exactitude and credibility of the viewpoints or the events revealed by the characters. That is why , Dr. Shakir gives no overtone or undertone to himself in the events , he leaves his tableau characters alone ; in the Airplane Portrait , some jetfighters aggravate around the solid horns of Gilgamesh holding one ear and hearkening to the echoing sounds with the other , he loses his composure and equilibrium as he throws his eviternity plant to catch any ,then an avalanche of plants landed on him, on such a spot of time and place , Dr. Shakir surpasses all the frontiers of stage and age; Lamassu strikes the eye as a rival to the lorn and the forlorn ; it is a kind of struggle with struggle ; the past struggles with the present that gives force to the tenets of magic realism ,the bull man, here, to equate the power formula as Enkidu did in the epic . However reality creeps into preponderance and prominence ; the dramatist portrays his milieu graphically and precisely ; definitely there is no " gossamer texture of narration or moonlit atmosphere "^{xxviii} , the play is what a dramatist observes and considers.

Sixth , the sense of mystery pants after leaving the readers in a state of perplexity and never takes the logical rungs in reviewing the exposition, plot advancement and the linear time structure; the reader finds the erasure of boundaries and destabilization, so he endeavours to " seize the mystery that breathes behind things", as happened in the portrait five, The Speech, it is quite vague to determine who defends who? Yet in this portrait , the prescient readership , cordially , responds to the speech and expects to have eloquence , sapience , goals ...but it happens to have a sigh and pain speech , not in words ; the past wrestling rivals slip into reconciliation and exert themselves to resuscitate the dying Uruk people; Gilgamesh and Lamassu give buttress to them, Gilgamesh holds his intimate speech devoid of words and fraught with sighs and ahs for the agony-stricken waving with acceptance to what Gilgamesh utters and sighs but there is no surety whether they perceive what they do or not . All at a sudden, an array of folklore violin , swift modern music, martial drums, funeral flute and dancing jazz permeate through the pestilent atmosphere ; in the welter of all, he endeavours to unlock his word-ward, but he stumbles either to utter or to take a bite or a morsel from his eviternity plant , ultimately , he does hand down the colours and lays the death-life plant to the people ; throughout all these processes the readership waits for the real moment of speech but it does not come ; Gilgamesh, here, loses the eviternity plant to his people to stimulate them into life, into being ,they are free to take a path or a decision , Gilgamesh as a saviour purports a sense of mystification to the readers and the modern Uruk people. Seventh , the collective consciousness is to have something people could sense everyday, it is necessary to the magical realism, here, to tackle a point man deals with every moment; ***Gilgamesh or in His Eviternity Expedition*** purports life , customs and turbulence , man lives in a mess and struggles to exorcise himself from all shackles ; he has nothing to do at the face of violent crushing forces beyond his grasp ; appealing to them designates effacing himself , in the play , beyond all expectation, Gilgamesh utters his sole sentence in English as he bestows the eviternity plant upon his modern generation : " to be or not to be " , here Dr.Shakir casts the whole drama into globality orbit exposing what is behind the arras ; man is man or as tacked in absurdity " one is what one is "^{xxix} regardless of his race , colour , place and blood, that is why portrait six gives an appearance of the rainbow colour on stage , to the last the faint blue dominates the whole stage ; neutrality triumphs ; moderation takes dominance over other poles ; anarchy , corruption and turbulence become enervated and decay over time. Eighth , political critique contains a concealed satire to the society and the elite in particular and endeavours to obliterate the socially dominant forces or rather decentering such forces that coerce the commonalty day by night ; as happened in portrait Five " The Speech " , people have no voice but they could wave without perceiving or fathoming what the speech denotes :

Gilgamesh moves into the heart of the stage holding his eviternity plant ...facing the audience, so scanty, and then he broaches the pant on the front stage and shouts : to be or not top be ! All behold the plant (Exit Gilgamesh) , the actors move to the plant and observes its entity ,whose voices are commingled and iterate the last words of Gilgamesh^{xxx}.

In the abovementioned excerpt , Dr.Shakir takes seizure of a telegraphic language Gilgamesh jabbers manifesting the great ordeal the modern man confronts and copes with in some angles, Not only is ***Gilgamesh or in His Eviternity Expedition*** a precursor of life-death confrontation , it gives expression that nothing the modern man takes delight in , he thoroughly gets lost ; that is why he pays no heed to the past ; he is in research for his identity and niche in such a churning cauldron , Dr. Shakir endeavours to cast his people into sobriety as he summons Lamassu , the bull man , but it is in vain , none moves a muscle, they dare raise their hands .

Thus, the magical realism never creates worlds but it suggests a magical one in ours and tackles ordinary subjects, not foreshortened one in light of miniature details to the huge landscape and the ethos. The sense of the hybridity prevails in ***Gilgamesh or in His Eviternity Expedition*** to convey the monolithic figure of the protagonist, that is why there are certain hybrid images in the portrait three ,The Café delineating the way Gilgamesh endeavours to resuscitate his people in the café ; there are children in tableau , no move, no words , Gilgamesh quits his steps , then he resumes communicating with ; whose wholesouled ambition grows momentum to salvage them, he is loyal to them as he is with Enkidu in the epic, in part he is half man and half god, yet he decrees to commemorate his destiny- decided people, Uruk . In time, he decrees to erect a burglar-proof tomb at the bed of Euphrates. It means, without any shred of doubt, there are two intentions; the first is to keep his promise intact, the second casts him into immortality but in a stone tomb, and then he recoils into rue and agony:

He shears off his curls and heaps them onto the ground,
ripping off his finery and casting it away as an abomination.
Just as day began to dawn, Gilgamesh...
and issued a call to the land:
"You, blacksmith! You, lapidary! You, coppersmith!
You, goldsmith! You, jeweler!
Create 'My Friend,' fashion a statue of him.
... he fashioned a statue of his friend.
His features...
..., your chest will be of lapis lazuli, your skin will be of gold."^{xxxii}

As an epic it introduces the commonalty into the fact that Gilgamesh is two-thirds god and one-third man, erects highly magnificent ziggurat, temple towers, encompasses his city with high walls and pays much heed to orchards and fields. His mien is handsome, strong and wise, year in year out, he grows a despot raping women without any demure. Yet modern Uruk people pay no sod of attention to him .In this regard, ***Gilgamesh or in His Eviternity Expedition*** prods the readership into such a baroque and marvelous real world of a man who observes everyone but none could observe him. Such construction, plants and shrapnel serve to convey the sense of nothingness and nihilism. The dramatist furnishes the tone of the drama as greatly baroque and magnificently marvelous. Then only then, the Uruk despot entangled in modern crises leading him to shun sex and acts of raping:

It is...it is...
Doth thou ?
Doth thou ? gabbers Gilgamesh, he feels it is no sense to talk, he comes to his sense and with agony beholds all people , he ponders over the plant ,the moment he endeavours to take a morsel , the moment people with drums produce great commotion.^{xxxiii}

Here it is a kind of eternal return^{xxxiii} , cyclic structure ,a saviour surges into horizon in time his fellow people at the ledge ; nothing at hand but he is to take the initiative , to sacrifice himself in the modern arena ; there are

no beasts but jetfighters and shrapnel , it is a fatal struggle for the sake of humanity and philanthropy , though the communication rapport finds no fertile ground , different ages , a labyrinth of languages and decorum , they reach consensus in matters of salvation ; they lose their stamina and impetus to change or to shunt the ways of their being . The dramatist broaches one and only issue, it is all human whether to leave the straight and narrow , to err on the side of mercy or to genuflect to humanity :

Not Gilgamesh pays a sod of a heed to whatever he harkens to....a cloth ripped into pieces , blocks are toppling , Gilgamesh summons himself in reckoning the plants, all these sounds get mingles to lead a protest revolution ; the cat sound comes the calmest , the sound of Lamassu grows preponderant. Motion accelerates and then decelerates ; as Gilgamesh garners the plants with inertia , the sounds decelerates; he ceases stepping, traces the source of the sound, he vanishes, he is wrestling with Lamassu, the wing-bull groans at the nth power of its sound, then quietitude prevails, Lamassu with Gilgamesh take the stage and garner the plants together ...^{xxxiv}

In the epic the godlike king never slips into despondency; so he incurs the wrath of gods, as they cast a wild man, Enkidu to set him in rivalry. But no sooner do they throw him in Uruk, than he shakes hands with Gilgamesh to be his boon friend. That is why the king lives in rue as his friend dies, so Gilgamesh heaves his anchor into the edge of the world crouching for immortality at the hand of Utnapishtim , flood survivor, and shunning all offers of mundane desires Ishtar shows in preference of immortality, as done above at the hand of Dr. Shakir whose pivotal characters fight the instinct of human dominance love or possession desire and genuflect to humanity benefits , though such an ardent desire Gilgamesh pants after to flee death, he responds to the breath of his heart on the rebound to the transient time he spends with Enkidu, that is why the concept of the collective consciousness takes hold of the epic , as Gilgamesh hankers after eviternity . It is quite convenient for the fact that there is a mutual sense of consciousness as one traces the plot construction, the protagonist is in a dilemma whether to have his mission recommenced or marred; time passes and life evolves Gilgamesh floats into life at the hand of Dr. Shakir to compensate him for the lost friend; modern Uruk people for Gilgamesh now is salvation:

Corpses heaped, all pound their ears, corpses upon corpses, all could scarcely move a muscle, in time they could hardly hearken to the speech of Gilgamesh, the plants Lamassu garners wreath him and he intends to bestow upon them ,Lamassu behind him, then Gilgamesh decrees Lamassu to buttress them ,he endeavours but in vain, Gilgamesh gives hands to him , the moment they buttress one to be upright ,another flops to slump.^{xxxv}

As an antidote, the protagonist in ***Gilgamesh or in His Eviternity Expedition*** as a man finds solace in friendship, then he delves into the sources of eviternity; whose abrupt appearance on the stage in modern time is itself a shade of magic realism that gives force to his dreams to be eternal; whose emotional persistence to shield the lands and to remedy the chaotic state of his modern Uruk people come parallel to implement a kind of dreamtime , system or regime that each Uruk person misses and whose nonverbal speech or rather soulfelt gesticulations and pains gives a flicker of hope to such people. As a modern drama ,it trips through the bush poetry tenets and the magic realism manifestos to wreath the whole artwork; there are transparency and simplicity in portraying the pastoral images ;the foliage saturates the stage as Gilgamesh throws the plant to shoot an apache , here the pastoral imagery functions as grotesque and freakish , the dramatist deliberately interpolates such a bush poetry tenet to manifest how turbulent and illogical life is .What is more, the diversity of the characters in the drama ;Gilgamesh from the south of Iraq , Lamassu from the north of Iraq and the modern Iraqi people all emanate from different places and ages , they align with one stream of humanity; it is a kind of multiculturalism , Gilgamesh jabbars some utterances but none could decipher his agony ; both Gilgamesh and Lamassu keep reticent to convey that there is no verbal communication but there should be an emotional rapport that grows momentum in the play, portrait by portrait. That is why it is quite convenient to find the portraits in the drama universal and they could be for any age and place; Dr. Shakir employs the sense of universalism to transpire the fact that man is where man is regardless of his colour and race ,blood and ethnics.

Section Two

Dreams, Dreamtimes and Portals

In Virtue of

Bush Poetry and Magic Realism: Old Bush Songs

As mentioned previously, dreams are the spy hole to man and the red carpet to his desire. The bush poetry, by nature, steeped with all the ingrained features of dreamy sense one could not fight leaving. In *Old Bush Songs*, not only does Paterson divulge his agony, ecstasy, weal and woe, but also he shuttles to the past to revive both mind and heart, for Paterson's poems vehemently purport a romantic tinge of rural Australia and the strait vicissitudes he fathoms throughout his life; in an artwork there is at least a little bit autobiographical tinge, for Plutarch it is "a sort of looking glass in which I may see how to adjust and adorn my own life"^{xxxvi}:

All you on emigration bent,
With home and England discontent,
Come, listen to my sad lament,
All about the bush of Australia.
I once possessed a thousand pounds.
Thinks I—how very grand it sounds
For a man to be farming his own grounds
In the beautiful land of Australia.^{xxxvii}

In the abovementioned excerpt there is a rushing and eroding bar between the romantic charm and the nostalgic narratives that recall the roots of the magic realism; hybridity in the tone that lurks in the words looms larger and larger. As a corollary, man finds vent in sleeping and dreaming, but sometimes there is a nightmarish tint that imparts the obsession of the poet as tackled in *Old Bush Songs; Bourke's Dream* whose persona runs into the frontiers of phantasmagoria; liberation and equality are both brain-seated wishes man reverts into as being repressed or coerced. The poem inaugurates the prescient readership into the bud of contemplation and then terminates at the welter of sobriety; in the exile:

I dreamt I was homeward, back over the mountain track,
With joy my mother fainted and gave a loud scream.
With the shock I awoke, just as the day had broke,
And found myself an exile, and 'twas all but a dream^{xxxviii}.

To some extent, the war experiences silhouette against his poems and commingled with the sense of the bush poetry: it is a kind of a mosaic rainbow, all the colours thrive in his poetry but the preponderant one is the sense of being Australian, chauvinistic or rather patriotic, in light of "anaphoric ellipsis"^{xxxix}. Thus the swagman heaves into view in *Old Bush Songs* as a harbinger to the aboriginal tales occurred on the Australian soils. In the *Waltzing Matilda*, the portrayal of the swagman is quite evident, as he roves around the forest to get livelihood, he is fancy free in the way or the place or the time he camps. In time, *The Swagman* narrates a wish to a nomad following a wallaby and searching for a job but all his attempts go with the wind, in part the persona divulges his pains and wails, there is a sense of humour to highlight the fact that such people know no bonds in life; they do adhere life at all costs as they envisage something glorious and optimistic in terms of the "proletarian revolution"^{xl}:

In the morning I'll tell you
If I've any work about
I can find for you to do."
But at breakfast I cuts off enough
For dinner, don't you see.
And then my name is Walker.
Oh! don't you pity me.
I'm a swagman, &c.

And now, my friends, I'll say good-bye,
For I must go and camp.^{xii}

To the heart of the abovementioned excerpt magic realism finds expression in the ambience of the poem; the narrative style, here, takes seizure of the mind and soul altogether, some images pertain to reality and some other ones to fantasy, so it is a kind of metafiction the poet surpasses to convey his patriotic propensity for his lands.

Next in importance come the viewpoints in light of dreamtime, most of the ballads tackle a sense of morality, ethos and paean of victory as one accrues something heroic. The bush poems strike the eye as the conscience of the day since they manipulate everything pure and crude. That is why multiculturalism digs deeper in the bush poetry; it covers fauna, flora and man; the swagman promenades throughout the forests delving into mosaic cultures, dialects and circumstances into which he resorts to reminiscing the halcyon days and to revive the hub of precepts. A case in point, here, is of essentiality that imagination and reality work in tandem in the mind of the bush poet: Paterson, in **Bringing Home the Cows**, yokes both the realistic ambience of the twilight and a hope to observe people hand by hand in holy matrimony altogether. However it is a kind of plentitude to have such an amalgam between different cultures and the past, that is why the main rubrics of the magic realism give floodgate to dreamtime, system, the poet exploits the sense of the tintinnabulation quite differently; in part, the bells of the cow designate their returning home, in part, it serves to convey the acts of the church chimes:

Arm-in-arm together walking,
While the cattle browse,
Earnestly together talking,
Plighting lovers' vows.
Where the daisies are a-springing,
Wedding bells will soon be ringing,
Then we'll watch our servant bringing
Mine and Mary's cows.^{xiii}

Since the concept of dreamtime stipulates having something heroic, paragon-like, moral and so forth, Paterson endeavours, throughout the **Old Bush Songs**, to introduce the readers into the sense of being in heart and mind with the soil, man could not find expression for himself but in his land:

First isle of the sea, &c.
Land of the orange, fig, olive, and vine;
'Midst earth's fairest daughters the chaplet is thine;
No sick'ning vapours are borne on thy air,
But fragrance and melody twine sweetly there;
Thy ever-green fields proclaim plenty and peace,
If man doth his part, heaven sends the increase;
No customs to fetter, no enemy near,
Independence thy sons for ever must cheer.^{xiiii}

On scale of mythology, dreamtime exploits such tales to shed light on the salient role man could do to keep himself genuine, chaste and pure; the romantic manifestos percolate, by sly, throughout the lines of **My Religion** to bring his prominent issues into effect:

Let Psalm-singing Churchmen and Lutheran sing,
They can't deceive God with their blarney;
They might just as well dance the Highland Fling,
Or sing the fair fame of Kate Kearney.
But let man unto man like brethren act,
My doctrine this suits to a T,
The heart that can feel for the woes of another,

Oh, that's the religion for me.^{xiv}

In all fairness, the poet exposes his doctrines and delineates his viewpoints concerning other religions; he has no inkling about Islam; Muslims never worship the prophet Mohammed, they venerate and obey him as a messenger of Allah, but they do worship Allah, the Almighty as an essential pillar in Islam^{xiv}; some poets feels God in everything : "in lambs and flowers and self-sacrifice and war...and the newspaper boys^{xvii}". The abovementioned excerpt runs equal to sense of chauvinism and provincialism in his poetry, since he roams over the Australian bush forests. To some measures , the poem lends no overtones or undertones for the poet himself , here, he lays the prescient readership upon mere facts and norms that is why it meets the requirements of the magic realism: authorial reticence; it is of objectivity as done with Dr. Shakir in his **Gilgamesh or in His Eternity Expedition**.

Furthermore , there are some iterated images for portals as a dominant sense of inauguration ; having a new threshold or home : doorways, entrances, entranceways, vents, holes, ingress and egress the **Old Bush Songs** thrives in to guide man to sobriety, ecstasy , knowledge , eternity and sapience :

Oh, the pigs and geese were in the wheat of the stringy-bark
cockatoo.

Chorus: Oh, the stringy-bark, &c.

The hut was made of the surface mud, the roof of a reedy
thatch.

The doors and windows open flew without a bolt or latch.

The pigs and geese were in the hut, the hen on the table
flew,

And she laid an egg in the old tin plate for the stringy-bark
cockatoo.^{xvii}

There is a piquant charm groaning under the lines calling for home and the birth land; Paterson harangues the state of being pessimistic ;the Australian lands, it is of ecstasy to indulge heart and mind in its soils. That is why the excerpt below manifests that portals give nurture to the concept of wilderness, home, settlement and loyalty:

I said, "Kind sir, I want a job!"
Said he, "Do you know how to snob
Or can you break in a bucking cob?"
Whilst my figure he well did scan.
"Tis now I want a useful cove
To stop at home and not to rove.
The scamps go about—a regular drove—
I 'spose you're one of the clan?^{xviii}

Into the patriotic veins, **The Beautiful Land of Australia** portrays the bush as marvelously as his mind's heart could, the poem is well coined under the shade of patriotism and sincerity in a grave and serious tone to hold the pivotal locus in the lime light:

Of sheep I got a famous lot.
Some died of hunger, some of rot,
For the devil a drop of rain they got,
In this flourishing land of Australia.
My convict men were always drunk,
They kept me in a constant funk.
Says I to myself, as to bed I slunk,
How I wish I was out of Australia!^{xlix}

By courtesy of pylon poetry, the excerpt mentioned below runs counter to the primitive styles some poets stick to, yet Paterson keeps himself in line with the industrial terms and breaths. So the amalgam between nature and industry leads to the shade of plenitude in light of magic realism:

On some fertile spot which we may call our own,
Where the rich verdure grows, we will build up a home.
There industry will flourish and content will smile,
While our children rejoicing will share in our toil.ⁱ

While the collective consciousness runs into romantic and transparent veins; man recounts his moments as an overlander in terms of the fleshly school of poetry, as the persona dovetails both human mission to live and carnal pleasures to act; such marauds to have a sense of the magic realism:

Some dirty urchins saw me,
And soon they raised my dander,
Crying, "Mother, quick! take in the clothes,
Here comes an overlander!"
In town we drain the wine cup,
And go to see the play,
And never think to be hard up
For how to pass the day.
Each has a sweetheart there,
Dressed out in all her grandeur—
Dark eyes and jet black flowing hair.
"She's a plum," says the overlander.ⁱⁱ

In the bush poetry, dreams loom large; the persona finds expression in both dreaming and daydreaming, yet Dr. Shakir mends Gilgamesh into modernity; the original tablets narrate the wingman dreams to be eviternal; being in eviternity grows drastic as he loses his shoulder to shoulder friend Enkidu, though plunging into jeopardy, in the return journey he loses the plant, ergo he loses his dream, which runs counter to Shakir's; it is quite convenient to find Gilgamesh with his eviternity plant from portrait one to portrait five, here he loses the plant but to the Uruk modern people, he yokes the narrative to have the past incomplete dream completed in the present; the locus of companion loss takes great priority in the epic, but in the drama the shades of being lost and dislocated make no mention of life and quietitude, chaos and tumult run counter to logics and doctrine, yet the pastoralism strikes the eye as lucid and lurid, the foliage images, in portrait four, Airplane, manifest themselves as realistic but then they appear as phantasmagoric, or rather fluctuate between fantasy and reality just to certify that entropy and anarchy prevail in the lands, no way out, no solution at hand, it is an iota of phantasmagoria, an iota of nihilism. Paterson, as a bush poet, takes much from the mythological repertoire and historical incidents happened in his land, so he reverts into provincialism in light of certain techniques; the past in the bush poetry just to have the vice and virtue yoked altogether in the present, as similarly done with *Gilgamesh or in His Eviternity Expedition*, Dr. Shakir depends mainly upon the mythological and past amalgam to stir a remedy for the present, what is to the point is that the present or the moment the litterateurs target in their lines is their mere reality.

In the aggregate, the bush poetry bubbles into the fore in forms of dreams, dreamtimes and portals, yet the magic realism infiltrates into the soils of the bush poems to convey the sense of multiculturalism, culture pollination, surrender to the mythological tales, genuinity and the reticence of the poet.

Conclusion

By so much the more magic realism and bush poetry spew dreams, dreamtimes and portals adrenaline into both *Gilgamesh or in His Eviternity Expedition* and *Old Bush Songs*: dreams float into existence through Gilgamesh and Enkidu and the personas in the *Old Bush Songs* under the shade of bush poetry to have a psychological tint; the wish-fulfillment; dreamtimes to have the sense of ethos and system; portals to have a new threshold in life. Yet the tenets of magical realism seep into *Gilgamesh or in His*

Eviternity Expedition and **Old Bush Songs** in light of dreams, dreamtimes and portals as having plenitude, hybridity, metafiction, authorial reticence and collective consciousness : plenitude throws the torchlight upon the phantasmagoric marbles in these two artworks as tackled in the paper; metafiction as a main tenet in the magic realism finds expression in both narrativity of the texts and the hiatus between reality and fantasy; next in essentiality comes the authorial reticence as both the dramatist and the poet broach their issues to the prescient readership to pass a judgment or a comment ; then the collective consciousness serves , in **Old Bush Songs**, the sense of loyalty to the land, yet **Gilgamesh or in His Eviternity Expedition** gives birth to the sense of friendship and obedience, as such humanity takes luster and paramountacy . However, the shade of the magic realism creeps into the epic as graphic as there is a miniature description to the events and the characters; the pivotal focus takes different spots of their fortes and flaws, desires and wishes, beauties and atrocities. Yet the portrayal of the swagman in **The Waltzing Matilda** satirizes the mainstreams of the social texture fraught with romantic tinges without any demure; magic realism accultures itself to hold a meant issue up to existence: the populace endures and has nothing but a winning streak in form of phantasmagoria incarnated in the way the swagman bubbles into the billabong.

Void of ornate diction, **Gilgamesh or in His Eviternity Expedition**, as an epic, tackles human desires to keep its lines bouncing in the mind as realistic; **Old Bush Songs** comes in line with modernity in terms of style manipulating the isles of the pylon poetry, that is why it is quite convenient to find modern terms in a pastoral poetry. In part, the fleshly school of poetry strikes deep roots in Gilgamesh and Enkidu, in part the image of the overlander takes hold of carnal wishes to act and the ulterior motives to float. Such gives the readership a fact that human desire, in forms of dreams, dreamtimes and portals, invades these two artworks and brings them into repute and effect ad infinitum.

It is a kind of magic realism Gilgamesh as a realist war play protagonist exerts himself to find a rapport with modern people. The struggle within struggle device Dr. Shakir germinates in the play just to pave the way to the magic realism ;it is a kind of multiculturalism : Gilgamesh as a demigod and Lamassu as bull man pertain to different regions and ages ; they confront each in no time and place and then thy are reconciled as proletarian revolution saviours to all people on lethargy and in despondency; the images employed in **Gilgamesh or in His Eviternity Expedition** , as a repercussion drama, are all pertinent to magic realism , backgammon and humpbacked people , reticence and hilarity, death in life and jetfighters ,shrapnel and groaning shouts of eminent crucido ... eminent crucido.

Notes

ⁱ H. H. Goldman, *Review of General Psychology*, California, Typopress, p.24, 1984.

ⁱⁱ *ibid*, p.25.

ⁱⁱⁱ W. Peacock, *English Verse*, London, Oxford University Press, p.492, 1972.

^{iv} H.H.Golden , *Review of General Psychiatry*, Lebanon, Typopress, p.17, 1984.

^v Edward Quinn .*A Dictionary and Thematic Terms*. New York: Infabase Publishing, p.131, 2006.

^{vi} Derrek Hines, the old gilgamesh, retrieved from <http://www.enkidu and gilgamesh old Uruk>, (accessed on April 5, 2014). P.5.

^{vii} David Krasner, *A Companion to Twentieth –Century American Drama*, London: Blackwell, p.377, 2005.

^{viii} Harold Bloom, *Edwardian and Georgian Fiction*, Philadelphia: Chelser House, p.10, 2005.

^{ix} J.A. Cuddon, *Dictionary of Literary Terms and Literary Theory*, England, Clays Lid, ST Ives plc, p.542, 1999.

^x Shakir Abidaladgeom Ja`afar, *Gilgamesh or in His Eviternity Expedition*, Babylon, Dar Al-Furat, p.10-11, 2012.

^{xi} *Ibid*, p.31.

^{xii} Edward Quinn .*A Dictionary and Thematic Terms*. New York: Infabase Publishing, p.164, 2006.

^{xiii} Derrek Hines, the old gilgamesh, retrieved from <http://www.enkidu and gilgamesh old Uruk>, (accessed on April 5, 2014). P.7.

^{xiv} *Ibid*, p.12

^{xv} R.F. Foster, *Irish Studies from Oxford*, London: Oxford press, p.21, 1989.

- ^{xvi} Shakir Abidaladgeem Ja`afar, *Gilgamesh or in His Eternity Expedition*, Babylon, Dar Al-Furat, p.20, 2012.
- ^{xvii} Northanger Abbey, *Jane Austen*, London: Longman, p.xv, 1960.
- ^{xviii} Derrek Hines, the old gilgamesh, retrieved from <http://www.enkidu> and gilgamesh old Uruk, (accessed on April 5, 2014). P.20.
- ^{xix} Nicholas Spenser, *After Utopia*, Nebraska: Board of Regent, p.107, 2006.
- ^{xx} Shakir Abidaladgeem Ja`afar, *Gilgamesh or in His Eternity Expedition*, Babylon, Dar Al-Furat, p.22, 2012.
- ^{xxi} Derrek Hines, the old gilgamesh, retrieved from <http://www.enkidu> and gilgamesh old Uruk, (accessed on April 5, 2014). P.15.
- ^{xxii} Heinz Kosok, *The Theatre of War*, Hampshire, Palgrave Macmillan, p. 109.2007.
- ^{xxiii} Shakir Abidaladgeem Ja`afar, *Gilgamesh or in His Eternity Expedition*, Babylon, Dar Al-Furat, p.32, 2012.
- ^{xxiv} Derrek Hines, the old gilgamesh, retrieved from <http://www.enkidu> and gilgamesh old Uruk, (accessed on April 5, 2014). P.22.
- ^{xxv} Shakir Abidaladgeem Ja`afar, *Gilgamesh or in His Eternity Expedition*, Babylon, Dar Al-Furat, p.25, 2012.
- ^{xxvi} Ibid, p.11-12
- ^{xxvii} Ibid, p. 21.
- ^{xxviii} Brian Wilkie, *James Hurt, Literature of the Western World*, New Jersey: Macmillan Publishing Company, p.13, 1988.
- ^{xxix} Samuel Beckett, *Waiting for Godot*, London: Western Printing Service Limited, P.21, 1955.
- ^{xxx} Shakir Abidaladgeem Ja`afar, *Gilgamesh or in His Eternity Expedition*, Babylon, Dar Al-Furat, p.30, 2012.
- ^{xxxi} Derrek Hines, the old gilgamesh, retrieved from <http://www.enkidu> and gilgamesh old Uruk, (accessed on April 5, 2014). P.11.
- ^{xxxii} Shakir Abidaladgeem Ja`afar, *Gilgamesh or in His Eternity Expedition*, Babylon, Dar Al-Furat, p.22, 2012.
- ^{xxxiii} Edward Quinn .*A Dictionary and Thematic Terms*. New York:Infabase Publishing , p.147,2006.
- ^{xxxiv} Shakir Abidaladgeem Ja`afar, *Gilgamesh or in His Eternity Expedition*, Babylon, Dar Al-Furat, p.26, 2012.
- ^{xxxv} Shakir Abidaladgeem Ja`afar, *Gilgamesh or in His Eternity Expedition*, Babylon: Dar Al-Furat, p.28, 2012.
- ^{xxxvi} Paul McCormick, *Adventures in English Literature*, London: Harcourt, Brace and World Inc, p.348, 1968.
- ^{xxxvii} Barton Banjo Paterson ,the old bush poems , retrieved from <http://www.gutenberg.net/GUTINDEX.ALL>, (accessed on March 17,2014). P. 1-5.
- ^{xxxviii} Ibid, p.22-7.
- ^{xxxix} International Al-`Ameed Centre for Research and Study, *Al-`Ameed*, DarAlKafeel Quarterly, specific edition 1, p.21,2012.
- ^{xl} Anton P. Chekhov, *The Cherry Orchard*, New Delhi: Rama Brothers,p.25,2007.
- ^{xli} Barton Banjo Paterson ,the old bush poems , retrieved from <http://www.gutenberg.net/GUTINDEX.ALL>, (accessed on March 17,2014). P. 10-5.
- ^{xlii} Ibid,p.1-9.
- ^{xliiii} Ibid,p.4.
- ^{xliiv} Ibid,p.7.
- ^{xlv} Seyyed Hossein Nasr. *The Heart of Islam*. New York: HarperCollins, p.3-6,2004.
- ^{xlvi} G. Lacey May. *English Religious Verse*. London :J.M. Dent & SONS LTD.p.x,1937.
- ^{xlvii} Barton Banjo Paterson ,the old bush poems , retrieved from <http://www.gutenberg.net/GUTINDEX.ALL>, (accessed on March 17,2014). P. 7.
- ^{xlviii} Ibid,p.6.
- ^{xlix} Ibid,p.8.
- ^l Ibid,p.8.
- ^{li} Ibid,p.9.

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