

Son of the King Entexturement Between Adynaton and Tapinosis Gestalt and Deictic Shifts Theory in Robert the Bruce, Al-Hussein Revives and Gird the Supreme Throne, They!

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Abstract

*May the king live forever, may the son of the king live forever, may the sheikh live forever, may the president live forever and so forth, much more iterative, in the short and the long run, purport such hosannas or mantras in life and literature. Man gains perception that the king devolves scepter and authority to the son; the fledgling son with malice and machination aforethought, the populace, reluctantly and inevitably, panders to the son as the father grows senile or familial schisms or other tactics flouting conventionality under the banner of change and human rights. In the lyrics folklore, the son takes ownership of charm and beauty, thus he blows his own trumpet in a market or an arena or in media. The king-son entexturement grows momentum in literature, in the merest sense, in drama throughout ages. **Robert the Bruce** sets the parameters to the acts of a noble insurrection; liberty looms more profound in the eyes of those who take the long view of life and livelihood and pay no heed to the kingdom senility as long as there is a dream of tomorrow. In any shape or form, such an entexturement falls within the orbit of both organizational identification and organizational commitment that propels him to clinging to the kingdom as a blood and flesh organ to him. More into the locus, Al-Husseinist theatre theory resists definition and categorization as a movement; it palpitates with the human desires for freedom and dignity: **Al-Hussein Revives**, for Ali Mohammed Al-Khufaji, reconnoiters the feasibility of having the portrait of Al-Hussein, the epitome of martyrdom at any age, notwithstanding his demise, he invades all the edifying artworks one could draw inferences from, that is why such a figure deserves mention and emulation. To better fathom and explicate, it is mandatory to delve into **Gird the Supreme Throne, They!**, Ridha Al-Khufaji's, to strike a note of paramountacy to the one who emulates the Husseinist path to the last; Imam Mosa Al-Kadhim, the seventh infallible, revives the martyrdom concatenation at the face of Omayyad hammer with a different vein of sacrifice in pursuance of Allah and religion. In all these plays history weaves the breeding ground of the events, they could be regarded as chronicle plays whose dramatists employ various ores and techniques to catch hold of admiration and text globality; both adynaton and tapinosis as a gestalt give nurture and buttress to the deictic shifts theory and vice versa; adynaton, a device, serves as a vent to elucidate unattainability or rather it is a cubicle for some litterateurs to boast of their emotional and intellectual states; it is a kind of hyperbole and manifests itself more evidently in the realms of deictic shifts theory as the reader gives full rein to his mind's eye to contemplate a textual ambience. Yet tapinosis, as a device, intends to underrate someone or something to the mere sense of character delineation, sometimes it spills the beans of certain facts and decisive true expose. On neutral ground, both adynaton and tapinosis impose some restrictions on the insight of readers to trace. Thus, the deictic expressions heave into the sunbeams as narrative markers to provide the prescient readership with the story line details and critical interpretations.*

Key Words: psychological ownership, Al-Husseinist Theatre theory, deictic shifts theory, focalization, organizational identification, and organizational commitment

Son of the King Entexturement

In a world fraught with all colors of itinerates and exiles, migrants and refugees; ship and boat refugees, calves and victims, mercenaries and hoodlums; it is the chaotic creativity the great machine operates everywhere, it is as it should be; it is happening.

A kingdom in, a kingdom out, yet none manipulates man as man, it foils a utopia plot and dream and never looms on the horizon; *Al-Hussein Revives* and *Gird the Supreme Throne, They!* Offer much scope for His kingdom that is no scepter to despots, the latter, as a themed play, whose flagpole shows reverence to reconciling all people into love, justice, harmony, coexistence and son ship with the One and the only One, Allah. It is to trace such a concept or a culture, the cultural studies on their heyday nowadaysⁱ, in the history of the ancient civilizations as there is a desire in the human soul to dominate and possess at all costs. In Greek literature, sacrosanct prayers and the acts of libation emerge so victorious and prominent; both invoke protection and custody to the kings and sons as well.

The populace traces the patrilineal and matrilineal pedigrees of kingdoms. In lieu of the locus of monarchy life details, Aeschylus reverts into the past to portray how the scepter men dominate every angle in the life of the laypeople and how they shield the land at the face of invasions; *The Persians* purports the solidarity between the monarchist family and the multitudes; the street men intend to be suppliants at the hands of the creator soliciting nothing but evergreen protection to the loyal family. To the pinnacle of religious viewpoints, the medieval drama reconnoiters some social shreds with a sense of humors; it is a watershed in the modern dramaturgy; people and stage here in the meant epoch measure the summit of the social and creative drama; drama takes the initiative to change under the shade of faith and interfaith. In years 1951, 1978, 1977, 1985, 2000, 2004, 2011, and 2012 the mystery plays resuscitate both the tales of creation and passion. To wreath the research study with scientific scales, religion or faith fights being between the fangs of desuetude and twilight; a huge number of research papers and articles regard religion as the main vein of intellectuality and edification. Al-Husseinist theatre theory surges into effulgence as a gospel of morality and erudition as it deems that no prosperity and welfare could be without equality, tolerance, and humanitarianism.

The medieval chronicle tends to be steeped in human lust to usurp the authoritative scepter and entropy at the face of pacific peace and tranquility ; modern age wreathes such a concept with various brims; dynastic bonds take preponderance over human rights of peace ,freedom , equality , self-determination and egalitarianism ; republic regime takes soul and shape of dynastic strategy , a fledgling son at the hand of a rattling father ascends the sword arena under the pretext of republic pearls protection . In the heart of the Middle East most of the despots prepare the ground to sons to be prominent figures in sport or other leisure activities to accrue the esteem and applause of the populace; popular games dominate the passion of the society blooms. Son of the king entexturement iterates throughout ages under various banners and terms but it runs in one stream; a son emulates a father in power and authority.

The laypeople consider the son as the father, no way to flunk his ostentation, no way but to show him flummery and eulogy. The English and Arabic literature strikes a note of importance to such a phenomenon ; *Robert the Bruce* as a historical drama takes grasp of certain events happened in Scotland during the middle ages, Eric Ferguson turns the prow on the psychological aspects of human scruples and how man could scourge himself for having some atrocities in war. *Robert the Bruce* takes the lead to exorcise his people from the British forces that desire to invade the lands, yet Bruce grits the teeth in fighting them though he recedes to a territory patch and never falls short of redeeming himself as a man of sacrifice; his stamina and love to the land instigate him to surmount all the invaders to lay claim to the land. Meanwhile, his scruples grow momentum and pique him for the blood shedding and carnage in the road of independence. In time the Scottish multitudes commemorate him as the good king Robert for being the epitome of valour and peerless volition; Bannockburn designates much to the Scottish history languishing under the father-son-father hammer throughout ages; fathers devolve scepter and mace to sons, such people lunge at freedom marshes with bare feet and hands as peasants shepherded with a king vision; the spider`s web vision; the dream vision deviceⁱⁱ Eric Ferguson manipulates to set some impossible hindrances Bruce is to obliterate ; to inform the ideal readerⁱⁱⁱ that on the ground there is a life-death ordeal :

No no, gather everyone, bring those sleepers here. Listen; as I was laying on my limestone mattress, feeling completely sorry for myself, wishing I had been strangled at birth, I saw a spider spinning its web. It was swinging from one rock to another. It couldn't quite reach the next rock but it kept trying, swinging back and forth to build up enough momentum to reach its goal. Seven times, it tried, and on that seventh try it made it. I saw this and thought to myself, if a spider can try seven times just to spin a web, how many times can I try to win a kingdom? Arm yourselves everyone, we're going out now to find and attack our enemy. Come lads, the Mac Dowalls have been hunting for us. Let's make it easy for them!^{iv}

The dramatist in the excerpt above exploits such a frame story to be a dramatic detour in the events to justify the whys and wherefores of a king vulnerable to death and an anaconda siege though trounced several times and demoralized; the spider morale heightens the king to resume defying and assailing the impossible, the more the English forces outnumber men and tricks, the more the freedom seekers adhere the line of cavalry and knight ship principles: “Skulking in shadows is no way for a knight to comport himself.”^v Not only does the despot desire to usurp power and prestige, but also he intends to accrue loyalty ad infinitum by means of inheritance:

I doubt it. You haven't lived through times like those. It is a shame. A man could wish such loyalty could be passed from father to son, just like land or armor. To often I fear it is not, don't you? I wish it could be drunk like mother's milk. However, I fear that, like milk, loyalty sours. And the consequences are dreadful.^{vi}

The good king Robert gains both solidarity and repute among those who groan under agony and despondency, that `s why the levy accumulates and volunteers find the way in the liberty army; both Bruce and Comyns conspire together to claim the Scottish crown, the latter whispers the parley to the English king Edward I: no shelter to Bruce to revert into but his stamina and confidence; summoning his loyal knights and armor, Bruce manipulates the rushing surge of the British army. In time there is a cause to fight for the Scottish in time there is arrogance in the royal pedigree to suppress the insurrection and revolution; the fledging son Edward II as the father sets step into senility and dotage; as a corollary, the son should be by trial and error the dream of his father and willow into the political arena as a future scepter to all the nation. Thus, there are certain thresholds the fledgling son may plunge into being, respectively, superior, supportive, exploitive, and inimical; it is quite convenient for Edward II in light of organizational commitment; as an essential part of the kingdom to be superior to his people in mind and ferocity:

I know I'm not king yet, but understand, my lords, I am actually being gentle with you out of respect for my father who lies dying inside.^{vii}

Enmity and inimicality invade the soul of the patrilineal king; “hammer of the Scots” iterates in the dynasty, it is human vice lurking in the abyss and floating into the view when quite convenient, the king grows senile or vitriolic or despotic, a son takes advantage of such a case, as exploitive, and makes a bid for the crown, a tale much iterated in human history. It is human propensity for power, possession, authority, and entropy. Then only then the son emulates the father in usurping the marrow of the populace and cuddling apes for much hilarity, peacocks for decoration, gold, silver, pearls and ivory for much sheer ostentation; it is a tale of tales for such people surpassing all and yielding to color , race and ethics , which is epidemic in the human blood , a soul for scepter desire . Bruce purports the sense of a king having nothing but to shepherd his people if need be, whose target , though takes high priority over himself , sounds noble , just as tackled in *Al-Hussein Revives* , the patrilineal son hankers after the scepter and finds no way but to decapitate a sacred figure and emulates the carnage path of his father's ; no matter how atrocious fathers are speared , how vagrant children are , how mothers are slain and how orphans and widows take no breath in life of the hunters; expansion hunters; there should be equivocation to camouflage such a desire to usurp , it is an organizational identification the son finds no existence but in his father entity ; therefore he surges to people as supportive and emotional just to accrue the meant assent:

A bit of patience, please gentlemen. If we fight, a lot of men will be killed, a lot of women will be widowed, a lot of children orphaned. If we fight, the division in our country might never be healed.^{viii}

It is known far and wide, the son scouts all the posts for a role, a duty or a mission to strike a note of importance to himself as both a succor and heir to the crown; no matter whether he exploits fauna or flora, man or woman, sword or word, or reverts into maneuvering tactics; Elizabeth, in the excerpt below , would be bait to have the fish, Burce, rises to the surface by fair means or foul in the Machiavellianism orbit not swordsmanship as tacitly deemed:

You will not be going to your husband's court. I will find some neutral location and allow him to bring only a small party while you remain heavily guarded. I expect you to bring back the treaty with his seal on it. Then I'll give you your final release. If you do escape, I will eventually defeat your husband and capture you again, and believe me I can find much harsher conditions for your punishment.^{ix}

No quarter the fledgling son shows to the lady; he assaults her as his father did with her nation; history repeats itself with different faces but with the same “the hammer of the Scots”. In the farthest trench, Bruce with an ax loses mind and sense to lead face to face confrontation for the sake of the liberty, honour and future of his people; never obliterating the chivalry ethics in fighting; the scruples of the atrocities drive him so contrite and candid:

What a monster I must be! What has this war accomplished? The death and ruin of everyone I know. Look at these soldiers; not even a tent to keep the rain off when they could have stayed home. I must be insane, taking on England with this little army! I can't stay here.^x

An essential concomitant of the abovementioned excerpt, Bruce, so often, exudes certain humanitarian aspects as the moments of hardship suffocate reality and chivalry precepts, such aspects Eric Ferguson exerts himself to manifest just to drag Bruce as a protagonist into prominence:

And what do you have to endure? I have permitted former enemies to come home and even keep their lands. I have endured hardships and privations. I have chased every last English garrison out of the country. Our people are secure for the first time in over thirty years. Why would anyone try to kill me? How can there be anyone still so bitter as to kill me by stealth? God's blood, will Comyn's followers hunt me to my grave! My patience has run out! Leave if it pleases you.^{xi}

The good king Robert the Bruce and Edwards emulate certain paths; the English army contingent on number assaults the trenches of the liberty seekers, then Bruce himself leads in array an attack to panic the opponent in the same vein of the tactics. More to the mutual lines between them, Edward I paves the way to Edward II and Edward III to resuscitate the mantra “the hammer of the Scots” and father-son-father desire to crush and fight twilight, it is the organizational identification that does eddy around the ownership orbit permeates generations. Before Bruce utters his last he passes a decree to his entourage to pay respect and veneration to his sons as mace and scepter:

Thank you James. My lords, I ask you all to swear loyalty to my son David, and should he die without issue give your loyalty to my grandson Robert Stewart. Do you so swear? During my son's minority, it is my will that Randolph serve as regent. Is this agreeable to you? Nephew, will you do this for me?^{xii}

Never to the act of tedium or monotony, Eric Ferguson plunges into the heart of the poignant and lachrymose speeches that instigate both the soldiers to fight until death and the readership to trace the events to the last curtain; it is a technique of gooey sentimentality pertinent to battlefields moments and death-life ordeals; the emotive language sparkles so vehemently throughout the liberty seekers dialogues: Edward III ascends the throne and grows more and more inimical as the hammer to the Scots and as to prove his scepter and mace sufficient and efficient, here, the superior, supportive, exploitive and inimical strata come equal to the son dreams of authority and power:

I, Edward, the third of that name, King of England, France, and Ireland, Overlord of Scotland, do issue this proclamation. The treaty signed between me and Robert de Brus of Scotland was signed when I was underage to rule in my own right. Now that I have reached my majority, the aforesaid treaty is invalid. I hereby recognize Edward Balliol, son of King John of Scotland, as the rightful heir to the Scottish throne and will help him to his throne with all means in my power.^{xiii}

In a similar vein, *Al-Hussein Revives* bears uncanny resemblance to *Robert the Bruce*; Omayyad successors channel themselves into being the sword of the prophet Mohammed posterity throughout ages; such people never come in line with the immaculate family though mentioned in the Glorious Quran but they blink the eye to such evident facts:

*And Allah only wishes
To remove all abomination
From you, ye Members
Of the Family, and to make
You pure and spotless.*^{xiv}

Into the locus, the father-son-father sword runs in the blood from generation to generation; Imam Ali at his dawn prayer, someone at the beck and service of Omayyad cleaves the head of the commander of the believers asunder for nothing but mundanity.

Now history repeats itself in *Al-Hussein Revives*, Yazid desires to usurp the oath of fealty from Imam Al-Hussein reluctantly, only some tried and true people girdle the quintessence of valour and piety. As a modern miracle drama, it ramifies into three acts shuttling to the historical events and then lodging in the present, Mohammed Ali Al-Khufaji coalesces the past with the present; for him there is many a Hussein in history as there are vice and virtue, there is many a Shamir as there are lucre and desire. There should be a collision between the primitive and the epitome of principlism that repudiates all sorts of barbarity and servility; it is no way to surrender dignity and hope to the decrepit and lay their finger upon the heart of fauna and flora, human dreams:

*The Imam who observes inequity
And acquiesces in unsheathing his sword
Thrust it in the neck of the depressed.^{xv}*

There is no heed to the costume, the army sometimes strikes the eye with historical identity, sometimes with contemporary vesture; the dramatist desires to convey the fact that a fighter is a fighter in all ages; one is to usurp or to decapitate or to snipe. Al in all, victims fall dead and then buried in mass graves:

*Day one
The revolution devours the head of the jailor
Day two
It devours the head of the jailed
Day three
It devours its leader
Day four
A stalking chance hunter in dark lanes exploits the moment.^{xvi}*

The treasure hunters renege on all promises and run sacrilege to the doctrines; no scruples, no bond could stymie them; the heart poacher strata; superior, supportive, exploitive and inimical, find the breeding ground in the heart of the sanctimonious. The son, Yazid, sprinkles lucre to such people to fight the imam, he intends to be supportive enough to cast them into ecstasy, some cherish the illusion, some not, and he regards the infallibles as renegades, the majority hanker after ostentation and scepter men; after the superior:

*I left them with swords
Against thee
Yet hearts with thee.^{xvii}*

A battle shows no parity, it is for nothing noble: "to be a man in such a world of maggots is noble^{xviii}"; mundanely dominates every angle in their mind and soul, in act two, scene three, Muslim finds resort only into the heart of Tu'aa, senile woman, bending the knee to none but Him and His righteous guardians. Bit by bit, the heart poacher stratum, inimicality takes its highest howl, as the son unsheathes his sword for a moment his stream blood pants after; a moment to exterminate the chaste pedigree of the prophet Mohammed for nothing but it's a blessed tree whose roots in the ground and branches to the heavens. Nothing concealed, the tenth of Muharem fights being perished, it is the day that manifests the line of demarcation between paradise and perdition, white and black, sacrifice and treachery:

*O, Shamir!
The sword is to run blunt and rusty
Yet words never go rusty.
Such blood never congealed:
It exorcises the world from its flaw.
I am to revive.
For me, words never go rusty
I m to revive.^{xix}*

Of importance the light comes as it stimulates the interlocutors to sense the intension of the dramatist himself, it, as a device, guides the prescient readership into the most crucial and essential details that help unknot a dilemma or a puzzle episode. "Words never go rusty" echoes in the soul of those who fear none but the tributary of their presence and existence, the son of the dictator, all Endeavour to propitiate such a heart poacher though exploitive and inimical to the righteous and the pious.

To the core, *Gird the Supreme throne, They!*, as a blank verse drama, gives both importance and prominence to the father-son-father desire to decapitate those who never comply with the intension and targets of a scepter man. As usual, Ridha Al-Khafaji yokes the past, the present and the future altogether in his pivotal images to fathom the consciousness of modern man as Henrik Ibsen did^{xx}; the old man, a narrator, reconnoiters all the events in the world in a figurative and austere language, nativism^{xxi}, and how man transgresses from the august path of nobility and eviternity: musicality in his diction prevails throughout the ambience of the play to reprobate the corruption and deteriorations acts in life. Then only then, the cinematographic sense takes so drastic a part to convey the wails of yesterday; Imam Mosa Al-Kadhim in the prophet Mohammed mosque does his prayers and supplication to Allah, the moment the episode vanishes, the moment the policemen assault the unarmed Imam to be engaged in a solitary prison, yet the Imam never holds his rituals loose in hardship. Nothing could come equal to the psychological aspects, the dramatists employs as he permeates through the father of despotism, Haron Al-Rashid to manifest the father-son-father, fear, anxiety and frustration of such a rogue; no more scepter he grasps:

Truth out now!

People perceive that we do exterminate the shroud, the people.

Them we do rule in the name of

No mace, here Mosa Bin Ja`afir..in life

All venerate them, they are the posterity of Allah messenger

Never deny such but they are our cousins

Why not having the same share of veneration and loyalty.^{xxii}

For more delineation and exposition, the jailed-jailor stichomythia creeps into evergreen morality; the jailed fathoms all the conspiracy shards and takes a morsel from a palm tree date plate to be his last breath, they are ripe enough to devour, for him it is a moment of martyrdom, for the jailor it is a moment to reap the carrot reward from the his master, each heaves into his own path and choice. As the assassination poison seeps into the heart of the conscience prisoner for nothing he does, no harm he perpetrates, no sin he commits; he is sent to prison just to be buried. The poison takes its course in the sacrosanct flesh:

It is the Chinese tombs and the slag hills

Usurp the soil, and not the soil retires.

Slowly the poison the whole blood stream fills. Empsom. Missing dates.^{xxiii}

The heart poacher strata; being exploitive and inimical finds existence in the excerpt below, for Haron the nightmare runs into evanescence, for aught Imam Mosa Al-Kadhim never pays heed to life or utters a plea to the jailor to embrace mundanity:

Haron!

I do pity thee

How miserable thou art!

Thou know?

Slaughtering for us is but tradition

Our divine bless from Him is but martyrdom

Such a triumph culled with the fragrant blood of us, our adherents, and disciples through generations.

such victorious blessed waves are to heave in the Jihad arena at all ages

such life is nothing but a lair of vanity.

Tomorrow!

People perceive who takes breath of their Imam?

Then only then thou art to perceive who is the victor?

To whom does the word of right pertain?

Sooner

Thou art to perceive thy eminent fate and the eminent fate of despots, unbelievers, worldwide.

"Verily do thy resolve", as my lady. The ever pure Zeinab utters to the Omayyad despot.

"Far, far for us to be held in humility", as my grandfather, Al-Husseini, utters to all the rogue debauched..In the Name of Allah, Most Gracious, Most Merciful

Nay we hurl the Truth

Against falsehood, and it knocks out its brain, and behold, falsehood doth perish.^{xxiv}

The abovementioned excerpt stings at the heart strings of both the heart poacher strata and father –son- father desire to dominate and have entropy at all ages; Omayyad caliphs exploit every jot to suppress the sense of principlism Imam exudes in life , that is why they intend to be inimical to the chaste pedigree ,the sealed prophet posterity . Imam Mosa Al- Kadhim in the play reconnoiters some historical events happened to his pedigree and what martyrdom designates to them as infallibles and guardians, whose blood is a real tribute shed years by years, for him he emulates the sparkling path of his grandfather Al –Hussein and grandmother the ever pure Zainab turning swords into ploughshares and struggling free and doctrinal ad infinitum.

Adynaton and Tapinosis Gestalt to the Deictic Shifts Theory

For the dramatists are to invite the readers to the textual world; the textual condition that reconnoitres sociohistorical roots and crestive development and mutation: they tend to employ certain deictic expressions; shifts of viewpoint, place and time, lead to different deictic centers^{xxv} or egocentric references . Emotionally accounting, both the reader and author shift their entity from the real world to the story world, then the point they cling to called “cognitive structure” : having both the time and place of the fictional world. To be more specific and precise , there is no way for the deictic centres to be static throughout the events, they change as the events meander in the fictional world^{xxvi}; the temporal and spatial shifts happened in **Robert the Bruce**, the reader could trace them by means of syntax and semantics :

Lords, ladies, clergymen, my loyal subjects. I begin my reign under difficult circumstances. Most of our country lies occupied. Scottish taxes are sent to England's treasury. Our commerce has been stopped up, and I must acknowledge that many in our own country oppose me and will help our enemies. But I ask all to bear witness to the presence here of almost all of Scotland's bishops and abbots, the presence of several earls, and many barons besides. And bear witness to the careful observances of Scottish tradition. We go into the coming war with confidence in the rightness of our cause, a determination to meet the enemy with honor and valor, and we humbly crave the blessing of the almighty on our enterprise.^{xxvii}

The perceptual deixis, in particular, the personal pronouns mentioned in the excerpt above; " I, we, our commerce, our own country, our enemies, our cause, and our enterprise " lend a hand to the dynatron gestalt as Bruce , the protagonist, with all his volition guides his nation to the unconditioned independence .In doing so, the reader imagines himself as a part in the fictional text, thus the cognitive stance takes lead here as the reader shifts into the fictional events; a deictic shift surges into view, insight and edification, he propels himself into the vertical events as he feels it is a worthwhile for him to delve into the events. There are many techniques to drag the reader into the text “bounce the reader into the text^{xxviii}”; the narcissist individual “I” and “I” are the most prominent ones to convey emotional messages and facts; the former leads the sense of exposing some psychological recesses Eric Ferguson intends to share with the reader and the audience as well:

What a monster I must be! What has this war accomplished? The death and ruin of everyone I know. Look at these soldiers; not even a tent to keep the rain off when they could have stayed home. I must be insane, taking on England with this little army! I can't stay here.^{xxix}

Eric Ferguson reverts into the angles of focalization; perspective shifts, as Bruce underrates himself so notably and poignantly in the orbit of tapinosis ; here the protagonist confronts himself and his scruples that grow momentum as much atrocities surge into the horizon; he is a man of nobility and knight ship .Yet the latter, the second –person narration, drags the reader to erect an entity virtually pertinent to reality, such generalized "you": maintains the rapport between the litterateur and the receiving partner at the scale of emotionality and intimacy to obliterate the psychological distance between the textual world and reality and to reach consensus as well:

This isn't a tournament. We don't charge our horses and turn around for another charge. You don't get to rearm yourself when your lance breaks. This is war. It's a war between enemies that have no respect for each other.^{xxx}

In the abovementioned excerpt, the chosisme acts manifest the dynatron roots to bring the real and evident precepts of the pivotal character into being; Bruce elevates himself into peerage, the ambience shifts from nobility into knight ship, from peace into war, from tents into battlefields; it is a spatial deictic expression to enhance the idea that Bruce could assail the impossible and triumph. What is more, such shifts give both alterity and effervescence for the reader to truck the events in the text; **Robert the Bruce** purports many a shift that ensconces the readers in the heart of the events; diversity in spatial and temporal deictic expressions could lead to unknotting a dilemma:

(Starting to lose his patience.) With what? With so few men? With no food, no hope of relief? And what would I do with a castle; it would just be taken from me. I might as well surrender now and get it over with. In fact, I might as well have myself hanged and quartered so as to save King Edward the trouble. I'm trying to survive, nephew, and this is the only way. To fight any way other than this would be suicide.^{xxxii}

Robert endures both the anvil of his morbid state and the hammer of the eminent assault; no way but to plunge into jeopardy; the diversity of the pronouns “I” and “nephew” gives the sense of such a dilemma, but as readers it is quite evident to them that the one army man could cull a triumph. To the heart of the locus, such pronouns maintain a bond of intimacy and cordiality between the ideal reader and the dramatist; the reported speech could also provide the sense of alterity in techniques to set the reader more and more concomitant to the textual world:

I didn't think of making you king, but I did go fishing and send this bait. It's a letter to the Irish kings, bishops and so on reminding them of our common language and culture, suggesting an alliance to help them recover their own independence...well, here, you can read it yourself. Apparently, some decided they wanted a Bruce of their own. Well, there it is brother, your own.^{xxxiii}

Here the adynaton roots function as monoliths of self-praise and self-confidence ; Bruce boasts of himself as a unique freedom seeker and a noble warrior , in time the second person narrator in the abovementioned excerpt helps entangle the reader with the text; “you “not refers to the meant character only but it could also address all; such “doubly deictic^{xxxiii}” device conveys the sense of diversity of styles; the deictic shifts in the ambience serves to fathom the text as universal and not private and to draw a line of verisimilitude between the real events and the fictional ones, that is why the reader fights exorcising himself from the text atmosphere.

On the scale of diction, the prose gives prominence to the historical events and manifests the deictic shift expressions more profoundly ; the deictic terms “common language and culture “ and “ independence” , convey to us the sense of proximality as though the reader is a part of the events . In this regard, the more a reader feels dovetailed with the meant textual oyster, the lesser he stirs inquiries as there are certain trench marks sufficient enough to transpire a message , a target and so forth; such an empathetic state called symbolic deixis ; tacit knowledge erected between the text and the ideal reader or rather it is another ore of explicit knowledge^{xxxiv} . To be more delimited, the structure of the language serves much the context that cuddles the acts of deictic shifts a litterateur embraces to bring his ideology and precepts into effect; the spatial dexis here takes seizure of the space a character occupies; such furnishes the context with the sense of empathy and the way in which a reader channels himself into the fictional world; he could feel what eminent events are to occur; a cloak-dagger event twists the initial reactions and expectations :

And what do you have to endure? I have permitted former enemies to come home and even keep their lands. I have endured hardships and privations. I have chased every last English garrison out of the country. Our people are secure for the first time in over thirty years. Why would anyone try to kill me? How can there be anyone still so bitter as to kill me by stealth? God's blood, will Comyn's followers hunt me to my grave! My patience has run out! Leave if it pleases you.^{xxxv}

In the abovementioned excerpt, the ambience of the adynaton shouts instigate the reader, the retention interval^{xxxvi} , into speculating that “my patience has run out” is redolent of insurrection or revolution or conspiracy, such shouts of existence portray Bruce as glorified ; that is why the readership traces the events vehemently to detect whether it is so or not; it is a revolution ! Ancillary to the deictic shifts, the egocentric maneuvers pave the way to the contextual delineation; the cynosure of attention, sometimes, takes shape of austerity or flippancy that is why the reader could gain perception from the text. In time it is hard to find a trace of the overtones of the dramatist, it is quite convenient to draw inferences from the projected deictic expressions, Bruce, on the horn of a critical dilemma whether to lead a charge of the light brigade or not, summons his impeccable credentials to run the gauntlet.

On not ponderous scale, Mohammed Ali Al-Kufaji takes hold of the adynaton gestalt in *Al-Hussein Revives* as he reverts into some historical venerated events and averts the "theological terminology^{xxxvii}" of the era; Al-Hussein for him is a phenomenon permissible for such a figure to be at any time and place; act one, scene one furnishes the insight and sight of the reader with the whys and wherefores of Imam Al-Hussein persistence to bring succour to the repressed; the dramatist sings praises of such a figure with the sense of adynaton:

*Not me but someone else opts for reticence and home
 Slumbers on the mosque steps
 Or grips on a woolen rag.
 To bind his jaws together.
 Not me but someone else
 Lusts for the throne
 Authority, lettuce of sultanship
 Someone else opts for.
 I do opt for Allah,
 I do opt for Allah and people.^{xxxviii}*

The deictic centres in the abovementioned excerpt trigger the adynaton gestalt ; as the Imam eschews all the lure of life and its mundanity, and could be illustrated as egocentric shifts; “someone else not me “delineates that there are two entities; two contradicting poles, virtue and vice, each exerts everything to triumph, Al-Hussein repudiates all acts of mundanity and emulates the path of his predecessors: the spatial dexis “on the mosque steps” functions as signposts to the reader to fathom the philosophy of such a man at the face of ferocious son of the king; Mu`awiyah . More into the angle, the temporal deixis ; the current time surges to convey that Al-Hussein no more could change his mind, and adheres one path:

*O, son of Allah messenger
 Repair not to Kufa
 They impose a roadblock to all its entrances
 Scatter petrification in hearts and plunge into vigilance.
 Retrace thy steps and
 Be where thou set thy first steps from.
 Ibn Ziad everyday
 Contemplates from the palace balcony
 Pours lettuce over people,
 To expunge the remaining dignity;
 Durhams grow shackles and reins.^{xxxix}*

In such a lachrymose and emotive excerpt , the adynaton and tapinosis gestalt moves in tandem; the persona pinpoints the events so ubiquitously and endeavours to warn the Imam never to wade into such a destination where lettuce accumulates and man appeals to mundanity; such a gestalt gives force to certain expressions ; “Retrace your steps” , “contemplates” and “ Durhams grow shackles and reins” are so crucial in the orbit of temporal deictic scales ; “ Retrace your steps” gives the ambience that Al-Hussein is, though isolated and alienated, in the welter of jeopardy; none could succour him but Allah, then the word “Contemplates” designates certain trench marks a sultan desires to cull in life and also elucidates that everything could be exploited to decapitate the imam ,yet “Durhams grow shackles and reins” manifests itself as a deterioration process in the heart of man , that is why the readership expectation is quite vulnerable to such a fact. In Lacastro`s deixis Model, the discourse deixis serves to pave the way to the coming events or to a mysterious episode diverting from all the pivotal facts; the vice trench boasts of being a vice seekers , an adynaton shout triggers the discourse deixis :

*As a snake seeping into prospecting for any Hussein
 Ah, what to breathe?
 No need
 I do germinate my sons in the land
 They are sufficient enough to muffle all Husseins.
 Be known!
 A sword of son dangling over their heads.^{xl}*

More and more into the deictic perspective ^{xli}; the social dexis tends to be a device to fathom the sense of intimacy, veneration or rather inimicality and barbarity between the characters; ***Gird the Supreme Throne, They!*** strikes a note of all honorific traits to have a debate or a dialogue between the two colliding poles : Imam Al-Kadhim in the prison, we expect that nothing could happen to but abomination, maltreatment, coercion and self-effacement:

Al-Sandi: (To Imam)

O, master!

Why not having a plea from the caliph, Haron Al-Rasheed?

Imam: (After prayers and supplications)

But, master!

I never perpetrate what stipulates a plea

Those who calumniate are untrue eyewitnesses

Al- Barmaki contrives at the behest of Al-Rasheed to expel me

from the mosque of my grandfather, the messenger of Him (Peace be upon him)

then only then, they cast me here to perish^{xlii}.

In the abovementioned excerpt, the perspective shifts slide the eye into the real ambience one could envisage an imam in, thus such a shift sets step in the welter of the adynaton gestalt; the jailor employs certain honorific words designating highly venerated figures between the jaws of death; that is why the reader could penetrate through the text and feel such intimacy in the orbit of palilogy between the jailor and the jailed; it is the love of justice and " the thirst^{xliiii}" for the Creator inherent in the soul : "master" employed twice by both the jailor and the jailed. In the first it purports that the prisoner is not worth being behind bars , in the second it highlights the ethics and doctrines the Imam holds, though being coerced and repressed, he sticks to the sublimity and clemency the infallibles are celebrated with, it is a kind or adynaton Imam manipulates to manifest that all humans should be respected in line with the humanitarian doctrines in Islam : the adynaton device gives the floodgates to a deictic expression and a precise interpretation to the context. Taking such social deictic expressions to extremes, tapinosis ramifies into two lands; Imam Al-Kadhim dissects the intension of the sultan into its mere reasons and life never augurs well in his heart:

I do perceive

Thou art to attend

As cognizant of Abbasside throne

Thou fear the twilight

Such casts thee agitated

Or rather petrified

With thy obsessions.^{xliv}

In the heart of the pluralist criticism and multiculturalism^{xlv} , the pivotal character transpires a note that palaces and treasures decay and vanish, the austere tone of tapinosis conveys that the mundanity hunter, the caliph, lusts for nothing celestial. Thus the spatial deictic shifts trip from the jail through the jailed and the jailor altogether to the abyss of the jailor just to have the ideal reader in the welter of such an ordeal; to have him bounce into the text. Imam fathoms the human recesses and desire to usurp at all costs without fear and demure; sons of the king emulate the trodden path of the fathers; Machiavellianism, they desire nothing but to luxuriate in all the eulogy people do.

Conclusion

Son of the king entexturement in both the modern religious dramas; *Al-Hussein Revises* and *Gird the Supreme Throne, They!* and the historical drama , *Robert the Bruce* manifest that the multitudes tolerate no more despotism, dictatorship, totalitarianism, autocracy and marginalization the dramatists in these plays drag the son as nemesis ; the hammer and an anathema the humble and the coerced have to succumb to, such an entexturement finds existence and heyday in the orbit of both the organizational identification and the organizational commitment into which a son of the king reverts to grip the scepter after plunging into the heart poacher strata ;being superior, supportive, exploitive and inimical . Much to the locus, the devices , adynaton and tapinosis , facilitate the surge of the deictic shifts theory to catch the sight and insight of the readers and yoke the textual world altogether with reality; the reader could bounce into the text as a character deciphering the textual codes behind the arras of focalization and symbolic deictic acts : the deictic shifts theory and Lacastro`s model adduce evidence to the way the prescient readership could interpret the maneuvers of adynaton and tapinosis gestalt in broaching the son of the king entexturement in these plays.

In time, there is a sense of adynaton or tapinosis, there emerge the deictic expressions and vice versa; the deictic shifts give the floodgates to both the adynaton and tapinosis gestalt; Bruce and Imam Al-Hussein exude their stamina and credentials to salvage their nations and doctrines, so the dramatists employ such a gestalt, in flux, to convey certain human precepts beyond mundanity

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- ^v Ibid, p.45.
- ^{vi} Ibid, p.12.
- ^{vii} Ibid, p.53.
- ^{viii} Ibid, p.56.
- ^{ix} Ibid, p.63.
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