

— Ruth Dunster, »The Consolation of Pirandello's Green Blanket and an Autistic Theology«

— A B S T R A C T —

Luigi Pirandello's 1926 novel *One, No One and One Hundred Thousand* depicts its protagonist Vitangelo Moscarda as a troubled, introspective searcher for reality. Moscarda finds ultimate salvation through a mystical experience emanating from his contemplation of a green blanket. This paper performs a reading of Pirandello's novel through a lens where Moscarda's journey is a deeply theological one, and how his ultimate madness is in fact a place of consolation and rebirth. It becomes an autistic theology when its problematic stance towards relationships is taken into account, and the comfort of Moscarda's ultimate consolation becomes an acceptance of the space where a mystical theology might resonate with a theology of autistic Mindblindness, namely, the ultimate failure of human knowledge and communion.

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■—THE CONSOLATION OF PIRANDELLO'S GREEN
BLANKET AND AN AUTISTIC THEOLOGY—■

■—Console, verb, transitive: to comfort in distress or depression; to alleviate the sorrow of; to free from the sense of misery; from French, *consolider*, *consolidate*; *con plus solidus*, *solid* (*Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*)

In this paper I am focusing the third of these meanings of consolation: »to free from the sense of misery.« The subject of this consolation is Vitangelo Moscarda, the troubled protagonist of Luigi Pirandello's 1927 novel *Uno, Nessuno e Centomila* (*One, No One and One Hundred Thousand*). My own research looks at literary spaces which are conducive to an autistic hermeneutic, because autism offers an analogue to theological notions of estrangement and sacrament as opposing faces of religious experience. I will, then, be looking at Pirandello's novel and his protagonist through the lens of an autistic hermeneutic, where his behaviour functions as a kind of metaphor for autism.

Autism is classed in the American Psychiatric Association's *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual – 5* (published in May 2014) as a disorder. Where a normal person would empathise and intuit the mental state of another, the social imagination of an autistic person is to some degree impaired. This ability to 'read' the other is known, in the terminology developed by Simon Baron Cohen, as Mindreading (not in a clairvoyant sense) and its impaired function is known as Mindblindness. For the autistic person, this disorder permeates all relationships, problematizing all encounters.

An autistic hermeneutic is an interpretation of texts discerning places of broken relationship. However there is also a consoling aspect of autism, which lies in its bafflingly strange experience of sensory abnormalities. In classical autism the person engages with objects through the senses, particularly touch, to find deeper levels of experience than normal. Alastair Clarkson, following the autism expert Uta Frith, has described autistic people in this state as sensory connoisseurs. A sensory connoisseur perceives particular details in what is for typical people a commonplace object or action. So for example the texture of an object, the play of light or the sensation of knocking or banging can be a source of pleasure.¹

In Pirandello's novel, my autistic hermeneutic discerns both facets of what autism recognises as pain and pleasure. The

distress and the consolation of Pirandello's character Moscarda are conducive to an autistic reading, but they are also elements where a literary-theological reading can readily take place. This paper attempts a fusion of these two readings.

— PIRANDELLO AND AUTISM —

Pirandello is a comparatively little-known but important precursor of Samuel Beckett and the theatre of the absurd. In 1934 Pirandello was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, and his contribution to European literature has perhaps been overlooked by the English-speaking world, although his dramas are still popular as stage productions. There is, in Pirandello's writing, something absurd and tragi-comic which offers a possibility of it being read through an autistic lens. Carlo Salinari writes:

— At the base [of Pirandello's work] [...] one can find [...] a feeling of the anarchic condition in which modern man finds himself, of the lack of an organic social fabric which sustains him and binds him to others, of the mastery of man by things which are external to his will, of the inevitable defeat to which man is condemned in the society in which he finds himself living.²

Straight away Salinari's vocabulary of the individual who is unable to be bound (connected) to others, speaks to the condition of autism and is a condition to which autism speaks. This is particularly evident in Pirandello's *One, No One and One Hundred Thousand*. The protagonist, Vitangelo Moscarda, develops in the novel an increasing obsession with how there is no one, stable perception of himself. Following his wife's comment on his facial appearance, Moscarda looks at his nose in the mirror and is shocked to learn that he has lived all his life without being aware of the fact that his nose is a little crooked to one side. He begins to wonder how others see him, and his obsession grows so that he eagerly seeks time alone to study his own reflection and finally he sees »the outsider, opposite me, in the mirror«.³ What has begun as a perception of slight diversion begins, tragi-comedically, to become an obsession with the fact that, depending on varied and shifting points of view, he can become a hundred thousand individuals but not one single person.

Pirandello uses the trope of construction several times. The repetition of this motif can in an autistic reading be seen as a figuration of how consciousness is not an objective reality but the construction of the human mind. In other words, perfect Mindreading is impossible and there is always some degree of Mindblindness. This is borne out by the 'spectrum' model of autism where all human beings are located at some point from

neurotypicality (negligible impairment) through high functioning autism to severe autism.

Moscarda makes this explicit:

— Man takes as material even himself, and he constructs himself, yes, sir, like a house. Do you believe you can know yourselves if you don't somehow construct yourselves? Or that I can know you if I don't construct you in my way? And how can you know me, if you don't construct me in your own way?⁴

What does self-construction mean in psychological terms? It is plain that constructing the other, at least, means using Mindreading. Without this, the object of the other would be reduced to what Moscarda calls *vital statistics*.⁵ These 'facts', as Moscarda calls them, are devoid of interpretation and he belittles them as a form of real knowledge, arguing that meaningful reality cannot be extracted from them. For example, »for everyone, summarily, I was that reddish hair, those greenish eyes, and that nose ... anyone could ... make of it the Moscarda he felt like making«. ⁶

This hermeneutic then, is like a kind of Mindreading. By bringing one's own hermeneutic and applying it to the other's reality, one is trusting in one's own ability to project a subjective (own mind) attribution onto an apparently objective attribute, by extrapolating from one's own mind to the reality/the supposedly shared phenomenon. This assumption breaks down when the self is scrutinised as Moscarda does in his obsession – but without scrutiny, Mindreading is assumed to be accurate. It is precisely Moscarda's point to expose the fallacy of an objective view on anything of more value than 'vital statistics.' An autistic reading of this view sees this unreliability of perception as the failure of Mindreading. This deconstruction of a purported objectivity/Mindreading is the journey Moscarda takes.

So Moscarda says:

— Why do you go on believing the only reality is your reality ... and you are amazed ... that (your friend) will never be able to have, inside himself ... your same mood?

— I accept the fact that for you inside yourself, you are not as I see you from outside.⁷

William Weaver's translation of this book in the 1992 Marsilio edition has the following blurb on the back cover:

— It is Pirandello's genius that a discussion of the fundamental human inability to communicate, of our essential

solitariness ... elicits such thoroughly sustained and earthy laughter. (Publishers Weekly)

And Pirandello himself, quoted in the Marsilio blurb, says that

— **One, No One and One Hundred Thousand** arrives at the most extreme conclusions, the farthest consequences.

In terms of the autistic reading here used to read Pirandello, the absence of objectivity works as Mindblindness. I am then taking Mindreading as a psychological and neurological phenomenon, and using it as a metaphor for all forms of constructions of image. Where Moscarda becomes aware of the limits of these constructed images (i.e. when he begins to doubt his own 'construction'), I am extrapolating from the clinical definition of Mindblindness to see what is, in my reading of the text as a radical doubt which undercuts and interrogates – as Moscarda does – any complacent assumption of absolute or fixed reality in these mental images.

Moscarda is conscious of the gap between one constructed image and another, and so he is articulating a kind of conscious autism – the others he describes have no awareness of the difference between image constructions. They could be said to be suffering from unconscious autism, since they are victims of the gaps between differing views, but remain unaware of these differences. Moscarda then steps out of neurotypical (non-autistic) assumptions of successful Mindreading to state his position of universal autism, which is firmly agnostic regarding the construction of the other: »I don't presume to claim you are the way I depict you.«⁸ Moscarda is the figure who embraces the analogue of conscious autism because he is aware of the fallibility of the construction of mental images.

— MOSCARDA'S AUTISTIC FASCINATION —

Moscarda exhibits another feature which resonates with autism, namely his close attention to detail. This is reminiscent of St Francis who, according to G.K. Chesterton, »was too busy looking at the beauty of individual trees to care about seeing the forest; he didn't want to see the wood for the trees.«⁹ From the beginning of the novel we find Moscarda obsessed with detail, looking at his nose in the mirror. This quickly becomes a narrative of intense obsessive rumination:

— I ... was made to plunge, at every word addressed to me, at every gnat I saw flying, into abysses of reflection and consideration that burrowed deep inside me and hollowed my spirit up, down and across, like the lair of a mole, with nothing evident on the surface.¹⁰

And the obsession with minute detail quickly expands:

- I would pause at every step; I took care to circle every pebble I encountered, first distantly, then more closely; and I was amazed that others could pass ahead of me paying no heed to that pebble
- ... a world where I could easily have settled ... my spirit filled with worlds – or rather pebbles; it's the same thing.¹¹

It is as if the more aware Moscarda becomes of the gulf between one person and another, the more he focuses on detail, and the more aware he becomes of the non-human world.

Towards the end of the novel Pirandello engineers a plot element which allows Moscarda to consider another dimension, namely, the construction of God. Pirandello makes this explicit when Moscarda remarks that the God within him is »hostile to all constructions« – he has instead »the sense of God inside, in (his) own way«. ¹² And suddenly he makes an unexpected theological statement:

- That **quick** wounded in me when my wife had laughed ... was God, without any doubt: God who had felt wounded in me.¹³

Moscarda discriminates between an 'inside' God of madness and an 'outside' God of providence which others would call sane. The »quick« could be interpreted as the soul. If so, this soul is the one-and-no one which escapes definition according to any perception. This »God within« might then be the same as the mystical deity which exists by not existing, beyond being, in terms used by Meister Eckhart. It is also the Godhead discovered in the mystical union Moscarda discovers in the experience of the green wool blanket, as will become clear.

Where Mindreading has failed, there is a different kind of union which figures fairly early on before Moscarda arrives at the mystical union of the last chapter. In chapter two, when the figure of construction is used to represent the building of mental worlds, Moscarda momentarily steps outside this concept and speaks about union apart from the separateness of individual mental worlds: »Perhaps they understand each other, with that song and that creaking, the imprisoned bird and the walnut reduced to chair.«¹⁴ This accords with the mystical experience at the end of the novel in that union and understanding take place not in human minds but in the material and non-human world. Similarly, a kind of nature-mysticism is invoked when Moscarda sees his ideal state as non-human and inert, as if to escape human consciousness might be some kind of blissful escape:

— Ah, to be unconscious, like a stone, like a tree! Not to remember even your own name any more! ... Clouds ... Do they perhaps know they're clouds? Nor do the tree and the stone know, since they don't know themselves either; and they are alone.¹⁵

Ultimately, Moscarda's self-obsession turns back on itself by escaping from the *hundred thousand* images of himself in possible perceptions by self and others. The only way this can happen is to enter a mystical state where self no longer figures and the world is reduced to phenomenon.

— THE GREEN WOOL BLANKET —

The climax of Moscarda's movement away from the human world to a mystical union with the non-human happens in chapter 8. II, in his description of his experience with the green wool blanket.

Whereas Moscarda's self has been a 'hundred thousand' in his journey through self-doubt, at this point he says, »I found myself truly there.«¹⁶ In Moscarda's contemplation, as he convalesces after being shot, the blanket becomes a microcosm of an idyllic natural world in his imagination: »I stroked the green down of that blanket. I saw the countryside in it: as if it were all an endless expanse of wheat; and, as I stroked it, I took delight in it.«¹⁷ By stroking and touching the green blanket Moscarda finds a pathway out of obsession and into serenity – just as the autistic subject finds solace in an extraordinary relationship to the sensory world. In fact, there is a strikingly similar image from the autistic Gunilla Gerland:

— Gunilla found the place to be left in peace – behind the armchair, where she was able to shut out everything and simply be – absorbed in the material of the brown armchair.¹⁸

Moscarda continues:

— Ah, to be lost there, to stretch out, abandon myself on the grass to the silence of the heavens; to fill my soul with all that empty blueness, letting every thought be shipwrecked there, every memory!¹⁹

From there on, there is only one place where he can continue to live, and that place is detachment and asceticism. So he gives away everything he owns and becomes a beggar.

The wording of Pirandello's last chapter, 8. IV, »No conclusion«, reads as a paradox. »No conclusion« is the paradox of the dilemma of the author who must bring the novel to a close while leaving its characters still alive beyond the book, since

the imaginary construction of fiction leaves any arbitrary conclusion detached from the imaginary space where the characters might continue to live in the mind of the reader. So in this sense, the conclusion is »no conclusion.«

However there is another possible reading of this title. »No conclusion« might mean a conclusion where »no« is itself the novel's conclusion. If this is the case, it is a profound conclusion because the »no« is the »no« of the »no one« of the book's title. In the experience of the green wool blanket, Moscarda has arrived at a place where he wants to be no one. The one and the one hundred thousand appear to have been left behind. So Moscarda is healed of his obsession, because he tells the reader »I no longer look at myself in the mirror, and it never even occurs to me to want to know what has happened to my face and to my whole appearance«. ²⁰

Moscarda views his old self which bears his name, in the third person. So, he says, »[n]o name ... leave it in peace, and let there be no more talk about it. It is fitting for the dead ... life knows nothing of names«. ²¹ Moscarda's name is dead – and this is the only way he can be alive. This life is a kind of death. What has died is the concept and in the loss of name and concept, he is free from 'conclusions.'

Moscarda's freedom from the selfhood of his name means he can experience life in any form: »I am this tree. Tree, cloud; tomorrow book or wind; the book I read, the wind I drink.« ²²

It would be plausible to discount this selfless self as a mere playing with words, bringing the first person to re-attach itself to »tree, cloud [...] book [...] wind,« so that the »I am« exists purely rhetorically as part of 'the book.' Elsewhere, particularly in his play *Sei personaggi in cerca d'autore* (*Six Characters in Search of an Author*), Pirandello plays with the line between life and fiction, so that the apparently actual characters in his dramas inconveniently bring their fictional status into the space of the drama itself and disrupt the willing suspension of disbelief. Pirandello does hint at this possibility when his 'non-Moscarda' narrator in this concluding book (8. IV) says that »I am ... this book.« In the fictional work, the fiction itself breaks down – and yet remains fiction.

By dying to his old existence among names and concepts he has entered into life, which is free of concepts: »[The name] is fitting for the dead. For those who have concluded. Life does not conclude. And life knows nothing of names.« ²³ Again the image of construction recurs:

— This is the only way I can live now. To be reborn moment by moment. To prevent thoughts working again inside me, causing inside a reappearance of the void with its futile constructions. ²⁴

One would expect that »the void« would be the place of non-constructions, instead of the place of constructions. However the constructions Non-Moscarda continually escapes, by his continued moment-by-moment death and rebirth, are the false constructions of name and concept. Instead of fixed identity, Non-Moscarda lives in things. It would be impossible, apart from what could be argued as the silence beyond the end of the novel, for (non-)him to convey the experience of things without names or concepts. This is writing at the edge – he is »no longer inside myself, but in every thing outside.«²⁵ This is impossible. It takes the reader beyond the equations of identity. With these closing words the reader is left outside the book.

When Moscarda strokes the green blanket he is clearly entering another reality where he discerns a microcosm. It results in a state of bliss where he emerges detached from the obsessive concerns which have been torturing him. If his torment can be seen (as I have shown) as an autistic torment, can his consolation be seen as an autistic one?

Alastair Clarkson's 'sensory connoisseur' is an autistic person who becomes emerged in contemplation of some physical phenomenon which, to the typical observer seems mundane and lacking in the depth of meaning it clearly holds for the autistic person who gazes at, touches or even smells the object. The comfort of this contemplative activity lies in a kind of fascination which discerns qualities which cannot normally be seen. This is borne out by emerging neural research which picks up processing differences and differing brain morphology in persons with a diagnosis of autism. It is as if the autistic contemplative has an extraordinary focus on what is overlooked by the neurotypical eye.

For Moscarda this leads to what could be seen either as a mystical experience or a schizoid one, depending on terminology. He sees a microcosm in the green blanket and it is this experience which frees him from his self-obsession. My argument is that Restricted and Repetitive Behaviours and Interests (RRBIs) which carry this experience of sensory obsession, are the great consolation for the person racked by autism's failure to commune with the social world. For Moscarda, the green blanket does console, in the sense of relieving him of misery. It offers him a way out of his obsession with failed communication and flawed perception. In the green blanket Moscarda touches and communes with the sensory, and this act of communion is both salvation and comfort.

— POST-GREEN BLANKETISM —

— Rousseau's text, like Saussure's, is subject to a violent wrenching from within.²⁶

Pirandello's post-green blanket state is 'subject to a violent wrenching from within,' just as Christopher Norris describes Rousseau's writing when placed under Derrida's scrutiny. The narrator is dead – 'and yet liveth' – so that the text finds itself in an impossible bind. My argument is that, before structuralism had even been formulated, Pirandello was already a post-structuralist.

In his 1991 book *Deconstruction: Theory and Practice*, Norris describes the site of deconstruction in these terms:

— [The exclusion or degradation of writing] occurs wherever reason looks for a ground or authenticating method immune to the snares of textuality. If meaning could only attain to a state of self-sufficient intelligibility, language would no longer present any problem but serve as an obedient vehicle of thought.²⁷

What Pirandello's post-green blanketism does, is to confront the reader with precisely the inability to 'pin language down,' in '*self-sufficient intelligibility*,' into a stable façade of full presence. Pirandello rips open the artifice of writing in his meta-textuality where the text is attacked by another layer of text. In Pirandello's drama *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, this is accomplished by allowing the access into the play of another layer of fiction in the shape of six characters looking for the author and his play, so that they can live out their roles. This is not simply a device following the early 20th century vogue of the paranormal, so that ghosts are depicted within his drama. Something more fundamental is at work here. The second order play is strictly speaking more than a play within a play because it takes over and destroys the purported original play. The text itself is invaded by ghosts. In the terms Norris ascribes to a writing subject to deconstruction, »(the text) betrays a nostalgic mystique of presence which ignores the self-alienating character of all social existence«. ²⁸ Pirandello subjects the text to a deconstruction: he won't allow the self-alienating character of discourse to be ignored. The original 'first level' play is the embodiment of this nostalgia for full presence. The text would, if written simply on one level, ignore the 'self-alienating character' of its own status – but this it does not allow itself to do, because of its own implicit meta-narrative.

What Pirandello's text is doing is to confront the reader with the self-alienating nature of the drama, by ripping it open and asking the reader to deal with another layer of textuality. What is happening here? Perhaps something in line with Kevin Hart's description of deconstruction in terms of the awareness of delusion; Hart sees Derrida's project as the embodiment of the awareness that »[t]he concept of a full presence, of an ideal

self-mediating identity which absolutely precedes or succeeds all difference, is a delusion«. ²⁹

Norris invokes Derrida's *differance* when he writes that »[t]he supplement is that which both signifies the lack of a 'presence' or state of presence beyond recall, and compensates for that lack by setting in motion its own economy of difference«. ³⁰ The ghostly six characters are exactly this lack of presence, real but unreal, obtruding into the speech of the purported actors of the 'original' play (which in fact is ironically titled *The Rules of the Game*, and is another actual play written by Pirandello). Similarly, in the case of *One, No One and One Hundred Thousand*, the dead narrator is a gesture which forces the reader to reflect on the rhetorical nature of a text which destroys its own rhetoric by dismantling its component parts in full view of the reader.

Where does this leave Moscarda, and Pirandello's text? Moscarda is living in a world where there is no fixed meaning within the text because he has no one fixed identity – he can only exist by the constant death of the reappearance of variants of the one hundred thousand. This death is in fact a post-modern death. The attempt at signification and unmediated presence is denied. Of course a dead protagonist is impossible, yet this is what the novel offers the reader. Moscarda exists ultimately only as a series of deaths. There is no living Moscarda, except in the fragmentary moments between each of his deaths. His real substance is the non-substance of death.

Barthes describes the Death of the Author as follows: »We know now that a text is not a line of words releasing a single 'theological' meaning (the 'message' of the Author-God) but a multi-dimensional space in which a variety of writings, none of them original, blend and clash.« ³¹ Barthes has followed Derrida here by using the word »theology« to describe any totalising impulse. The author 'dies' by failing to be sustained by a stable text where the totality of authorial authority can be maintained. The text is written 'by no-one.' The Author as the holder of authority is dead.

Of course more is at play in Pirandello's text (the novel *One, No-one and One Hundred Thousand*) than the simple tale of a man who dies repeatedly in reaction to the stress of an impossible life. It is not merely the protagonist who dies. The author also dies. Or more accurately, the narrative embodies death. It is impossible for a dead protagonist to continue to speak. Radically dead – not merely physically dead, as a disembodied spirit who still lives, non-Moscarda speaks as the voice of Derrida's trace, where the narrative continues to exist as the free play of an identity which belongs to no one (because Moscarda as a unified (or even non-unified) self no longer exists). Pirandello is then a proto-postmodernist in his writing of the absurd here (as indeed he is in his theatre of the absurd).

The reader, by the act of reading and desiring a plot to read, manifests a desire for a stable meaning and presence. Pirandello disrupts this primarily in the post-green blanket stage with the dead narrator. However, traces of this disruption are found throughout the narrative. Moscarda from the outset progressively loses what he perceives to have been the illusion of one stable identity. As he becomes ever more aware of the lack of a stable self-image, he is inviting – or even forcing – the reader to face the status of knowledge as something provisional and constantly shifting. Roland Barthes in *Roland Barthes* by Roland Barthes could practically be commenting on Moscarda's predicament when he writes:

— Yet today the subject apprehends himself elsewhere, and subjectivity can return at another place on the spiral: deconstructed, taken apart, shifted, without anchorage: why should I not speak of »myself« since this »my« is no longer »the self?«³²

Jacques Derrida writes: »One must be separated from oneself in order to be reunited with the blind origin of the work in its darkness.«³³ This act is mimed by Moscarda, who confronts the reader with what it is to be separated from oneself, in order that the pure work, the living of constant death and rebirth, can be experienced. Derrida continues:

— This experience of conversion, which founds the literary act (writing or reading), is such that the very words »separation« and »exile,« which always designate the interiority of a breaking-off with the world and a making of one's way within it, cannot directly manifest the experience; they can only indicate it.³⁴

Moscarda's green blanket experience is the climax of his long search and is indeed a conversion from neurosis to peace, and a change from self-obsession to freedom from self. His separation and exile, as Derrida says, cannot directly manifest the experience but only indicate it – this is the reason why the novel must end there with its non-conclusion.

Derrida explains that only »pure absence – not the absence of this or that, but the absence of everything in which all presence is announced – can inspire, in other words, can work, and then make one work.«³⁵ Pirandello's novel 'works' by exploring the absence of Moscarda's self – finally Moscarda is able to function (or 'work') with some sense of authenticity by embracing pure absence, even from his own name. Such a 'non-place' is described by Derrida as follows: »This universe articulates only that which is in excess of everything, the essential nothing on whose basis everything can appear and be produced within

language«. ³⁶ Pirandello's absurd novel is, I would argue, the precursor and even the uncanny ghostly forebearer of a language which cannot present itself as a simple rhetorical bearer of meaning free of the shifting character of artifice: it actually articulates the 'essential nothing' of Derrida's project.

The last word should go to John Chrysostom, as he is cited by Derrida in *Writing and Difference*:

— It were indeed meet for us not at all to require the aid of the written word, but to exhibit a life so pure, that the grace of the spirit should be instead of books to our souls, and that as these are inscribed with ink, even so should our hearts be with the spirit. But, since we have utterly put away from us this grace, come let us at any rate embrace the second best course. ³⁷

Pirandello would smile at these words. They may be cold comfort, but they might be made a little warmer with the compensation of the green blanket. The autistic subject fails to Mindread the one and the one hundred thousand, but is comforted and consoled by a world of otherness. —

■ — ENDNOTES —

1 Alastair Clarkson: »The Sensory Connoisseur?« Unpublished M.Sc. dissertation, University of Strathclyde, 2012.

2 Carlo Salinari: *Miti e Coscienza del Decadentismo Italiano* (Milan, 1960), quoted in *Uno, Nessuno e Centomila* (Milan, 1984), IL (my translation).

3 Luigi Pirandello: *One, No One and One Hundred Thousand*, trans. William Weaver (New York, 1992), 17.

4 Ibid. 41.

5 Ibid. 63.

6 Ibid. 20.

7 Ibid. 31.

8 Ibid. 65.

9 G.K. Chesterton: *St Francis of Assisi* (Nashville, 2010 (1924)), xx.

10 Pirandello: *One, No One and One Hundred Thousand*, 4.

11 Ibid. 5.

12 Ibid. 144.

13 Ibid. 139f.

14 Ibid. 34.

15 Ibid. 37.

16 Ibid. 155.

17 Ibid.

18 Olga Bogdashina: *Autism and Spirituality. Psyche, Self and Spirit in People of the Autism Spectrum* (London & Philadelphia, 2013), 191.

19 Pirandello: *One, No One and One Hundred Thousand*, 155.

- 20 Ibid. 159.
- 21 Ibid.
- 22 Ibid. 159f. It is easy to read »*the wind I drink*« as a mis-spelling of »*the wine I drink*« but »*wind*« is a correct translation of »*vento*« in the original Italian text.
- 23 Ibid. 159
- 24 Ibid. 160
- 25 Ibid.
- 26 Christopher Norris: *Deconstruction: Theory and Practice* (London & New York, 1991), 32.
- 27 Ibid. 30.
- 28 Ibid.
- 29 Kevin Hart: *The Trespass of the Sign: Deconstruction, Theology and Philosophy* (Cambridge, 1991), 10.
- 30 Norris: *Deconstruction*, 36
- 31 Roland Barthes: »*The Death of the Author*« in *Image, Music, text*, trans. Stephen Heath (London, 1977), 34.
- 32 Roland Barthes: *Roland Barthes by Roland Barthes*, trans. Richard Howard (Berkeley & Los Angeles), 168.
- 33 Jacques Derrida: »*Force and Signification*« in *Writing and Difference*, trans. Alan Bass (London & Henley, 1978), 8.
- 34 Ibid.
- 35 Ibid.
- 36 Ibid.
- 37 Ibid. 11.
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