FREEDOM AND NECESSITY IN THE CULTURE OF INTERPRETATION

Michael Giffin

I

I would like to offer a few reflections upon the situation of literature and theology in Australia, as an academic discipline. And it seems important to begin by noting that the very idea of an Australian university was built upon the premise that religion was a divisive cultural influence which should be excluded from the mainstream of those institutions that would contribute to an enlightened Australian culture. Whatever the horizon of his personal faith, that was certainly how W. C. Wentworth felt about religion in its organised form. And as a member of the power elite and one of the founding fathers of Sydney University in the middle of the 19th century, it was his vision that dominated the politics which determined just how that institution would be established.¹

Indeed, his sentiments reflected a prevailing ethos that dominated the constitution of every Australian state university, and for generations (until very recently in fact) these were the only providers of tertiary education in Australia. So strong has Caesar’s grip been on educational policy in the enlightened antipodes. It was this ethos, and the apartheid it represented, which so galled William Grant Broughton, Australia’s first Anglican bishop. And so he refused point blank to become involved with the hierarchy of a tertiary culture that was hell bent on keeping the Churches out of the mainstream.

This successful attempt to relegate the Australian Churches to the fringe of an enlightened society says a great deal about how the power elite of a 19th century colony tried to aggressively realise its horizon of a culture derived from a particular brand of liberal humanism. And of course the imposition of this culture was pursued in illiberal ways. To illustrate this point I recall a memorable commencement address given by Professor Ken Cable in the Great Hall of Sydney University during the June of 1990. In questioning the absence of theology from the idea of an Australian university, Professor Cable pointed to the various carved wooden angels—yes, angels—that were upholding the ceiling of the Great Hall. They were guardians,
each with a nominated discipline, gazing down upon the graduates of those secular faculties under their semi-divine protection. How ironic, Professor Cable reminded us, that there was no angel guarding theology. For indeed, those who placed these angels aloft, and appointed them to be the guardians of higher learning, struggled to ensure there would be no faculty of divinity, theology or religious studies to guard.

It is possible that those who intended this omission were inspired by the 18th century idealisation of the individual, during that age of the so called 'Enlightenment', dominated as it was by four great intellectual solipsisms: a commitment to reason as a final authority, a stress on 'nature' and the appeal to what is 'natural', a widespread acceptance of the idea of progress, and a rejection of the authority of tradition. To this list we could well add a fifth: the rejection of any religious ritual or theology that did not conform to an 'enlightened' way of thinking.

This background helps us understand why, until the late 20th century, there were no departments or faculties of theology or divinity or religious studies in any Australian university, or why the churches were, by constitution and by convention, relegated to the running of residential colleges. And so theology, once the mother of all disciplines, and always part of the mainstream of academic life in the western tradition, was made to suffer a separation in Australia. Theology was something 'done' at denominational seminaries and colleges, where Caesar only allowed the offering of licentiate and diploma programmes. These seminaries and colleges were seen primarily as places of sectarian division, forced to remain unaffiliated and isolated from those 'respectable' degree conferring institutions designed to uphold a particular model of culture, with a particular aesthetic ideology. Of course, it would be foolish for us to paint too vivid a picture of martyrdom and religious persecution here, for Judaism-Christianity is a large part of the history of a western civilisation that must accept and live with its own shadow. Yet a kind of formal and constitutionally sanctioned anti-religious apartheid did exist for generations in Australian universities, albeit disguised as an appeal to individual freedom and enlightenment. We cannot ignore this fact.

Institutions tend to maintain the ethos of their foundation, so it is possible that this secular ethos of the state university has created an academic culture where a subtle apartheid continues to exist, hidden behind an appeal to reason and enlightenment. For even within the disguise of multiculturalism, with its postmodern appeal to the plurality of discourse, there remain deep seated antipathies and constitutional obstacles which impede the situating of theology within the mainstream of academic life. In trying to overcome these tangible obstacles the Australian Churches have been very creative and ingenious over the past few years, in developing consortiums of theological colleges that have finally been accredited to offer degree programmes which cross denominational boundaries. Within the constraints of the constitutional peculiarities of various universities in each state, these consortiums have, in several instances, managed to negotiate a position in the mainstream of academic life. So perhaps the future is more hopeful than the past.

Why is this offered up as important background to the question of freedom and necessity in literary interpretation? Because we need to understand that interpretation ultimately reflects the character of a given culture at any one point in its history. Indeed interpretation is determined by the kind of humanistic or anti-humanistic colouring which particular institutions have and this is necessarily bound up with their departmental politics. Several of my undergraduate and postgraduate years were spent as an external part-time candidate studying through a rather provincial English department that was oblivious to literary theory. Also the department, it seemed to me, implicitly censured a theological reading of texts, unless those readings conformed to a rather narrow understanding of what theology is. It may well be that behind this enlightened censorship lies the inability of academics, at that particular institution at least, to acknowledge that there might well be a living and organic relationship between literature and theology. I would venture to guess that this is a blindness built upon the premise that theology is not a living tradition, but rather is little more than a series of discredited historical doctrines which hinders a liberal and humanist (and reasonable and enlightened) interpretation of texts.

My own experience of theology, as an Anglican student at a Roman Catholic seminary, was quite the reverse. For in fact it was not until I finished my arts degree and studied theology, complete with a Grand Tour of the history of ideas from the pre-Socratics to Derrida, that I was made aware, not only of literary theory, but more importantly, of its place in a wider and inter-disciplinary tradition. Actually, I was given more of a liberal and humanist education at a Christian seminary than I had previously received at a secular university. For me this remains an irony difficult to explain to those who presume that the opposite must be true.

This is not to suggest that my personal experience is representative. It is merely to illustrate the point that interpretation should involve a degree of awareness of culture and the history of its world of ideas, as well as a degree of awareness of how power and politics are played out in institutions. So to propose that the time might be right for those interested in literature and theology to form themselves into the party of a discipline is merely to play the game according to the rules. Or to use another metaphor, it is merely stepping out in the stately quadrille of academic self-interest, and with the genuine interests of discourse analysis at heart. It is quite legitimate for religious academics to observe, like maiden aunts at the edge of the dance floor who sit or stand and make various coy gestures with their fans, that a
great deal of literature has been misrepresented by the academy; because of institutional prejudice and censorship; because of movements in literary analysis; and because of a general predilection to read in many texts a flat rejection of theology where in fact there is often a serious theological interrogation within a discernible tradition of discourse. Perhaps it is time to put away our fans, step out and join in the dance.

Indeed, the appeal for a theological reading of texts, and particularly those texts that present themselves as a kind of theology, is not an appeal to a narrow doctrinal sense, but an appeal to bring into the interpretative process the very questions of freedom and necessity which some texts themselves address. It is an appeal which acknowledges that western theology is not a dead discipline, but a living speculation which began with the ancient Hebrews and the pre-Socratics, and thrives on lively open-ended debate. It is an appeal which allows that, quite possibly, those who engage in theological readings are, quite often, no more narrow-minded or less broad-minded than those who imagine themselves to have transcended the belief of the other.

I believe Muriel Spark made this point quite eloquently in her novel *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*. For the grounding of interpretive freedom does not belong only to those Jean Brodies of the world who imagine themselves to be liberated from the shackles of outworn mythologies, and who teach their *crème de la crème* to imagine likewise. No, the grounding of interpretive freedom belongs equally to those Sandy Strangers of the world. For Sandy is Miss Brodie's student—the victim of Jean's false enlightenment—who gazes into her teacher's eyes, and on seeing there the shadow of her reflected self, recoils in horror. Sandy saw that her freedom was the freedom to become like—and interpret like—the 'enlightened' Miss Brodie, who was always looking up and out rather than down or within. Through this anxious apprehension of self, reflected in the gaze of the other, Sandy came to realise that Jean Brodie was actually quite monstrous, and that equally there was the same potential for monstrosity in her own fallen self. So Sandy's particular necessity was to orchestrate Jean's downfall, and to retreat into the mythology of her choice. Ultimately, Sandy's sense of her own awful freedom and necessity forces her to become an enclosed nun, thereafter giving spiritual direction behind a grille that she clutches with a kind of desperation, while still staring into the reflected gaze of those who come to her for guidance.

I remember once attending a postgraduate seminar on this novel. When I tried to introduce some of Ms Spark's own published observations on the theological nature of her work, these were soundly dismissed as irrelevant by the tutor, who also happened to be the course director, a professor and the head of department. It was not the first time he had so dealt with this obviously naive Christian in his class, and after the firm put-down there followed a strange hour of power and game, of censorship and anxiety, in a pattern which I have often experienced as a student, and which I am sure is repeated in many a seminar room. That same week I recall attending a poetry seminar where another tutor told me triumphantly and emphatically (and with suitable hand gestures) that there was no God in Ted Hughes' work. Apparently Mr Hughes had proven atheism with language and so his work was, in her words, 'behind God, around God, beyond God, without God'. I sensed that for emphasis she would like to have blown a raspberry in my face, if decorum had permitted.

It is quite possible that these inter-woven stories of teacher and student, one from fiction and the others from life, tell us much about the political dynamics of the reading of texts in an academic culture that claims to uphold interpretive freedom. If, after observing these games from literature and life, there are some who would side with Miss Brodie, her *crème de la crème* and the ideology that underpins their aesthetic, then let us allow at the very least, that from within her enclosure and from behind her grille, Sandy Stranger might be as authentic an interpreter as her teacher.

II

One of the reasons for a theological reading of texts is the very theological character of a great deal of literature. And this is a character that is, perhaps, more easily discerned in older literatures than newer ones. This theological character often deals with the larger questions of ontology, of epistemology, and of language, and so we do a great service to interpretation when we locate our reading within a grammar, or a context, that seeks to be as universal as the texts themselves seek to be. For to confine interpretation within a narrower or shallower critical horizon is often to diminish the horizons of author and text.

My own feeling is that many within the academy still stare incomprehensibly at the religious person, and cannot come to grips with the fact that there are schools of theology which mirror every trend in philosophy and literary theory. Of course an hour in the right specialist bookshop would put them straight, but in a multi-cultural and media oriented society—justified as it is by the plurality of discourse and all the dead trees that go with it—there are simply too many specialist bookshops filled with too many books. The prospect is overwhelming, and so the academy sometimes seem a Tower of Babel filled with specialists who know a lot about very little, very little about a lot, and who can only communicate with those who speak their own esoteric dialect and who all the while keep presuming upon everyone else's narrow-mindedness.

This babble can occur as much within disciplines as between disciplines. For example, at another state university I once attended a postgraduate
however harmless they appear to us as 'trivial hermeneutic contests'—and the dynamics of oppression associated with more vital struggles for human freedom. As Kermode explains: 'There is obviously a close relationship between liberty of interpretation and political liberty in general.'

However, Kermode goes on to remind us that there is no moral high ground in this process, and if the revolutionary of today becomes the orthodoxy of tomorrow, then in his own words:

What is hardly in doubt is that like all hermeneutic fashions, these will, if they achieve authority, be opposed and subverted in their turn, the old contest between authority and freedom resumed on new ground. In this respect, hermeneutic freedom is of a piece with all freedom. It is always to be won by conflict; its scope will change, just as the nature of individual freedom changes, as the very notion of what it is to be free changes with larger cultural change, it can be more or less violent and it can be more or less opposed or repressed.

And so the world of literary interpretation in the academy is a battlefield where the tension between freedom and necessity is fought out in the context of human fallibility.

I find it haunting to consider what Kermode might mean when he says that interpretive freedom is bound up with all freedom: 'It is always to be won by conflict; its scope will change, just as the nature of individual freedom changes, as the very notion of what it is to be free changes with larger cultural change'. Reading this statement in light of the signs of the times, it appears we are standing once again at the crossroads. Perhaps the West, blinded as it is by the glare of the idea of personal freedom, needs to keep its eyes open lest it gets run over, as the next century brings a new, and perhaps more global agenda, to the discussion of freedom and interpretation. It could well be an agenda which may force us to re-evaluate what we mean by the rights of the individual and whether these transcend (or can equitably coexist with) the needs of the global community.

In trying to justify a theological interpretation of some texts let's return to the example of teacher and student from The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie, and try to see that the discourse of that text, as well as the most illuminating method of interpreting it, both may well come from an inter-disciplinary movement of philosophy, theology and literary theory. My own reading of the novel tells me that, essentially, its discourse reflects modernity's critique of the Enlightenment, a critique that is both philosophical and theological. Sandy Stranger's betrayal of Jean Brodie and her retreat into the enclosure is not an abandonment of freedom, rather it is an assertion that an idea of freedom based upon a reasonable and enlightened appeal to the rights of the individual can itself become a form of tyranny. I believe that Muriel Spark's point is that, within the enclosure, Sandy is no less free than outside it.
fact she is freer, and perhaps less of a social menace, because she has acknowledged the darker side of her own nature in a way that the enlightened Jean Brodie would not.

Here Spark's literary vision represents a distinct kind of theologising that finds its logic in a definite world of discourse which exists within particular movements in western thought. And I would suggest the movement is postmetaphysical thinking, a movement in which both modernity and postmodernity subist. I would also suggest that phenomenology, existentialism, postexistentialism, structuralism, poststructuralism and deconstruction are all subsets, they are all discourse within the larger postmetaphysical banners of modernity and postmodernity, although there are many who would disagree with this generalisation. This feeling is echoed in the words of Jürgen Habermas in his recent book entitled Postmetaphysical Thinking, in which he suggests that the contemporary dialectic of thought within western civilisation 'is not essentially different from that of the first generation of Hegel's disciples'. Habermas reminds us that at the time of Hegel 'the basic condition of philosophizing changed' but 'since then there has been no alternative to postmetaphysical thinking' apart from New Age movements which 'fill the need for the lost One and Whole by abstractly invoking the authority of a scientific system that is becoming ever more opaque'.

The truth of this proposition is daily reinforced in my mind, in most of my encounters with others, and with the text and subtext of literature, media, art and the more popular forms of religion and culture. One particularly striking example occurred recently when I saw a film called The Piano, whose discourse was a barely disguised reworking of Jane Eyre, now gorgeously reincarnated as a postcolonial and Jungian cliché. If textual analysis means anything at all, then I can say the film was offered to the audience as a work of great beauty that carried a message which was self-consciously important. Those who conceived it were so carried away with the rhetorical relevance of the film, and by the sheer revelation of its discourse, that they failed to realise that the rhetoric is already becoming tired and frayed.

IV

There is a relationship between philosophy and theology, and together these inform that Zeitgeist which influences the human imagination to create literature. Harold Bloom makes this point in his own way when he suggests that literature may well represent the writers attempt to assert himself (or herself) in the overcoming of their predecessors. Of course we do not have to accept all the psychological baggage that weighs such a suggestion down, but the point is clear enough: the writer does not write in a vacuum; quite often he (or she) responds creatively to the spirit of their age, and this creative response can be positive or negative or ambivalent. Such a creative response often interrogates the nature of the human and the divine condition, or the nature of freedom and necessity, according to the aesthetic ideology of an age. Habermas suggests that the dominating Zeitgeist of western civilisation has not significantly or fundamentally changed for a hundred and fifty years, and I would suggest that during that same period the concerns of many writers have not changed either, even though their fictions appear to us in different narrative styles. In any age writers go on making their interrogations about freedom and necessity, about identity and the myths and metaphors of human self-understanding, in ways that often reflect the wider cultural debate, and this ongoing debate reflects those aesthetic ideologies which keep flowing from the world of ideas throughout the ages. And it is a world of ideas that is both philosophical and theological.

In appealing for a theological reading of texts I am definitely not proposing that the dynamic of such a reading needs to be esoteric, or even that it must necessarily involve the language of systematic theology. However, I am proposing that there is a relationship between works of fiction and the questions of cosmology that dominate in the age in which they are written. So the relationship between literature, philosophy and theology can be approached by extending existing methods of critical analysis rather than creating new ones. There is great value in concentrating on literature, as a kind of theology, within the more 'traditional' periods of study: the Medieval, the Classical (age of reason and enlightenment), the Romantic, the Modern and the Postmodern, as they fall within the ambit of structural, poststructural and deconstructive criticism. And among all others of course!

Invariably this enterprise will seem more obvious when applied to the older periods of literature, particularly before the 19th century. For who is going to argue against the presence of theological themes in a Swift or a Bunyan or a metaphysical poet? It will also seem more obvious in the reading of more recent texts that are self-consciously and overtly religious, such as the poetry of T. S. Elliot or the novels of that closet jansenist Graham Greene. However, the enterprise becomes more complex, and seems more urgent, when we come to the period of modernity and postmodernity, with their often heavily disguised patterns of signification, and their various postmetaphysical discourses about self and world and other. For it is within these later movements in 19th and 20th century fiction that a misreading is most likely to occur, and particularly by those who can only manage to equate theology with a particularly narrow definition of metaphysics.

V

If we accept that theology cannot be limited to a narrow definition of metaphysics, then the ground on which a theological interpretation of some
contemporary literatures is based on the same ground on which modernity, postmodernity, deconstruction and poststructuralism are all based. For many of these literatures come under the banner of postmetaphysical thinking; they interrogate the presumptions of the Enlightenment, they conduct—in a similar spirit—a critique of reason as a verifying calculus in western civilisation.

However this does not mean that metaphysics has been overturned. Postmetaphysical thinking is not the only, or even a higher way of conducting theology or of encoding texts. Still, it does represent an attempt to widen the various teleological and deontological implications of interpretation, perhaps to redress an imbalance, and in doing so to encompass all of the different aetiological (and essentially mythical) ways in which the West has come to reason or intuit its imaginative descriptions of the human condition, whether by text or subtext, thinking or feeling, conscious or unconscious.

In suggesting this I don’t mean simply to resurrect the debate between Athens and Jerusalem, as some have accused both Ricoeur and Derrida of doing, and thereby narrowly equate poststructuralism with Athens and deconstruction with Jerusalem. For this is something both Ricoeur and Derrida have consistently denied, and besides, the debate is greater than Athens and Jerusalem combined. However the question of redressing a perceived imbalance in western self-understanding does bring us to a hermeneutic axiom that all texts, along with theology and philosophy, are created and apprehended through the filter of imagination and its languages of myth and metaphor; its signs, symbols and sacraments. It is with (at least) a consideration of such postmetaphysical speculations that we must either ground the situation of interpretation, or establish its groundlessness according to what Derrida believes to be its non-situation, its non-lieu. So the situation of literature and theology is no more or less than the situation of existing tension between continental and other modes of western thought, and it is a situation which embraces the discourse of some contemporary literatures and some contemporary theories of literary interpretation.

This tension between grounding and groundlessness lies at the heart of those questions of freedom and necessity in interpretation. How do we ground our interpretation? Are we free to make any interpretive claim we wish? What are the claras of reason upon our sense and sensibility when we seek to judge the meaning (or non-meaning), the situation (or non-situation) of a text? These questions take us into that same western minefield of conflicting interpretations, that same western battleground where, in one recent academic altercation, there was great argument and angst over the granting of an honorary doctorate to Derrida.

I don’t want to enter that debate here, except to say that the enterprise of deconstruction seems to strike needless fear in the hearts and minds of those who appear to be dominated by a particular world view that is rooted in a particular mythology. Indeed, the mythological horizons of the enlightened often lead them to distrust both deconstruction and Judaeo-Christian theology in equal measure. Actually deconstruction does not represent an abandonment of reason, or a logical ad de sac, as it has often been accused of. Rather it represents a rational interrogation of rational hypotheses. And this mode of thinking has been around long before Derrida in the different strands of modernity and postmodernity. For the past one hundred and fifty years a lot of philosophers have cogitated, and a lot of writers have written, about the same thing. My point is merely to suggest that theology has always been a part of these philosophical and literary endeavours, for better or for worse, and so in the Australian academy we are now faced with the challenge of interpreting many texts using the very same discourse that inspired their creation.

This does not mean that the discipline of literature and theology should join an alliance of moderns and postmoderns, or claim any moral high ground in the world of interpretation. No moral high ground exists. The different strands of postmetaphysical thinking are merely different ways of looking at reality, and at the world of the book, through the filter of imagination. Indeed, my own feeling is that the whole postmetaphysical enterprise plays with itself, while ignoring the obvious. For behind all the appeals to the plurality and ambiguity of discourse, or the celebration of non-meaning, or the abandonment of metaphysical truths and certainties, behind all of these propositions there are implicit absolutes and certainties which allow the postmetaphysical enterprise to indulge itself; certainties about freedom and interpretation and the rights of the individual that come to us from the same western Enlightenment which is always being flagellated, and by those who are, to borrow the title of one of Frank Kermode’s book reviews: “Talking about Doing”. And in the talking, rather than in the doing, we hear of many propositions thrown up by modernity and postmodernity which have rightly been called shibboleths. I for one am certain that if deconstructionists were deprived of civil liberty and institutional freedom, no doubt their train of thought will tend away from absence and abys, from deferral and delay, towards a Bill of Rights and Maslow’s Hierarchy of Needs. Perhaps the Enlightenment has won after all, and become so expansive and indulgent that it tolerates the discourses of pseudo-subversion. For there is a sense in which the western consciousness is still dominated by the classical presumptions of an Enlightenment that remains very much the first level discourse of our high and low culture. Conversely both modernity and postmodernity are increasingly becoming second level discourses which daily threaten to be syncretised into the New Age.

But in acknowledging this I believe there is a great deal of difference
between identifying the discourse contained within a text, and the passing of our judgement upon that text, whether that judgement be positive or negative, for judgement is never an appropriate substitute for thoughtful analysis. My own feeling is that we should try to locate the various discourses within a given text, and see whether they illuminate the philosophical and theological discourses which exist outside the text and within the cultural ambience that contributed to the creation of the text. Once again I would suggest that this is easier to achieve with older literatures than with newer ones, for often the reader and critic is not able to command a necessary overview of the contemporary cultural ambience to allow him or her to objectively approach a contemporary work. In the textual analysis of contemporary fiction, we do not have the benefit of hindsight.

Indeed, the contemporary western culture to which we belong can seem so fragmented that any overview of it seems impossible, in spite of what Habermas suggests. But he does strike a chord in suggesting that the West’s intellectual dialectic has not changed since Hegel, and I can see this very dialectic reflected in the writings of some 19th century writers whose tropes are shared and reworked by 20th century writers as diverse as Iris Murdoch, Robertson Davies and Patrick White. Each of these writers move in the same tropological territory, and I would even suggest that writers as different as Anita Brookner and David Lodge have sometimes wandered into this same territory, along with many other writers who aspire to say something about the human condition. We need to look at the tropes within a wide variety of literatures, and see just how their similarities and their differences speak to us. And when we do, we may well see that the curriculum is filled with contemporary writing in English which represents, basically, a particularly Western literature; that is a literature which interrogates the myths and metaphors of western civilisation.

This is the literature of a civilisation in transition, whether that transition be occurring in Western Europe, North America or many parts of the Commonwealth. We can easily misrepresent this kind of literature when we exclude it from both philosophy and theology, or separate it into different national literatures, or make narrow appeals to a postcolonial or feminist or psychological sense, when in fact the ‘sense’ of a lot of literature comes under, more than anything, the theological banner. My own feeling is that we cannot read Iris Murdoch as particularly English, Robertson Davies as particularly Canadian or Patrick White as particularly Australian without losing sight of their common tropes, and the common tradition in which they all move. For each belongs to a similar postmetaphysical realm, each speaks within strands of modernity and postmodernity, and it would be helpful to read them within these expansive traditions rather than making up other traditions for our own convenience or connivance, according to the departmental politics that surrounds our various critical obsessions.

Actually, in looking for a comprehensive banner for the discipline of literature and theology I would see benefit in re-evaluating and expanding upon the general idea of a Great Tradition, not to make fresh gashes at old wounds which have scarcely healed, but to explore Leavis’s idea of some literature as a reworking of other literatures which share a common horizon, a common seriousness and a common concern. Leavis reminds us that this common seriousness and concern has produced diversity rather than similarity, and I take this to mean something like Bloom’s idea of literature as the reworking and overcoming of an influential predecessor. Leavis spoke of this kind of influence when he said:

The profoundest kind of influence [is] that which is not manifest in likeness. One of the supreme debts one great writer can owe to another is the realization of unlikeness (there is, of course, no significant unlikeness without the common concern—and the common seriousness of concern—with essential human issues).7

Into this greatly expanded Great Tradition, we could well include some literature than would have appalled Leavis and continues to appeal his disciples. We might even include some literature which, on the surface, would appear to overturn the idea of a Great Tradition, for the literature of subversion comes as much from within a tradition as outside it. And that does not make it any less great.

I believe that the discipline of literature and theology has a place in helping us to apprehend and identify this living tradition of common concern and unlikeness which appears in a lot of contemporary fiction. For literature and theology, as a discipline which considers the full ontological implications of pre-metaphysical, metaphysical and postmetaphysical thinking, can do much to encourage a kind of discourse analysis that does justice to the breadth of vision shown by so many writers, and especially 20th century writers, who encode and disguise a great deal of philosophy and theology in their writing.

Perhaps the time has come to give Sandy Stranger a notebook and some software. Then from within her enclosure she can add discourse analysis to her repertoire of spiritual direction. Between paragraphs she can continue to clutch desperately at her grille, and gaze apprehensively and anxiously at her reflection in the eyes of those who come to her seeking illumination. For as we are constantly being reminded, in some philosophical, theological and literary circles, illumination is still thought to be quite different to enlightenment.

Sydney, Australia
REFERENCES

4 Ibid. p. 46.
6 Ibid.