

Julia Kristeva's Voyage in the Thérèsian Continent

The Malady of Love and the Enigma of an Incarnated,
Shareable, Smiling Imaginary

Maria Margaroni

Journal of French and Francophone Philosophy - Revue de la philosophie
française et de langue française, Vol XXI, No 1 (2013) pp 83-104

Vol XXI, No 1 (2013)
ISSN 1936-6280 (print)
ISSN 2155-1162 (online)
DOI 10.5195/jffp.2013.568
www.jffp.org



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-No
Derivative Works 3.0 United States License.



This journal is operated by the University Library System of the University of Pittsburgh
as part of its D-Scribe Digital Publishing Program, and is co-sponsored by the
University of Pittsburgh Press

Julia Kristeva's Voyage in the Thérésian Continent

The Malady of Love and the Enigma of an Incarnated,
Shareable, Smiling Imaginary

Maria Margaroni
University of Cyprus

Introduction

In Julia Kristeva's psychoanalytic account-cum-fictional biography of Saint Thérèse (published in 2008) the female narrator, Sylvia Leclercq, a psychoanalyst and aging *soixant-huitard*, admits that, since 9/11, religion remains the only world (excluding that of her patients) that can still make her passionate.¹ Against the background of rising religious fundamentalism and a US-controlled discourse on terror, Sylvia attempts to understand the political and intimate stakes of what another character describes as an "apocalypse in the feminine,"² placing side by side two figures which, in her view, need to be perceived as equally contemporary to "us": namely, the female suicide bomber and the 16th century mystic, Saint Thérèse of Avila. What the two figures share, according to Sylvia, is a sickness which has the Janus face of a love driven by the force of death. If Saint Thérèse's "Hiroshima of love" (as the narrator calls it)³ still concerns us, this is because for her God is a partner in a game. What is more, she, unlike the female kamikaze, knows how to seduce God into a checkmate position. Her passion for God, then, becomes the very site of her liberation from God. As I propose to argue in this essay, it is Thérèse's *dispassionate passion* that Kristeva seeks to reclaim as the source of a new humanism. What lies at the heart of this much-needed revaluation of the human is the "enigma"⁴ of sublimation around which the mystical experience unfolds: "Yes, Thérèse," Sylvia writes, "nothing else is left to us than to transfigure desire through thought."⁵

Drawing on Kristeva's amorous dialogue with Thérèse in *Thérèse mon amour*, her third volume on the powers and limits of psychoanalysis entitled *La haine et le pardon* (2005), and *Cet incroyable besoin de croire* (2007), I would like to unpack Kristeva's theory of sublimation which, I will suggest, Thérèse helps her to elaborate, enrich and complicate. In what follows, then, I will trace Kristeva's voyage in what Sylvia calls the Thérésian "continent"⁶

in order to understand her contribution to developing and re-energizing the Freudian concept of sublimation. In particular, I will focus on her foregrounding of the mediating role of language in the sublimatory process and her rethinking of the experience and stakes of sublimation in light of what has been discussed as the central problematic of the baroque: namely, the blurring of the distinction between appearance and reality and the uninhibited celebration of illusion.⁷ As I shall demonstrate, this problematic and Thérèse's unique response to it are most important for Kristeva since they enable her to raise questions which carry her beyond her previous treatments of sublimation (in her work on Colette, for example).⁸ These questions relate to the amorous source of the imaginary; the dynamic established between idealization and sublimation, especially in the context of our contemporary empire of the spectacle; the limits and dangers of an unbridled imaginary; the uncomfortable residue of matter and the body; the dialectic between finitude and infinity, unity and multiplicity. By pursuing these questions, Kristeva tries to understand the logic of sublimation in terms of what Thérèse calls "*la pensée en mouvement*" which she distinguishes from "*l'entendement*" (abstract thought or understanding) and which she associates with "an *other* imagination" – let us call it "the imaginary," Sylvia adds.⁹ What renders Thérèse's sublimatory practice unique (and, hence, most instructive for Kristeva) is that it is not merely a source of subjective healing but serves as a pathway to the establishment of a new *corpus mysticum* and the affirmation of a "pragmatic enthusiasm" which translates itself into acts.¹⁰

It is because Thérèse's mystic retreat becomes a communal pathway that Kristeva's psychoanalyst-narrator, Sylvia, chooses to read her life and work contra the Enlightened philosopher's indictment of a feminine-connoted specter of religion (the book ends with Sylvia's direct address to Denis Diderot) and through the lens of a believer, *the philosopher of the baroque par excellence*, according to Gilles Deleuze: namely, Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz. *Thérèse mon Amour* is, then, Kristeva's own tribute to Leibniz, the male philosopher who, as we shall see, did not hesitate to acknowledge his debt to a religious woman. What is at stake in this encounter between the female mystic and the male philosopher of infinity is the "new kind of link" that, following Deleuze, the baroque sets out to forge between the "pleats of matter" and the "folds in the soul."¹¹ In her reading of Thérèse, Sylvia foregrounds the element of water as the medium through which this new kind of link is achieved. Water in Thérèse's writing is the metaphor of *metaphorein par excellence*, the figure of a transvagination between the being-other and the unnameable-become-intimate.¹² Thérèse associates water with what she calls "fiction," that is, with this "other imagination" which is neither abstract understanding nor deceiving illusion and which is, as we have seen, the basis of sublimation as "*pensée en mouvement*."¹³ In *Cet incroyable besoin de croire* Kristeva insists: "An emotional knowledge, experimental and shareable, of intimate experience is

possible.”¹⁴ In her view, it is this faith in “fiction” as another form of knowledge that constitutes the legacy (an *amorous* legacy) Thérèse bequeaths to us. If this legacy can serve as the ground for a revaluation of the human, this is because, as we shall see, Thérèse’s “emotional knowledge,” this thought-in-movement fertilized by the life of fiction, opens the possibility of both *beauty* (i.e. the singular, solitary subject’s contact with infinity) and *freedom*: in other words, the subject’s ability to act and to make a new beginning or, in Thérèse’s terms, to *found*.

The Spectacles of Religion and the Philosopher’s Tears

As I have mentioned, *Thérèse mon amour* ends with a post-scriptum, Sylvia’s letter to Denis Diderot to whose atheism, she confesses, she feels very close.¹⁵ Sylvia informs Diderot that her dialogue with Thérèse has been haunted by *La Religieuse*, a novel written by Diderot in the 1780s, aiming at exposing the abusive power of religious institutions. Like Diderot who conceived the novel out of a practical joke, Sylvia tells us that she began her psychoanalytic perusal of Thérèse’s mystic writings without much conviction, in an attempt to confront “a kind of a UFO, a baroque relic.”¹⁶ Again, like Diderot, however, she was taken by surprise in the course of her analysis and found all her certainties interrogated. It is not the philosopher’s laughter, then, his self-righteous mockery of religion, that interests Sylvia but the tears he is reputed to have shed while he was working on the conclusion of his fictional narration.

The incident appears to have come down to us through Diderot’s friend, Monsieur d’Alainville, who visits the philosopher to find him in a state of desolation, crying, as he tells d’Alainville, over a fable he has made for himself.¹⁷ Sylvia ponders on the source of his tears: Is the philosopher lamenting the loss of his beloved sister who died mad in a convent? Are his tears the sign of his compassion for the victims of “the madness of the Cross,” as he calls Christianity?¹⁸ Is this his response to the realization that the need to believe is “inoperable” by the desire to understand and to know?¹⁹ Or is this, indeed, the unexpected effect of his novelist’s experience of transference for his heroine, an experience that splits him in two, producing an unbearable tension between his encyclopedist’s “luminous certainties” and the “magic of faith” that, through his protagonist, he cannot help but succumb to?²⁰ The source of the philosopher’s tears, then, Sylvia concludes, might be the absence of a correspondence between Diderot the clergyman (which he was) and Diderot the philosopher that he became.

The task Sylvia sets herself in her revaluation of Thérèse’s “infinitesimal subversion”²¹ is to use Diderot’s tears as the trans-verbal semiotic medium through which this correspondence, this necessary dialogue between the philosopher and the believer, reason and faith can actually take place. “I have tried to redirect your Enlightenment,” Sylvia tells Diderot, “within the troubled recesses of the feminine soul” and

"within the 'psychic apparatus', as Freud put it, of humans of both sexes: there where torture is purified... in 'an excess of jouissance', and where the need to believe constitutes the foundation of a culture, with or without any apparent discontents."²² Against and beyond Diderot the philosopher, Sylvia turns to Thérèse in order to understand what he (in his committed atheism) does not know what to do with, i.e. the exaltations the soul experiences when it unites with the Other.²³ If she finds herself in need to betray her mentor, this is because she has begun to feel that, with "the question God," enlightenment rationalism has also suspended "the complexity itself" of psychic life and has resulted in the paradox of a luminous blindness to what for Thérèse is "the voyage of souls."²⁴ Addressing Diderot in the name and on behalf of the religious woman, Sylvia attempts to open up the possibility of an alternative response to faith, different to that proposed by the Enlightenment: "I'm not asking you to believe [in the existence of the Other], to adhere to it, not even to become its servant. I'm asking you to make the object of your incredulity –God – an object of interpretation."²⁵

For those who have followed Kristeva's sustained as well as lucid engagement with religion (its histories and contexts, its functions and effects, its psychic as well as communal stakes), it is clear that Sylvia is here putting forward one of the writer's most cherished convictions. Like her protagonist, Kristeva shares the enlightened philosopher's incredulity to what she calls the "spectacles" of religion.²⁶ To her credit, however, she refuses to dismiss religion as a dangerous illusion: "I do not think that religion fascinates only because it maintains illusions," she writes in *La haine et le pardon*. "More than this, a forgiving religion, which claims to guarantee the psychic renaissance of the forgiven believers, corresponds to a vital need of the talking subject: the need to open psychic temporality."²⁷ Though committed to the enlightened philosopher's aim "to contain religion by throwing light on it,"²⁸ she, at the same time, insists on not letting us forget the philosopher's tears which, in her view, are the index of the dead ends of an Enlightenment secularism, dead ends we are at present experiencing in the resurgence of religious violence and the domination of different forms of nihilism. Hence her turn to Thérèse's mysticism which, she believes, opens a *third* pathway that promises to lead us beyond the deadly dilemmas we are currently facing.

Amorous Faith: Mysticism and Terror

"Yet, why is it mysticism that seduces me," Sylvia asks, "that seduces us, at a time when we are trying to break the circle of calculating rationality, to loosen the yoke of fundamentalist manipulations and to analyze the mad logic of driven-to-jouissance terrorists?"²⁹ Of course, this is not the first time Kristeva concerns herself with mysticism. *Tales of Love*, for example, includes chapters on Jeanne Guyon and Bernard of Clairvaux. I want to argue,

however, that *Thérèse mon amour* is unique in the context of her work, not merely because it is such an extended analysis of mysticism but, more importantly, because it enables Kristeva to engage critically with dominant psychoanalytic understandings of mysticism, namely, those of Freud and Lacan.

In both *Thérèse* and in *Cet incroyable besoin de croire* Kristeva comments on Freud's marked "reticence" regarding mysticism.³⁰ As she explains, though he recognizes the affinities between the practice of psychoanalysis and mystical practices, Freud is nonetheless cautious in his approach to mysticism. In his view, the mystical way "plunges the Ego into the Id through a form of sensory auto-eroticism... that confers on the Id an absolute power... and, in doing so, signals at the same time the destruction of the knowing Ego, which pledges allegiance to the obscurity of the reign of the Id."³¹ In his own fleeting ventures in mystical territory, Lacan does not depart significantly from the Freudian model of mysticism as a fundamentally transgressive experience but, rather than warn against it, celebrates it as the proof of an other, non-phallic *jouissance*, a *jouissance* beyond limits which "puts us on the path of ex-sistence."³² For Lacan, however, the mystic is the unwitting subject of this experience for she "experience[s] it, but know[s] nothing about it," he insists.³³

In contrast, Kristeva's reading of *Thérèse* offers a glimpse of a mystical experience which does not unfold as the absolute domination of the id and which experiments with this other *jouissance* only to name it.³⁴ As Sylvia writes addressing *Thérèse*, "your achievement was, then, that, in addition to experiencing *jouissance*, you have spoken it: you have put it in writing."³⁵ Hence, Kristeva's intended hubris in positing *Thérèse*, no longer as the feminine-connoted beyond that defies the male analyst, but as no less than the grandmother of psychoanalysis, "a reformer of the interior," "more analytic than Freud, otherwise than Freud," as Sylvia puts it.³⁶ What is at stake in Kristeva's re-reading of *Thérèsian* mysticism is the psychic dynamics of "amorous faith" or, in other words, the psychic dynamics of this fraught connection between narcissistic satisfaction, idealization and the "incredible need to believe."

We are all familiar, of course, with the contemporary relevance the question of "amorous faith" has acquired, especially since 9/11, and its nodal function in debates on the nature and causes of terrorism. In *For Love of the Father*, for example, Ruth Stein insists that it is love not hatred that carries the suicide bomber on his mortal mission: i.e. the identificatory love the subject has for an idealized object.³⁷ In a similar vein, James Jones foregrounds the role affective investment and idealization play in religious violence, noting the connection between idealization and humiliation. It "is not idealization alone that is central to the psychology of religious violence," he writes, "but an idealized object that is also a source of shame and humiliation."³⁸ In many ways, what is played out in these and similar

analyses of terrorism is the theoretical assumption of a socio-cultural gulf separating the duped terrorist caught in the deadly web of an omnipotent and punitive ideal and the rational secularist all-too eager to disenchant the love-struck sufferer and prove the ideal a sham. Though it is true that for Kristeva the terrorist is no less duped, nevertheless it is also true that she is more willing than most to linger with illusion and to re-imagine its futures.

Sylvia asks: "What if the phantasm of the ideal Father was not merely a novel, a fiction, a phantasm... but the very prototype of all phantasms?"³⁹ This is, of course, what Kristeva demonstrates in *Tales of Love* through her return to the Freudian figure of the Father of one's Individual Prehistory. As she emphasizes, this alternative paternal destiny that Freud discovers is a "magnet" of loving identification not the stern agent of law and prohibition.⁴⁰ What is more, it is the mobile site of a process that keeps the human subject open to his/her "innovative capacities," enabling him/her to deal with the experience of loss; i.e. to elaborate and turn loss "into a producer of signs, representations and meanings."⁴¹ Clearly, then, for Kristeva disenchantment, the cynical ditching of the Ideal, does not constitute an adequate response to religion-inspired violence. From her perspective, what is most urgent today is to understand the human need for an Ideal and to reclaim (indeed, to reinvest) this need in full awareness of the dangers inherent in it. Hence Sylvia's conviction in *Thérèse mon amour* that the writings of this 16th century female mystic still have relevance for us today.

Thérèse's "Hiroshima of Love"

Very early on, at the outset of her journey in the Thérésian continent Sylvia attends a psychologists' meeting on the questions of faith, religious symbols and secularism. In the midst of heated debate, a veiled young woman who introduces herself as an information technology engineer enters into a passionate account of her union with God and declares herself ready to sacrifice everything (her very life) in His name and for His love. In many ways, this incident serves as the framing narrative for Sylvia's ventures into Thérésian territory. The question that Sylvia feels compelled to address is the following: If both women suffer with the malady of love, if they are equal victims on the altar of a paternal ideal, then why is she convinced that there is "an abyss" separating them,⁴² an abyss that needs to be crossed, perhaps – and intimately known? As Sylvia comes to realize, what distinguishes the mystic from the would-be suicide bomber is the fact that Thérèse's "Hiroshima of love" is driven by "a faithful infidelity to the dogma of the ideal Father."⁴³ It is this "faithful infidelity" that permits Thérèse to "measure the necessity" of the Ideal and "test its impasses while opening up, at the same time, unheard of possibilities of overcoming, of freedom."⁴⁴

Indeed, Thérèse's malady of love is overpowering and infectious. Her writings trace the gradual submersion of the self into a boundless desire for the transcendent Ideal Other. The scandalous message that Thérèse passes on to posterity is that the thinking "I" is not. It cannot *be* (i.e. it cannot come into being) in isolation. It can only know itself through the intervention of an Other, in its loving address to this Other: "Know thyself in Me," the voice of the Other tells Thérèse,⁴⁵ a voice that makes of her the singular point where the infinite soul of the world is embodied in finite history. As Sylvia, this astute translator of Thérèse's thought, demonstrates in her own faithful infidelity to her interlocutor,⁴⁶ love for this mystic is not simply affect (as it is for Bernard of Clairvaux)⁴⁷ but a medium of knowledge and comprehension, a style of being-in-the-world. Before Freud, then, and in anticipation of Freud, Thérèse teaches us that love, above all, can be a cure, that is, an alleviation of suffering and a means of psychic rebirth. To quote Sylvia, what Thérèse discovers is that "body and soul suffer if – and only if – they refuse to know their desire for a benevolent or, in other words, a loving being."⁴⁸

And it is here, in this fiction of a benevolent and loving being, that Thérèse succeeds in opening up "unheard of possibilities" for "the dogma of the ideal Father." What surfaces in Thérèse's writings is not the image of a stern, vengeful God who demands submission and sacrifice, but a life-affirming paternal figure who is experienced as the site of joy and the vehicle of sublimation rather than the source of shame and humiliation. Sylvia writes: "In her visions... the tyrannical Beloved, the severe Father softens into a loving Father to the point of becoming an ideal *Alter ego*, beneficent, gratifying, leading the Ego beyond itself: ek-static."⁴⁹ In contrast to the engineer's God who needs the spectacles of the faithful in order to affirm His authority and presence, Thérèse's loving Father is not a fixed absolute Ideal but the life-energy of fiction itself. According to Sylvia, it is "a being of the crossroads," the force of a vital movement that carries the subject to the common origins of "desire and meaning, passion and thought."⁵⁰ The addressee of Thérèse's love, then, is not properly speaking "an object" but the Leibnizean infinity of the World through which the mystic can paradoxically both love herself (as the finite work of the Infinite) and, at the same time, love beyond herself and at the expense of herself in order to be able to act *in* the world.

In an important essay published in *La haine et le pardon* ("From the Love for an Object to the Love without an Object") Kristeva brings together Thérèse and Colette as the exponents of an "exquisite atheism" in the feminine which does not renounce the amorous bond,⁵¹ though it abolishes its object precisely through infinitizing it; in other words, through approaching the object as "the Void of all," as "the all that is not a void," as the All which is pure affirmation: "yes," writes Sylvia, "yes, Thérèse or Molly Bloom."⁵² Interestingly, Kristeva discusses this atheism as the much-

needed response to a distinctly adolescent pathology which she traces both in the contemporary resurgence of religious fundamentalism and in what appears to be its opposite, namely, nihilism. According to Kristeva, the adolescent is “the mystic of the Object.”⁵³ S/he is convinced that the Object (source of an absolute libidinal satisfaction) exists. The adolescent, then, “succumbs” to what Janine Chasseguet-Smirgel calls the “malady of ideality” which, as Kristeva explains, “pushes him/her to experience *jouissance* in the phantasm of an absolute Object.”⁵⁴ Because the existence of this object is continually questioned by reality, the adolescent finds him/herself caught between unquestioning faith and “vengeful destructiveness.”⁵⁵ Which is why, as Kristeva argues, in adolescence faith “rubs shoulders” with nihilism.⁵⁶ However, Kristeva insists that adolescence as a syndrome of ideality is not merely a developmental stage the subject needs to and does go through, but can become a psychic pathology that inhabits all of us: “We are all adolescents,” she writes, “when we are impassioned with the absolute”; that is, as she goes on to elaborate, when we venerate a dogma or claim possession of the Truth and the Other, “thus signing the death sentence of both thought and life.”⁵⁷

Against and beyond the perpetual adolescent within us, Thérèse's distinct achievement consists in her capacity to “metabolize the *need to believe*” in an Ideal, her ability, in other words, to turn “the desire-pleasure” that accompanies idealization into the “pleasure of thinking, interrogating, analyzing.”⁵⁸ In contrast to the adolescent believer, Thérèse is not duped by love because, as Sylvia tells us, “she never doubts that God is a *question*.”⁵⁹ This is why she remains lucid in her visions and ecstasy.⁶⁰ And this is why faith for her is, above all, a game: “It is a game, be joyful, my daughter, it is nothing but a game,” she tells a nun and favorite companion.⁶¹ But is it possible to play with “this incredible need to believe”? Can God be beaten in His own game? And what remains of the Absolute when (“delicately, in laughter,” Sylvia tells us⁶²) it turns into an infinite-point, i.e. a point of infinite departures and, hence, of infinite beginnings rather than the fixed ground and origin of identity?⁶³ It is significant that Sylvia's voyage into Thérésian territory leads her back to the paternal Ideal, a figure “without a face, nothing more than a presence,” a presence distilled, significantly, in “a singing voice.”⁶⁴ In essence, *Thérèse mon amour* is an attempt on Kristeva's part to reclaim the fiction of a paternal Ideal against the spectacles of the Father (the book is dedicated to Kristeva's own deceased father). Indeed, though Thérèse repeatedly and playfully seduces the beloved Other, “never for a moment does it cross her mind that the game could be possible without” Him,⁶⁵ this space of a life-affirming love that, according to Kristeva, brings together Christ, the suffering, humanized God, and Mozart, the ek-static, sublimated version of the Father.⁶⁶ If this hybrid, paternally-connoted space is indispensable for us here and now, this is because it makes possible both the sharing of human suffering (which the image of

Christ's body-in-pain stands for) and the traversal of suffering in the elating beauty and the joyful, death-defying art of a Mozart.

Writing to Juan, a friend who is a specialist in the oeuvre of Cervantès, Sylvia attempts to understand what renders Thérèse's response to the human quest for an ideal unique. She acknowledges that, when compared to Cervantès, "Thérèse... has not succeeded in doing away with the phantasm that the Ideal exists through a devastating laughter at the expense of idealization itself, [...]. She has, however, converted her faith into a tireless investigation of the folds of the soul which are capable of idealizing, of loving."⁶⁷ While Cervantès, "without abolishing faith and love," explodes them in fits of uncontrollable laughter, "Thérèse uses faith and love in order to renovate the machinery of belief and love."⁶⁸ Her own laughter, then, to which Sylvia returns again and again in her account, is neither the index of self-righteous mockery nor the symptom of destructive nihilism. As Sylvia tells us, it is directed equally at herself as well as at the beloved Other.⁶⁹ It is, therefore, not the laughter of the comedian who keeps himself separate from the object of his mirth, but the mischievous pleasure of the chess player who stalls and postpones her victory in order to keep the game going. What is more, Thérèse's laughter originates from her assurance that she is not God's sacrificial lamb, but his "Wife," that is, his partner-in-equality whose task is to translate their loving bond into "works, works, works" that strengthen and renew the social bond.⁷⁰

As I will go on to demonstrate, this is precisely the key to Thérèse's exemplary position with regard to the phantasmatic structures that establish and preserve the human need for an ideal. Though she is not duped by the spectacles of the ideal and though she never stops defending herself against the excesses of idealist passion, Thérèse denies that the Ideal object is merely an illusion because she experiences it as part of her own embodied existence and, hence, as nothing less than reality, a reality which (Sylvia emphasizes) invigorates her.⁷¹ From Sylvia's perspective, Cervantès' disillusioning laughter has not been much of a protection against the malady of ideality.⁷² Which is why Thérèse's third way is needed today more than ever. In addressing Cervantès, Sylvia asks: "Is it possible to take action *without being* a Don Quixote? [...] What is, then, the difference between the sterile illusionism" of a belated knight "and the real and dynamic illusionism of a founding Mother?"⁷³

It is these questions, I would like to suggest, that inform Kristeva's turn to Thérèse's mysticism and have inspired her re-theorization in *Thérèse mon amour* of the nature and stakes of the process of sublimation.

Baroque Illusion and the Dead Ends of an Unlimited Imaginary

In his 1988 seminal book on sublimation, Hans W. Loewald foregrounds the problem of illusion in theoretical accounts of the experience, usefulness and effects of sublimation. Loewald opens his analysis by reminding us of the ambiguous status of sublimation in the context of psychoanalysis. As he writes, “[s]ublimation, to the psychoanalyst, is at once privileged and suspect.” It is privileged because it is seen as inextricable from the very process of psychic development and the progress of human civilization. At the same time, it “is suspect,” he argues, “insofar as psychoanalysis, from the vantage point of instinctual-unconscious mentation, tends to regard more differentiated or ‘further advanced’ modes of psychic life as defensive, even illusory in nature, as concealments or more or less intriguing, fanciful embellishments of the elementary, true psychic reality of instinctual-unconscious life.”⁷⁴ Starting from Freud, then, traditional psychoanalysis has consistently approached sublimation as a mechanism for the production of “protective fictions” which, though not “pathogenic or pathological,” are, nevertheless, perceived as a form of self-deception, employed to “screen from consciousness, the stark reality of the instincts and of the frustrating external obstacles to their direct satisfaction.”⁷⁵

Considering Freud's understanding of psychoanalysis as a science entrusted with the task of disillusioning speaking humanity, it is, of course, no wonder that the analytic attitude to sublimation is ambiguous. Which is why, Loewald interestingly points out, in “the scientific work of psychoanalysis, sublimation turns around upon itself, and as it were against itself – to unmask itself.”⁷⁶ In other words, the analyst, like Winnicott's maternal figure, is expected to indulge the patients' illusions and to nourish their capacity to produce fictions so long as s/he is able to teach them, at the same time, how to keep a distance from these fictions and treat them as transitional objects. This is precisely how one might understand what Loewald calls “the two-edged” function of the imagination in the context of the sublimatory process.⁷⁷ In my reading of Kristeva, this two-edged function necessary for the successful “channeling of the instinctual stream”⁷⁸ demands the cultivation of a dialectical relationship between two different kinds of imaginary; namely, an *amorous imaginary*, originating in the subject's love for a paternally connoted ideal, and, what I would term (drawing on Kristeva's discussion of Annette Messager) a maternally-connoted *smiling imaginary*⁷⁹: an imaginary which refuses to take itself seriously, knows it's all a game and acknowledges its limits -- but does so joyfully rather than mournfully. It is this dialectic of illusion and disillusionment,⁸⁰ paternally-directed passion and the maternal gift of disimpassioning⁸¹ that, I will suggest, helps us measure the “abyss” Sylvia intuitively traces between the 16th century mystic (harbinger of the baroque, according to her) and the contemporary figure of the female suicide bomber.

To start with, I believe it is important to appreciate the theoretical significance of Kristeva's decision to revisit the psychoanalytic stakes of the process of sublimation by projecting its enigma onto the philosophical problem of the baroque. This is how Rémy Saisselin articulates this problem: "it was precisely this love of illusion, of the pleasure of surprise, of enchantment, coupled with the blurring of the distinction between illusion and reality, which was essentially baroque."⁸² If for Kristeva this context is illuminating this is not merely because the baroque privileging of illusion appears to mirror the psyche's dependence on wish-fulfillment and distortion, but, in addition, because it is so uncannily reproduced in the contemporary empire of the spectacle. Overlooking the Louvre area, Stephanie Delacour, the narrator and protagonist of Kristeva's *Murder in Byzantium*, attempts to draw the connections between present and past: "Look at this place," she tells a friend. "The people who built this place were neither authentic nor immutable. Quite simply they had no interiority, they were nothing but dominoes, wolves, costumes, roles. But they didn't confuse what they were with reality; they knew they were illusions that were to be played and enjoyed, no more."⁸³ In Stephanie's view, this is precisely what distinguishes baroque from contemporary illusionism. For, while the baroque man is never duped by the illusions he creates, the contemporary believer in the spectacle invests in his/her illusions and becomes fixated on a phantasmatic object, an Absolute Ideal. "Am I telling you," she continues, "[t]hat the Versailles actors of yesterday have been replaced by today's monomaniacs within a globalized Santa Varvara? That the illusionists have become the doctrinaire? That the wolf costumes of the old masquerade balls have been traded in for the hoods and masks of nationalists and fundamentalists?"⁸⁴

In this light, it would appear that the nature of sublimation is by definition baroque: i.e. it needs to be understood as the ability to remain open and mobile through a self-conscious play with illusion. This is certainly what Kristeva seems to be suggesting in *Tales of Love* in the context of her analysis of Don Juan. "Is not his libertine attitude more of a longing to change existence into a form, a game, a *jouissance*? Is not the libertine outlook an extraordinary claim to change life into an art?," she asks and concludes: "So... the deep meaning of the myth might rise: *seduction is sublimation*. Don Juan would therefore be Molière himself, the virtuoso of stage rhetoric. Or better yet, Don Juan is Mozart transcending the juridical meaning of the legend in order to bring out the sublime joy of a life lead as a series of constructions, innovations, liberations. If there is love in that exaltation, it is the love of being able to produce an open work."⁸⁵ Yet, the limits of a baroque Don Juanism and the sublimation made possible through it can hardly be missed in Kristeva's analysis. She writes: "Don Juan, the seducer-sublimator, provisional master of an infinite-indefinite work, is perhaps simply, slightly, disappointed to note the extent to which his art, his erotics, his music are singular, not sharable, immeasurable. [...] The

dominance of the pleasure principle in Don Juan's erotics, and also in sublimation, sweeps away on its path the desire of others, is unaware of their internalities, and intends only to have them participate in his own *jouissance* made up of displacements and combinations. But that *jouissance* is not a *jouissance* of subjects, it is the *jouissance* of One master."⁸⁶ In other words, if Don Juan is "a multiplicity, a polyphony" this is because he has no internality and no object. "His partners are [merely] markers of his construction."⁸⁷ His joy is the nihilistic joy of having no ties – and no concern for others. This is why freedom in his universe "can be described not as obtaining a meaning but as lifting repressions and resentments."⁸⁸ And this is why, of course, the process of sublimation he achieves *may be* liberating for the seducer-sublimator, though it is clearly "tyrannical for the seduced."⁸⁹

Interestingly, in what might be considered an addendum to her volume on Colette, Kristeva takes up the question of the excesses and limits of sublimation. Extending her analysis of Colette in the third volume of the trilogy on the *Female Genius*, Kristeva turns to the problem of an unbridled imaginary and its consequences for the nature and effectiveness of the process of sublimation. She writes: "The subject overinvests her proper means of expression (language, music, painting, dance, etc.) which merge with the objects of reality, when they are not substitutes for the latter, becoming the true objects of narcissistic love."⁹⁰ The result is what Kristeva calls a "neo-reality"⁹¹ outside time which leads the subject to lose touch with the reality and time of others. Kristeva's example is the uncomfortable issue of Colette's stance in Nazi-occupied France during the Second World War. "To put it brutally," she argues, "it is as a greedy ostrich that Colette behaves on the level of politics: not wishing to know, or quite simply incapable of taking a position during the period of Vichy. How could she have 'positions' [immersed as she was] within this imaginary without limits?"⁹² Discussing this omnipotent imaginary which can be nourished through the dynamics of sublimation, Kristeva notes: "... an omnipotent, maniacal ego constructs a universe which needs to be described as *imaginary*, made of pleasures which ... are the proper representations of the Ego, independent from any 'object' or 'other' which are external to the ego; [...]. There is no lack in this imaginary omnipotence: such sublimation is a fixation of the subject on his infantile omnipotence."⁹³ This is precisely the type of sublimation the limits of which constitute her main concern in her analysis of Colette. Because it is carried out by "a gigantic ego,"⁹⁴ this sublimation "is not a working through." It spares the subject any kind of culpability and does not limit her cruelty towards others: "Colette's daughter, but also her two husbands and the people close to them must have suffered," Kristeva tells us, for Colette is not a humanist.⁹⁵

By contrast, Kristeva insists, psychoanalysis *is* a humanism.⁹⁶ It is for this reason that we should not forget that for Freud sublimation is not

simply the displacement of libidinal pleasure from the sexual organs onto a culturally valorized activity but, more importantly, the psychic investment in the desire to know.⁹⁷ And it is here, in Thérèse's commitment to knowing "without nevertheless ceasing to imagine" that the significance of her own sublimatory practice lies.⁹⁸

Thérèse's Aquatic Fiction

What is, then, Thérèse's "alchemy" of sublimation? It begins with "the desire to narrate," Sylvia tells us or, to be more exact, with the need to "understand through fiction."⁹⁹ As I have already mentioned, "fiction" is a Thérèsean term that needs to be distinguished from abstract understanding as much as illusion-producing, distorting, mystificatory imagination. In Sylvia's reading, fiction is "a new discourse"¹⁰⁰ that opens thought to a-thought and keeps it in movement. In other words, Thérèsean fiction has its roots in desire while telling the truth about and channeling desire. Because it functions as the vehicle for sensory experience, fiction fertilizes the abstractions of thought and unfolds as an elucidating discourse vibrant with the life of instincts and the body.

If fiction constitutes the enigma of Thérèsean sublimation, a sublimation that is sustained neither by a gigantic ego nor by the baroque artist-lover-without-content, this is because it becomes the movement that carries the "I" outside itself, enlarging it in the direction of another "I" which is impersonal: "Who, *she*?" Sylvia asks and continues, addressing her interlocutor: "It is your own soul that you are observing, Thérèse, but from such a proximity that you lose your contours, there is no longer a 'me', 'I' is covered up by 'she', assimilated into 'she'."¹⁰¹ Thérèsean fiction is also the site where the "I" is "delivered" to a beloved Other, "within the time to come" but also, Sylvia points out, "within the time of others."¹⁰² Hence the metaphor of fluid relationality par excellence, namely, the metaphor of the water. "The water is the fiction," Sylvia explains, "that is, the sensuous narrative representation" through which the interaction between "I" and "He" is made possible without, however, obscuring the tensions between "I" and "He."¹⁰³ It is this intervening "third element" that prevents Thérèse's sublimatory practice from being taken hostage by an absolute tyrannical ideal, for Thérèse's aquatic writing destroys the illusion of immediacy and "implicitly criticizes" the desire for "an osmosis with the divine."¹⁰⁴ What is more, Sylvia suggests, while "the water/fiction preserves the 'agency', the action of the Other," at the same time, it "dethrones" this Other and forces Him "to descend."¹⁰⁵

What I would like to argue here is that, if Thérèse's illusionism differs from that of the baroque artist-seducer (for whom belief in illusion suspends "every value," "every alterity" and all objective reality¹⁰⁶) as much as from the illusionism promoted by the empire of the spectacle (in the context of which media culture is narcissistically invested and uncritically ingested as

the "truth"), this is because, as Thérèse herself tells Sylvia, "[m]y castle is not a piling up of images, but an imaginary *discourse*."¹⁰⁷ In *La haine et le pardon* Kristeva insists on the neglected significance of the role of language in the sublimatory process.¹⁰⁸ As she explains, language in this context needs to be understood as "a semiotic practice open to the heterogeneity of the drive,"¹⁰⁹ it is then very close to what Thérèse calls "fiction." According to Kristeva, semiosis is indispensable in the process of sublimation because it responds at once to the human being's desire for impassioned, incarnated experience and to their equally strong need to translate this experience and re-configure it as a mode of living with others.¹¹⁰ This is why Thérèse's visions are not simply stage décor to be brought down and burned at the end of the performance. As Sylvia tells us, Thérèse "distills" her aquatic imaginary "into the joy of loving and living."¹¹¹ And yet, I would insist, Thérèse's fiction (this incarnated, shareable knowledge whose medium *is* imaginative discourse) should not be confused with what we can call Colette's "sublimatory intoxication."¹¹² In Thérèse's writing, language is not merely a site for narcissistic investment. As we have seen, it is also the movement of a thought which distances the "I" through the intervention of an anonymous "she," destroys any illusions the "I" has of an osmotic relation to the Other and de-idealizes the ideal. More importantly, Thérèse's fiction becomes this paradoxical medium that allows the mystic to remain herself "outside the self" (for, in contrast to the baroque artist-without-interiority, there *is* a core in Thérèse) as much as to posit herself "outside the world within the world."¹¹³

Commenting on the "impressive coincidence" between the completion of Thérèse's first book (*The Book of Life*) and the founding of her first monastery (Saint Joseph of Avila), Sylvia (always addressing the mystic) writes: "It is because you write that you found. And it is because you found that you write."¹¹⁴ Writing and founding (or, in other words, pleasure-invested self-analysis through the medium of fiction and pragmatic action) become inseparable for Thérèse, which is precisely why the enigma of her sublimation is truly singular. Contra Lacan, Sylvia insists that Thérèse is not simply the feminine-connoted receptacle of ecstasy, a woman (very much *a woman*) immersed in (and content with) her auto-eroticism.¹¹⁵ Beyond having found an adequate discourse which permits her to understand her ecstatic experiences, Thérèse has also succeeded in incarnating the singularity of these experiences within the reality of the world and in the lives of others.¹¹⁶ In the course of her account Sylvia repeatedly reminds us that Thérèse establishes a new monastic order (i.e. the order of the Discalced Carmelites) and founds sixteen monasteries in the last 20 years of her life. In addition, she openly engages in the religious politics of her time, intervenes on behalf of friends against the Inquisition, asserts her authority when necessary and defends herself against her own persecutors. In Sylvia's reading, Thérèse needs to be credited for inventing "a balance between vocation and pragmatism," or, indeed, between faith and politics, jouissance

and action, love and war.¹¹⁷ Thérèse, then, is an amorous warrior who is always on the move, always ready for the next founding project, the next fight.¹¹⁸ But she is equally ready to make connections, bring people together, create amorous bonds. This is why Sylvia suggests that Thérèse offers us a glimpse of what for Immanuel Kant will remain an impossible dream: i.e. “the paradox of an intimate [yet] transparent [and hence shareable] body,” a new corpus mysticum.¹¹⁹ If Thérèse succeeds where the enlightened philosopher fails, this may be because the amorous warrior is also “La Madre,” the one (as Sylvia puts it) “who is ‘concerned with the others’.”¹²⁰ The mother is also, of course, a creator, that is, a *humanist* committed to giving birth and making a new beginning. “The world will understand that the true is the new,” Thérèse confesses to Sylvia.¹²¹ But what is it to make a new beginning? Sylvia’s interlocutor, Thérèse, seems convinced: “The only thing that interests me,” she tells us, “is to reverse Time. In writing and/or in founding” I want to “place myself within infinite Time” – and to reconstitute it in the present.¹²²

Beauty - or the Infinite Fold

It is interesting that, in his analysis of sublimation, Loewald chooses to move beyond theoretical accounts that define sublimation as a “form of [successful] defense... against instinctual life,” insisting instead on conceptualizing “its dynamic quality” in terms of reconciliation.¹²³ Drawing on Freud’s essay on Leonardo Da Vinci, Loewald argues that sublimation is a psychic process that aims at restoring the original unity Freud invokes between the life of the instincts and divinity or sexuality and spirituality.¹²⁴ According to Freud, this unity was disrupted with the advancement of human civilization, a fact which has led not only to “the impoverishment of the divine” but also to the “starvation and denigration of instinctual life” which “fell into contempt” as “the exhausted remnant” of the sacred.¹²⁵ It is this disruption, Loewald suggests, that “genuine sublimation” attempts to “overcome” and, like Kristeva, he foregrounds the significant role of language in the process, for words (he reminds us) have the potential to function as “bridges” between different realms of experience.¹²⁶

In this light, sublimation should not be understood as “some sort of conversion or transmutation from a lower to a higher, and presumably purer, state or plane of existence.”¹²⁷ By contrast, in the process of sublimation, as Loewald theorizes it, “[t]he ‘lowest’ and ‘highest’ are enveloped as one” and form a “fresh unity” that “captures separateness in the act of uniting, and unity in the act of separating.”¹²⁸ What I would like to argue in this concluding section is that the “new” that lies at the heart of Thérèse’s sublimatory practice is the product of such a reconciliation, which I will go on to understand in terms of Kristeva’s concept of “beauty” and in the light of Deleuze’s reflections on the infinite fold of the Leibnizean baroque.

To this end, I want to turn my attention to Sylvia's staging of a fictional confrontation between Thérèse and St. John of the Cross, her friend and co-founder of the order of the Discalced Carmelites. As becomes obvious, the main point of contention in their fictional exchange is the status of the body in the soul's struggle to unite with God. While St. John (the stern, death-driven mystic) experiences the body (and, by extension, the materiality of earthly life) as an obstacle in his desire for spiritual transcendence, Thérèse valorizes enfleshed existence and treats her body as "the ultimate site for the divine experience."¹²⁹ Rather than negate and mortify embodiment as the low, earthly remnant which she needs to be rid of in order for her soul to be liberated, Thérèse, as we have seen, develops a fluid, tactile narrative economy that opens what Sylvia calls "the voracious void of a feminine body" to "the Sky of the Verb."¹³⁰ In contrast to the spirituality sought by St. John, Thérèse's is a voluptuous, an incarnated spirituality¹³¹ because her body is, right from the start, *amorous*; in other words, it is a desiring body that is, in its turn, desired and that *becomes* (i.e. comes to be) through its loving "devotion to an other."¹³²

In "Des madones aux nus: une représentation de la beauté féminine" Kristeva discusses the "miracle" that the body-in-love makes possible in Christianity-inspired representations. In such representations, according to her, the amorous body (by definition female) functions as a window onto the soul's intimacy which becomes manifest "while retaining its enigma."¹³³ As Kristeva conceptualizes it, beauty is this distinct pleasure experienced through the corporeal manifestation of infinity. "Beauty," she writes, is "the soul made plainly visible, like a flower in the summer light."¹³⁴ It is the pleasure of looking at and exposing to the look a spirituality which is incarnated and "lets itself unfold through the eye of the spectator."¹³⁵ In Kristeva, then, beauty is precisely the blossoming of a "fresh unity" between the earthly and the divine, body and soul, the finite and the infinite. It is the miracle of this unity that offers us a glimpse of what Thérèse invokes as the truth of the "new": i.e. a new form of interiority, a new experience of temporality, a new communal existence. One cannot but note that, in Kristeva's account, beauty as novelty (the novelty of a fresh reconciliation) is made possible only in the realm of representation, that is, through the medium of this two-edged imaginary that we have posited at the smiling centre of Thérèse's enigmatic sublimation.

Yet, the amorous economy of beauty that Kristeva traces in the history of Western aesthetics should not be confused with the "triumph of the seeming" and the celebration of empty form that characterizes the Don Juanesque baroque.¹³⁶ Whereas Don Juan, as we have seen, seduces through a polyphony that cancels out both the other and the one, the beauty that interests Kristeva and that I see as inextricable from Thérésian sublimation, involves a unity that remains open to alterity and "envelops a multiplicity."¹³⁷ This is why Kristeva in *Thérèse mon amour* reads the female

mystic as the forerunner of the Leibnizean baroque. As Sylvia reminds us drawing on the philosopher's correspondence, it is Leibniz himself who acknowledges Thérèse's thinking of the soul in its relation with God as the source of his own philosophical reflections on the infinite fold of the monad.¹³⁸ In the final analysis, it appears that the true force of Thérèse's sublimatory practice lies in a question that Deleuze places at the heart of Leibnizean philosophy: "in what conditions," he writes, "does the objective world allow for a subjective production of novelty, that is, of creation?"¹³⁹ As for Leibniz, addressing this question has meant for Thérèse that the concept of identity needs to be rethought and opened up to the concept of infinity. Hence Kristeva's conviction that Thérèse's mysticism is the index of a third pathway leading beyond our contemporary identitarian dead ends; more specifically, beyond both the polyphonic emptiness of a cosmopolitanism that has so far served imperial and market interests as much as beyond the adolescent attachment to rigidified forms of identity.

Indeed, if the subject emerging from Thérèse's sublimating ventures is "infinitesimal" (so Sylvia calls Thérèse¹⁴⁰), this is because, though "a solitude (a solitary Ego)," in loving, imagining, thinking and founding she expands into infinity and turns herself into the Leibnizean point that enfolds the world.¹⁴¹ In her address to Sylvia, Thérèse insists that the humble point that she is (the size of a pea) "never attains its plenitude."¹⁴² Yet, it is not an empty space, the absence of any sort of interiority, for (as Thérèse assures her interlocutor) "the center exists and is at peace; this is precisely why I can be fluid ... and a vagabond, if I want."¹⁴³ In her writings Thérèse resorts to the metaphor of the diamond in her attempt to describe this "indeterminate, fluid, permeable" center "radiating in all directions." The diamond, Sylvia reminds us, is "hard." It may have a liquid heart but it is solid and "endures all trials" while remaining "subtle" (i.e. translucent despite its solidity, intricate in all its luminous beauty).¹⁴⁴ This is, then, Thérèse's abyssal secret, the infinite distance that divides her from the would-be suicide bomber. Sylvia asks: "... is there another overcoming of identitarian questions, necessarily conflictual, than their displacement: towards the most extraordinary singularity, which succeeds, however [...] in living open, shareable, founding?" "[B]ut how?," "How did she manage?," Sylvia insists.¹⁴⁵ Despite the 700 pages that Kristeva has devoted to answering this question, Thérèse's incredible success remains an enigma – the enigma, precisely, of this incarnated, shareable and smiling imaginary that Thérèse in her *Way to Perfection* calls "fiction" and that is, as we have seen, the source of both beauty and freedom or, in other words, the infinite fold where the subjective experience of novelty is translated into historical action.

¹ Julia Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour* (Paris: Fayard, 2008), 38. All translations from the original French are mine.

- ² Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 39.
- ³ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 39.
- ⁴ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 138.
- ⁵ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 126.
- ⁶ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 50.
- ⁷ William Egginton, *The Theater of Truth: The Ideology of (Neo)Baroque Aesthetics* (Stanford, CA.: Stanford University Press, 2010), 1-2; 16.
- ⁸ See Julia Kristeva, *Colette*, trans. Jane Marie Todd (New York: Columbia University Press, 2004).
- ⁹ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 34-35.
- ¹⁰ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 525.
- ¹¹ Gilles Deleuze, *The Fold: Leibniz and the Baroque*, trans. Tom Conley (London: Continuum, 2006), 3; 15; 32.
- ¹² Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 118.
- ¹³ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 109-144.
- ¹⁴ Julia Kristeva, *Cet incroyable besoin de croire* (Paris: Bayard, 2007), 9. All translations from the original French are mine.
- ¹⁵ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 669; 670.
- ¹⁶ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 669.
- ¹⁷ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 675.
- ¹⁸ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 676.
- ¹⁹ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 678-679.
- ²⁰ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 676; 678.
- ²¹ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 667.
- ²² Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 681.
- ²³ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 687.
- ²⁴ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 687.
- ²⁵ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 687; 698.
- ²⁶ Julia Kristeva, *La haine et le pardon: Pouvoirs et limites de la psychanalyse III*, ed. Pierre-Louis Fort (Paris: Fayard, 2005), 16. All translations from the original French are mine.
- ²⁷ Kristeva, *La haine et le pardon*, 372.
- ²⁸ Julia Kristeva, *Hatred and Forgiveness*, trans. Jeanine Herman (New York: Columbia University Press, 2010), 24.
- ²⁹ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 65.
- ³⁰ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 75.
- ³¹ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 77-78.

- ³² Jacques Lacan, *On Feminine Sexuality, The Limits of Love and Knowledge, 1972-1973. The Seminar of Jacques Lacan. Encore*, Book XX, ed. Jacques-Alain Miller, trans. Bruce Fink (London and New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 1998), 77.
- ³³ Lacan, *On Feminine Sexuality*, 76.
- ³⁴ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 88.
- ³⁵ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 88.
- ³⁶ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 203; 651.
- ³⁷ Ruth Stein, *For Love of the Father: A Psychoanalytic Study of Religious Terrorism* (Palo Alto, CA.: Stanford University Press, 2009).
- ³⁸ James Jones, “Why Does Religion Turn Violent? A Psychoanalytic Exploration of Religious Terrorism,” *The Psychoanalytic Review* 93, no.2 (2006): 167-190. <http://www.ideologiesofwar.com/docs/why-does-religion-turn-violent/index.html> Retrieved on 9th July 2012.
- ³⁹ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 210.
- ⁴⁰ Julia Kristeva, *Tales of Love*, trans. Leon S. Roudiez (New York: Columbia University Press, 1987), 29.
- ⁴¹ Kristeva, *Tales of Love*, 15; 42.
- ⁴² Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 19.
- ⁴³ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 208.
- ⁴⁴ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 208.
- ⁴⁵ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 35.
- ⁴⁶ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 80-81.
- ⁴⁷ See Julia Kristeva, “Ego Affectus Est. Bernard of Clairvaux: Affect, Desire, Love” in *Tales of Love*, 151-169.
- ⁴⁸ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 651.
- ⁴⁹ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 23.
- ⁵⁰ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 210.
- ⁵¹ Kristeva, *La haine et le pardon*, 338.
- ⁵² Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 41.
- ⁵³ Kristeva, *La haine et le pardon*, 454.
- ⁵⁴ Kristeva, *La haine et le pardon*, 449.
- ⁵⁵ Kristeva, *La haine et le pardon*, 449-450.
- ⁵⁶ Kristeva, *La haine et le pardon*, 453.
- ⁵⁷ Kristeva, *La haine et le pardon*, 450; 460; 473.
- ⁵⁸ Kristeva, *La haine et le pardon*, 146; 459.
- ⁵⁹ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 661.
- ⁶⁰ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 342.
- ⁶¹ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 561.
- ⁶² Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 703.

- ⁶³ Discussing Leibniz's understanding of the "infinite opening to the finite," Deleuze writes: "It gives the world the possibility of beginning over and again in each monad." Deleuze, *The Fold*, 28.
- ⁶⁴ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 646.
- ⁶⁵ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 661.
- ⁶⁶ Kristeva, *Cet incroyable besoin de croire*, 155.
- ⁶⁷ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 449.
- ⁶⁸ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 449.
- ⁶⁹ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 113.
- ⁷⁰ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 612.
- ⁷¹ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 447-448.
- ⁷² Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 450.
- ⁷³ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 448; my emphasis.
- ⁷⁴ Hans W. Loewald, *Sublimation: Inquiries Into Theoretical Psychoanalysis* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1988), 1.
- ⁷⁵ Loewald, *Sublimation*, 2; 3; 42; 43.
- ⁷⁶ Loewald, *Sublimation*, 43.
- ⁷⁷ Loewald, *Sublimation*, 67.
- ⁷⁸ Loewald, *Sublimation*, 4.
- ⁷⁹ Kristeva, *La haine et le pardon*, 535.
- ⁸⁰ For Kristeva's discussion of the feminine as a dialectic between illusion and disillusionment, see "On the Extraneousness of the Phallus; or, the Feminine Between Illusion and Disillusion" in *Sense and Non-Sense of Revolt: The Powers and Limits of Psychoanalysis*, Vol. I, trans. Jeanine Herman (New York: Columbia University Press, 2000), 94-106.
- ⁸¹ Kristeva, *Hatred and Forgiveness*, 79-94.
- ⁸² Quoted in Egginton, *The Theater of Truth*, 16.
- ⁸³ Julia Kristeva, *Murder in Byzantium*, trans. C. Jon Delogu (New York: Columbia University Press, 2006), 230.
- ⁸⁴ Kristeva, *Murder in Byzantium*, 230.
- ⁸⁵ Kristeva, *Tales of Love*, 197-198; 199.
- ⁸⁶ Kristeva, *Tales of Love*, 199-200.
- ⁸⁷ Kristeva, *Tales of Love*, 193.
- ⁸⁸ Kristeva, *Tales of Love*, 202.
- ⁸⁹ Kristeva, *Tales of Love*, 196.
- ⁹⁰ Julia Kristeva, *L'Amour de soi et ses avatars: Démesure et limites de la sublimation* (Nantes: Editions Pleins Feux, 2005), 10. All translations from the original French are mine.
- ⁹¹ Kristeva, *L'Amour de soi et ses avatars*, 11.

- ⁹² Kristeva, *L'Amour de soi et ses avatars*, 43-44.
- ⁹³ Kristeva, *La haine et le pardon*, 386.
- ⁹⁴ Kristeva, *L'Amour de soi et ses avatars*, 11.
- ⁹⁵ Kristeva, *L'Amour de soi et ses avatars*, 42.
- ⁹⁶ Kristeva, *L'Amour de soi et ses avatars*, 42.
- ⁹⁷ Kristeva, *La haine et le pardon*, 383; 392.
- ⁹⁸ Kristeva, *La haine et le pardon*, 392.
- ⁹⁹ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 95; 652.
- ¹⁰⁰ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 35.
- ¹⁰¹ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 495.
- ¹⁰² Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 298.
- ¹⁰³ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 114.
- ¹⁰⁴ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 122.
- ¹⁰⁵ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 114.
- ¹⁰⁶ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 663.
- ¹⁰⁷ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 637; my emphasis.
- ¹⁰⁸ Kristeva, *La haine et le pardon*, 393-410.
- ¹⁰⁹ Kristeva, *La haine et le pardon*, 395.
- ¹¹⁰ Kristeva, *The Sense and Non-Sense of Revolt*, 11; 57.
- ¹¹¹ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 663.
- ¹¹² Kristeva, *Cet incroyable besoin de croire*, 9.
- ¹¹³ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 601.
- ¹¹⁴ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 363.
- ¹¹⁵ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 360-361.
- ¹¹⁶ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 406.
- ¹¹⁷ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 333.
- ¹¹⁸ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 385-387; 409.
- ¹¹⁹ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 63.
- ¹²⁰ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 360.
- ¹²¹ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 362.
- ¹²² Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 364.
- ¹²³ Loewald, *Sublimation*, 33.
- ¹²⁴ Loewald, *Sublimation*, 11.
- ¹²⁵ Loewald, *Sublimation*, 10-11.
- ¹²⁶ Loewald, *Sublimation*, 12; 57-58.
- ¹²⁷ Loewald, *Sublimation*, 12-13.
- ¹²⁸ Loewald, *Sublimation*, 13; 24.
- ¹²⁹ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 693-694.
- ¹³⁰ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 118.

- ¹³¹ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 166.
- ¹³² Kristeva, *La haine et le pardon*, 146.
- ¹³³ Kristeva, *La haine et le pardon*, 144.
- ¹³⁴ Kristeva, *La haine et le pardon*, 143; 144.
- ¹³⁵ Kristeva, *La haine et le pardon*, 143-144.
- ¹³⁶ Kristeva, *Tales of Love*, 199.
- ¹³⁷ Deleuze, *The Fold*, 25.
- ¹³⁸ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 639-640.
- ¹³⁹ Deleuze, *The Fold*, 89.
- ¹⁴⁰ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 639.
- ¹⁴¹ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 121.
- ¹⁴² Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 696. See also her discussion on Louise Bourgeois (477-492).
- ¹⁴³ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 637.
- ¹⁴⁴ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 637; 664.
- ¹⁴⁵ Kristeva, *Thérèse mon amour*, 143-144.