

Kusanacht, and a sail boat with red sails that Jung had longed for but could never afford himself. Jung later called her “the foundation of my home,” with Toni Wolff being the “perfume in the air.”

Interesting sidebars in this movie surround the disparity of financial status between Freud and Jung. When they sail to America, Jung is not fazed that he is sailing in first class quarters with Freud below deck (arranged by Mrs. Jung), nor does Jung catch the startled look in Freud’s eyes when Freud visits him at his Kusanacht estate. (Freud lived in a small flat in Vienna.) It points to the dominant introverted, intuitive side of Jung. Externals were not on his radar.

Jung’s intuitive side deepens. We see this in the premonito-

ry dream he has about the impending onslaught of World War I and the blood that would cover Europe.

And, whatever kind of relationship Jung and Sabina Spielrein had in real life is forever up for conversation. Jung calls her his “jewel of great price,” as she brought him passion, intellectual stimulation and drama as well as issuing in demonic struggle and an impending breakdown.

Two New York Times film critics list this movie as one of the top five films of the year. The actors have been nominated for prestigious awards. And we of the Jung Society have been given another bird’s eye view of the early beginnings of the man we have come to know and admire as Carl Gustav Jung.

First Dance

by Amani D. Lagagneur

First, she danced,
and changed to form
the shape of a basin
round, deep, and warm.

From the depths, a movement,
like a wave pre-crest
beyond a ripple in the current
beneath eventide’s request.

She moves like the ocean
farther than we can see
dancing all that ever was
and all that ever will be.

Longing flows toward mourning;
mornings flow toward song;
and in the easing of the waves
a birthing process moves along.

Sea sighs, seaside,
she sighs, sea heaves,
tide ebbs besides,
she lifts her head and breathes

Life.

Life not a whisper.
Life, the hope and its resolution.
Life the water churning and stayed.
Life the problem and its solution.

Still waters, yes, be still,
allow still a safe way.
Evolve from liquid to solid to air
and transfigure night as day.

“First, dance,” begs the water,
“Dance with me, and we’ll go
into our innermost depths,
places neither of us may know.”

“Dance and we will laugh;
how, I adore your grin.
We may weep too, you know,
then the tide will turn again.”

Meet me at the horizon
before we seek the shore.
Dance with me, first, dance.
It is enough and more.”

You ask me about faith.
I say, “It’s more than chance;
when Dawn throws her arms open to Day
I pray, but first, I dance.”

Written to accompany the liturgical
dance of Keri Olsen
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