

Liberté, Fraternité, and Chocolat:

A Jungian Perspective on Transformation and *Communitas*

By Dr. Jeffrey W. Hull, Ph.D.

Every period has its bias, its particular prejudice, and its psychic malaise. An epoch is like an individual; it has its own limitations of conscious outlook, and therefore requires a compensatory adjustment. This is effected by the collective unconscious when a poet or seer lends expression to the unspoken desire of his times and shows the way, by word or deed, to its fulfillment—regardless whether this blind collective need results in good or evil, in the salvation of an epoch or its destruction. (C.G. Jung, *The Spirit in Man, Art, and Literature*. CW vol. 20, Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1930, para. 153)

Sitting on the cusp of a new millennium, in an epoch flooded with an endless stream of images from cinema, television and the internet, Jung might have had a difficult time identifying the ubiquitous and seemingly faceless “poets and seers” of our times. Yet, if we begin from a place of Jungian generosity and assume that the cultural zeitgeist of our era is being reflected in the images that we find most enticing, endearing, and enduring, then we must look to our most pervasive and popular forms of entertainment: television and cinema. However, if the popular films and TV shows of these millennial years give any indication of the cultural state of the American people; then we are a confused, quixotic, paradoxical lot.

Our most watched television shows during 2001—“Survivor”, “Who Wants to be a Millionaire”, The Super Bowl, and the Academy Awards—all concern those most quintessential American traits: competition, individualism, and personal, heroic triumph. On the other side of the stage, however, the most popular films of the past year—“Erin Brokovitch”, “Gladiator”, “Chocolat”, “Traffic” —have all been about the dissolution, destruction and the renewal of community. Clearly, the compensatory psychic activity of which Jung speaks has reached a zenith in these popular art forms, as the tensions in this classic American conflict between the individual and the community threaten to boil over (and have, it seems, with regularity in our nation’s schools).

Yet, we must remember that Jung's view of the individuation process in a person, and likewise in a collective, holds that transformation often occurs through the cyclical process of dissociation, breakdown and restoration. Jung believed that untenable polarization, even collective psychosis, can ultimately lead to the alchemical marriage of opposites required for the "defeat of the ego" and integration of unconscious, shadow material into an expanded realm of consciousness. Perhaps, in the wake of the devastation of 9/11, fortress America stands on the precipice of a breakthrough: the increasingly violent attacks on the rigidified structure of American institutions—corporations, high schools, Government buildings—perpetrated by fanatical mascots of dissociation (Osama Bin Laden, Timothy McVeigh, Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold) may symbolize, in vivid form, the final breakdown between the individual and the community, whose tense stand-off we have so long denied. Yet, what of this "marriage of opposites" that Jung proclaims is the solution? Surely, watching "Survivor" on the weekday and "Erin Brokovitch" on the weekend will not motivate us to end this cataclysmic schism, which tears at the fabric of the American way of life. To whom might we look to conduct such a ceremony? Can we really expect our modern poets and seers--novelists and filmmakers--to show the way with the potent yet transient celluloid image? Perhaps, but we must, as James Hillman reminds us, "see through" the images that take hold of us, and plumb the depths of their meaning.

In times of upheaval, it is ironically enough a tradition for Americans to look to the French, ever our loving if condescending *Amis*, for help. It is the French, we must remember, who in *their* Revolution, managed to retain the conflictual energies of *liberté* and *fraternité* side by side in their national slogan. And so, in the widely popular film, "Chocolat", a quintessentially albeit Hollywood-ized French take on the doomed rendezvous between a lone wanderer and an isolated community, we witness and experience, at least in our active imagination, the celebration of just such a marriage. In this independent film based on the novel by the French

born author, Joanne Harris (2000), we find the perfect microcosm, and hence metaphor for our American community in crisis, and with the film's unexpected popularity (no big Hollywood budget here), something deep in the American psyche has clearly been touched.

With this in mind, let us dig for alchemical gold in Chocolat; let us excavate the Jungian themes, as we follow the isolated French community of Lansquenet through the cyclical process of transformation, beginning with, 1. *The normal*: normalized state of dissociation; then, 2. *The rupture*: unwanted arrival of the Other, causing dis-equilibrium, breakdown, chaos; then, 3. *The coniunctio*: ritual, initiatory steps towards integration; and finally, 4. *The restoration*: progressive (or regressive?) return to a normalized state. In the end, as is typical of our historically dynamic and frustrating relationship with the French foe/ami, the Americanized film and French novel will take divergent paths in their choice of restorative forms. Hence, the final act remains open-ended (prepare for the sequel), and no transformational panacea can be offered to an America in need. Paradox remains, and like Jung, we are left with the basic questions: what happens after the conjunction, if and when we Americans, as a community, survive the marriage? Will the return to the normative state result in "the salvation of an epoch or its destruction"?

Chocolat, take 1: *The Normal*. With the requisite fly-over and zoom in shot of the landscape, the camera captures the setting: Lansquenet-Sous-Tannes, a small village on the Northwest coast of France, off the beaten path, walled like a medieval fortress, a quaint and quiet town that centuries of modernization seem to have skipped. Biting, cold winds blanket the town with the frigid air of February, a perfect accompaniment to the pious villagers as they prepare for that annual period of sacrifice and self-denial: Lent. The town is self-sufficient, economically sound, but not rich or citified, peopled with hard-working, religious folk who are not the kinds to put-on-airs or to welcome strangers. The town's leaders are a typical if annoying "father and son" pair: the elder, a grandiose, arrogant, and wheedling Comte, the junior, a young, over-anxious priest, evidently on first assignment from Paris. Jung might well note the

collective animus complex writ large in this senex/puer duo; yet everything is normal, the patriarchal hegemony that we all know well appears intact.

Life in this humble village appears to be serene, peaceful and comfortable. The largest gathering, the key ritual of *communitas* to which the camera returns time and time again, is that recurring get-together with which most rural and suburban Americans are familiar: Sunday Mass. In the film, we swoop down on the villagers in song and prayer: an old man and his dog, a young husband and wife with a son, old dowagers and widows, the typical crew. The young priest, well coached by the larger-than-life Comte, reminds the townspeople of the imminent and eminent practices of Lent: abstinence from liquor, sweets and other indulgences.

We all recognize this town. Even those of us who have migrated to the anonymity and diversity of the city are familiar with the puritan ethos—or as our politicians remind us daily, the “family-values”—that underpin the American way of life. Likewise, we all know just how far from this strict Judeo-Christian morality play the theater of real life occurs. Just below the dull, drab surface of this small town, as we soon discover, lies a hidden patchwork of lies and deceit, covered bruises, repressed hungers and failed marriages. The people of Lansquenet may appear subdued and unhurried, but they are far from happy. We cannot help but feel for their plight, for in their dour expressions, their fixed stares, their colorless cheeks and clothes, we recognize the tell-tale signs of denial, emptiness, despair. Colonized by fear of the Comte and the priest, the villagers live as in a state of siege, dignified yet soulless. The deeper truth under this normative scene reveals a reality of extreme dissociation.

This colorless image of a small, repressed community is actually not a particularly French cultural phenomenon, but rather one that Jung found to be the norm all across the West during the first half of the last century (that now just seems to have worsened). Characterized by a one-sided ego state, the individual psyche is dominated by a hierarchically rigid and masculine set of collective norms. The sad, yet significant contradiction we encounter early on

in the film, in the loud protestations of the Comte, the priest, and the people themselves, is that the safety and sanctity of community is paramount, their relationships to each other and to God supposedly sacrosanct. Yet, whatever relationships do exist are stilted, devoid of soul, color or life, and the individuals' hidden suffering obvious. In their recent work on individuation, colonization and liberation, Lorenz and Watkins speak directly to the truth of what we see on the screen and in our shopping malls as well:

As carriers of internal colonization, we may have developed the habit of silencing our own and other's suffering, resistances, and creativity when they come into contact with the official mythologies of normalized culture. Many of us have learned all too well what not to say and when not to speak...Sustained dissociation creates a sense of an impoverished and empty interior, yielding a sense of inferiority and alienation. Feelings of impotence and fatalism can become linked with despair, addictions, and violence. (S.L. Lorenz & M. Watkins. *Individuation, Seeing-through, and Liberation: Depth Psychology and Colonialism*. Pacifica Graduate Institute. Unpublished paper, 2000, p. 5)

Chocolat, take 2: *The Rupture*. A warm wind, from the south, stirs across the town. Dust flies up in the eyes of the churchgoers, who greet the Comte on their way home from Sunday Services; yet, its sting is nothing compared with the blinding light of the new arrival: Vianne Rocher. Dressed suspiciously in bright red, with ruby lipstick and long, luxurious, unkempt hair, the stranger, her angelic six-year old daughter in tow, glides unselfconsciously into town and takes up residence in a dilapidated old bakery. The townspeople feign shock: who is this outsider, this interloper who would arrive on the wind like a dark spirit, on the eve of Lent, and upset the monotone rhythms of this quiet village? Indeed, as an unmarried woman with a bastard child, a woman full of life and color and texture—and the smell of perfume—Vianne represents a willful, opposing energy force against the stolid, conservative Comte and priest. In Jungian terms, the animus has met his match: the great archetype of the feminine, accompanied by her divine child, the *anima* has arrived.

Of course, the priest and the Comte immediately suspect Vianne of being a witch, and she doesn't disappoint them. Refurbishing the bakery into a high-end *chocolaterie*, she proceeds to concoct a witch's brew with a magical chocolate liquor, spiced with exotic tastes

and fragrances from as far away as India--an intoxicating elixir from which she creates a multitude of divine indulgences:

Chocolate curls, white buttons with colored vermicelli, pain d'epices with gilded edging, marzipan fruits in their nests of ruffled paper, peanut brittle, clusters, cracknels, assorted mis-shapes in half-kilo boxes, I sell dreams, small comforts, sweet harmless temptations to bring down a multitude of saints crashing among the hazels and nougatines.
(J. Harris. *Chocolat*. London: Penguin Books, 2000, p. 45)

With the opening of the brightly colored shop, its windows an almost garish display of reds and oranges and the widest range of brown, black and white chocolate imaginable, the townspeople are sure to be seduced. And seduced they are: slowly, timidly, yet soon more like a flood after the damn of desire has broken. Eventually the townspeople warm to Vianne's sociable ways, her intuitive knowing of their needs and ailments, her musical, magical energy; their harsh exteriors melt, dissolving into aromatic clouds of steaming chocolate. Even the old man's old and dying dog, a perfect psychopomp for the town itself, comes to life once again with the taste of chocolate bonbons on his tongue.

This neurotic town, held in the throes of a one-sided ego-consciousness, was overdue for psychic compensation, and in Jungian terms, the archetypes arrive to compensate for the rigidified, calcified *Caelum* of the Judeo-Christian ideal. The anima archetype arises from the collective unconscious (perfectly symbolized by Vianne's arrival on an abnormally warm, windy day from the south) to counter the institutionalized animus of the Comte and priest. The divine child, Anouk, arrives to awaken the dormant *puer* energies of creativity and spontaneity in the town's children. That Vianne arrives with a young child is particularly significant as a symbol of individuation and transformation: the divine child archetype symbolically expresses the link between past, present and future. She reminds the collective of its forgotten past, poignantly demonstrates how the exuberances of youth are being repressed in the present and points toward the potential for re-birth:

The child is potential future. Hence, the occurrence of the child motif in the psychology of the individual signifies as a rule an anticipation of future developments, even though

at first sight it may seem like a retrospective configuration. Life is a flux, a flowing into the future, not a stoppage or backwash. It is therefore not surprising that so many of the mythological saviours are child gods. (C. G. Jung, *The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*. London: Routledge & Kegan Paul , 1959, para. 278)

In addition, we have the requisite arrival on the scene of the shadow—the dark underpinnings of the town—to counter the numbing collective normalcy perpetrated by the Comte and the priest. Stirred up by the casual imbibing of that truth serum known as chocolate crème, the shadow emerges in narratives of pain that the towns' folk, mostly women and children, have suffered: beatings, alcoholism, broken dreams, etc. Ultimately, the *chocolaterie* becomes a place where the people come to hang their hats and share their woes—a dialogical healing container—where Vianne's intuitive and attentive listening skills always leave them feeling heard, seen, touched, and enlivened. The shop, with its magical priestess and liquid gold, becomes an alchemical laboratory for the re-vivifying of dying souls, a counter-confessional to the lifeless, dead air of the box in the church. And so, the stage is set for the inevitable clash: the Comte and the priest see Vianne and her daughter, and especially the tempting medicinal charms of the chocolate itself, as a threat to their very existence.

Where would we have to look in America to find a compensatory rupture of the type Vianne represents in the film? In light of recent events, we might, at first glance, look to the Middle East, thinking it obvious that the ultimate break in our façade of prosperity and complacency has been carried out by fanatical terrorists, operating in the name of religious fundamentalism. Surely, if we listen to the nightly diatribes on “America's New War” promulgated on CNN, the pundits will tell us unequivocally that we only need root out the “shadow” from his lair in the caves of Afghanistan, and “America the Beautiful” will once again be restored to her former glory. As George Bush would have it, this attack from afar is a simple sound-bite tale of good versus evil. He and his followers live in a Star Wars universe, where we Americans hold “the force” —of capitalism, democracy, justice (not to mention denial, narcissism,

self-righteousness): we only need to build higher walls around the fortress, to protect the sacrosanct “American way of life”.

Yet, at the risk of alienating—and thus further rupturing—the good patriot who has recently resurfaced in many of us, I would claim that the ruptures brought on by Vianne and Osama Bin Laden are of an entirely different order. The choreography of shadow against ego, lively portrayed in the hide and seek dance between Bush and Bin Laden, is in fact just another example of a schoolyard brawl between bullies, this time on a playing field writ large. The walls around medieval towns like Lansquenet were built to keep out the unruly animus, who, in his complete and utter dissociation from the feminine, projected his rage and fear all over Europe for centuries. Our need to continually fortify those modern walls known as “airport security” tells us only that we remain under siege by these same archetypal foes; the patriarchal, judeo-christian caelum remains intact to this day. Surely, there are no walls high enough to keep dissociated young men from trying in vain to expel their self-hatred and alienation onto the very regime which oppresses them: witness the recent suicide flight of a fifteen year old fan of Bin Laden in Florida.

So still we must ask: where is the magical power of the anima to be found? Vianne did not launch a grenade into the center of the village to announce her arrival; she simply strolled through the gates and set up shop. The rupture of the anima is more subtle, less aggressive and violent, but no less profound. More like a tornado that erupts from within, she shakes the community from deep within its very foundation. If anything, the angry, if measured and calculated response of our Government and media to this latest fanatical foe has rigidified the caelum of righteousness and invulnerability in our community institutions: we seek to “wipe out” the enemy, not seeing what is clearly obvious, that the enemy is us. Hence, now more than ever, when we need her. Yet, from whence will the witch, with her seductive healing brew, come to quench the thirst of our parched and dying souls?

We might be tempted to look to the media and political and business spheres, where women like Hillary Clinton, Barbra Streisand, Diane Feinstein, or Marianne Williamson come to mind. Yet the fact of their being female and powerful, as Jung is quick to remind us, does nothing to insure that they will bring compensatory psychic energy to the collective. In fact, just the opposite may be true. Jung warns us of the *false coniunctio*, where the archetypes, the anima, the shadow, even the self, are co-opted by the ego, which, in the guise of “integration”, slyly folds them into itself. When the anima or shadow is assimilated into the ego rather than integrated in a true conjunction, nothing new is created, and these potentially healing energies lose the capacity to counter-act the dominant ego state. With the power to rupture lost, the voices of these powerful women, despite their best intentions and feminine wisdom, are but whispers in the wind. (C.G. Jung. *The Structure and Dynamic of the Psyche*. London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1969, p.429-431)

No, the psychic energy of potential transformation is more likely to come the border, from an outsider, a voice from the margin—much like Vianne. A contemporary example of this anima voice can be found in the writings of Gloria Anzaldua, who, as a Chicana lesbian from south Texas, is assured of outsider status. Gloria, like Vianne, is viewed as a witch, a sorceress by many. She infuriates her family and home community by writing about the truth of living as a colored woman in a white man’s world: the brutality, the marginalization, the constant fear. She equally infuriates her social-activist colleagues in the universities by refusing to be absorbed into their collective ego state of assimilation, heterosexism, and academic hubris.

Her writing, like Vianne’s chocolate, offers us another alchemical elixir, filled with magic and spirit, fire and soul; she offers a salve to the open wounds of our colonized consciousness, and takes glee in rupturing the “normal”. Like Vianne, Gloria speaks of a powerful intuitive force that rises within her, a way of seeing that is non-linear, imaginal, and non-rational, as a result of living as outsider, constantly on guard for attack. She calls this ability *La Facultad*:

La Facultad is the capacity to see in surface phenomenon the meaning of deeper realities, to see the deep structure below the surface. It is an instant “sensing”, a quick perception arrived at without conscious reasoning. It is an acute awareness mediated by the part of the psyche that does not speak, that communicates in images and symbols which are the faces of feelings, that is behind which feelings reside/hide. The one possessing this sensitivity is excruciatingly alive to the world. (G. Anzaldúa, *Borderlands/La Frontera: The New Mestiza*. San Francisco: Aunt Lute Books, 1987, p. 60)

The key word here is “excruciating”, for both Vianne and Gloria are shamans, shape-shifters; they are fully cognizant that using *La Facultad*—breaking the Cartesian mode of rational thought—represents an altered state of consciousness which can be extremely threatening to those in power. And so, with the imaginal Vianne’s swirling chocolate mandalas and the real-life Gloria’s blood red ink, these temptresses pour soul fluids into the fountain of life that our frozen communities desperately seek; yet their safe passage from one community to the next is hardly assured. Their very arrival is a portent of danger, of potential violence and destruction, for the possibility of a *coniunctio* may require conflagration, breakdown, and dissolution. Soul making is risk-taking; it goes with the territory.

In a sense, psychically charged characters like Vianne and Gloria represent a state of homelessness; they inhabit a borderlands, not quite inside the gated walls of the collective psyche, but not successfully kept out. Gloria describes this insistent tension of rupture, the necessary pre-cursor of conjunction and transformation, as the psychic state of *Coatlícue*, that dynamic underground movement of unconscious energies erupting into the light of day:

Coatlícue is a rupture in our everyday world. Goddess of birth and death, *Coatlícue* gives and takes away life; she is the incarnation of cosmic processes. Simultaneously, depending on the person, she represents duality in life, a synthesis of duality, and a third perspective—something more than mere duality or a synthesis of duality. Our greatest disappointments and painful experiences—if we can make meaning out of them—can lead us toward becoming more of who we are. Or they can remain meaningless. The *Coatlícue* state can be a way station or it can be a way of life. (Ibid., p. 68)

As a piercing observer from the edge of the American scene, Gloria’s description of the *Coatlícue* state is eerily reminiscent of the on-going standoff between the American community’s two extreme ego-states-- the all-male cowboy mentality of rugged individualism and the

imperious hegemony of Judeo-Christian capitalism--neither of which jibes with the rhythms of nature, diversity or true democracy. Those individuals and communities held psychically fixated by these fantasies are under constant threat from the irruption of shadow forces: violence, addictions, crime, pollution and so on. With anima, self, divine child, even nature herself as innocent bystanders often caught in the crossfire, the American landscape seems to be in a perpetual state of war. It seems the only place to find even the remote possibility of integration, any hope for synthesis, healing or restoration is in a darkened cinema, far from the madding crowd.

Chocolat, take 3: *the Coniunctio*. Moving toward climax, we can sense the tension rising in the little town: Vianne has infuriated the Comte and the priest by announcing that a chocolate festival will be held at her shop on Easter Sunday. For them, this pagan ritual, which threatens to overshadow the most important day on the Christian calendar, is the final straw. They have no choice but to resort to drastic measures to “save the community”. Rupture gives way to chaos and destruction: the Comte sneaks into the chocolate shop at night with the intention of destroying all the chocolate for the festival. However, the seductive smell and textures and tastes of the magical sweets (he cannot help but try a few) intoxicate him; he loses himself, falls asleep dreaming of chocolates...and awakens to find Vianne staring at him, and most of the chocolate eaten. His humiliation is complete. The Comte, symbol of power and righteousness in the town, has been toppled by his own hubris, taken over by his unconscious desires, made a fool by his weakness. Jung’s description of the “defeat of the ego” sublimely details the fall from grace that the film’s dark prince symbolizes for the whole town:

These consist of more or less violent irruptions of unconscious contents into consciousness, the ego proving itself incapable of assimilating the intruders [*in the form of heavenly chocolates!*]. In this event there is an alteration of the ego as well as of the unconscious contents...The ego cannot help discovering that the afflux of unconscious contents has vitalized the personality, enriched it and created a figure that somehow dwarfs the ego in scope and intensity. This experience paralyzes an over-egocentric will and convinces the ego that in spite of all the difficulty it is better to be taken down a peg than to get involved in a hopeless struggle in which one is invariably handed the dirty

end of the stick. (C.G. Jung, *The Structure and Dynamics of the Psyche*. CW Vol. 8. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1960, para. 430)

The crucial, climactic moment in the film arrives just as the Comte finds himself in a heap of half-eaten chocolate, facing off with Vianne. The camera pans across the devastated shop's displays, zooming in on the crumpled Comte, who is juxtaposed by a half-eaten chocolate statue of the Madonna. Perfectly capturing the essence of the *coniunctio*, the chocolate Madonna may be headless, but Vianne, not the Comte, is the one left standing, head on straight. What will she do? Is this state of *Coatlicue* to live on in a perpetual war? Will she come at him in anger, spite, stoking the fires of venom that he brought with him across her border and into her inner sanctum? *He* is the one in the borderlands now; he is the rupture: it would be her right to seek vengeance. Instead, she smiles, grins even, knowing full well that his "dark night of the soul" has been an important, if humiliating, initiation rite. In the sacred ritual of forgiveness, she extends the olive branch, and with the ensuing union of opposing forces—Catholic and pagan, unconscious and conscious, anima and animus—the marriage is consummated. Black Madonna weds White Pope. Soon, the townspeople appear at the window, and their rejoicing *communitas* transforms the spectacle into healing ritual. Finally, with the priest spying from a distance—out on the margin—the circle is complete.

Chocolat, take 4: the Restoration. All along it has been an underlying tenet of this treatise, that if a real marriage of opposites is to occur (ironic that we consider something so bloody, violent, and disturbing, to be a "marriage"—Jung was not without his humor), then something new must be born. The act of conjunction, as Jung calls it, occurs as a transcendent function whereby the ego-consciousness of the individual or the collective is forever altered, expanded and humbled, conjoined with the greater, deeper self (in this case projected through the anima). Jung is unequivocal in this requirement:

This self-evident truth was still strange to medieval man and has been only partially digested by the man of today. If a union is to take place between opposites like spirit and matter, conscious and unconscious, bright and dark, and so on, it will happen in a

third thing, which represents not a compromise but something new, just as for the alchemist the cosmic strife of the elements was composed by the stone that is no stone, by a transcendental entity that could be described only in paradoxes. (C.G. Jung. *Mysterium Coniunctionis*. London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1977, para. 765)

Yet, here is where we must make note of the French novel's and American film's cultural divergence, for as the products of our contemporary "poet and seers", the film and the novel each treat the restoration quite differently. And perhaps most importantly, neither of them successfully portrays the true conjunction of which Jung speaks. In the film, we are left with the American idealization of the anima archetype: Vianne wins the battle, and graciously accepts the now childlike Comte and priest, whose ego and masculinity have been stripped away, as members of her brood. The patriarchy has been toppled, and the matriarchy ensues: the chocolate festival goes on, a ritual cleansing in which the townspeople all rejoice and revel in the magic of their newly crowned princess. In the epilogue scene, we witness Vianne's casual decision to stay put and hold court. Fade out: the wide-angle shot recedes back toward the clouds, and everyone lives happily ever after.

This Hollywood-style *coniunctio* is a contrasting if equally false version of what I eluded to earlier: instead of being co-opted by the ego, the anima wins the battle, takes the throne, and becomes the idealized replacement for the Judeo-Christian caelum. The great mother arrives center stage; roles are reversed but not transcended. This restoration narrative is clearly naïve and regressive, so much so in fact that the de-masculinization of the community may foreshadow the arrival of a neurotic mother complex, leaving the former leaders and the townspeople in a perpetual childhood state of dependency. In this kind of conjunction, we have a *reductio*, not a re-birth.

In the novel, the French flavored ending is radically different: the priest (the priest, not the Comte, takes on Vianne in the novel, which has all the makings of another paper) and Vianne make only momentary peace. In a bow to the French stand for realism and ability to live

with paradox, the restoration is fleeting, and the *coatlilcue* state lives on. Vianne's victory is celebrated by the foregoing of Easter Mass; the townspeople get to cut school, so to speak, and instead indulge whole-heartedly in the chocolate festival. There is, however, no indication that the priest, sulky and bitter to the end, has been altered, opened up or otherwise transformed. The community, on the other hand, emboldened by Vianne's courage and example, has been changed, and we can only hope that they will deal more directly with the stultifying church fathers in the future. In any case, Vianne, remaining true to her nature as wanderer and outsider, decides to move on. Harris' version of Vianne strikes a deeper resonance of authenticity than the film character who ends up as a stereotype; she exemplifies the sad sojourn of the wounded feminine in search of wholeness, self, soul:

The wind smells of the sea, of ozone and frying, of the seafront at Juan-les-Pins, of pancakes and coconut oil and charcoal and sweat. So many places waiting for the winds to change. So many needy people. How long this time? Six months? A year? And yet we have progressed. At last we have faced down the black man, Anouk and I, seen him at last for what he is: a fool to himself, a carnival mask. We cannot stay here forever. But perhaps, he has paved the way for us to stay elsewhere. (*Chocolat*, p. 305)

With these two distinct portrayals of psychic war, disintegration and restoration, we get a wonderful sense of the love-hate dance between the realistic if despairing Eurocentric view of transformation, and the naïve idealism of the still nascent America. Yet, what is still missing in either case is the realistic projection of that future state, *the third space*, which Jung considers to be the necessary outcome of a truly progressive restoration. Where will we find this numinous tornado that alters everything and everyone in its path? From her place on the margin, Gloria Anzaldua points us in the direction of this transcendent space where a new kind of consciousness, *la Mestiza*, might arise:

From this radical, ideological, cultural and biological cross-pollinization, an "alien" consciousness is presently in the making—a new *mestiza* consciousness, *una conciencia de mujer*. It is a consciousness of the Borderlands. (*Borderland/La Frontera*, p. 99)

However, Gloria's projection of this future state will require a major expansion of our community borders, a more permeable, compassionate inter-relationship between male and female, culture and geography, individual and community. A new kind of reasoning, divergent rather than analytical, holistic rather than fragmented, a consciousness that can embrace wholes instead of parts will be required if *la Mestiza* is to be born. As "poet and seer" Anzaldua points us in the direction of a progressive restorative narrative, a salvation myth, but we must be realistic: her film, let alone her television drama, has yet to be made. Is her voice loud enough to rupture, conjoin and temper the forces of ego and shadow raging across our land? I doubt it. No, the borderlands voice of the feminine is likely to remain buried under higher and higher piles of rubble from Trade Centers and Pentagons and Columbines. The sad truth is that, unlike a film, a fairy tale or novel, the real world scenario in which she is likely to emerge may be far more bleak. Hiding patiently in the Underworld, she may appear only when the wars are over, our rage spent.

For the moment, we may choose to idealize or ignore voices from the margin like those of Vianne or Gloria, and continue to spend our time in front of the television or under cover of a dark theater: *but we do so at our peril*. CNN just makes the world smaller, bringing the war closer to home every day. Perhaps, the most we can hope for is that some may listen deeply into Jung's poignant reminder of the power of the soul's imaginings, and begin to tune in to the voices of Vianne and Gloria that lie dormant within us all:

There are many such archetypal images, but they do not appear in the dreams of individuals or in works of art unless they are activated by a deviation from the middle way. Whenever conscious life becomes one-sided or adopts a false attitude, these images 'instinctively' rise to the surface in dreams and in the visions of artists and seers to restore the psychic balance, whether of the individual or of the epoch. (C.G. Jung, *The Spirit in Man, Art, and Literature*. CW Vol. 20, Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1930, para.160)

