



BY DOUG HODGKINSON

## Movie review Blue

*Directed by Krzysztof Kieslowski and starring: Juliette Binoche (Julie de Courcey), Benoit Regent (Olivier Benoit), Charlotte Vey (Lucille), Florence Fernel (Sandrine), Emanuelle Riva (Madame Vignon, Julie's mother), 94 minutes; French with English subtitles, 1993.*

**B**lue is the first in a trilogy called The Three Colours based on the colours of the French flag and corresponding to the slogan of the French Revolution; Liberty (Freedom), (Blue), Equality, (White) and Fraternity, (Red). Each movie is a stand alone story except that the director slyly and cleverly inserts characters from other vignettes into each of the stories, sometimes so briefly that if you blink you will miss it.

In Blue, Julie is the wife of Patrice de Courcey, a famous composer who has been commissioned to write the hymn/theme for the ceremonial opening of The European Union. In a car accident in the opening scene, he and their daughter are killed. Julie survives and the story is of her coming to live with grief and



remorse in the new found "freedom" of now being alone. It is not an exploration of political freedom but of the spiritual nature of emotional freedom.

She cleans out their house in the country including many manuscripts associated with her husband's musical projects and moves to an apartment in Paris. She cuts herself off from friends and family; swims

alone, travels alone and eats her favourite treat of ice cream and coffee... alone. When people in her building get very agitated about a stripper and assumed hooker living on the second floor, she declares that she "doesn't want to get involved" and paradoxically makes it possible for Lucille to stay, because the petition for her ouster was not unanimous. They become friends.

Olivier has been her husband's assistant and collaborator and has agreed to try and finish the composition in time for the opening of the European Parliament. He has also loved Julie from a distance for a long time. Eventually, he is able to track her down. Meanwhile, rumours have been circulating that, in fact, she is the composer of her husband's masterwork, a rumour she dismisses, though she is not entirely happy with the direction Olivier is taking with the composition. In the meantime, Julie discovers that Patrice had a mistress, Sandrine, for a number of years (it's French, eh?). Julie discovers that Sandrine is pregnant with Patrice's child. In an amazingly generous act Julie gives Sandrine the family home that she and Patrice had shared, as a place for the new child to be raised. She then joins Olivier and takes a very

direct hand in completing the composition of the hymn for the opening of the European Parliament.

Julie has attempted to explore the terrain of freedom/liberty alone. She presents as a very self-contained, self-sufficient person. But she discovers a paradox at the heart of this freedom. It is messy and seems to result in connectedness. Jesus proclaims (Jn. 8:32) the truth shall make us free. And Julie discovers the truth about her composition, Patrice's mistress, Olivier's love for her and her not wanting to be involved with Lucille, which all lead to an awkward connectedness that draws her out of her isolated "liberty" into an amazing generosity and finally, tears, as "Patrice's" composition is brought to life. □



BY JIM HEARNE

## The Vicar of Kootenay remembers "What keeps us here... what brought us here"

**A** few months ago we laid to his final rest, a "gentleman and a scholar and . . ." I'll let you finish it. He'll let you finish it. He was the Reverend Dr. David Sprague Herreshoff. Aside from his scholarly attainments he was acclaimed as the poet Laureate of Kaslo. He took deacon's orders after a professional career in teaching. From his lovely retreat home at Fletcher Creek he produced a steady stream of verse. His last poem, just two lines short of a sonnet, is entitled "What Keeps us Here" and it put me in mind of what I offer you, dear reader, this month.

"What brought us here?" In June of 2013 I will mark 60 years in the pastoral ministry. Our first church was southeast of Seattle in the north Cascade Mountains. That was Sellick, Washington. I

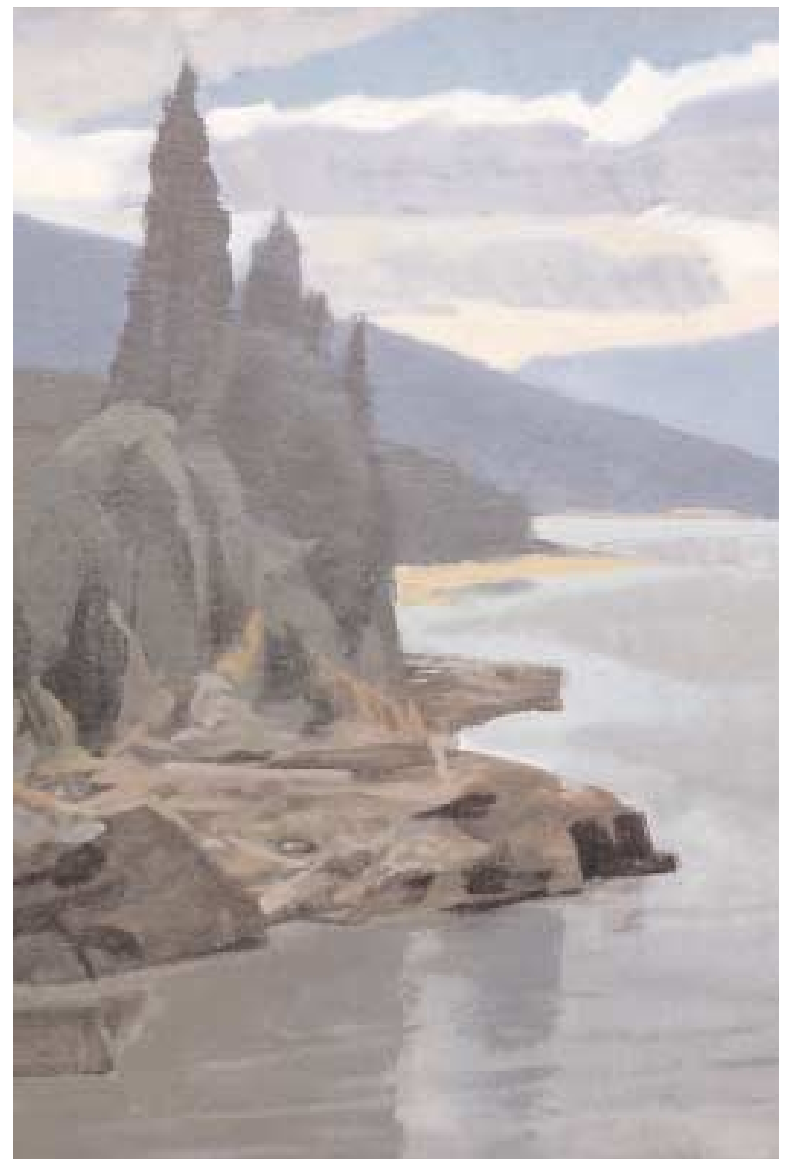
was still in Arts at the time. We moved to the Mid-west and I began my seminary work. There were two parishes there. The first was a Congregational-Presbyterian effort at Sherrill's Mound, Iowa. I'll help you locate that village. It's just northwest of Specht's Ferry on the Mississippi. From there we moved to a Methodist parish with two churches at McGregor and Marquette, Iowa; their Book of Worship draws heavily on the Book of Common Prayer.

As my seminary studies were drawing to a close, I came in contact with two other fellows that were like-minded: we all wished to become Anglican priests. We did a lot of talking about this and finally our talk translated itself into action. We presented ourselves on the door of the rectory of the Episcopal Church in the town

where our seminary was located. This was a suburb of Chicago.

The rector met us at the door. We stated the case. He said, "Are you confirmed?" We said, "No!" He said, "I will prepare you for Confirmation." And so he did. Early in 1962 the three of us were confirmed in Batavia, Illinois, by the Bishop of Chicago.

Following that event, dear Father Cooper, who had prepared us for confirmation, was not exactly sure what to do with us. He was a new arrival to the Diocese of Chicago from the Diocese of Algoma. All of his contacts were in Canada. He said to us, "Would you like to go to Kootenay?" I said to him, "What's a Kootenay?"



Kootenay Lake — Artist: Alan Caswell

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