

l'oeuvre des jours / The Works of Days



Marange speaks of the borderless appeal of art, and yearns to create work that is removed from its creator, like the ownerless beauty of nature.

Bougie spends much of his time chipping and etching away at plaques, to make prints. Though he has trouble putting his work into words, he is thankful for friends and critics who have supported him over the years, offering encouragement and often understanding his pieces better than he does.

Saint-Pierre, too, has trouble defining what he does. Asked to comment on a series of faces he has painted, he cobbles together a half-baked, self-effacing statement about creating unrelated images that someone may perhaps find interesting.

As you see, not exactly the stuff of cinematic gold here. And yet, as Baillargeon's patient film rolls slowly forward and we settle into its plodding pace, a certain poetry surfaces. The artwork of these men comes to life, magically transcending the mundane nature of their humble existence.