The poetic relevance of El Brillante, a film for two juxtaposed screens by Luigi Beltrame, Julien Lousteau and Jean-Philippe Roux is also noteworthy here. In it we find, in form of allegory, many of the concerns of Multipistes, even though, in this case, the apparatus has been reduced to one of its most elementary forms.

El Brillante consists of two films of different durations projected in a loop side by side, accompanied by an autonomous soundtrack made by Jean-Philippe Roux in which ambient sounds remixed from the 'rushes' (pre edited footage) mingle with electronic sounds. The 'multitrack' dimension is thus one that is inherent to the project. Its originality lies in the fact that this is a film based on out-takes of work by the three directors. Like a 'video notebook' or sketch pad, disconnection, accumulation, and chance – otherwise defined as the radical dissociation of the elements of the film – are its basic principle. It is, in a word, a matter of "compilation', an archival film, a bank of out-takes of images arranged beside each other in partly random order due to their side-by-side method of projection and differing lengths.

The film is made up of a selection of images; an accumulationof different landscapes without any human figures in them, with a powerful emphasis on deserts and, in parallel, images of ancient ruins with the vertical architecture of contemporary cities. Also appearing at regular intervals are two female figures who never look at the camera, silent, contemplative or asleep, as if delegates of the viewer in the representation.

They are motionless in front of the landscape, and it is as if everything that were happening before our very eyes was a recollection of their past, or the anticipation of their future in the split-second of their presence. Everything takes place as if it was their daydream, the representation of a world that is impossible to reassemble. Each one of the tracks is edited by adhering to a minimal logic of perceptual continuity required in order to organize the shift from one image to the next. So the passage of light from day to night is never effected abruptly, even if the set of juxtaposed images belongs to totally asynchronous times and spaces; the releases of images is thus organized while respecting a certain credibility pertinent to the places in the world from which they have been taken.

But with each new loop of one of the tracks, the horizontal relationship between the two images on the screen changes, and produces new relations, but in an undefined way .

Each new arrangement of images appears like the breaking of waves upon a shore – a process the soundtrack duplicates. Rather than a story, be it virtual or in suspension, it is more accurate to talk in terms of a scansion – analysis of poetry into metrical patterns – whose expressiveness is totally dependent on the rhythms and evocations stirred up by a comparison of images. A selection rule for the out-takes lies at the root of a sort of repertory. Quite literally, the film is the conjunction of a multiplicity of tracks, at times traced in the sand, as if the world were a score with its geography totally blown to pieces and put back together again.

An aesthetic of drift in which, in the same shot, stereotypes of images – as if each image in the film were an image of images – mingle with images less marked by the imprint of their reference, be it conscious or unconscious. The mélange of the views – sometimes static, aerial, slow, accelerated, the mélange of time produced by a telescoping of the ancient ruins and the American city, climates and lights, day and night, produce a kaleidoscopic effect, like the probing head of an apparatus trying relentlessly to find visual synthesis and the tempo, the resonance of the universe capable of expressing the Whole.