

The sequences of the film PUPILA AL VIENTO (EYE IN THE WIND) seek to discover a relationship between the landscape and the forms of the human body, and this idea is expressed in the montage, which puts together the two types of images. The suggestion of analogy is achieved, for instance, in a beach sequence, where the shape of sand dunes is continued and repeated in the bodies of girls lying in the sun. The ripples in the sand are played against flowing hair; the shells scattered on the beach look like human ears and eyes and the starfish retraces the movements and gestures of the girls' arms.

This sequence is originated by and is in direct connection with the first part of the film that shows the loneliness and silence prevailing during the early years (around 1870) of the lighthouse at Punta del Este. The deserted beaches, the sea and the heaven are like enormous sets on which the players are the elements of nature: the fog, the wind, the waves, the free animals. The lighthouse watches over the scene. Its lantern of polished cristal, round as an eye, is ceaselessly turning over an apparently motionless, changeless landscape. The years pass on and on, and the translucent cristal seems to grind them, as if it were a heavy mill-wheel.

The landscape starts to change, at a quickening rythm, until that part of the Uruguayan seacoast becomes the fashionable resort, punta del Este. On the once lonely beach, umbrellas and cabañas spring up, like strange flowers, until they fill up the beach; the houses and villas cuddle up around the lighthouse, and the bigger buildings almost hide it from view. The sand dunes, ~~highly~~ lightly curved, remind the eye of human bodies lying in the sun. The sea is full of white sails gliding gracefully over the waves, like seagulls.

The film plays on this counterpoint of images, shapes and rhythms of yesterday and today, while the eye of the lighthouse remains as the sole witness of all the changes through the years. This counterpoint is continued by means of a contrast between a night of the past, illuminated by lightning, and a night of today, in which the light comes from the carnival rockets and fireworks. While this gay celebration goes on underneath, the eye in the wind gazes serenely into the night. Up in the cabin of the lighthouse keeper, a lonely shell keeps, within its spirals, the memory of the waves, suffused in music.