

artist's mother deeply into the terrain of the daughter's work. So close in fact that her mother challenges the very notion of intimacy as she voices the question in the film, "Why do you want to film me so close?"

This question, raised in what is by far Pucill's longest film (35min), might interestingly resonate with the one posed by Sigmund Freud, when he asked his young patient 'Dora' why she had sat so long before Raphael's *Sistine Madonna* staring at her. It is perhaps, as Helene Cixous has suggested of 'Dora's' case, that we are in the presence of a moment that reveals 'the capacity for an adoration that is not empty'. Indeed the fullness of Pucill's frames, that both envelop and fragment the faces and features of the feminine, question the relation between materiality and mortality. The question of death however, as Freud suggests in his essay the 'Three Caskets', always returns us to the mother. Pucill talks about the mourning process as a type of metaphoric pregnancy, a carrying from within; this emerges from the discussion with her mother about her own experience as a pregnant and nursing mother. The continual dis-placing in the moves between closing in and holding the frame enable the film to catch slips of phrases, questions, and complaints from the mother as they spill out as excesses, small murmurings that ultimately reveal much.

Of course the notion of spillage and excess resonate throughout many of the early pieces. In *You be Mother* (1990) animation is used to uncanny effect as it disturbs, whilst at the same moment presents, the domestic site of the kitchen table-top (a recurring space for several of Pucill's films). There, the simple banality of teatime is dislodged as pouring and jarring sounds are amplified against teacups and saucers that have fragments of the artist's face projected upon them. In *Backcomb* (1995), once again strange disruptions take place at the table, which becomes an opaque ground upon which white objects of crockery and glasses filled with milk sit amidst a mass of long black hair. The sight of the hair as it slowly entangles itself through the liquids and glass is both magical and horrific. This vision delivers us into the realms of surrealism via the domain of the feminine body fragment whilst enacting the demonic undercurrent of fairytales. Like the beautiful but wrong fur-covered cup by Oppenheimer, or Chadwick's *Loop the Loop* (an entwining of pig's intestines and braided hair), Pucill forces the abject into life.

However, it is finally with her latest film *Phantom Rhapsody* (2010), which nestles between the fields of magic, theatre, and art history that Pucill appears to conjure up the history of film. The silent grainy black and white film echoes with the past differently though.