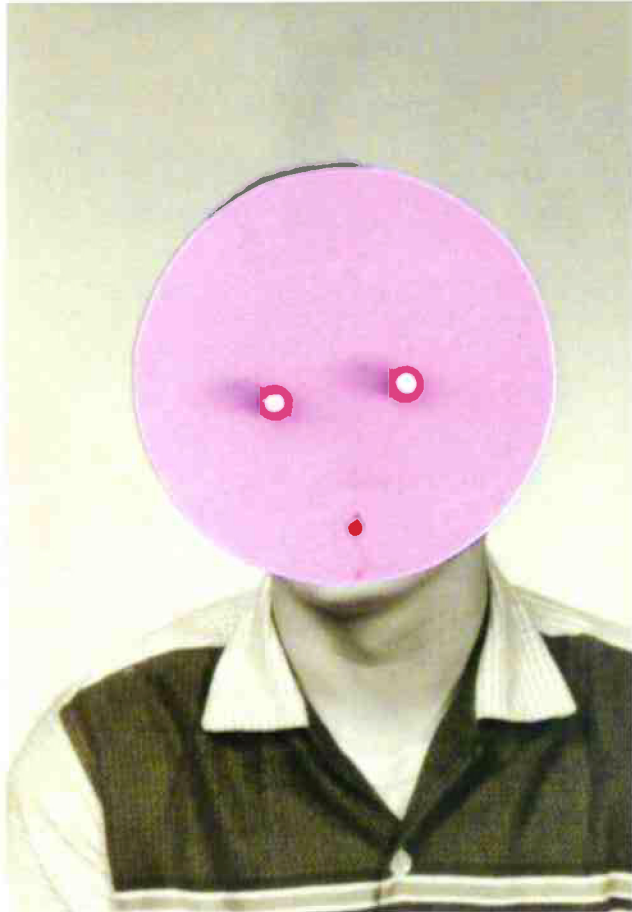


# Holes



**Emidio  
Puglielli**

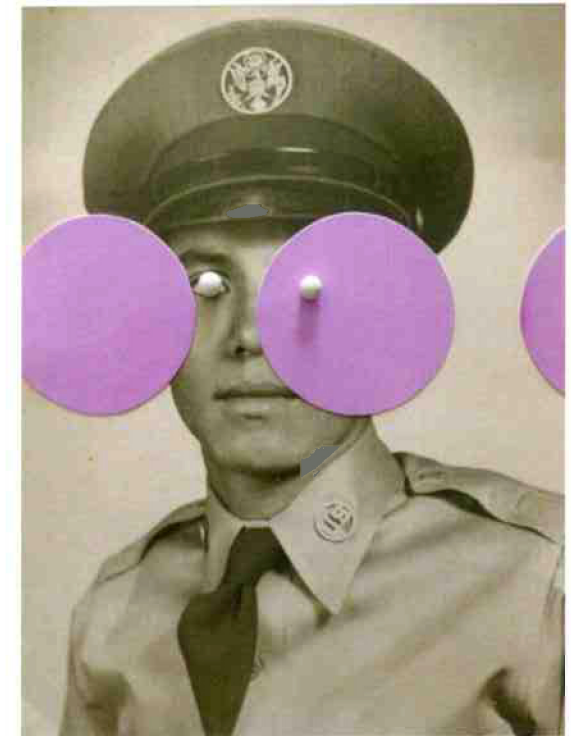
*To remember is, more and more,  
not to recall a story but to be able  
to call up a picture*

*Susan Sontag Regarding the Pain of Others*

This work depicts gaps in recall when looking at old photographs. For example, when viewing a group in an image, yes you recognize yourself, but who are all the other smiling people and where are we? As a trigger for memory, photographs are very helpful, but there are holes in our memory. I work within this gap, a myopic vision of missing information.

My tool kit for this work includes: found photographs, photographs I have taken, paper I have developed without negatives, map pins, paper-clips, felt-tip pen for film, various adhesive papers, tapes, glues, backing board and foam board.

EP 2016



**Holes: My Military Career** (detail) 2016  
Collage: photographs and map pins 170 x 120

< **Holes: Proof of Paternity** 2016  
Collage: photographs 140 x 100

<< **Holes: High School** (detail) 2016  
Collage: photographs and map pins 130 x 90

**Holes: The Kids** (detail) 2016  
Collage: photographs 160 x 210



Emidio Puglielli

# Holes

November 16 - December 3  
Twentysixteen

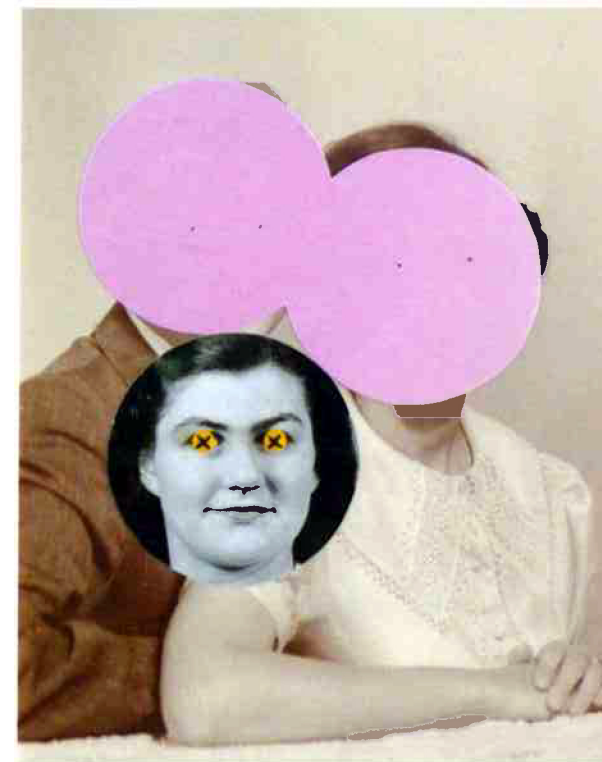
Stephen McLaughlan Gallery  
Nicholas Building Melbourne  
Room 816-37 Swanston Street  
(on the corner of Flinders Lane)



What's black and white and pink all over? And what does Emidio Puglielli *do* to photographs? What does he do to them / what do they make him do? Firstly, there is an act of salvation, because what *do* we do with all those old photographs? All of those traces of being there. And there. And then? Puglielli pricks his images, he pokes them with pins and with pink fingers. He makes holes. He makes holes through which to see. Like glasses, or goggles. Or a mask. Who does he want us to see? Who do we think we can see? What's the difference between a face and a mask? When we refer to a person we simultaneously conjure the performer. The etymology of the word itself invokes *persona*: an actor's mask. To be a person is to act a person. Being-acting. Acting-being. Performing ourselves for posterity. A slash of purple in a diagonal wedge. It's Batman! BATMAN. batman. Or maybe it's Robin. It's all in the eyes. THE EYES. Look into the eyes. Look out. And the hands, those hands, holding fast and very still. *You're not going anywhere little one*. These masked crusaders are the superheroes of stickiness. It is interesting perhaps how the caring touch can be mistranslated to that of a stranglehold. Or a straitjacket. Pinky-purple fingers stickup and down like stalac/stalag-tite/mites. Like tombstones. With eyes. Why is everything always *like* something? Someone told me once that they were taught not to use metaphors. That metaphors are *violent*. I think it is violent to instruct against expression. I shall have their head on a stick! Puglielli's heads are not on sticks but they have been stuck-on. Covered and cut-out with the things that we are not meant to *see* in photographs. As in, the photographic surface itself. Is it a self? It certainly is a carrier. Of meaning, of memory. Of who we were and where we came from. *But who are those fucking people anyway?* Is the opposite of copyright copywrong? And when all has been archived to the attic, to the back shed, to the storage unit, to the front counter of a charity shop, right or wrong, what is it exactly that we are meant to hold onto? The thing about memory, the <shock> of memory, is how flimsy it really is. All that precious time becomes nothing, really. Fragments. Bytes. The Cloud is outperforming us already. It is the better person. We lose. Our minds, our memories, our selves. Holding onto images whose meaning resides solely in the surface because we can't go back *there*. Or there. Or then. Resemblance stretches like jelly, like Mickey Mouse's ears. We all look the same in the end. We should stick together, or perhaps we do. Does everything fade or are we part of some cosmic infinity where particles collide and reform? Echo-o. Hello, my lovely. And what does it matter if we can't recognise any more? Where is she now? Who is this smiling boy with long hair? He is of his time. He is punctured by his time and look, see, he is having a beautiful time. Paperclips are beautiful. They have not had their time and have not yet been made obsolescent. They still exist. And they hold, not much, but enough to keep it together. Paperclips are nosy and on the edge. Holes are empty. They are everything that has gone missing and yet, they are pointers. They show us the way through. Like a pin on a map. Like an eyeglass. Like a little eye, I spy, I want to fall into the hole and remember everything. I want to go to the Unified Field. Surely it's all still there, just need to try a little harder to recall, that time. Yes, then. But that bastard image will disqualify the thought, scatty thing that it is. It reigns superior, it IS memory. And everything else is a bit of a jumble really. But it's probably my fault. Or yours. Still, I don't wish for a photographic memory because I don't want to remember like pictures do, I want to trace the hole with my finger, my nose, my tongue. But I don't really know where the edge is anymore, do you? Tracing holes is a comfort, making a mark for now, of then, showing us something to see. The full frame, the whole image. Everything is exposed, including the paper. It is such a lovely pink. Like flesh, the flesh of the image. And it peels back to reveal nothing. Again, and again. So mesmerising is this nothingness that it sticks. Wholeheartedly. Marking the spot. An embarrassed zebra.

CF 2016

Chantal Faust is an artist, writer and Senior Tutor in Critical and Historical Studies at the Royal College of Art, London.



*Holes: The Wedding(s)* (detail) 2016  
Collage: photographs and map pins 160 x 120

*Holes: Fingered* 2016  
Collage: photographs 100 x 130

