

There is a nuanced absence to Huicho's photography, one put to work and rigorously maintained. The contexts in each piece are either fore fronted or removed entirely rendering time fragmented or rather drained of its linear sleight of hand, the photograph here as illustrating the absence of a smooth continuum at some transitioning level of presence.

Here, for me, are some of the particularly striking images collected here:

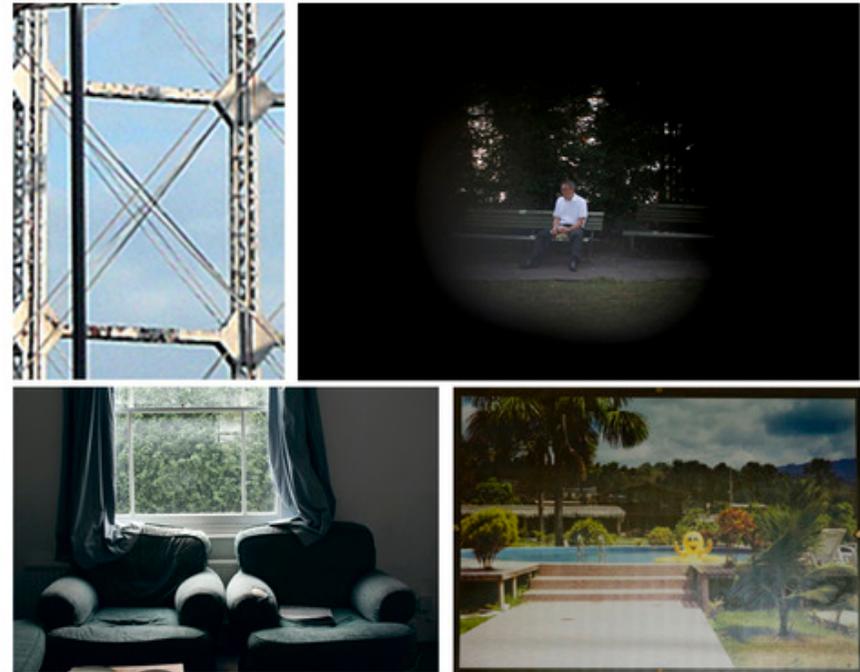
The rawly buzzed image of a Pylon

Two empty armchairs side by side with heavily indented, clearly moulded cushions that bore a stain of domestic weight.

The unsettling 'Jungle Octopus' recalls either childhood nostalgia or the aftermath of a massacre.

The work invites our impositions even as it serves to undo them. One cannot help but read into them fictions of your own devising and it is this particular tension that renders the work so remarkable.

These pieces were written as a response to that invitation and while they inevitably illustrate the impossibility of pinning these images down they were for me a discovery, a way into the work and represent my attempt to accurately document that response.



The old man's voice was calm, not self consciously calm or measured rather his voice followed the natural pitch, modulations and evolutions the particular subject had brought to bear on it. Likewise everything quantifiable about the old man's presence was entirely consistent with itself and one could not even say that the lack of drama in his tone was itself dramatic or that the speech was inherently boring because of its common place-ness or that it was indeed common place. Perhaps there was an ambient neuronal swarm gathered behind his abeyant musculature that hummed at the edge of becoming and which elided the two of them with a strange charge of time.

All that you can really say was that something occurred in their relations, a change that was real and emanated but from which intent and causation had been liberated despite the unilateral direction of power's drift. The old man was condemning the other to an experience one, further more, unanchored by event. The old man had just needed to talk and now everything was out of his hands and soon they would both see this and the experience would thankfully start to deteriorate as each started to become aware of themselves in relation to the other.

....

You are in a room with a woman who resembles your mother. You do not speak though occasionally the woman who resembles your mother will regard you for a moment or two. There is a tenderness in this look that would be unequivocal but for the pity beginning to seed out from her heart, arms branching forward from the cracked bean of torso.

If the woman who resembles your mother looks at you for longer than this the resembling woman's face will gradually shift into one of confusion and horror. It is as if she has lost something. Her eyes widen and the mouth draws an invisible circle around itself. You cannot look at the resembling woman now without feeling the invisible, labouring processes of your own body. Materiality is a limit, fossils are just hidden in things that already are.

If the resembling woman looks at you for any length of time she will begin to fold and break into herself like a chicken entering a coop. The woman who resembles your mother's forehead will begin to bead with sweat, her elbows dislocate, her forearms windmill and she drops to the floor as if through a hole and then it is over.

by Thomas Kendall