

## **What Might Have Happened...**

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by - Ghostwriter

Victor Cobo is specifically in pursuit of the abstractions of life. He uses the medium of digital photography to get close to personalities he encounters, running with them, exploring their psyche with persuasion and temptation.

Cobo exposes the raw nature of who we are. His images are often cloaked in harsh white light mixed with vacant spaces. This triggers an emotional fascination in me that runs rampant as I try to recount what might have happened during the experience. A self-absorbed theatrical component even further complicates how I come to understand and react to these real or imagined realms. Free will is not necessarily a given when one enters this void and certainly there is no singular prescription to the terms of these encounters. Through these visually visceral engagements, desire enters while boundaries are blurred and expectations pushed. "Are the antics of these people staged?" Much of the work brings me to the question, "what I am doing as a viewer in this darkness and what will come next after feeling as though I have involuntarily become a participant?" These are my reactions when I see what Cobo has recorded with a deftness of this type of subject I rarely see.

Similarly to the characters in his dramatic scenario, many of the pieces appear to have been weathered over time by both nature's destructive elements and the human hand, while being blinded by a constant light for hope. Although at first captured digitally, there is a uniquely organic quality to the works. Not to mention the play between hyper-sexual images and those that are more naive, almost childlike in their playfulness. The juxtaposition is hauntingly beautiful.

I find myself also wanting to become part of these seductive delusions of grandeur. The viewer might walk away feeling as though they are just as much a voyeur as the artist who engaged with these mysterious strangers. We must ask ourselves, "who wouldn't want to succumb to the longing of transcending themselves?" Even if only for a few moments, as it has and always will be one of the principle appetites of the human soul.

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