

**Eduardo Gil hits twice.**

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Today more than ever, Argentina is a reflection that includes the most varied procedures –intellectual, aesthetic, concrete-, just as impassioned as profoundly dispassionate. Today, Argentina is that over which we debate –land and concept- like a great arena where she herself –that word, that physiognomy, its contents- tears up her own clothing without knowing exactly what it is that she’s tearing. But without a doubt there’s something that tugs, something between fright and astonishment, that more than anything –even continually, even insistently- clamors to leave us routinely perplexed.

The first discovery –and we find ourselves among many of them in the course of this encounter- of the first book by cult photographer Eduardo Gil –teacher of important Argentinean photographers-, is that Argentina in lowercase letters and between parenthesis which acts both as title and motion for contempt. In (*argentina*), Eduardo Gil has understood something in relation with the terrain that is struggled over, something about what it is that’s struggled for, and he seems to have discovered that, when all is said and done, it didn't have to do with epic battles, nor great deployments, but rather with something more subtle and more blatant at the same time: a series of specters before which another series of hands, symbols, flags and glances flutter, at times concealing and at times combating.

Eduardo Gil focuses on the detail that makes the view effective, exerting a mark, almost a wound. There, where at first everything seemed to fit together, where the scene becomes innocuous, where there seems to be no chance for declarations or for suspicion; there where the debate already seems to be lost due to the static of the structure, due to the certainty that the scene produces on the certainties of those who give it shape, it’s precisely there that Gil’s camera centers in on, and that framing, like a chain reaction, produces the debate and then the rupture. It breaks the scene forever. In that social crack, his photographs simultaneously reveal and provoke, his aesthetic procedure observes, crops, accentuates, obtains and establishes its aim: and there, it fires.

Eduardo Gil, creator of the Talleres de Estética Fotográfica, photography professor at the Asociación Estímulo de Bellas Artes, founder of the Núcleo de Autores Fotográficos, curator of Foto Espacio at the Centro Cultural Recoleta for four years, creator and director of the Fotogalería at the Museo de Artes Plásticas of Chivilcoy, contributor to the most important international press, panelist of the most important national and international competitions, to mention just a few of the activities that make up part of his work, showed his personal work in more than 180 exhibitions –just as much individual as collective-, in Argentina and around the world, and is included in, with his photographic production, the permanent collections of museums and international institutions, as well as valuable private collections.

Eduardo Gil's (*argentina*) concentrates on Buenos Aires, because, it must be said, Gil doesn't take tourist photos, those photos that –whether good or bad- select a sample and from the refuge of the lens open up the landscape's element of distance, or carry out, in the exhibition, a phenomenical catalog. Eduardo Gil, on the other hand, exposes himself in the view and the cropping that his photos crystallize. It isn't the exhibition of 'the other' that Gil's lens unveils, but rather the posing of the question about an 'otherness' which simultaneously reflects, concentrates, represents and stigmatizes.

In that exhibition of the view –its view, that of the country- which Eduardo Gil effectuates, he literally touches a reality that almost screams out to identify itself. These photos that span 15 years –from 1985 to 2000- of a steady maneuvering of the vantage point, achieve the discovery of rituals and secrets of a social and political history bound by the skill of an aesthetically impeccable and eloquent procedure.

(*argentina*) is a voyage that traverses the consistency and inconsistency –that searches for them- of the questions concerning this country, and the beliefs and certainties that compose it.

The photos in Eduardo Gil's first book are anonymous paradigms that with their own mystery –the author

doesn't tell us anything about their conception or context- leave us confronting our own phantasmal representations, creating a double game: through concealment, it exposes.

This fascinating photographer's Argentina is a concept hidden between parenthesis and meridians, from which Gil, humbly and with a genuine necessity to know and discover, unveils a view that, without vestments or tears, without hits below the belt or equivocal discourses, cultivates an intelligent national tale, a real photographic narration, where twisted scenarios, military delusions, adhesions, raised hands, legacies, the pain encased by a bikini, deafness and blindness due to the proximity of contact, the refuge of ambiguous flags, more adhesions, farce, faith and more flags, construct and stage a new territory that's always present but nonetheless never seen as such, until now, composed by (*argentina*).