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ART REVIEW

In an Ironic Lens, a Latin Myth Evaporates

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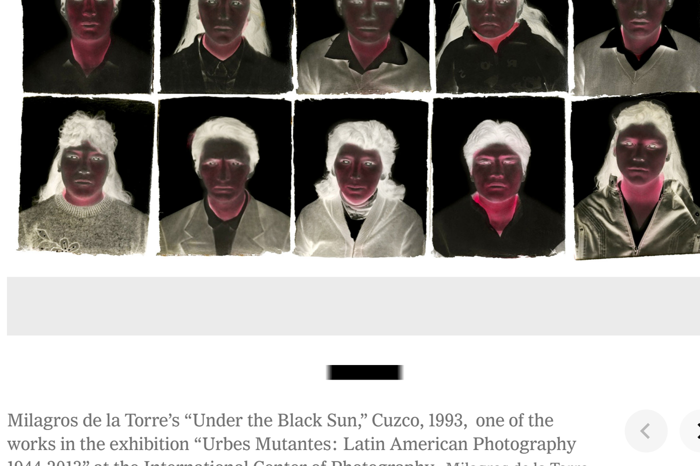

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Milagros de la Torre's "Under the Black Sun," Cuzco, 1993, one of the works in the exhibition "Urbes Mutantes: Latin American Photography 1944-2013" at the International Center of Photography. Milagros de la Torre, Collection Leticia and Stanislas Poniatowski

By Holland Cotter

June 19, 2014

A Latin American spring is about to turn into a Latin American summer in New York City art museums. Purely, it seems, by chance, a record number of institutions have recently opened significant shows of work from South America and the Caribbean. The International Center of Photography, as usual one step ahead of the curve, has two.

The larger, "Urbes Mutantes: Latin American Photography 1944-2013," is a roomy survey of some 200 small, mostly black-and-white pictures that fit, with trimming and squeezing, into the genre of "street photography." The second is a solo devoted to a single artist, the contemporary Brazilian photographer Caio Reisewitz, whose big color images of tropical rain forests offer a lush antidote to urban grit, Manhattan's included.

"Urbes Mutantes" — "Mutant Cities" — comes with potential liabilities. Street photography, roughly defined as documentary-style pictures of ordinary city life, has had, by now, a long and somewhat shopworn history. It gains interest here, though, because nothing about life in the eight countries represented — Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Cuba, Mexico, Peru and Venezuela — seems ordinary at all, at least as seen through artists' eyes.

The survey format can be a chore to navigate unless sharpened with a narrative or propelled by a concrete theme. Neither is in evidence here, yet the exhibition, sorted out under loose labels, works. Looseness, in this case, feels like strategy.

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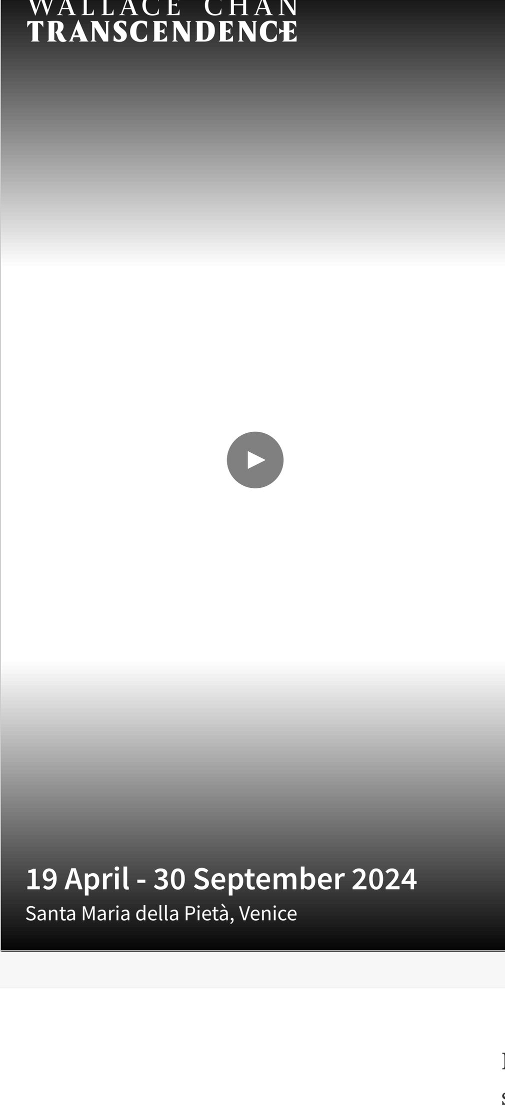


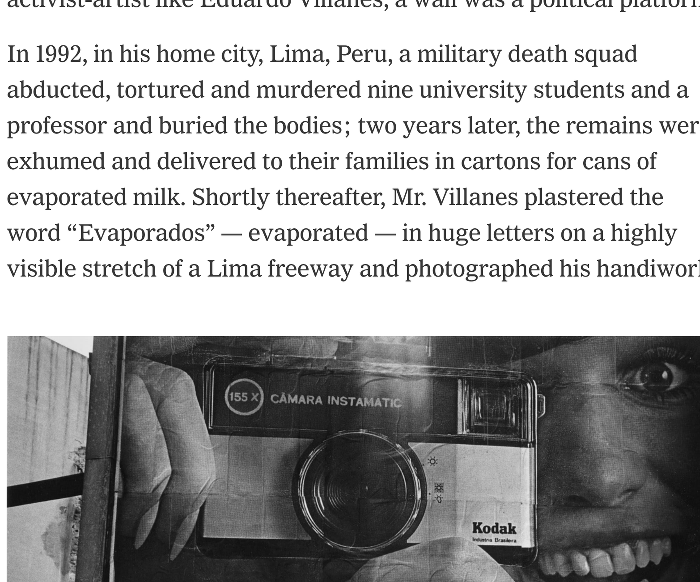
It encourages you to drift, take in pictures slowly, one by one, as separate events rather than parts of a scripted flow. And it accommodates images that not only move beyond genre — there's some decidedly nonstreet photography here — but also beyond stereotypes customarily called on to package art as "Latin American." Those stereotypes are here, but so is a whole lot else.

A section devoted entirely to images of city walls gives a sense of the variety. One of the earlier photographers here, Héctor García (1923-2012), seems to have been inspired by the revolutionary fervor of the Mexican mural painting tradition in his photographs of striking workers. But so, in a very different way, and for entirely unsentimental reasons, is one of the youngest participants, Maya Goded, in 2005.

Roberto Fantozzi finds the components of serene still life — a hat hanging from a nail, a toothbrush left on a shelf — on a shadowed wall in Cuzco, Peru, in 1979. In a 1963 photograph by Daniel González, who was at the time a member of an avant-garde Venezuelan group called the Techo de la Ballena, or the Whale's Roof, a punched-through outdoor wall is a proscenium framing a drama: a second wall scrawled with passionate emblems (an impaled heart) and violent words ("Our hate will be implacable, and war will be carried out until death"), and, in a distance, the skyscrapers of a newly wealthy Caracas standing like targets in a gun sight.

To the Swiss-born photographer Barbara Brändli the wall, in her adopted city, Caracas, was a chaos of advertising copy and directional signage. To the Colombian photojournalist Fernell Franco (1942-2006), it was an abstract span of blistered plaster, but also a relic of a beloved city, Cali, then under demolition. And to an activist-artist like Eduardo Villanes, a wall was a political platform.

In 1992, in his home city, Lima, Peru, a military death squad abducted, tortured and murdered nine university students and a professor and buried the bodies; two years later, the remains were exhumed and delivered to their families in cartons for cans of evaporated milk. Shortly thereafter, Mr. Villanes plastered the word "Evaporados" — evaporated — in huge letters on a highly visible stretch of a Lima freeway and photographed his handiwork.



Paolo Gasparini's "This Sky We See Here" (1972). Paolo Gasparini, Collection Leticia and Stanislas Poniatowski

As different as they are, all the pictures in this section share one notable feature: They are practically empty of street life. The human figure, the standard vehicle for stories and emotions, not to mention cultural clichés, is missing. Possibly this reflects balances in the source from which the show is drawn. Everything comes from a single private collection, owned by Leticia and Stanislas Poniatowski.

More likely, the choice is deliberate. The playing down of the human presence here, and in another section devoted to architecture, is in line with the clear aim of the exhibition's organizers — Alexis Fabry, curator of the Poniatowski collection, and María Wills, a curator at the Museo de Arte del Banco de la República in Bogotá, where "Urbes Mutantes" originated — to break with an ethnographic view of Latin America as poor, backward and regressively religious that is fixed in North American minds.

And when figures do appear — they dominate much of the rest of show — they come in hard-to-pin-down varieties: politicians, pool players, office workers, lovers, prostitutes, prisoners, students, athletes, peasants, soldiers, revolutionaries, children. There's a sprinkling of V.I.P.s. Frida Kahlo shows up, courtesy of Lola Álvarez Bravo. So does Fidel Castro, though secondhand (on the cover of a book). But the most alluring celebrities are those that photographers help create: the Chilean cross-dresser named Evelyn in Paz Errázuriz's portraits; Armando Cristeto's Mexican bodybuilders; the tenderly kissing couple shot by Roberto Fontana in a psychiatric hospital.

Images of poverty and violence are here, too, many and moving. Indigenous peoples, at the bottom of the economic heap, look stranded and lost in cities, judging by the too few pictures of them. By contrast, documents of the political terrors of the 20th century are everywhere. In a 1986 picture by the Chilean photographer Claudio Pérez, an exhausted anti-Pinochet protester leans his head on the arm of a riot policeman who's pulling him into a van to an unknown fate. Thirteen years earlier, Christián Montecino (1946-73) had documented just such arrests before being kidnapped and killed.

These events and visual records are the meat of a continent's history, though that history has other facets, too. It's there in Paolo Gasparini's shots of shop windows, as packed with period information as Warhol's time capsules; in Luis Molina-Pantin's photos of narcotecture mansions built by Colombian drug lords; in Milagros de la Torre's hand-tinted "racially improved" versions of Cuzco street portraits; and in Alexander Apóstol's 1994 self-portrait as a skinny, wedge-headed Latin American punk backed into a corner and ready to pounce.

Mr. Apóstol has newer work of a very different kind, in "Beyond the Supersquare" at the Bronx Museum of the Arts, a fascinating meditation on the complex relationship between Latin American design and Modernism. And that connection also turns up in the International Center of Photography's Caio Reisewitz show, organized by Christopher Phillips.

Mr. Reisewitz's pictures, with their visions of dense subtropical growth and extravagant colonial church interiors, seem to project exactly the exoticized Latin-Americanness that the large show tries to avoid. Yet his images of unspoiled wilderness are not what they seem. In reality, the jungle he photographs is a last stand of Atlantic rain forest under continuing siege. In one picture of just-cleared land, smoke is rising from the earth; in another, an exposed patch of the area's famously fertile orange soil looks fire red.

The forest itself is only about 100 miles from São Paulo, which, architecturally, with its Oscar Niemeyer designs, is a Modernist city par excellence. You see it rising, blinding white, in the distance, and its edges are spreading, the way European culture and religion spread unstoppably over the centuries in the so-called New World. He gives the invasiveness visual form in digital collages that splice together country and town. In them, police with shields march the forest floor; the slums of Rio de Janeiro hang from trees. Eden is diseased.

Yet in one 2010 photograph, the energy is different, calm. It's a straightforward shot of the Casa das Canoas, the house that Niemeyer built for himself in the hills of Rio. He walled it almost entirely in glass and surrounded it with high bushes and trees. He wanted to have the effect of vegetation entering the rooms, and that's the illusion captured in Mr. Reisewitz's picture.

It's a picture of a perpetually mutating house. Indoors becoming outdoors. Culture becoming nature. Old becoming truly new. Hope — maybe hope against hope — is the takeaway from this lovely picture and show, as it is from the rich, unspectacular, evenhanded survey. To the "Latin America" our museums have long given us, we say goodbye.

"Urbes Mutantes: Latin American Photography 1944-2013" and "Caio Reisewitz" run through Sept. 7 at the International Center of Photography, 1133 Avenue of the Americas, at 43rd Street; 212-857-0000, icp.org.

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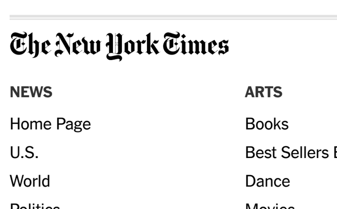

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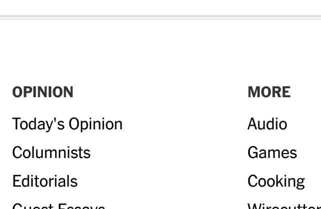

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