



Frida Kahlo, Mexico

Self-Portrait with Monkeys (Autorretrato con monos), 1943

ART OF THE FANTASTIC

ELIZABETH HANLY

There's been nothing like it for twenty years. "Art of the Fantastic" it's been christened, this retrospective of modern Latin painting. Reverón's nudes in a blur of light. Morales' quiet, his nudes all silver, soft with longing. Tsuchiya: more nudes, many faces, not always benevolent, always sure. Frida Kahlo, as primal as any of Tsuchiya's women. Frida who nevertheless outsurrealists the surrealists, who stared down pain until in her portraits it became something else. Xul Solar, spiritual brother to Kandinsky, a Cubist sometimes in service to stripes. Lam, a Cubist in service to the ancient African gods of Cuba. Tamayo, the supreme colorist, the percussionist of painters. Gironella with his "Insane intention to paint time," his redoing of the Spanish masters a la Dada. Botero of the marvelous wit and the superb fatties, who brought the world *Mona Lisa, Age Twelve*. Amaral, Georgia O'Keeffe with Brazilian pacing and underpinnings of Cézanne. Colunga, heir to El Greco and very nearly jolly in his handling of things dark and deadly. Aizenberg, who manages to paint silence without violating its mystery. Vallauri with his devotion to pattern, to kitsch and low-life, to reinvention. And more than a dozen more. At The Queens Museum in Flushing, New York through December 6th, 718-592-5555.