



Colette: *No Place Like Home*

Contempo Nostalgia

William Zimmer

Colette—Eugenia Cucalon, 145 E. 72nd St., to June 11

One of Colette's new works is the dress she wore to Rauschenberg's opening pressed under glass and annotated with a snapshot of her with the man of the hour. This might be called contempo-nostalgia; something fresh is instantly infused with memory, sort of like freeze-drying.

The airless and the fresh are the poles of Colette's work. Her room, lined with puffy, baby blue satin, though luxurious like an odalisque's odah, reminds me of the fabled room Proust repaired to for remembering. Colette is obviously at home; her room is the location of many pieces in which she stars or obliquely refers to herself. One piece, *Tomorrow I Start My Diet...*, features a fat Botero woman where we are used to seeing Colette's beautiful self. Her relaxing is deceptive. Her mind is running all the time, running through the centuries and across continents creating her own Museum Without Walls.

Her lounging is rather innocent, but her hero worship knows no shame. She feels the need to sweeten Carl Andre by tacking satin puffs to one of his pieces in Germany. Michelangelo's *David* is her main man. A goad to her, perhaps a sexual counterpart, he is a constant reminder of Greatness with a large G.

Most of the pieces in this show are photo-documented remembrances of past days when Soho was her oyster. In the early Seventies Colette wove her way through the streets painting what she calls her "symbols" on the pavement and sidewalks. This code of dots and arched dashes arranged itself into items of David's anatomy. This was exciting: she was bugged by the police and photographed by Arnold Newman. That spirit would be hard to recapture now that Soho has grown into propriety.

Now, one gathers, she spends most of her time indoors, making back-lit wall pieces in the assemblage spirit of Rauschenberg. Her repose might be just a

Tony Moore lays on graphite thickly, as if it were paint. Skirting niceties it might be said that today's drawings are little paintings, but then Johns has made some drawings whose size boggles.

Down to particulars: there are some interesting things in this exploratory show. I like the way Charlotte Shoemaker's grids go haywire. These wire grids cast shadows on the paper, making another kind of line. David Phillips uses stones in his drawings. The potential discord is tamed; the stones inject literal ponderosity and made me think of the stone as used in lithography. Elsewhere the stones are used anecdotally as if they are suspended from painted cords. Cair Crawford's dense collage drawings argue that drawing doesn't mean a relaxation in application. Frances Heatherington's blithe ink lines on graph paper are a foil to this, and Mark Krieger's watercolor abstractions have a tonal richness that is rare in that medium.

