

## PEOPLE YOU SHOULD KNOW

Word is out that artists have replaced rock-star heroes of the Sixties. One such artist worth watching is Colette—a fragile-looking, Tunisian-born woman who has already had several noteworthy exhibitions.

Visitors to a prestigious Manhattan gallery were recently overwhelmed by the sheer beauty of a room magically transformed into a dreamlike universe. Colette had draped every available space with voluptuous parachute silk from World War I and became part of the tableau herself by reclining silently and seductively on an enormous milk-white bed.

Equally impressive was the second room; a series of six foot sculptural canvases of overly decorated, glamorously costumed or innocent-looking women, re-



flecting the infinite changes that most women go through each day.

When Colette isn't experimenting with some new material or idea in her Wall Street studio, she may be extending her art onto the city streets. In order to avoid police harassment, Colette begins work at 5

A.M. Attired in a floppy hat, overalls, and dramatic make-up, she rapidly uses buckets of creamy paint, leaving behind elongated "lips" or a gigantic "ear" formed by her private language of dots and dashes.

Not only is Colette totally committed to making art—she too is an art piece. Putting together unlikely combinations of new and old clothing, she makes them instantly unique—an antique silver brooch, a camellia in her hair, or a floor-length royal blue suit attract favorable attention.

Colette's unbroken rule is that she never makes rules. And her resiliency keeps her optimistic in this male-dominated and competitive field. Her work can be seen at New York's Stefanotty Gallery, 50 West 57th Street.—Rose Hartman

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