



BEAT GIRL

WENDY
CASE

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Night on fashion runway proves it's not all fame and flashbulbs

Before we get started, how about a little somethin' for the ladies?

Gals, you know how it is. You watch those fashion shows on cable TV with the emaciated Amazons strutting up and down the runway and you grumble to your friends about how these pampered, powdered pretties have it made.

Well, you're probably right. But thanks to the creators of Composite, a combination installation, fashion show, art exhibit, music event and performance piece held last Saturday at 2000 Brooklyn in Detroit, I was able to see things from the other side of the catwalk.

After being solicited by the lovely and talented Amy Abott, the show's producer, I signed on to be a model. I figured the extent of my duties would be to throw on some duds and trot down a runway. Little did I realize the amount of work that goes into something like this.

We (the models) spent most of our time hoppin' around half naked on one shoe trying to change clothes while the Salon Sydney girls chased us with teasing combs and lip liner, and designer Annica Cuppetelli shouted to her assistant: "Where are my alcoholics?!" and "The insanity people need more gauze!"

It was fun, but it was definitely work. So next time you are perturbed by the sight of Naomi Campbell's haughty smirk as she glides toward the camera, know that, in about 60 seconds, she's Ronna be worked over like a ham hock in a dog fight. Thought you'd like to know.

Anyway, keep an eye on the above-mentioned folks as well as artists Julie Meitz and Michael Segal. Together, they provided a very unusual and entertaining time for us all.