



The New York Times *Style* Magazine

## Out There | Mystery Theater

CULTURE | By KEVIN MCGARRY | FEBRUARY 1, 2012, 12:27 PM



A performance in the breakfast room by the group My Barbarian. *Stefanie Keenan/WireImage*

What was Saturday's mysterious Ball of Artists in Beverly Hills? It was not a "katamari" of palettes and berets trundling over and subsuming all M.F.A.-holders in its path. The ball, which brought the **Pacific Standard Time Performance and Public Art Festival** to a close, was an ephemeral extravaganza produced by the nonprofit space LAXART.

The evening began in shuttle buses that ferried black-tie guests from the Beverly Hills Civic Center to the mansion's majestic arrival court, where a path flanked by Veuve-Clicquot cater-waiters in period garb led to an inscrutable set of twins resembling "Cremaster" extras, Daphne Guinness or some other opulent Anglo-Saxon being. Beyond them, Eamon Ore-Giron's "Purplish Haze" billowed out of the courtyard gates as the first (artist-made) art of the night.

What could have been bedlam unfurled as enchantment. Rumored to be haunted, the mansion indeed was: by uniformed rangers tightly controlling crowds. (The site has been a city park since 1971.) The campfire stories of the fire marshal enforcing an installation's capacity came to life before guests' eyes! But with only 1,000 people allowed on the premises, there was air to breathe, to wander and to entirely lose oneself in the parquet maze. To the organizers' credit, the finite guest list prioritized many artists in addition to those who had work there. Walead Beshty, Dawn Kasper, Fritz Haeg, Andrea Longacre-White, Brendan Fowler, Rodney McMillan, Naomi Fisher and Jim Drain, to name a few, helped the ball pass as an art gala for (at least somewhat), rather than just by, artists. One of the only celebrities in sight was Whitney Port, of "The Hills" and "The City," whose enduring onscreen stares may qualify her as a performance artist anyway.

One of the first of the many timed performances was the most memorable. In the living room, Mungo Thomson assembled 12 violinists and a handful of wind and percussion instrumentalists to perform a suite adapted from 20 field recordings of crickets composed and conducted by Michael Webster. The first recital was timed with the sunset: day turned into night through the latticed windows backing the musicians, and a captive audience listened as the rigid notations became figments of nature.

There were no trick bookcases or trap doors, but, yes, there were clandestine rooms, accessible with different buttons. The one that said "I am an Artist" was a good one to have, but not as good as "Soy un Artista," which granted entry to the basement "There Will Be Blood" bowling alley, where Casa Dragones doled out flutes of its \$275-a-bottle tequila. The artist Eduardo Sarabia conceived the room's ambience: a photographer shot prom Polaroids before a faux-colonial tableau involving a stuffed zebra, and the Guadalajara-based duo Los Master Plus pumped up the jams for a dance party in the lanes. "I Know a Secret" entitled the wearer to ascend from the tequila party up a turret, atop which the artist Glenn Kainos had procured a croupier to deal cards for an exclusive class of gamblers.

Another form of debauchery transpired on the veranda. A nine-foot orb wrought of garbage bag material, by Eamonn Fox, contained its own party of nearly naked people. Head-size slits in the plastic made partygoers privy to what was happening inside, and it was a feast for the senses, including smell. Beside it, the constant clicking of Julian Hoeber's shuttering spotlight exchanged Morse code with another light across the city. Elsewhere, replacing the Champagne greeters in the front, Jedediah Caesar and Flora Wiegmann's re-creation of the Lumière Brothers' "Danse Serpentine" trained a light on a woman robed in white. As she spun, a light illuminated her costume as it phased through different hues. Clowns breaking dishes, glow-in-the-dark chrysanthemums, cucumbers suspended like Han Solo in a wall of ice — there was no shortage of diversions from an otherwise already engrossing location. Before the suckling pig sliders were served, remarks were delivered in the courtyard and China Chow was surreptitiously adamant that she stand at a certain spot on the fountain for a certain view of the speakers. Following the obligatory thank yous, in his capacity as master of ceremonies, the artist David Lamelas led a moment of silence in the name of conceptual art's broad acceptance. A beat later, the synthy start of Corey Hart's "Sunglasses at Night" came over the P.A. system, cuing Chow and a couple dozen others evenly scattered around the yard to shoot their hands over their heads, drop on their shades and commence a flash mob choreography for the song, engineered by Alex Israel. In that scene, certain shades of the 1980s, the art world, Hollywood and the night itself coalesced — dark, silly and decadent, but also whimsical, wonderful and inspired.



Morgan Fisher's film installation on the second floor.



The band Los Master Plus in Eduardo Sarabia's environment in the bowling alley.





Jedediah Caesar with Flora Wiegmann's re-creation of "Danse Serpentine" on the arrival court.



Eamonn Fox's self-contained "Part Ball" full of revelers, on the veranda.



The kitchen filled with sweets at the ball's end.



A performance of "Crickets," Mungo Thompson's chamber music mimicking field recordings of crickets, composed and conducted by Michael Webster.

## LA WEEKLY

### Ball of Artists Crashes Greystone Mansion With Nude Party Ball and Clowns Breaking Plates



Carol Cheh

Dancer Alexa Weir enchants in a serpentine fashion, while choreographers Jed Caesar and Flora Wiegmann look on

On Saturday night, LAXART and the Getty threw a lavish Ball of Artists, billed as the "culminating event" of the [Pacific Standard Time Performance and Public Art Festival](#) (which, in case you haven't noticed, has been going gangbusters for the past two weeks).

Although the press release positioned the event as a serious collection of artistic "interventions" and performances, it came off more as a gigantic appreciation party for L.A. artists, their friends and supporters. And when the Getty throws a party like this, believe me, you feel appreciated.

The event was black tie, invitation-only, and took place at no less than the iconic Greystone Mansion in Beverly Hills, a haunted estate with a checkered past and a long list of location shooting credits. Hordes of extremely well-dressed people started showing up around 5, for a party that lasted until 10. Although I was there for most of that expanse of time, I left with the strange feeling that I'd only been there for about 10 minutes.





Carol Cheh

#### Welcome to the Ball of Artists

Perhaps it was the copious amounts of mind-bending free booze, which flowed from well-stocked bars that appeared at every corner. Perhaps it was the 20-odd performances, film screenings, and art installations that were happening simultaneously, tucked into various nooks and crannies of the old mansion, sending everyone on an art-themed version of the game Clue. Or perhaps it was just the sheer giddiness of hanging out with your (very drunk) friends and peers at this stunning, historic estate, which is normally inaccessible to the public -- the fantasy equivalent of having a house party while your parents are away on vacation.



Stefanie Keenan

An orchestra performs cricket noises

I managed to [live-tweet](#) much of this event as I scuttled from bar to bar and room to room. There aren't many events I've said this about, but the Ball of Artists may actually have been better live-tweeted rather than fully reviewed in the traditional narrative form that I'm in right now. I don't think I was able to give anything much real thought or consideration, immersed as I was in a haze of frenetic, inebriated festivity. Momentary pleasures and glimpses were everything.





Carol Cheh

Scott Benzel's band does its best to ignore the audience

In one room, Mungo Thomson organized a small orchestra of classical musicians to perform *Crickets*, a charming series of short musical interludes based on field recordings.

In another room, Scott Benzel had a band of contemporary musicians face a panel of mirrors, their backs to the audience, while playing a catchy, punkish set of tunes. A friend described their backwards, mirrored pose as "fuck you / nevermind." Meanwhile, back at the front entrance plaza, Jedediah Caesar and Flora Wiegmann spotlighted a breathtaking serpentine dance performance by Alexa Weir.



Stefanie Keenan

Party Ball

Out on the terrace, I was tickled to see *Party Ball*, a [roving project](#) by some old colleagues of mine from Long Beach State, in full effect. Inside of a giant ball made out of wood, garbage bags, and glitter, a group of friends, led by artist Eamonn Fox, drank themselves into oblivion, making lively conversation with passers-by as they slowly stripped their clothes off, stuffing pieces of it into the ball's armature as they went. The *Party Ball* is literally a "ball of artists," and its presence was like a concentrated ball of energy in the midst of dissipated chaos. *Party Ball* traditionally ends with full nudity, and so it did on this night as well, underneath clear moonlight and on top of 100-year-old stone floors.



Stefanie Keenan

The crowd, with Greystone Mansion behind them

Although we did pretty well catching various performances, we missed a lot of stuff too, most significantly the entire billiard room/bowling alley experience, which many raved about. Apparently there were photo ops with a zebra mannequin, and a wild dance party in the same bowling alley that was used in the final scenes of *There Will Be Blood*.

Also, at some point, clowns broke dishes.



Stefanie Keenan

Clowns about to break plates



P A P E R M A G



On Saturday night in Los Angeles, an eclectic crowd gathered at **The Ball of Artists** to celebrate the closing of the **Pacific Standard Time Performance and Public Art Festival**. Not to be confused with another Pacific Standard Time event across town in Little Tokyo (where **X** and the **Dead Kennedys** played), this decidedly upscale fête was held in the rooms of Greystone Mansion, an elegant Tudor in Beverly Hills.

Organized by the Getty Research Institute and Culver City-based experimental art non-profit **LAXART**, the event included 20-plus artists with site-specific performances throughout the rooms. As befits an invitation-only event in such a setting, the attendees were dressed to the nines in fashions ranging from traditional black tie gowns to multi-colored tuxes.

But if you want to get a real feel for the party, picture that black-tie crowd in a room of plate-smashing clowns. The clowns, part of **Kathryn Andrews'** "Fork Hunt", were just one of the many performances that happened throughout the mansion. Other acts included **Mungo Thomson's** heavily attended orchestral performance "Crickets" and an ethereal dance which greeted attendees at the entrance, performed by **Alexa Weir** and choreographed by **Jedediah Caesar** and **Flora Wiegmann**.

The performances were so abundant, hiding in every nook of Greystone (made all the more exciting by the fact that the location is generally off-limits to the public), that the event took on the feel of a surreal scavenger hunt. Turning a corner or climbing some stairs, an attendee could come across ever more musicians, films, or perhaps an eerie poker game—although the poker game, part of **Glenn Kaino's** "The Nothing Happening," was off-limits to those without a special pin (or particularly well-honed pleading skills).

With a bar in nearly every room and a general sense of giddy enthusiasm for the performances taking place, the crowd and the atmosphere made the event a fitting close to the Festival that it celebrated. On the shuttle ride back down the hill and back to the real world, you could feel the attendees yearning to turn back around.

*All photos by Stefanie Keenan/Wireimage*

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# ARTFORUM

## Ball of Confusion

LOS ANGELES 02.05.12



Left: Performance of Kathryn Andrews's *Fork Hunt*. (Photo: Sarah Lehrer-Graiwer) Right: Artist David LaMelas, LAXART director Lauri Firstenberg, and Getty Research Institute curator Glenn Phillips. (Photo: Wire Images)

**SEETHING WITH A SORDID HISTORY** both on and off the silver screen to rival the wildest passages of *Hollywood Babylon*, Beverly Hills's Greystone Mansion oozes noir from every moribund pore of its cold slate walls. With its turrets, peaked roofs, grand vistas, and fifty-plus rooms covering 46,000 square feet, it is the stuff of Hollywood-style fairytales (albeit one of those particularly nightmarish ones tainted from its start with the spilt blood of the mansion's owner, who was found murdered alongside his male secretary eighty-three years ago). Since then, the estate's scandals have multiplied on the big screen in tons of movies that have been set at Greystone: Jack Nicholson played the devil here, Daniel Day Lewis psychotically ranted about milkshakes, Batman scolded the boy wonder, and *The Dude* procured a new rug.

And yet for all of the storied sundowns that have ushered nightfall over Greystone, we'd wager that none has embodied the make-believe magic and haunted-house drama of the place as extravagantly and exuberantly as *The Ball of Artists* last Saturday night, produced by Richard Massey and organized by LAXART as the epic, high-budget culmination to the Performance and Public Art Festival component of the Getty's Pacific Standard Time. Despite its hokey title, the ball was a night to remember. If Caligula's ghost had materialized doing pirouettes on a brontosaurus, he would not have seemed out of place.



Left: Holy Shit band member and collector Jim Abrams. (Photo: Sarah Lehrer-Graiwer) Right: Artists Ming Wong and Piero Golia with REDCAT assistant curator Aram Moshayedi. (Photo: Wire Images)



We arrived by shuttle bus at 6 PM just before the hoity-toity crowds but after the ultra-exclusive VIP previewers. A pair of dolled-up, Alice in Wonderland–type girls (appearing as silly and beautiful as a teenage dream) greeted wide-eyed guests who seemed confused and lost as soon as they stepped onto the driveway's cobblestones. Greystone's atmospheric, dimly lit halls quickly filled with countless black ties, gorgeous gowns, fancy pants, and, above all, deep pockets. It was a pleasure and relief to find the familiar friendly faces of so many hometown artists among the tuxes and plunging necklines: from Laura Owens and Edgar Bryan to Brendan Fowler, Piero Golia, Allen Ruppersberg, Stanya Kahn, Dawn Kasper, Ry Rocklen, Andrea Fraser, Liz Glynn, Ann Magnuson, and many more than were possible to keep track of. Was *everyone* here? Lets just say the entire event was totally disorienting—in the best possible way, like chugging cough syrup in a hot air balloon.

Everyone was there to experience the incredible surplus of art (some installed, some performed and much of it responding specifically to Greystone's history) crammed into every niche and boudoir throughout the mansion and its surrounding grounds. An intergenerational range of twenty-two LA artists participated, from revered old hands like Morgan Fisher, Charles Gaines, and David Lamelas to established talents like Kerry Tribe and Jedediah Caesar to more recent art-school grads like Eamonn Fox and Alex Israel. Foldout maps indicated the location of each artist's contribution without revealing what to expect or, in some cases, even what to look for. Glenn Kaino's *The Nothing Happening*, for example, eluded us and everyone else we talked to; its supersecret location made it totally inaccessible, but then again the two seconds of hushed intrigue and speculative rumors it stoked were undoubtedly more interesting than the poker game that purportedly took place behind its closed doors.



Left: Los Master Plus performing cumbia as part of Eduardo Sarabia's installation. (Photo: Sarah Lehrer-Graiwer)  
Right: My Barbarian with artist Ann Magnuson. (Photo: Wire Images)

Eamon Ore-Giron's *Purple Haze* set a theatrical ambience by tinting clouds of fog violet around the mansion's entry. Kathryn Andrews had two misbehaving, begoggled clowns nonchalantly spinning, dropping, breaking, and sweeping stacks and stacks of white plates in a jazz freak-out kind of rhythm. My Barbarian "activated" their video installation by performing a pointed song about "upward mobility." Shana Lutker's rapidly spinning light sculpture in the Solarium was like a hypnotic lighthouse beacon. Down the hall, Mungo Thomson staged an exquisite orchestral rendition of cricket field recordings. Scott Benzel accompanied operatic singers fronting a savagely loud rock band playing covers of Iggy and the Stooges. Patrick Ballard serviced a long line waiting to experience his super-charming, private, one-on-one puppet show complete with smoke bombs and a glove with tiny feet for fingers.

The performances bled into one another as hundreds of guests swirled around, buzzing about what had just blown their mind, what to avoid, what to check out next—all the while looking over each other's shoulders for the all-too-rare tray of hors d'oeuvres. Eduardo Sarabia's installation in the mansion's underground bowling alley was a highlight and crowd favorite: Guests sloshed on his potent trademark tequila could get their portraits taken in an old-timey photo studio or shake and grind to the irresistible Cumbia pumped out by the amazing Los Master Plus who came from Guadalajara to light everyone's fire.





Left: Dealer Honor Fraser with collector Stavros Niarchos. (Photo: Wire Image) Right: Artists Julian Hoeber and Mungo Thomson. (Photo: Sarah Lehrer-Graiwer)

Out on the majestically oversized balcony, the whole Ball came into focus as Julian Hoeber's enormous red klieg searchlight communicated in Morse code with a distant green pulse signaling back, Batman-style, from the roof of Soho House a couple miles away. Looking upon the glittering city below while partaking in the excessive quantities of every kind of top-shelf alcohol, the sight of a single green light blinking from afar recast the entire scene as a Great Gatsby affair, its collective energy swelling with an unusually joyful if noirish glow.

A bit after ten the festivities started winding down and happily soused revelers stumbled back to the bus. As the blaring cacophony of frenetic, overlapping music decrescendoeed to eventual stillness, Wolfgang Puck was seen heading home and Justin Beal's sculptures of cucumbers frozen in ice began melting away into the puddle of yesterday's party. The night came to a fittingly absurd conclusion when a park ranger with a 1970s porn mustache and ill-fitting clothes walked past us announcing, in all seriousness, that the "party was over" and could "everyone please keep their clothes on." Something about that announcement ringing through the marbled halls of Greystone Mansion made it seem, for just an instant, like everything in the universe might make sense after all.

## THE HUFFINGTON POST

# Ball Of Artists: Los Angeles Flocks To Greystone Mansion For LAXART's Eye-Popping Gala



On Saturday night, something very special happened in Los Angeles... and it was called The Ball of Artists.

Over 20 performance art pieces took place at the majestically lit and slightly ominous Greystone Mansion -- both outside on the sprawling grounds and inside the glorious halls of the famed mansion. Music. Dance. Film. Flash mobs, tequila rooms, DJs. It was impossible to see it all but one tried - and more than anything, the splendor of walking inside Greystone's halls, down the grand staircase and fully existing inside one of Los Angeles' most historic estates gave everyone at the ball a sense of true giddiness.

The Ball of Artists was a celebration marking the end of Pacific Standard Time's 11-day performance art festival, put on by LAXART (an independent, nonprofit art space) and the Getty Research Institute. It was the first Ball of Artists in Los Angeles and it brought a comprehensive range of performance art pieces all into one grand space, for one evening. And grand it was.

Men donned tuxes; women went either chic-and-sophisticated black tie, or "artist" black tie, which left many eccentric outfits open to interpretation but stunning in a dozen different ways. Champagne was served. Bloody Mary's were handed out frozen in the form of push-pops. People danced in front of the famous bowling alley (anyone remember "There Will Be Blood?"), tasted dainty desserts in the mansion's original kitchen quarters and gazed out over the twinkling sparkling lights of our sprawling city. There were fog machines, twists and turns throughout the mansion, a jazz performance in one room, a freaky murder film in another. It was Halloween and New Year's Eve all in one.

LAXART's founding director and curator Lauri Firstenberg co-produced the ball with Richard Massey. The Huffington Post had the pleasure of speaking with Lauri the day before the event. Check out the Q&A below *[SKIP FURTHER DOWN TO SEE OUR PHOTO GALLERY FROM THE BALL OF ARTISTS]*.

**HuffPost:** Saturday night's Ball of Artists is an event to conclude the PST Performance and Public Art Festival, which has been a huge initiative by the Getty and resulted in millions of dollars of grants to create exhibitions that celebrate southern California art. So it's been lots of artists recreating famous pieces, paying homage, and in some ways reinventing art. Do you believe in true reinvention? Either in art or in life?

**Lauri Firstenberg:** I think in the context of the festival, re-staging is the key term and concept and it is a debate curatorial and artistically regarding the re-contextualization of work in the present day - how to approach the reworking of performances and public artworks removed from their originally temporal, spatial, political, cultural conditions. Some responses to this platform have been more successful than others.

**HP:** How would you describe the Ball of Artists to a child?

**LF:** I told my 3 year old that there is an 11-day festival and that artists are producing new projects in their studios responding to a magical site called Greystone as the concluding event and when it is over I will take her to Disneyland so she can see where the princesses live and she was thrilled.

**HP:** What are some of the pieces you are most looking forward to seeing at the Ball of Artists?

**LF:** Eleanor Antin's "Before the Revolution" produced by LAXART at the Hammer Museum's Billy Wilder Theater and William Leavitt's "The Particles," which is an unrealized script the artist found in his studio that is being animated for the festival.

**HP:** This is the first ever Ball of Artists in Los Angeles. It has been done before in Miami. What were some of the challenges bringing it here? Or some of the excitements in bringing something like this to the City of Angels?

**LF:** We were lucky to have Brooke Kanter on our board who worked with the city of Beverly Hills and Friends of Greystone to help secure a magical site. The challenge is to produce an event that we haven't done before and to see how artists respond and how it is received by audiences - in this case primarily artists. Artists guide the work that we do and will determine if we will do it again...

**HP:** What to wear?

**LF:** My co-conspirator Richard put forward black tie, which creates anxiety for people in Los Angeles. The men are thrilled to bring out their tuxes and women are perplexed. I think it is up for translation.

**HP:** Greystone Mansion is a very famous location in Los Angeles and used to be owned by the Doheny Family. What makes this venue a particularly fitting space for the Ball of Artists?

**LF:** Its history. Artists are responding to the narratives and uses of the site - its relationship to Hollywood cinema. Drew Heitzler and Kerry Tribe both have new works debuting at the Ball particularly invested in their research about the mansion and the family and the sites connection to local cinematic histories.



*All photos by Stefanie Keenan/Wireimage*

**PHOTOS FROM THE BALL OF ARTISTS:**



LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Lauri Firstenberg



Lauri Firstenberg attends the LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Ann Magnuson



Ann Magnuson attends the LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Charles Gaines & Roxana Landaverd



Charles Gaines (L) and Roxana Landaverd attend the LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## My Barbarian



My Barbarian at LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Kathryn Andrews



Kathryn Andrews at LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.



## Kerry Tribe



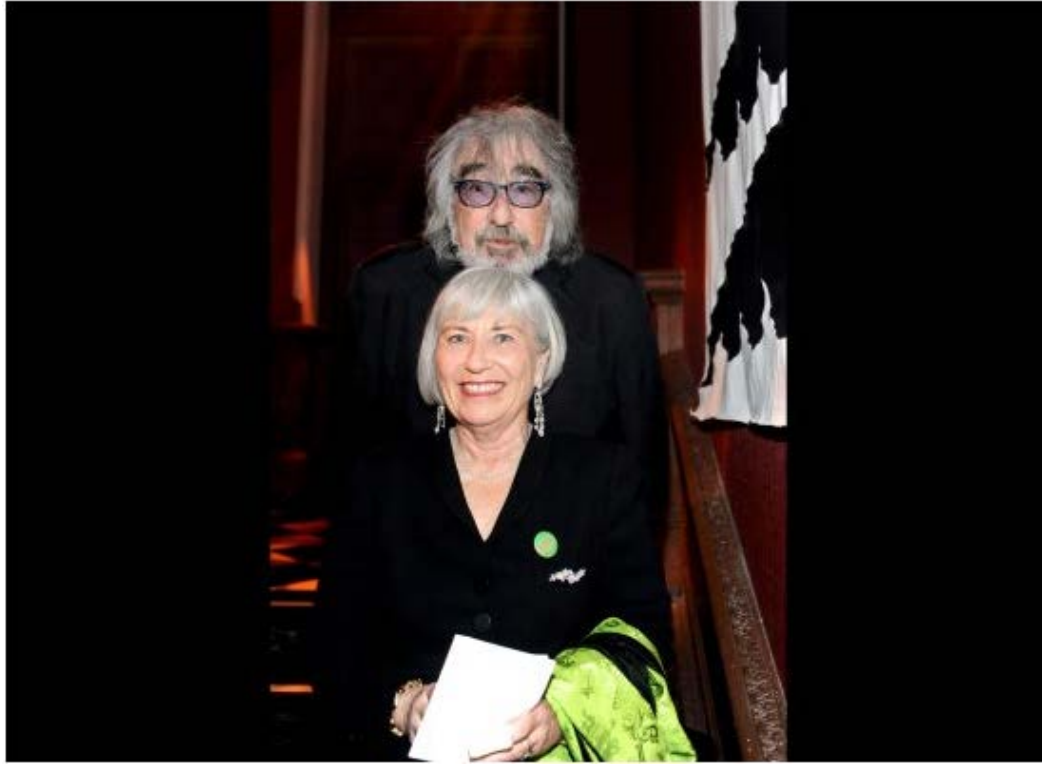
Kerry Tribe at LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Morgan Fisher



Morgan Fisher at LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Jake Bloom & Ruth Bloom



Jake and Ruth Bloom attend the LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Eduardo Sarabia



Eduardo Sarabia at LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.



## Alexandra Grant



Alexandra Grant attends the LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Jedediah Caesar with Flora Wiegmann



Jedediah Caesar with Flora Wiegmann at LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Kevin Gruenberg & Christine Kim



Kevin Gruenberg (L) and Christine Kim attend the LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

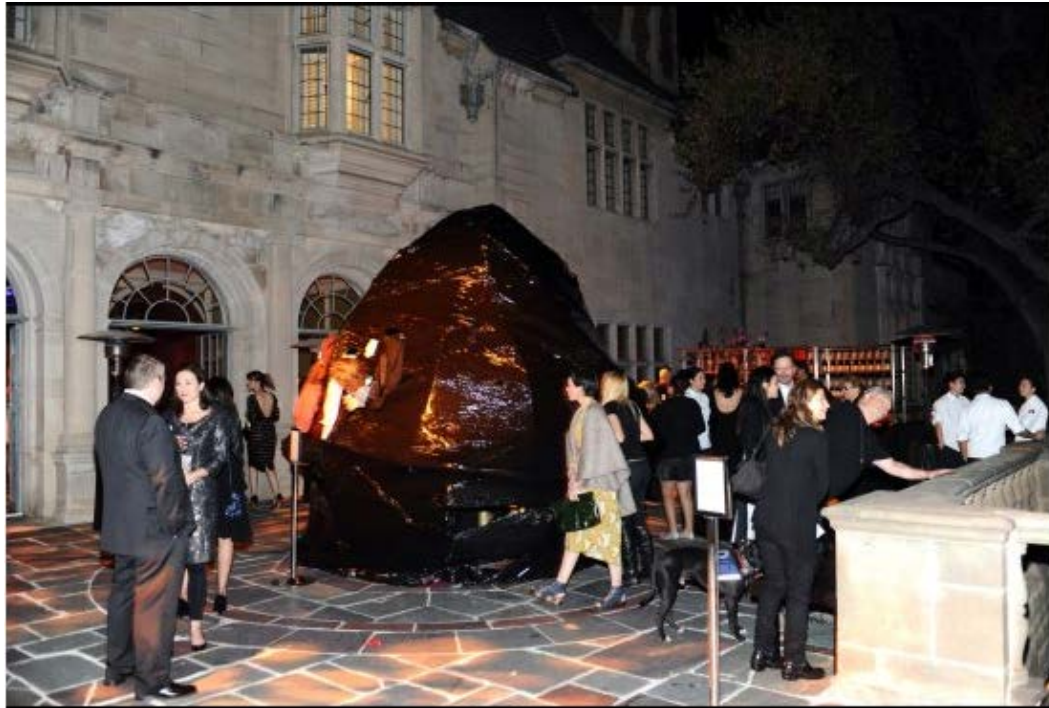
## Ming Wong, Piero Golia, Aram Moshayedi





Ming Wong, Piero Golia, Aram Moshayedi (L-R) attend the LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Eamonn Fox



Eamonn Fox at LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## China Chow



China Chow attends the LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Greystone Mansion Motor Courtyard



View of Greystone Mansion Motor Courtyard at LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Cameron Silver





Cameron Silver attends the LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Ed Moses & Kimberly Brooks



Ed Moses (L) and Kimberly Brooks attend the LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Alex Israel



Alex Israel at LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Greystone Mansion Fountain



View of the Greystone Mansion Fountain at LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Alex Israel



Alex Israel at LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Honor Fraser & Stavros Merjos



Honor Fraser (L) and Stavros Merjos attend the LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Marc Selwyn





Marc Selwyn attends the LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Linlee Allen



Linlee Allen attends the LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Mungo Thompson



Mungo Thompson at LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Irene Neuwirth



Irene Neuwirth attends the LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Scott Benzel



Scott Benzel at LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Brian Butler & Annakim Violette



Brian Butler (L) and Annakim Violette attend the LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Alex Israel & Lauri Firstenberg





Alex Israel (L) and Lauri Firstenberg attend the LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## SLS Hotel Patisserie



SLS Hotel Patisserie desserts at LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

## Mungo Thompson



Mungo Thompson at LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.

# Charles Gaines



Charles Gaines at LAXART Ball Of Artists Event at Greystone Mansion on January 28, 2012 in Beverly Hills, California.