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Ball of Artists Celebrates the Closing of the Pacific Standard Time Performance and Public Art Festival

BY CATHERINE BROBECK



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 Wiegemann**.

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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