



ON THE BLOCK

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The Scene: Beachside Bashes and Fembots

Call it the art crawl. As soon as the sun set Wednesday, the sidewalks of South Beach became a swarm of swanky crowds popping into parties hosted by fashion labels, galleries and banks.

At the UBS tent party on the beach behind the Delano Hotel, the fire marshal had to be called in by 9 p.m. to control the wealthy crowds supping on shrimp, lobster and caviar. (One UBS employee said their \$10 million clients had to be turned away this year because so many \$50-million-plus clients wanted in.) Some collectors ordered \$500 bottles of Grey Goose for the privilege of sitting on the pristine white beds lining the pool; others sipped rum and Cokes while watching local artist Jona Cerwinske paint in the pool. Collectors approached Mr. Cerwinske all night with offers ranging from \$200 to \$15,000 for his canvas, which took him three hours to complete. But he wasn't interested, at least at 1 a.m. last night: "I'm not ready to sell it, but everyone here has sure tried to buy it," he said.

Several doors down at the Raleigh Hotel, at least 30 tables were wedged into the sand so another group of collectors and dealers invited by New York dealer Jeffrey Deitch could watch a concert by CocoRosie and The Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black. A 6-foot-tall sculpture of a shark, his jaw gaping red a la "Jaws," shared the stage — and occasionally upstaged — the singers, though the audience clapped often for Ms. Black's semi-nude space-age backup dancers in go-go boots.

After the concert, specialists like Sotheby's Miety Heiden and artists like Sergei Bugaev (also known as "Africa") joined partygoers who lingered in nearby bungalows and on beach chairs. Hanging out with friends by the pool in a white sports jacket was artist Leo Villareal, whose light sculptures have already sold out at Conner Contemporary's booth at Pulse. Summing up his week so far, he says, "It's been a love fest."

—Kelly Crow and Lauren Schuker