

Whazzup, Santa Fe?

or, what else besides the biennial

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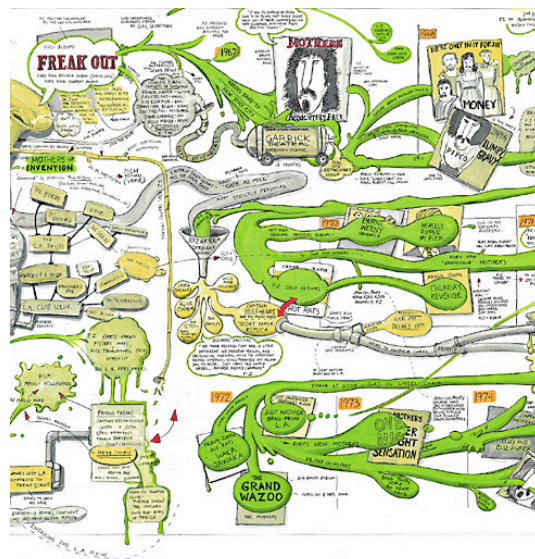
One can grow jaded over biennials' infrequent if regular schedule, and what those infer as to place's rankings on the national roster. But *The Dissolve*, countdown to the press preview in a few hours, has effected a change in SITE Santa



Fe's spatial aesthetic as well as techno-readiness that I feel pretty optimistic about. All the more so since meeting with artists Mary Reid Kelley (below, in *Sadie the Saddest Sadist*) and Federico Solmi this morning.

Still. The purpose of this post is to inform readers who might want to know more of what else is recommended in town, what else to see. I took in Ward Shelley's show at LAUNCHProjects last night. 355 West Palace Ave. Show officially opens tomorrow.

As when any two New Yorkers, present or past, get together, the talk rapidly goes from art to real estate. Ward told me that when he was in Rome for the Rome prize, he lost his lease, because the publisher of the New York Sun



newspaper began circulating free newspapers that, unbeknownst to Ward, piled up outside his (empty apartment) door. A shame. An amusing anecdote. But in the meantime he was also the first to relate, by way of our conversation on Frank Zappa and Don Van Vliet that circumnavigated the bulbous byways of Ward's Zappa "chart," how Frank Zappa's first TV appearance was playing the bicycle on the Steve Allen show. See it and weep.