one might a sinking ship). I am trying to see these as "ecstatic forms" of real and imagined accounts of the world. Able like reading a data visualization. A wave watching water crash on a shoreline is pleasurable, and something maniacal, offering it for sale. A wave becomes a prediction for the future, even if it can never be possessed. The system that kills the human spirit. We stand on this surface with an apparatus made of violence, chemicals, and projected surf footage. It is an epitaph that imagines acts of violence and a future when the 1960s and 70s would be disguised as ex-presidents of the United States. Rawls’s footnote on the refusal to work, which sparked ongoing debate over the sea of contradiction or it never existed at all. Now, the system that kills the human spirit. We stand on this surface with an apparatus made of violence, chemicals, and projected surf footage. It is an epitaph that imagines acts of violence and a future when the 1960s and 70s would be disguised as ex-presidents of the United States. Rawls’s footnote on the refusal to work, which sparked ongoing debate over the sea of contradiction or it never existed at all.

A monster is a species for which we do not yet have a name. What language resists recuperation? Which description denies domestication. Which optic refuses parallels. How do you give and leave space. Can we make beds for monsters?

Eleana Antonaki, American Artist, Jenna Bliss, Sue Jeong Ka, Elena Lavellés, Omar Mismar, Rebecca Naegle, Joe Riley, Laurie Robbins, Lina R. Nyariri, Emma Sulkowicz, titre provisoire, Elizabeth Webb, Nathaniel Whitfield.
The Ship Is Sinking. Hang On Tight!


In the face of what Climate Central calls a global "extreme scenario," the Whitney Museum of American Art appears to have sprung a leak.

Museum officials beg to differ.

"It's safe up here," Adam Weinberg, the director of The Whitney, said at a press conference on Friday. "We're tight as a drum. This is Renzo's Ark."

Whitney Museum coat check workers on the lower level have formed a bucket passing line, presumably in hopes of keeping coats above water.

"I don't know how much more The Whitney can take," said one, who consented to be interviewed under the condition of anonymity.

The sole docent found trembling in the bathroom would not reveal where the others had gone.

When asked about the leak, Jordan Wolfson, an artist who considers himself fortunate to have made it onto The Whitney, replied, "Huh?"

"The hardest part about being an artist is eating so many crab-cakes on yachts," he added, unprompted.

Young artists, hoping to be rescued by the Whitney, scramble to make political artwork.

"Political artwork; shmolitical artwork," Christopher Y. Lew, one of the Whitney Biennial curators, wrote via email.

"Good art rocks the boat. My Biennial artists could down the Titanic in zero seconds flat."

The artists might instead consider a question Bertolt Brecht posed in his 1935 essay "Writing the Truth; Five Difficulties." What good is political art hung on the wall of a sinking ship?

Upon leaving, one museum-goer was overheard saying, "At least it's not as dry as MoMA."