

THE WATER MACHINE DRAWS WAVES
I am seduced by economic models and waves. Watching water crash on a shoreline is pleasurable like reading a data visualization. A wave is momentarily poised at the threshold of land and sea, an economic model at the intersection of real and imagined accounts of the world. I am trying to see these as "ecstatic forms" (11), at once fascinating, boring, and disturbing, like surfers scanning the shape of a swell for the next set. I am reading and surfing a model in the wake of enigma, capital, and war.

In the aftermath of WWII, the field of macro-economics had a brief moment when economies could be modeled with water. But the notion that capital moves like liquid flows was not new: Thomas Hobbes compared money to blood in *Leviathan*; David Hume's *Political Discourses* declared that money is like water; and Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* likened money to water mills. In 1892, Irving Fisher made a mechanical economic model using cisterns and pipes, and in 1922, William Foster continued plumbing the capitalist economy with the *Circuit Flow of Money* (38). Contemporary descriptors of capital remain soaked with marine metaphors: liquidation (46), fluidity, wave cycle, cash flow, revenue stream, prime the pump (51), dark pools, offshore banks, underwater options, buoyant growth, sunk cost, flooded markets (5), drowning in debt, bail out (as one might a sinking ship).

Bill Phillips (25, 43) grew up on a farm that was powered by a water wheel. In 1949, he designed the Phillips-Newlyn Machine—aka "The MONIAC" (21)—a hydraulic computer for modeling a Keynesian economic system. Water rather than electricity circulates through the machine's series of tanks, pumps, sluices, and balances, which conspire to output a line graph of prosperity and depression.

The first Phillips-Newlyn machine was constructed largely from military surplus materials. The on/off switches were manufactured by a company that produced analog flight simulation computers for pilot training (6). In the 1950s, economist Abraham Ptachya Lerner (31) licensed the Phillips-Newlyn design and rebudded it the MONIAC "to suggest money, the ENIAC (18) and something maniacal," offering it for sale as a pedagogical tool. Firsthand accounts tell of the MONIAC springing leaks and spilling

red-dyed water everywhere—a prediction for disaster (2, 4).

THE WAR MACHINE SEIZES WAVES
Otto Bayer (20) first synthesized polyurethane foam as a chemist for corporate conglomerate IG Farben (19), the material and chemical production apparatus of the Nazi regime. The Nazi occupation of northwestern Europe began to recede after a network of marine observation stations determined when small surf would enable Allied forces to invade Normandy (7). It was perhaps the first time in Western thought where weather systems an ocean away (49) were understood to affect waves on a distant beach (46). This laid the groundwork surf forecasting and the contemporary surfer's obsession with weather data in the search for swells.

California was a center for military research and development in the mid-twentieth century. Many workers and students in the industry were also surfers, and they began to use newly available materials such as polyurethane foam (30) and fiberglass (37) to design surfcraft. Bob Simmons (28) was an engineer and surfer best known for adapting the hydrodynamic planing hull shapes first developed by wartime naval architect Lindsay Lord in Pearl Harbor (47, 35, 17), for surfboards. The influence of Lord and Simmons shifted the paradigm of surfboard design from long, wooden displacement craft toward shorter, lighter, hydrodynamic boards (15). Surfing became contingent on reducing friction between surfer and swell to a seamless flow, as if waved along by an invisible hand.

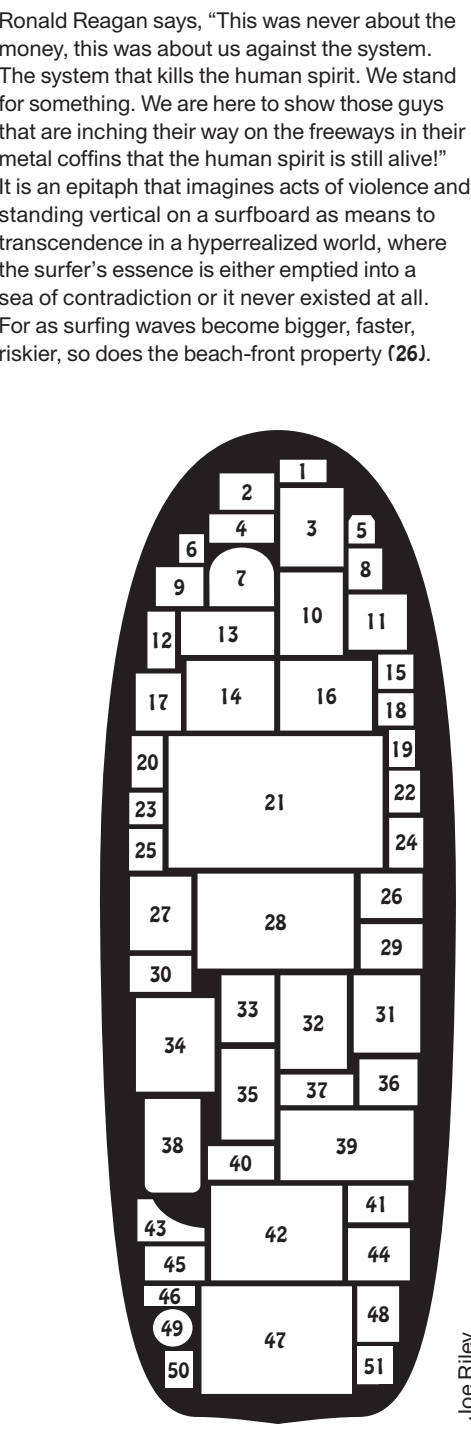
The wetsuit also smoothed the relation of surfer and wave. Hugh Bradner (22) was a diver, physicist, and designer of detonators for nuclear bomb tests at Eniwetok Atoll (13, 23). He invented the wetsuit upon his realization that trapping water near the skin with a membrane would insulate better than a cumbersome, leaky barrier around the swimming body. Bradner co-founded Engineering Design Company (EDCO) in Berkeley, selling wetsuits (12) that surfers wore to ride waves in cold waters previously uncharted and unsurfed.

The counter-cultural figure of the surfer (3) came into focus against the backdrop of the Vietnam War. Francis Ford Coppola's 1979 *Apocalypse Now* depicts soldiers surfing (16) during

an assault on a Vietnamese coastal village. This iconic scene is a quotation of a real event. In 1966, the USO held a surfing contest at Da Nang where the military maintained an R&R station and had made surfboards available for soldiers' use (14). At the 1970 World Expo in Osaka, the U.S. pavilion featured a display of custom surfboards, a mirrored wave-like form, and projected surf footage (41), pointing toward a future when the 1960s and 70s would be signified as much by images of surfing (8) as the Vietnam war.

THE WAVES ARE IN THE MACHINE
Surfing as conquest traces back to early accounts of surf riders by colonizer Captain James Cook (1), who was resisted and killed by Hawaiians in 1779. Calvinist missionaries attempted to erase surfing in the islands (29) by associating the practice with idleness, sexuality, and perdition. As early as 1917, surf riding entered popular imagination (1) and became a staple pastime for the American leisure class. Developers in Hawaii co-opted surfing to attract tourism (24, 27) and, by 1935, product advertising was saturated with waveriders (10). Surfing was cool.

Rachel Carson's 1951 *The Sea Around Us* (42) formulates the ocean as a romantic ecological system circulating on the surface of the globe. The surfer awaits waves (36) on this surface with an apparatus made of violence, chemicals, and sand (48). The process of surfing seems to dissolve contradiction into a spiritual rapture characteristic of Sigmund Freud's "toxicomic feeling" (44). The stoke is shored up by John Rawls's footnote on the refusal to work (40), which sparked ongoing debate (32) over the so-called *Malibu Surfer Problem*. With a global surfing industry valued at more than \$10 billion, the image of the lazy Malibu surfer (34) is balanced against a professional big wave rider like Mark Foo (9), who early on embraced corporate sponsorship and died while surfing. Critiquing the absurdity of rent, Karl Marx (33) describes those accustomed to living within the irrational economic relations of capital as "fish in water." A skilled surfer is also said to take to the water like a fish. In Kathryn Bigelow's 1991 film *Point Break*, a group of surfers rob banks disguised as ex-presidents of the United States (39). A main character whose heist persona is



Joe Riley



»Some things in common perhaps», titre provisoire



ELEANA ANTONAKI

Uncanny Gardening (video still), 2017

Not quite a figure.
Not a vampire. Not a ghost. Not a witch. Not a Demon.
Not a refugee. Not a politician. Not a rapist. Not a troll.
Not in the shadows. Not a Shadow.

A monster is the unknowable, unseen-able placeholder
for the approaching threat.

That is, by which we mean, the figure that appears in
place of the threat and before the horror.

The figure is characterizable and categorizable.
The figure is ledgible.

We have access to the figures
of history. A figure is a unit,
a figuration is the act of
making calculable. We can
only anticipate the repeat
of previous horrors so look
to the characteristics of past
monsters to anticipate
impending horror.

"Oppression is
never total"

The monster, the horror, has no text,
it has no image, it has no interface.

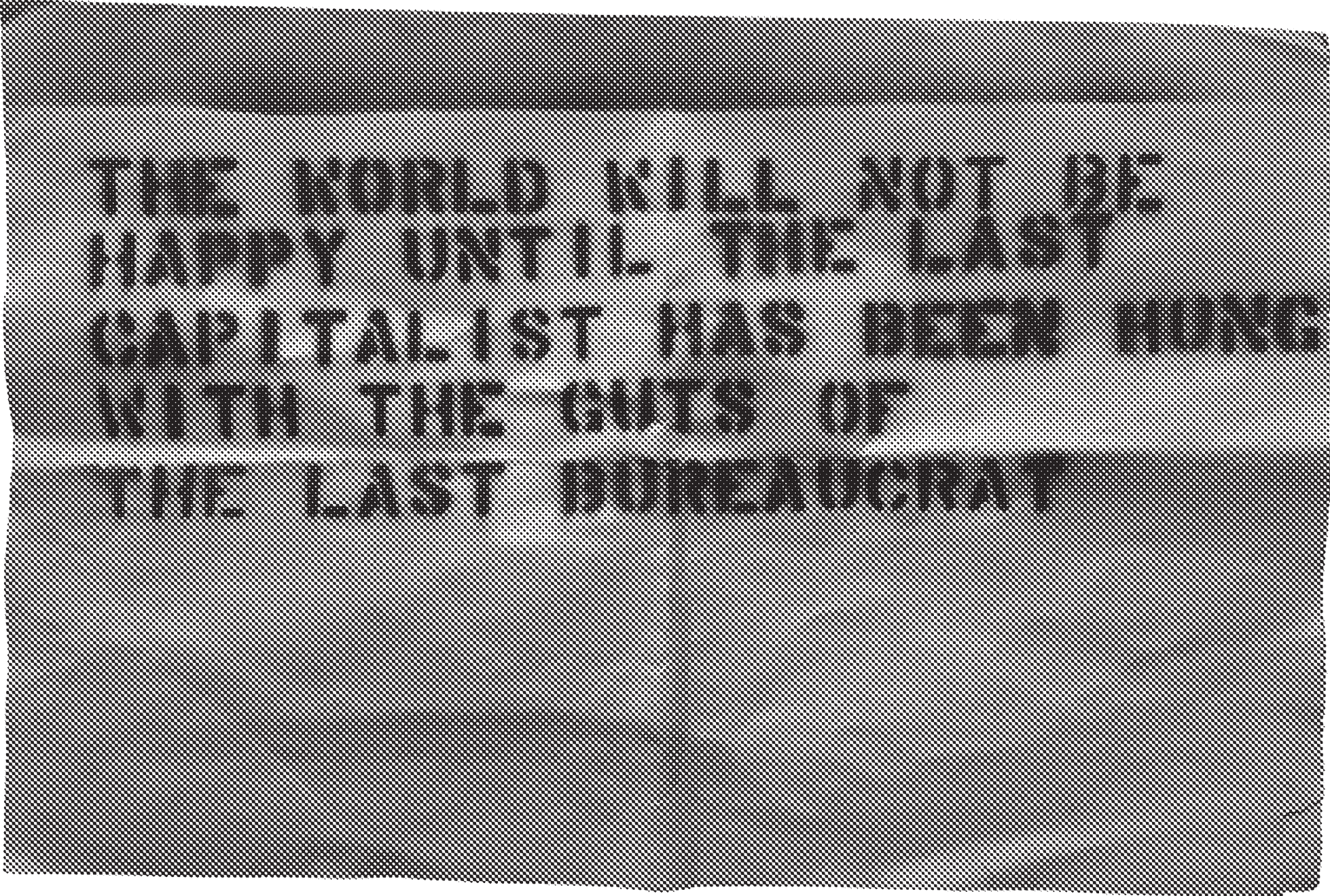
How do we feel an edge or mark a
contour around a space whose form
we don't recognise.

A monster is a species for which we do not yet have a
yet have a name, 'fig 1' & others

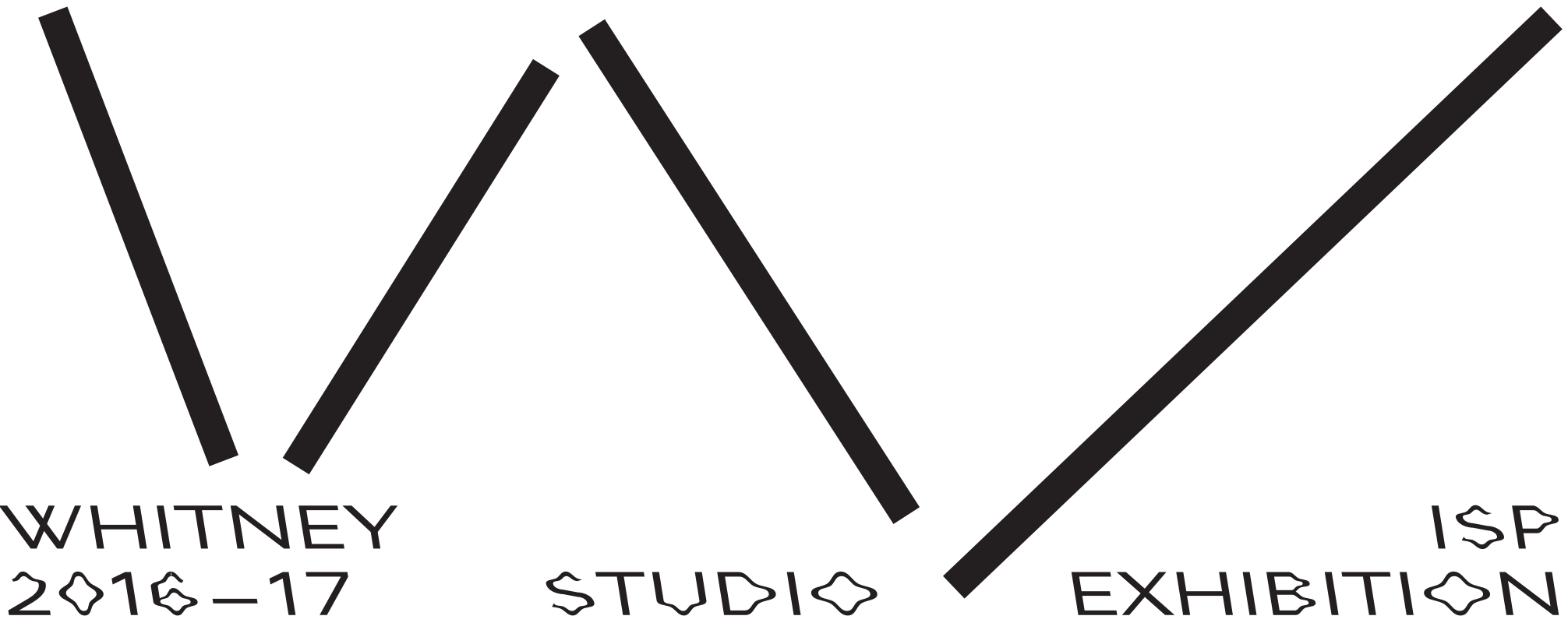
What language resists recuperation? Which description denies domestication.
Which optic refuses parallels. How do you give and leave space? Can we make beds for monsters?

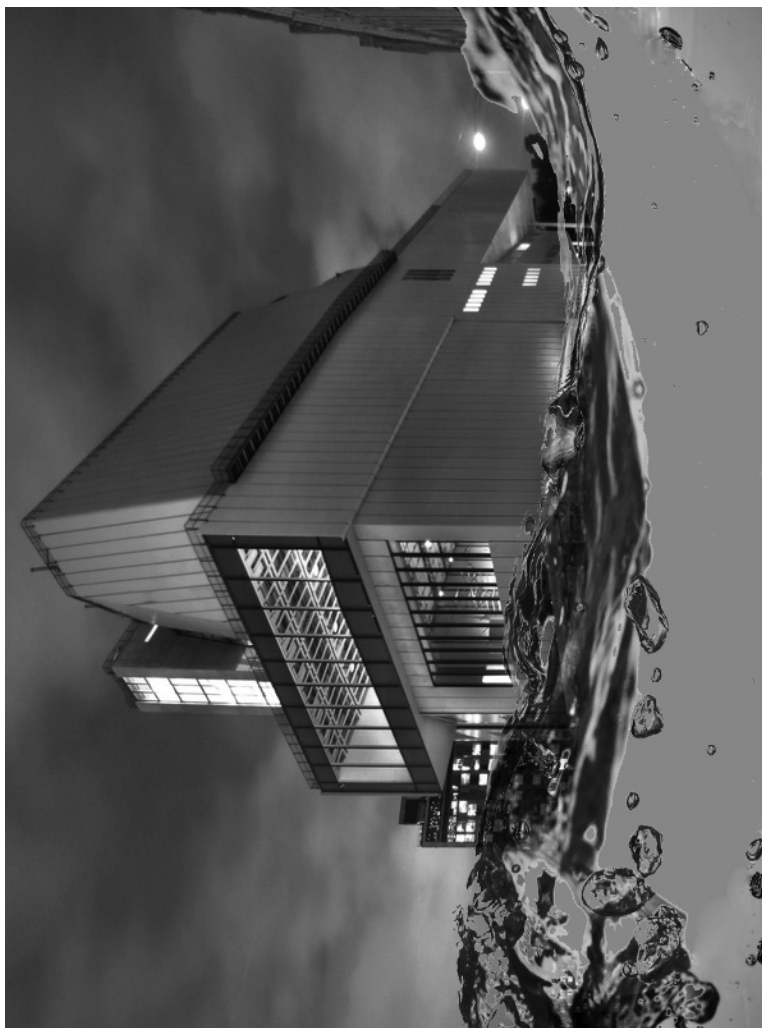
TERMINAL—BASH—124X42

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Last login: Sat May 20 00:28:21 on ttys000
the_wild_beyond:~ aartist$ "This visual association between whiteness and "infinite potential" is ideological,
-bash: "This: command not found
the_wild_beyond:~ aartist$ because it makes us think of white as default, as the quantum field, the "
-bash: because: command not found
the_wild_beyond:~ aartist$ everything-nothing", as the place of creation. The artist of color knows the
-bash: everything-nothing",: command not found
the_wild_beyond:~ aartist$ quantum field is Black and femme." – Fannie Sosa
-bash: quantum: command not found
the_wild_beyond:~ aartist$ "It ends with love, exchange, fellowship. It ends as it begins, in motion,
-bash: "It: command not found
the_wild_beyond:~ aartist$ in between various modes of being and belonging, and on the way to new
-bash: in: command not found
the_wild_beyond:~ aartist$ economies of giving, taking, being with and for and it ends with a ride in a Buick Skylark
-bash: economies: command not found
the_wild_beyond:~ aartist$ on the way to another place altogether. Surprising, perhaps,
-bash: on: command not found
the_wild_beyond:~ aartist$ after we have engaged dispossession, debt, dislocation and violence. But not
-bash: after: command not found
the_wild_beyond:~ aartist$ surprising when you have understood that the projects of
-bash: surprising: command not found
the_wild_beyond:~ aartist$ "Fugitive planning and black study" are mostly about reaching out to
-bash: "fugitive: command not found
the_wild_beyond:~ aartist$ find connection; they are about making common cause with the brokenness
-bash: find: command not found
the_wild_beyond:~ aartist$ of being, a brokenness, I would venture to say, that is also blackness, that remains blackness,
-bash: of: command not found
the_wild_beyond:~ aartist$ and will, despite all, remain broken because this..is not a prescription for repair."
– Jack Halberstam
-bash: and!: command not found
the_wild_beyond:~ aartist$
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Eleana Antonaki, American Artist,
Jenna Bliss, Sue Jeong Ka,
Elena Lavellés, Omar Mismar,
Rebecca Naegele, Joe Riley,
Laurie Robins, Liona R. Nyariri,
Emma Sulkowicz, titre provisoire,
Elizabeth Webb, Nathaniel Whitfield





The Ship Is Sinking. Hang On Tight!

Treading water amidst political climate change

By EMMA SULKOWICZ

Geopolitical instability. Right-wing populism bordering on fascism. Fake news. Science on the skids. Chaos. Corruption. Sexism. Homophobia. Racism. Bigotry. Violence.

The political fires have catastrophically accelerated ice melt worldwide.

In the face of what Climate Central calls a global "extreme scenario," the Whitney Museum of American Art appears to have sidestepped its own role in the crisis.

"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 how we're going to survive."

Whitney Museum co-art director, who has been in charge of the museum's art collection since 2011, said he was "pleased" to have the museum's art collection "survive" the crisis.

"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, for good reason, he said he was "not a whistleblower." He said he was "not a whistleblower."

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

an artist is eating so many crab-cakes on yachts, he added, unprompted.

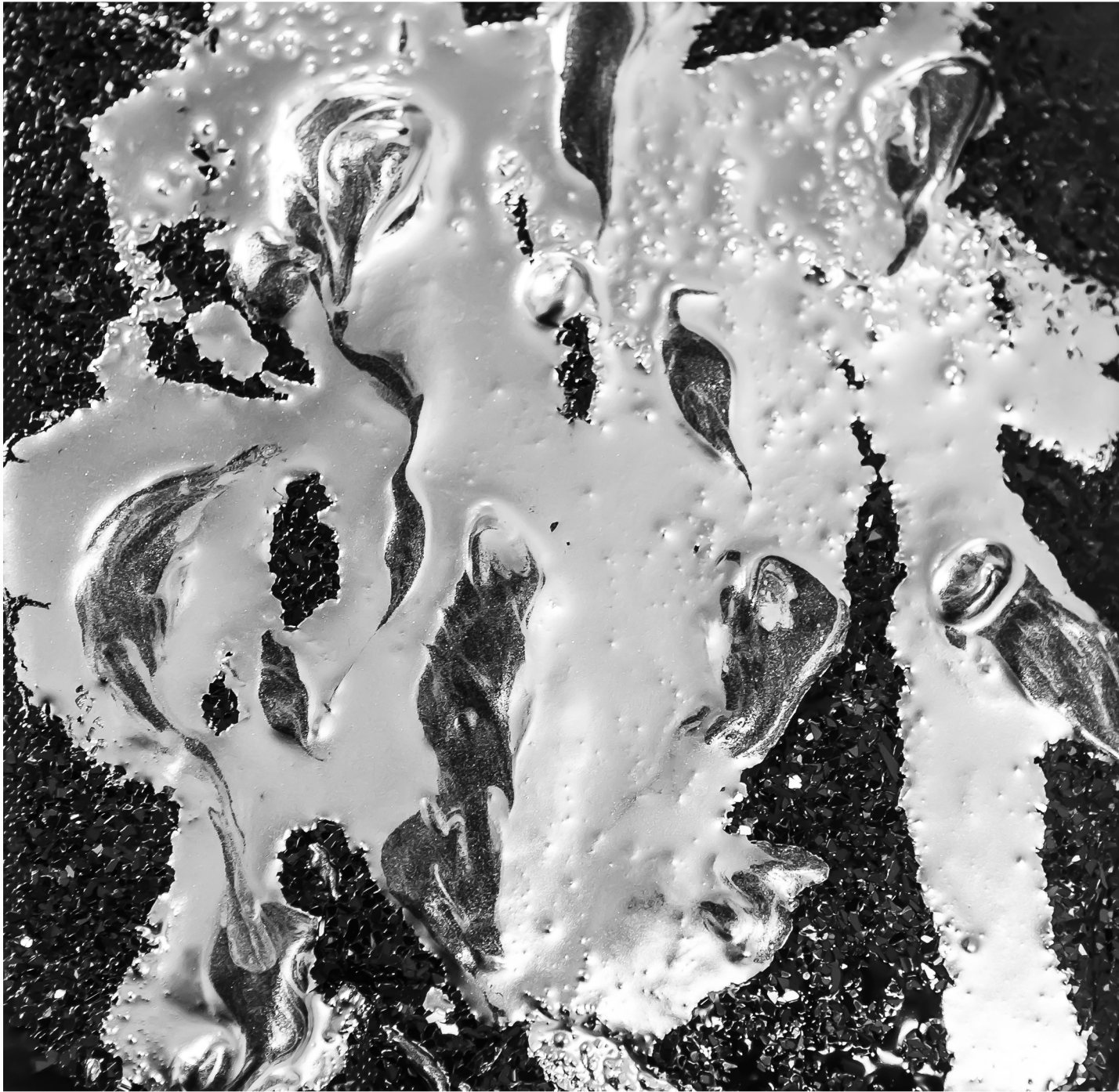
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"Political artwork, shmonological artwork," Christopher Y. Lew, one of the Whitney Biennial curators, wrote via email.

"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 1939 essay "Writing the Truth, Five Difficulties": What good is it to write the truth if you're not a whistleblower?

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Pattern of Dissolution, Elena Lavelles



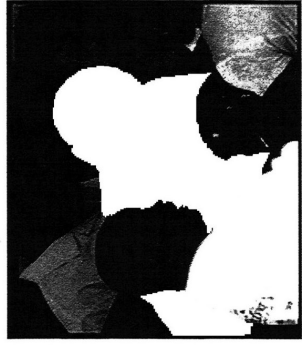
Suspending disbelief, Suspending belief



washingtonpost.com > Arts & Living

'Refugee': A Word of Trouble

Washington Post Staff Writers
Wednesday, September 7, 2015



Thorne McKnight sleeps in a shelter. His meals come from the kindness of strangers. It's safe to call him homeless, because his house is under water.

What he doesn't want you to call him, or the thousands of others like him, is a refugee.

"The image I have in my mind is people in a Third World country, the huts in Africa that have all the flies and the mosquitoes and the heat and the humidity outside the tent, and the people are being displaced, and the residents are being housed." That's not me. I'm a law-abiding citizen who's working every day and paying taxes.

Which label to use when describing someone might seem trivial when thousands may be dead, thousands are missing, and a major city and its environs have been ravaged. But at shelters, workers and volunteers have heard loud and clear from those living there that the government, the media and everyone else should call them something other than refugees.

"We ain't refugees. I'm a citizen," insists Annette Ellis, also sheltered at the convention center with her two children.

members of the Congressional Black Caucus, raised the issue last week at a news conference called to complain about the slow response. "Refugee" calls up to mind people that come from different lands and have to be taken care of."

Added: "They are not refugees. I hate that word."

President got an earful Monday while visiting 800 people staying at the World Prayer Center, a few miles north of the airport. He agreed to urge use of other terms, such as displaced citizens.

The president made good on his word yesterday during remarks at the White House: "You know, there's a debate here about refugees. Let me tell you my attitude. . . . The people we're talking about are not refugees. They are Americans, and they need the help and love and compassion of our fellow citizens."

So why is the term such a dirty word to some?