

New York City as an industrial fossil,  
an island of bedrock,  
a scorched and flattened road-kill rat.

Bill Bollinger's cast-iron *Manhattan* from 1973 melts all these images together. He made this sculpture alongside his *Lake* series—casts in the shapes of glacial lakes in Northeastern US. Heavy like anvils, these pieces would sink straight to the riverbed if thrown in, and they resemble graceful wreckage dredged up. One with windswept iron edges is titled after the *Nike of Samothrace*.

A friend once very accurately referred to standing on the terraces of the new Whitney Museum as like being Rose and Jack Dawson on the deck of the Titanic as it's going down. Recently, pulling out from Battery Park or seeing Midtown from the water feels to me like leaving the bluffs of Jurassic Park. All the classic skyscrapers like dinosaurs' necks and the businesses and salad bars below an ecosystem of the past. Vacancies increase in the suit-and-tie office buildings such as Empire State, now that work-from-home has set in, accelerated by an airborne plague. While the super-slim towers of *pieds-à-terre* shoot up like blades of grass growing through debris, signaling a future for the city as being increasingly out of reach.

For the next few weeks, "Manhattan" is also a beautiful trash yard where people are coming for art. The works installed at night, one per week, by Gianna, Marie, Marc, Olga, and Eli were made or completed in conversation, and some in collaboration with the city at sidewalk level.

—Annie Ochmanek