

***“Don’t you think the impulse that causes men to desire to be the first to traverse large oceans is the same impulse that causes them to want to break land-speed records?”***

Yes, I do. I am going to start with the present moment and work my way backwards. We will go slowly at first and gather speed as time permits. First off, let me say that I think we were following a kind of instinct. For the physical body, speed itself is an orderly thing. You go from one place to the next in rapid succession. Your heart rate increases proportionately. Chaos, on the other hand, happens when a loss of control is experienced. When this linear relationship between land and time is disordered.

Our grandfather’s ships carried us from one landmass to another. The velocity of our travels carried the whispered narratives of our grandmothers the grand mythologies of our origins. We all came to call this second place home. How was it that we came to see this place as ours, to so readily accept and as such, as though the struggles of those who made it here and the struggle of those who were somehow lost on the way was predetermined. At least this is how it feels when history whispered to us carries such myths.

***“Like a wreck?”***

For the purposes of this conversation, *landing* and *wreck* will be the same thing. Both halt movement and have an aftermath. Perhaps you also make a wreck of things once you have landed.

I worry about the anxious rattle of one who is born of this crash, this landing. Of having been born not of some heroic narrative but of the calamity of cultures engaged in a race towards each other.

***“Can you tell me about Landing 1?”***

When we first learned to walk, we were walking in a straight line more or less. We headed farther west and when something got in our way, we conceived of plans to keep this forward-motion and our version of truth mattered above all else. We were always fighting off sleep. Because there are no more of these frontiers, directionality is replaced by velocity. Now in the valleys, these broad valleys of discovery, there is something that appears ageless, which was cut and shaped by a catastrophe within. We relive this dirty triumph always through a series of never-ending time-trials.

Speeding like headstrong drivers across stretches of desert, not for themselves but for the defeat of the one just ahead, to force that one behind. This is how we were crushed. How we discovered our home. It took speed to birth a generation of bastards, calamity to baptize, and disaster to raise us. We were not the first and certainly will not be the last. This race is nothing if not a cyclical maneuver towards the *great unknown*. I want to call this the inevitable crash, the great discovery of new territory. Always better. Always just ahead of the others. The empirical drive is a decision to propel

***“Can you provide an example?”***

Certainly. In north central Utah lies the Bonneville Speedway. It is a location where land-speed records are regularly set and challenged by anxious bodies. From the drivers’ seat, the curvature of the earth mimics the curvature of the steering wheel. Looking out the windshield, one perceives two horizons: that of the machine and

the self from a sense of order to disorder, to forcibly repeat the plights of forefathers. Retrace our foremothers steps into the overwhelming darkness of the chaotic tumble and in so doing, to discover the underlying structure of these events. To find a kind of comforting equilibrium in the speeding up and inevitable crashing of bodies against shores. Thrown not

that of the natural atmosphere sunken into a distant unreachable painting. Geologists have determined that the Bonneville Salt Flats are partially the result of a massive flooding of the Snake River Plain occurring about 15,000 years ago. Growing stronger, it eventually reached approximately 1,029,460.41 tons of water per second<sup>1</sup> breaching the level of Red Rock Pass, Idaho. From there it spilled into the valley towards the Pacific. Today, I stand at the foot of the spillway, and the point where the breach first took place, scrapes a cloudy sky above. At that very moment 300 miles away, a man, engines tuned to a high-pitched drone, adjusts his grip on the steering wheel and prepares to again drive in a straight line.

by men but by ships, given over to the seductive centaurs of Marinetti and his futurists. Which is to say the evolving psychic trauma of always newer and better machines. I worry now with my sweaty furrowed brow only slightly relaxed, that this must have been the inevitability our great grandparents saw in their colonizers. The inevitability of order becoming chaos becoming order again of ships becoming homes becoming ships again of men becoming cars becoming men again. The inevitability of order becoming chaos becoming order again of ships becoming homes becoming ships again of men becoming cars becoming men again. The inevitability of order becoming chaos becoming order again of ships becoming homes becoming ships again of men becoming cars becoming men again.

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<sup>1</sup> Translated to tons from "Description: Lake Bonneville and the Bonneville Flood". *Cascades Volcano Observatory*. U.S. Geological Survey. 2002.