

Speed, Motorcycles and the Archive

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I'VE BEEN THROUGH THE DESERT on a chrome-encrusted motorcycle that bore an odd resemblance to Elvis Presley and had a name almost as fat as the bike itself: the Harley Heritage Softail Classic. The desert was just outside Las Vegas, and the motorcycle was a rental, lined up as part of a trip I took with my husband to the Las Vegas Guggenheim to see a show that we had wanted to see for years: *The Art of the Motorcycle*, an exhibit of some of the world's most beautiful motorcycles (see Figure 10).

Oh, you didn't know that there was a Guggenheim in Las Vegas? You didn't know that motorcycles belong in art galleries? Well, as it happens, the Guggenheim isn't there anymore, and there is a good possibility that the motorcycles shouldn't have been in the gallery anyhow. First, the closure of the Guggenheim: there were two Guggenheim galleries opened in Las Vegas's Venetian Hotel initially, the large gallery which held *The Art of the Motorcycle* and the smaller Guggenheim Hermitage Museum. The mandate of the larger gallery was to hold exhibits drawn from popular culture, while the Hermitage Museum would hold more traditional shows, like "Fabergé Treasures from the Kremlin" or "A Century of Painting from Renoir to Rothko." Considering the location of these galleries, it seems

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strange indeed to think which of the two galleries survived the ruthless gaze of the Las Vegas cultural consumer.

Both galleries seemed to announce the archive of the new millennium as a shopping mall of magnificent proportions, always cool and dark in the desert heat, always pandemonium in the desert silence, always Europe or somewhere else in the middle of the great American desert. There could be no origins in this archive, only a series of consumer choices. The entrance to the *Art of the Motorcycle* installation sat for fifteen months deep within an incomprehensibly huge hotel beyond endless interior acres of shops, slots and craps. One could imagine Ozymandias installed in the ticket booth at the door, but of course, Elvis is King of Kings in this desert, and so maybe the display of gleaming motorcycles in this archive was plausible, recording, as it did, a certain history but also certain addictions and drives. This archival paradox was erected in the very town where the oddly vital mannequin Roy was dragged by his throat in the teeth of a beast from his collection of rare tigers to a future where, perhaps, we will all be consumed by the archive.

In a sense, my journey into the heart of brightness which is Las Vegas can be retraced as a journey into the very heart of the archive itself, or into what Derrida calls “the desire and the disorder of the archive” (*Archive Fever* 81). Through this travel diary of my trip to Las Vegas, I want to convince you that the archive is not what it once was, or once was meant to be. The archive historically has been a fixing of origins, among other things, an attempt to install history inside collections of objects and simultaneously to install collections of objects inside history. The objects in the archive begin to radiate sacred meanings, and the archive becomes a cultural vestry—or at least, this is how it seems when the objects are texts or paintings or other artifacts that signal cultural exclusion even as the patron moves through them. But motorcycles? In Las Vegas? How is this archive to be entered or understood?

This returns me to the question of whether motorcycles should be in an art gallery at all. In his recent essay “Art Will Eat Itself,” Mark Kingwell takes the reactionary position on this question and argues that the hubristic appeal of finding oneself in the gallery overwhelms aesthetic discernment; or, in other words, being seen in the gallery is more important than what is being seen in the gallery: “We engage in a form of second-order consumption all too typical of the postmodern condition, consuming our own cultivation as a by-product of some first-order experience—such as beauty—understood to be insufficient by itself” (82). It is difficult to disagree with Kingwell, because it seems to me that the survival of the

Guggenheim Hermitage in Las Vegas must be the result of hypocritical snobbery or simply the hung-over guilt of those made financially and spiritually impoverished by gambling, and thus seeking redemption through a chastening tour of Fabergé Eggs or Impressionist paintings. Obviously, there is less virtue to be reflected back from the gleaming chrome surface of a Superbike. But, then again, doesn't the 21st century involve a lot more reflecting surfaces than virtue? Why shouldn't galleries record this gestalt? Kingwell describes contemporary curatorial ideologies in precisely these terms of shifting surfaces without depth: "So-called fine art has struggled to free itself from the bonds of elitism and privilege, opening up to a larger public sphere only to find that the result was an empty and defeated art world. Three hundred channels and nothing to watch" (82). The gallery is empty, Kingwell further suggests, because the objects in the gallery are empty too: "The art world is a conceptual space, a linked series of locations and discussions, where objects are given a certain status; but there is nothing inherent in the objects themselves that makes them art.... Art is simply whatever the art world talks about" (82). This movement away from elitism which Kingwell describes is as circular as the wheels of a motorcycle. It is still the culturally elite "art world" which determines the status of objects in the anti-elite archives of popular culture, such as the Las Vegas Guggenheim. Wheels within wheels: the elite defines the new elitism of anti-elitism; the value of the art object is found in the discussions surrounding it, not in the object itself; the value of the art object is found in the status of the gallery, not in the object itself. Amidst these rotating values, the question "what is art?" cannot really be answered; a more manageable question would be, how does the gallery space assign meaning to the objects it contains? And from this follows the question, what has the archive become?

To quote Derrida again, this becomes "a question of the future, the question of the future itself" (36), and it seems, I am sorry to say, that the future is increasingly without a past. This begs yet another question: without a past, can the archive even exist? If it can exist—and here I announce my thesis—in the 21st century the archive can only be a product and record of speed.

Las Vegas is nothing if not fast. It is where Jean Baudrillard *should* have been standing, cranking the arm of a slot machine, when he announced that "With instant information, there's no longer time for history" (*Paroxysm* 8). In the spirit of these words, my questions above will be refined to one: what has speed done to memory; or, what has the acceleration of representation done to the archive? And what better

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archive to stand in while asking this question than one filled with motorcycles? I must circle back to the Guggenheim in Las Vegas, via New York and Bilbao, to seek some answers.

In contrast to the Las Vegas Guggenheim, the New York Guggenheim is a spiraling gesture to modern architecture, the Bilbao Guggenheim a shining monument to the millennium. Both are magnificent buildings that confer sophistication on every object or person within, and both held the *Art of the Motorcycle* show before it came to Las Vegas (see Figures 11 and 12). One can imagine that motorcycles archived in these beacons to cosmopolitan self-admiration became art indeed. Despite a practical history linking motorcycles to freedom, advertising, racing, danger, war, crime and so on, in these buildings, motorcycle form must have eclipsed function almost entirely. This is inevitable to a degree in any display of motionless motorcycles, not the least because a bike can't even stand up unsupported unless in motion—so a stationary motorcycle isn't really a motorcycle at all in some pretty basic ways. Without speed, a motorcycle is reduced to pure aesthetic and sits prettily in the past. It sits very comfortably, in other words, in a gallery. But it becomes something quite different in motion, and in motion, I think, it creates an alternative kind of archive. Indeed, for meaning to inhere in the motorcycle as art object—as, I believe, meaning should inhere in all art—the motorcycle surely should be in motion, because only at speed does it obtain (to misquote de Certeau) the poetry of its own action (xviii). (To claim this, I realize, is to take a position which rejects the shiny surfaces of postmodern logic, but that logic belongs to the last century, I am certain.) Most immediately and practically, the motionless and formal motorcycle must mean something different each time *The Art of the Motorcycle* opens in a different gallery.

Thus, in New York and Bilbao, *The Art of the Motorcycle* stands as an archive *par excellence* of modernity and postmodernity respectively, and here the historical arrangement of the bikes from oldest to newest makes perfect sense. But what about the Guggenheim Las Vegas, embedded within the Venetian Hotel, a building with no redeeming architectural features? In aesthetic terms, this building can only be characterized as intentionally without character. It is, after all, a hotel which is in Las Vegas while pretending to be in Venice. At the entrance to the hotel, the guest is met by the astonishing apparition of gondolas floating on a canal that actually enters the building. This is not quite a replica, however, because the seafaring bellboys are not, of course, Venetian but American, and dressed in bell-bottoms, red-striped tees and jaunty caps which seem more cartoonish than credible. It is, rather, a simulacrum: a copy with

no original. And nothing has become more imbued with the values of speed than what Hillel Schwarz has called “the culture of the copy;” what Baudrillard witheringly refers to as “Degree Xerox of value” (12).

Our cultural fascination with speed really began with the industrial revolution and perhaps was first announced in literary terms in De Quincey’s “The English Mail Coach,” and the value assigned to speed has only increased since. Henry Ford is almost as famous for the speed of his assembly line as his cars, and today, technology becomes obsolete at almost the same clip that it transforms everyday life. And, as Hillel Schwarz points out, the twentieth-century culture of speed coincides with what he calls (after Oskar Schlemmer) “the cult of the surface”—a phenomenon that includes the emergence of glass skyscrapers:

Surface would be everything—and nothing—to the glass-and-steel corporate skyscrapers designed after the war by Mies van der Rohe, former director of the Bauhaus, and to the explicitly reflective glass buildings inaugurated in 1962 by Eero Saarinen. Arguments in favor of such architecture answered to the dreams of camoufleurs who through two wars has sought structures that, season to season, appeared to blend into clouds, trees, neighborhoods. The reflections, said advocates, made the building at one with its world: reflections, said critics, isolated the building, shielding its occupants from social intercourse as if democracy were a Medusa ... the new buildings were essentially hollow. (205–206)

As I have said, the face of the Las Vegas Guggenheim/Venetian is largely unremarkable, with glass windows in a plain tower in the style of any hotel, office building or shopping mall, whereas the New York and Bilbao galleries have extraordinary, sculptural exteriors. Thus, the Las Vegas Guggenheim lacks the sense of extroversion so important to the other two galleries. Perhaps more to the point, in pretending to be in another country entirely, the occupants could not be more shielded from social (or political) intercourse with the outside world, the building could not be more hollow, even though inside, ceilings and walls are painted with spectacular reproduction murals, chandeliers abound, so on and so forth. To have a sense of how purely superficial this world is, how perversely narcissistic its inhabitants, you could check out the Venetian Hotel website and add this new word to your vocabulary: shoppertainment. While shopping, the hotel patron can be serenaded by “classically trained singers and actors from all over the world,” can admire “Venetian living statues,” or can enjoy the march of the Gondoliers twice daily. This parodic historical pageant

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obviously forms some kind of archive, one that cannot be approached through the language of modernity or even postmodernity. Let's just say that this is where Michael Jackson *should* have dangled his child from a balcony. (I think Michael would certainly have to agree that going to the real Europe is always a mistake.)

But it is too simple to say that this archive is a fraud, because it is still true that this world exists and compels itself forward, or that it didn't exist, so we invented it. This simulation fulfills desires that people really do have. We long to be shoppertained away from the sad business of the *other* real world of wars, plagues, poverty—history, in short. And this desire does not emerge as a drowsy, sensual mediation but instead as what Schwarz calls “the fury of acceleration and the fatigue of deceleration felt at each century's end” (89). I would go further than this, to say that acceleration has been the dominant force of the entire twentieth-century and has left us with the impression of blurred, shining surfaces moving too quickly to have any meaningful content. And meaningful content is needed now as much as it ever has been.

Our visit to Las Vegas came five months after September 11, five months after planes and people moving at fatal speeds collided with the supreme glass skyscrapers, monuments to democracy as Medusa. In this context, the extremely interior aspect of the Las Vegas space ultimately seems a fitting testament to an historical moment in which, I would like to suggest, postmodernity is annihilated as it collapses into the black hole of its own logic—or as it is dragged away by the throat. If you accept my notion here that the Las Vegas Guggenheim is ultimately an archive—among others—which commemorates the death of postmodernity, then perhaps you will allow also that motorcycles are the perfect vehicle to form the cortège. Why? Because even in stillness, motorcycles represent speed, and speed may be the primary catalyst for the failures of postmodernity. Jean Baudrillard has said that “History, meaning and progress are no longer able to reach their escape velocity” (*Paroxysm* 7). So it is not only a lack of political engagement that ends postmodernism, as the argument usually goes, but rather the acceleration of being *and* politics to the point of implosion. And if this archive marks the annihilation of a postmodern condition, then the subjectivity of the gallery patron is forever altered, or, as Derrida puts it, “what is no longer archived in the same way is no longer lived in the same way” (18). In fact, I would argue that subjectivity has not been lived in the same way since the first motorized vehicles, as the velocity of the death drive pins us back in our seats, as the speed of repetition

toward this drive redlines at higher and higher RPMs to the point where subjectivity past is crushed by its own forward momentum.

So this brings me to a paradox: that motorcycles represent speed and escape but also the failures of speed and escape—or, put more simply, that we speed to gain back seconds of our lives while accelerating directly toward death, fate, what Derrida calls our ownmost potentiality-for-being. Baudrillard writes about death in the context of history (or the archive): “Only the play of destiny is interesting, but it isn’t a religious fate we’re talking about. It means simply that, as against cause-and-effect logic, the event is there first. Any form of interpretation or explanation is of the order of repentance” (*Paroxysm* 47). Death is the event which is always there first for the subject, and for Baudrillard, the archive must be a kind of repentance (again, I imagine the gambler cowed before the unbearable, oval perfection of the Fabergé egg). But, there is another thing to consider here: the archive itself is not stable. The history of archives forms its own archive, perhaps of repentance, but increasingly, only if repentance is understood less and less as an inward-looking reflection and more and more as glass surfaces projecting light and representation outward, not as insight but as oversight. And also, only if reflection is no longer understood to be slow but is understood instead to be very, very fast. This is not to say that death comes more quickly than in the past but rather that every perception and record spins with increasing acceleration around the axis of subjectivity—much like, in the last century, the acceleration of revolutions from 78 records to CDs.

The Futurist Manifesto, written in 1909, describes a subjectivity propelled equally toward life and death, equally by love and hate, by a motorcar. Marinetti writes “We declare that the splendor of the world has been enriched by a new beauty: the beauty of speed. A racing automobile with its bonnet adorned with great tubes like serpents with explosive breath” (n.p.). But he also writes “We want to demolish museums and libraries, fight morality, feminism” (n.p.). These passages show not only that the collective, cultural unconscious has been affected by speed for a century already—beauty mounted by tubes, serpents, explosions—but also that the end of the archive has long been associated with motor racing.

I have essentially been arguing that the archive as it intends itself—as a record of origins and history—is finished, and that its demise has coincided with the rise of speed as a predominant Western cultural value, particularly during the twentieth-century and beyond. The culture of speed has caused the “curving back of history” (8), the “excess of history” (7), the “recycling of history” (9), as Baudrillard variously describes it,

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and thus the archive as a linear record of objects and events is no longer relevant. Because of this, the arrangement of motorcycles in an historical order in *The Art of the Motorcycle* exhibit was at odds with everything motorcycles represent and produce: escape, speed, and relationships to bodies. This disconnection between form and content was demonstrated in various ways, perhaps most obviously in the fact that the bikes were on podiums of various heights, which often made it impossible to look down on the instruments, which is exactly how a rider always wants to look at a motorcycle. In short, the arrangement of stationary bikes in an historical order denies the content of that history: it effaces speed and, even more, it effaces riders, because such an archive does not allow for an active, politically engaged subjectivity projected into the future.

Paul Virilio imagines the racecar driver in *Speed and Politics* as “no more than a worried lookout for the catastrophic probabilities of his movement” (142). If the power of speed is rarefied, put on a pedestal, archived as though it has been contained, then we are indeed passive victims of the inevitable, final collision between bodies and the products of speed. Virilio writes that “the ultimate metaphor of the speed-body is its final disappearance in the flames of explosion” (117). This rhetoric, this model would suggest that the hate-filled *Futurist Manifesto* is not only our past but our future, a model in which fans arrive at the races hoping to see a crash. This is a model without will, humanity, or redemption. It is a model in which motorcycles are missing the thing that makes them motorcycles—the riders. It is a model in which athletes become passive, subordinate to their machines, empty tablets waiting for inscription. This is a model that I would be loath to accept. And ultimately, it just isn't right to leave things like this: the archive in ruins, the motor in flames, the subject without a body. It seems necessary to cycle back to Las Vegas to see what travelers might emerge from these lone and level sands to ride toward the future.

On our first day in Las Vegas, my husband and I were on a Harley Davidson motorcycle for the first time, taking a day-long drive through Nevada deserts of sublime beauty, where the earth offers its blood-coloured soil up to an indifferent blue sky. This trip began early in the morning, the day before we went to the motorcycle show, and seemed to last forever and not nearly long enough. There was only one frustration in the ride: the Hoover Dam was heavily guarded as a national monument vulnerable to terrorist attack, and traffic progressed slowly through vehicle searches conducted by military and non-military personnel. The grandeur of the dam suggests, perhaps, what Las Vegas meant to be and failed to

become; the complex reasons for the vehicle searches suggest, perhaps, what human beings mean to be and fail to become. The dam is an Art Deco masterpiece in the vast gallery of the desert; Las Vegas, on the other hand, seems one grand, hollow art installation branded with the postmodern hallmark of unselfconscious irony, perceptible only to intellectual snobs like me and, I'm guessing, you.

We took a route back to town not recommended by our travel guide, and thus drove through a tent city of homeless Las Vegans—or Las Venetians?—living under blankets attached to chain link fences, under tarps erected on empty demolition sites, on sidewalks hot enough to fry eggs. This nomadic settlement gave way gradually to motels with half-lit signs advertising all-day breakfasts, then to big-box casinos and hotels, then finally to the main strip where Cirque du Soleil and Céline Dion perform to crowds who have hundreds of dollars to celebrate the peculiar supremacy of French-Canadian entertainment in Las Vegas.

We chose instead to attend a title boxing match. Despite spending an obscene amount of money for our tickets, we entered the arena halfway up in the rows, where we watched the endless parade of the garishly dressed demi-monde entering and exiting ringside; boxing match protocol does not require that spectators remain in their seats. The special celebrity guest at ringside was introduced and stood to scattered applause; the black man from Detroit sitting next to me leaned over and asked, “who *is* Sammy Hagar?” His best friend from childhood, once a contender, now an ex-con, was in one of the matches that night. We watched his friend get knocked out halfway through the fight and slide much more slowly than I would have expected down the ropes. Three hours into the event, the title fight was announced, and the athletes bounced and shuffled down the aisles, punching the air, while a woman hung drunkenly over the rail of the top deck of the stadium, at least a hundred meters above a concrete floor, waving her arms wildly and screaming “Booooooonz,” the name of one of the fighters. My seatmate leaned over again. “That’s what girls from Kentucky look like,” he told me. Bonz removed his robe in the ring, and I saw that his back was entirely covered by the logo “goldenpalace.com,” the name of an offshore, online betting website. This company takes the exploitation of bodies to theatrical extremes in its advertising, paying models to streak at English soccer matches or perform in pasties at the US Open. There is an interesting inversion of trends here, as this virtual company infects bodies with the unabstracted advertising of ink inscribed directly onto flesh—and this is perhaps not as harmful as the affliction of a gambling addiction, also moved from matrix to meat at the golden palace

dot com. This site is also a space where the bodies of athletes are taken up into what Donna Haraway calls “cyborg semiologies” (163). In this context of representation, the speed of the athlete’s body collides with the speed of the computer, and new meanings and vocabularies for sport and, by extension, subjectivity must be forged.

The fists of the welterweight boxers in Las Vegas were too fast to comprehend, and as the fighters moved around the ring, the painted back of Bonz became an organic, fluid archive of speed, violence, greed, and virtual reality. “Why should our bodies end at the skin?”, asks Donna Haraway in *Simians, Cyborgs and Women* (178). They do not end at the skin, of course; Haraway argues that our bodies emerge nowadays in a post-computer reality of grids or systems of communications, that all of representation for the computer literate produces “cyborg semiologies” (163). Even when we don’t have dot com addresses encrypted onto our bodies, we do not end at the skin, for, as Foucault puts it in *Discipline and Punish*, bodies “emit signs” (25). And what I am thinking here is that this body, which emits not just signs but cyborg semiologies, belongs to a new kind of subject, as subject who records and witnesses her existence in a new kind of archive.

The cyborg body, suggests Haraway, is neither innocent nor guilty but well understands irony: “A cyborg body is not innocent; it was not born in a garden; it does not seek unitary identity and so generate antagonistic dualisms without end (or until the world ends): it takes irony for granted” (180). Las Vegas is the ideal site of generation for this body: it is not innocent, not a garden, and it takes irony for granted. But these phrases also describe postmodernism—and we are beyond there or, I think, never really went there. Haraway also imagines cyborgs emerging from “regeneration, not rebirth,” like the limb of an injured salamander, keeping in mind that “the regrown limb can be monstrous, duplicated, potent,” and she even imagines a “utopian dream of the hope for a monstrous world without gender” (181). The matrix of the computer seems the only likely archive for the artifacts produced by this body, but a matrix is a womb, penetrated without consent, one supposes, by hard drives, downloading the same old pornography as ever. So this model doesn’t quite work. It does seem clear, though, that meanings in the twenty-first century archive are redoubled by irony and recorded in cyborg semiologies: Haraway is right about this. But the archive is not inside a computer, and we do not leave skin and gender behind when we enter it. Nor does the rider who crashes and loses a limb ever grow one back. In fact, Georges Canguilhem argues compellingly that machines cannot be monstrous at all:

Life permits monstrosities. There are no monstrous machines. There is no mechanical pathology.... Whereas monsters are still living things, there is no way to distinguish between the normal and the pathological in physics and mechanics. Only among living beings is there a distinction between the normal and the pathological. (58)

So, to recap: the archive beyond postmodernism is saturated with the values of speed, as are the bodies that visit it; it is redolent with irony; it does not separate technology from bodies—and thus itself from bodies (it is not organic but architectural), but these bodies are, nonetheless, not monstrous in their technological aspect. And—here is the heart of the matter—machines and the speed they produce remain subordinate to bodies, because ultimately they cannot, even as Haraway wishes they could, regenerate themselves any more than human bodies can: “Machines do not construct other machines” (55), writes Canguilhem, and elsewhere, “there is no watch that makes other watches. No part can replace itself. And no machine can replace one of its own missing parts” (60). Indeed, he argues, “machines can be considered as organs of the human species” (55). This is good news for the archive and even better news for the archivist, I think: we may have become cyborgs, but we have not given up free will or autonomy in the process. And so we need not accept Virilio’s image of the speed-body disappearing in the flames of an explosion as the final moment of the archive, leaving, presumably, nothing left to record. Instead, we must imagine an archive in which speed and machines become the organs of our bodies politic. I am certain that there was meaning in what I saw in Las Vegas, but it was not in the motorcycles in the gallery but rather on the motorcycle where I saw the archive of the tent city, stark against the gluttony of Las Vegas, more dehumanizing than any computer or hotel simulation.

The archive of the future must be an organic machine which remembers speed not only as the product of history but also as that value which produces history. This is still an archive in which sweat can wash away body paint in the time it takes for a boxing match; this is still an archive in which we are reminded that athletes produce history as much as academics and professional archivists do, that every moving body produces a record of spaces remade by our passage through them. “Walking is a transient and evanescent practice,” writes Steve Pile in *The Body and the City*; “walkers are involved in the production of an unmappable space” (226). Thus, the art world alone cannot determine what is art in this archive, because it is a shifting graphic of viewing and interpretation,

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in which our every movement remains and repeats—and it is through repetition that the fastest ride on any track is achieved.

As Derrida points out in *Archive Fever*, the archive assures “the possibility of memorization, of repetition, of reproduction, or of reimpression” (11–12). The successful motorcycle race requires precisely these elements: the repeated cycles (or revolutions) around the track create a neurological impression whereby the athlete’s body moves more quickly than the mind. And all the way through I have meant revolutions in both senses. Within the logic of accelerating revolutions, the racer’s body is an archive where the race, where *speed* may be adequately recorded and exhibited. Speeding bodies, bodies produced by speed, become kinetic archives, archives that actually make sense in and of the twenty-first century. In this sense, the utopian archive which I can imagine, an archive able to make sense of the world we inhabit, rides on the tires of a motorcycle: it follows the line over and over again, but it cannot perform as it is meant to, leaned over, without the rider or enough revolutions per minute.

As Greil Marcus describes the music of the Sex Pistols (vinyl or CD, spinning archives), “What remains irreducible about this music is its desire to change the world.... The desire begins with the demand to live not as an object but as a subject of history—to live as if something actually depended on one’s actions—and that demand opens onto a free street” (5–6). Paul Virilio has called speed limits “the political control of the highway” (27). At the race track, speed both reifies and denies political control: the speed produced is marketed to sell motorcycles, but at the same time, only the body and its relation to the machine are meaningful at 200 MPH, and an athlete, perhaps more than anyone else, is a person who lives as if “something actually depend[s] on ... action.”

The archive as well as performance is becoming less a stationary place and more a record of our actions, like the electronic traces left by our remote access of libraries from our homes or offices. The political significance of place is thus giving way to the political significance of motion, action, and so our actions have never been more important, and this is a great modern irony: the acceleration of culture through technology has not made the body disappear into a virtual reality, as many would argue. Rather, speed has emphatically returned the body to the subject. History has a new urgency which demands that we progress beyond the static archives of the past, the shrines of Logos and artifact, to face up to faster and faster revolutions per minute, knowing that with our very passage through time we make and remake the archive.

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