

It is to begin writing this with 11% battery on my computer -





Quickness is alien to my practice.

Is doing things slowly doing them wrongly? To be unselfconscious, intuitive, immediate- to make work that speaks of urgency or need- this indicates a kind of nature suited to "artmaking".

I envision myself, on the other hand, as an utterly unromantic functionary-

-a pencil pusher to whom working quickly is positively risqué.

Even as I approach this writing I do so in the least provisional way possible; doggedly looking for a new definition of speed via theory chase with husband P.

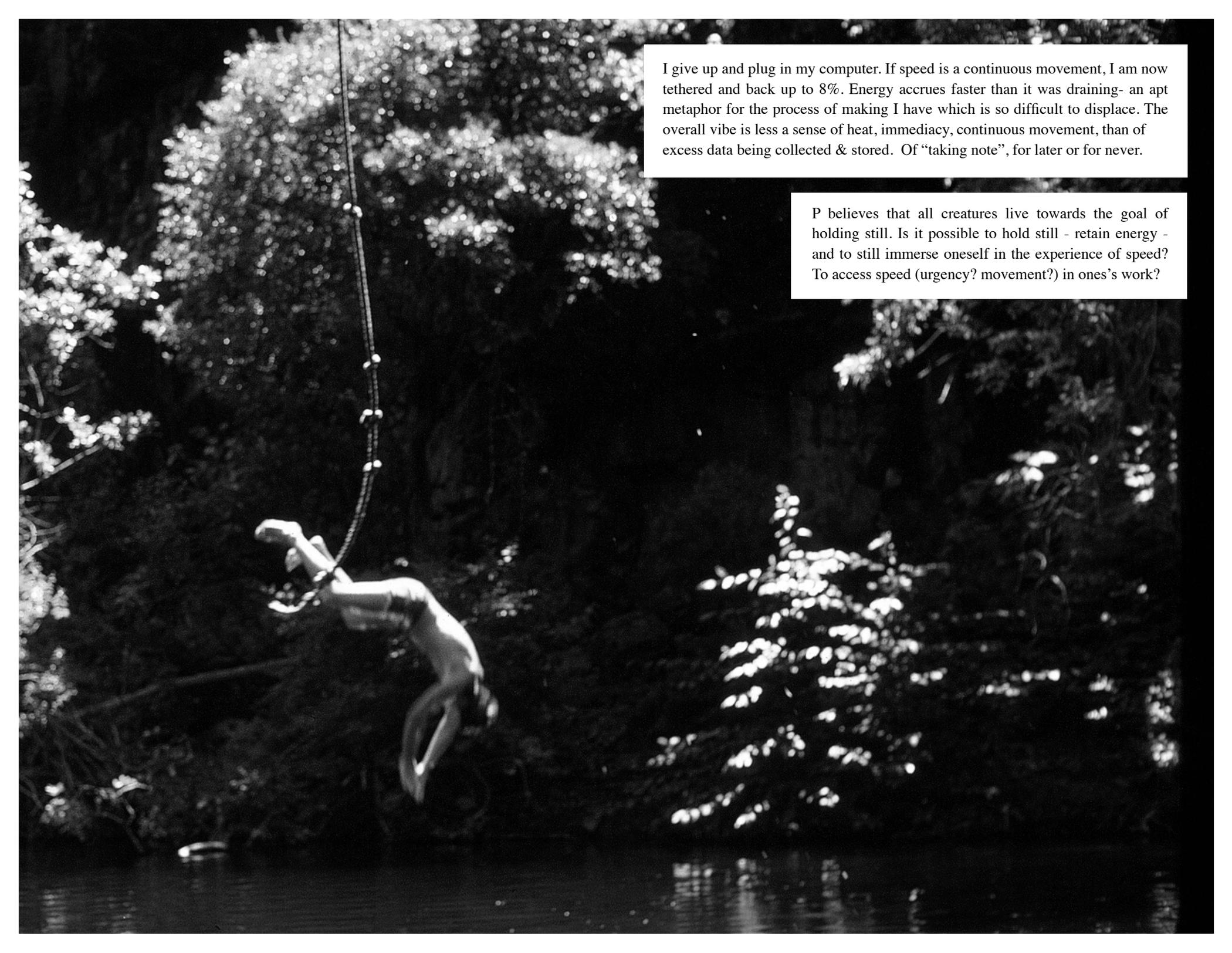
Deleuze broadens what speed can mean- "Absolute speed is the speed of nomads, even when they move about slowly." Constant transition, becoming. The continuous movement between. One can be late in this speed- a taxi in traffic. En route.

In German, *unterwegs* is to be away, to be on the way, or to be expecting (as in a child). Deleuze again: "Children go fast because they know how to glide in between."





Writing produces speed, or it should. 3% battery now. Speed is an effect, not a product. An intensity, not a quantity- like temperature. Slow movement can make speed experientially available. P says this is all secretly about calculus.



I give up and plug in my computer. If speed is a continuous movement, I am now tethered and back up to 8%. Energy accrues faster than it was draining- an apt metaphor for the process of making I have which is so difficult to displace. The overall vibe is less a sense of heat, immediacy, continuous movement, than of excess data being collected & stored. Of “taking note”, for later or for never.

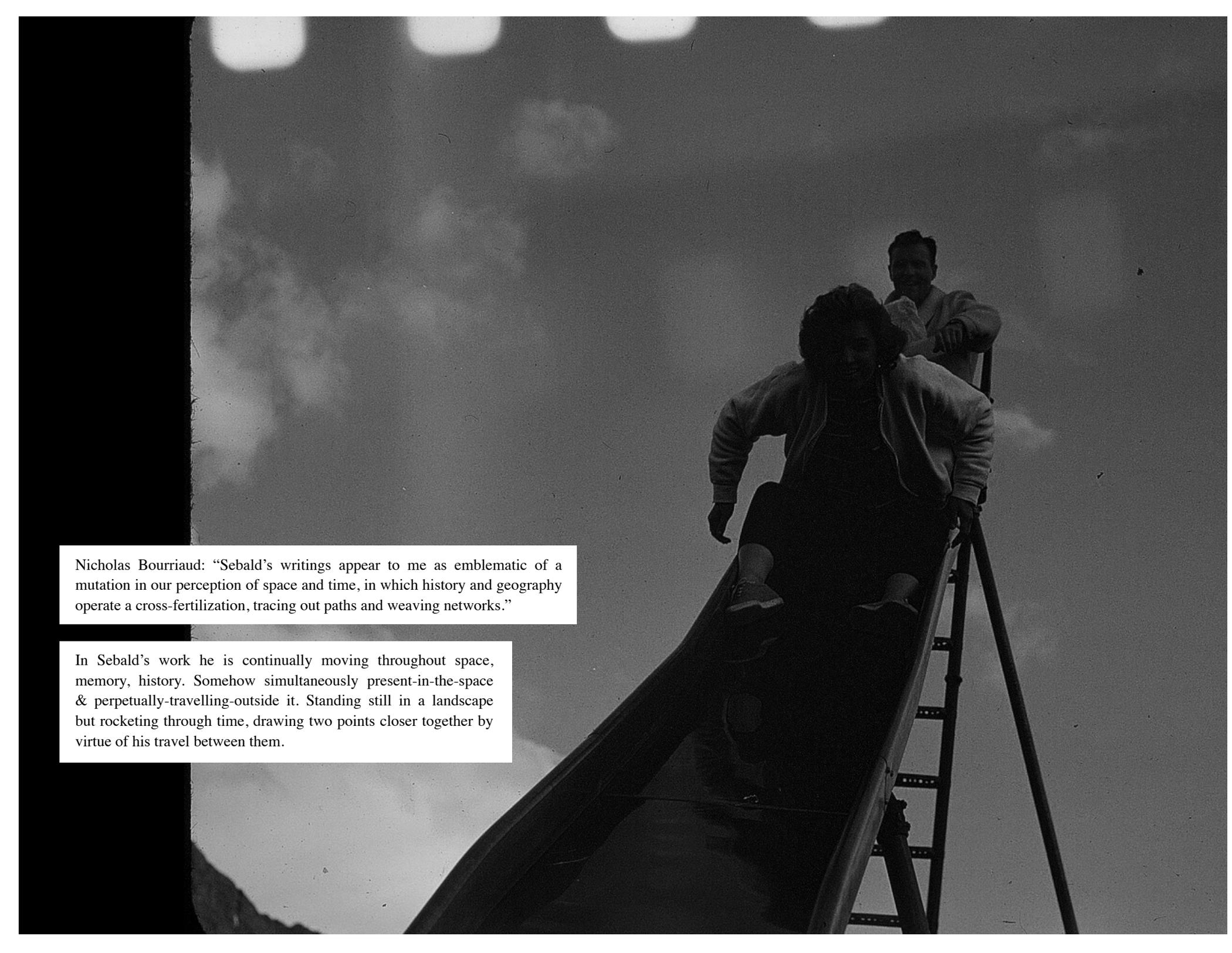
P believes that all creatures live towards the goal of holding still. Is it possible to hold still - retain energy - and to still immerse oneself in the experience of speed? To access speed (urgency? movement?) in ones's work?

The Deleuzian concept of speed makes me think of a passage from W.G. Sebald's "Rings of Saturn". The narrator-writer-interlocutor watches relatives of a friend while they sew:

"The movement they made as they drew the thread sideways and upwards with every stitch reminded me of things that were so far back in the past that I felt my heart sink at the thought of how little time remained".

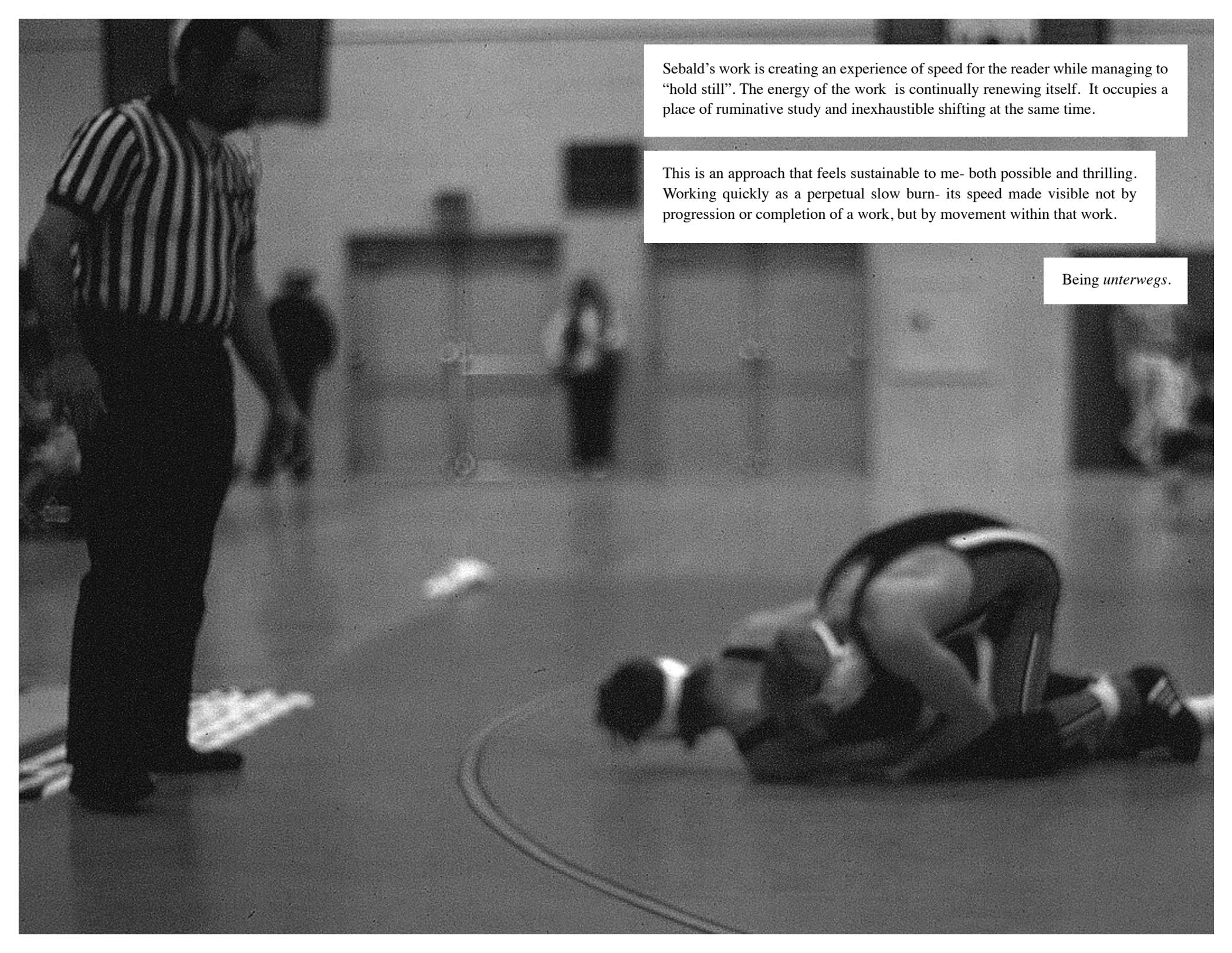
The speed at which past and dwindling future are pulled together- in the time it takes to pull a stitch taut- is especially deafening in this moment of quiet, methodical work.





Nicholas Bourriaud: "Sebald's writings appear to me as emblematic of a mutation in our perception of space and time, in which history and geography operate a cross-fertilization, tracing out paths and weaving networks."

In Sebald's work he is continually moving throughout space, memory, history. Somehow simultaneously present-in-the-space & perpetually-travelling-outside it. Standing still in a landscape but rocketing through time, drawing two points closer together by virtue of his travel between them.



Sebald's work is creating an experience of speed for the reader while managing to "hold still". The energy of the work is continually renewing itself. It occupies a place of ruminative study and inexhaustible shifting at the same time.

This is an approach that feels sustainable to me- both possible and thrilling. Working quickly as a perpetual slow burn- its speed made visible not by progression or completion of a work, but by movement within that work.

Being *unterwegs*.

Not to complete, but to travel.

