**The Fate of the Investigator.**

A short story by Gilles Massot.

The late afternoon light had begun to creep into the recesses of the quiet and slightly dusty room, projecting transparent shadows that lent a serene sense of depth to that moment of the day. With his eyes half closed, as if to give to his words more weight, or maybe just because he was already a little sleepy and tired from the long conversation, Holmes turned towards his dear old friend, clearly intending to share some thoughts of a more personal nature than usual with him. And indeed, such a moment had come, or so it seemed.

*"It recently occurred to me my dear friend that Art might well be nothing more than the result of a relentless urge to reach for the Intangible and/or the Beyond, an urge motivated by a longing for a physical form that will actively transform the tangible in the course of a progressive materialisation induced by the labour incumbent to the transmutation of matter required to complete the journey; a self-initiated journey that is, the purpose of which is the more or less conscious desire to bring eternity and infinity under control of the fluid boundaries of the here and now as a self-reflective confirmation of one’s own momentary existence.*

*For someone with an in-born natural artistic inclination, which thank God is not my case, trying to ignore the little voice that sets this sequence in motion seems to inevitably lead, at least in due time, to haunting feelings of annihilating dissatisfaction and/or perverse melancholy, feelings that can not be dissolved by willpower but can only be controlled through exhaustion: the exhaustion resulting from the intense work required by the quest. Such is the fate of the “artist” I believe, and so has it been for the longest time as far as I can see.*

*This being said, lots of joy, wonderment and sheer satisfaction rising out of the feeling of a job well done are bound to be experienced on the way, making the fate of the artist desirable to many people. In would even seems that in the best case scenario these enjoyable moments of exaltations can turn into a self-sustainable energy that keeps the creative momentum going, as if by and for it-self, almost effortlessly, and for the longest possible time. Eventually, if all goes well… one should even be able to make money out of it! Ha… to be a rich and successful artist! What a ball this must be!*

*Some of these success stories though also seem fated to face the dire temptation of suicide, as if the bigger the success, the more daunting the self-initiated quest. I guess the little voice asking for the self-reflective confirmation of one’s own momentary existence always has the last word in the end, singing as it does to the tune of persistent nagging, stubbornly expecting immediate completion of impossible tasks, continually pushing achievements further away into the future while purposely ignoring, or at least belittling, whatever might have been concretely accomplished already; a senseless, endless task, forever biting its own tail. And this might well prove to be the end of my rant for you today, my dear friend, because it would in truth appear that such is the inescapable fate of the “artist”. (…) Elementary my dear Watson, don’t you think so? Now, will you please stop staring at me this way, as if I had suddenly turned gay! And for Heaven sake, have your cup of tea, it is getting cold!"*

Holmes posed silently for a while; trying to avoid paying too much attention to the irritating seeping sound typical of Watson’s poor table manners, who obediently answering Holmes’ injection had right away started drinking from his cup. Clearly the moment had passed. Stillness prevailed. With his eyes closed, it looks as if he was trying to gather deep within him the resolve to move on in life. And unknowingly he had in truth managed to gather enough of it to manifest an existential turning point that must have been brewing within him for the longest time. What followed was so brief that Watson, focused as he was on his tepid cup of tea, didn’t perceived anything of the Moment’s inherent complexity. But it unravelled so many layers of the fabric of reality that one needs to relate the events with care and attention to understand, at least partially, what took place.

Suddenly, moved by a kind of energy he had never experienced before, Holmes stood up abruptly, and in the most decisive motion walked straight to the other side of the room, reaching intently for the switch of the ceiling light, as if for a life buoy in the midst of the ocean. Alas, as forcefully assertive he might have seemed at that moment, an acute observer would have also surely noticed the dubitative smile underlining the corner of his lips, and interpret it as a sign of lingering uncertainty. Was he fooling only himself? Maybe… Yet, there was no doubt that the moment had passed. It clearly felt that way; he could feel it in his bones, although he also quickly had to admit that things wouldn’t be just that simple. And so it proved to be.

A remnant of the oppressing ambiguity he had so stupidly gazed into just then made the much-anticipated metallic sound of the switched knob too feeble to be properly heard. The indented liberating act thus failed to mark the internal transference he initially envisioned. In fact, the disturbance brought to the sonic space of the room by such a timid and unremarkable click was way too insignificant to have any impact on the situation; how foolish of him to have expected otherwise! No doubt that it was brief and sharp as a click should be; but it was so barely audible, in fact a non-event, that it was best described as a wave of no mechanistic impact. So there went the mechanistic side of things he normally relied on; down the drain.

The effect of the ‘click’ on the electromagnetic dimension however turned out to be so incredibly deep and many folded that it shattered the moment in an instant and effortlessly reduced Holmes’ philosophical considerations to fluffy ashes. In fact, it resulted in what he would remember for the longest time as one of his most puzzling experiences ever, so unnoticeable and subtle had been the transfer of the little click’s subtle magic to the adjacent wave dimension, and so spontaneously and artlessly had the instantaneous resulting brightness emerged from the void. Lo and behold, within the glimpse of a joyful instant, it had dispersed the late afternoon shadows with a gentle blow of unpredictable light particles, shattered the crystallised memories of a just-now that could have stubbornly refused to die if not for this miraculous intervention filled with a sense of divine imaginary, and in a crowning conclusion, went on to gloriously annihilate with all its might the remnants of languid doubt and illusory depth that he had so foolishly indulged in, and even believed in. However brief this flow of philosophical considerations might have been, it certainly had lasted one moment too many.

In truth, the moment had passed. The transfer of probability, mastered in the course of his countless investigations, had intuitively taken control of the situation at the right time. Things were back on track as per normal. The self-induced journey had been successfully completed, and its mesmerizing shadows contained. In the process, he had to admit that he had learned a few things that would nicely lend themselves to further meditations in the company of his pipe.

The case could therefore be considered closed; “well… at least for now” did he surprise himself thinking. For indeed such was the fate of the investigator he had become.