

Radiosity

A SHORT PHILOSOPHICAL NOVEL

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Fear, it is this gift that they would give us in the posthumous city; the possibility of being afraid for them: fear given in the word 'fear'; fear not felt.

Maurice Blanchot, *The Step Not Beyond*

In the middle of the room, there is a hole. Three persons are standing, talking anonymously and cautiously. Looking at the hole, in an hypnotic state of distress. Talking about the cavity that contains several different surfaces.

This is their secret, their improbable arrogance, their clandestine joy.

The hole is a curious deficiency of intellectual clarity: a woman on the right steps back and turns to the camera with ingenious apathy, slowly closing her eyes. An imperceptible noise breaks the silence, deferring whatever could have been deferred, including silence.

Here is the moment in the life of a woman in which everything seems connected to the impossibility of the infinite. A moment that becomes the dis-ruption one could name 'the present'. It is probably for this not-articulated, not-expressed, not-acknowledged and not-even-understood reason that P. is able to define the readability of his own erratic movement in relation to this constant dis-ruption. There is no time left but there is always something left: fear. And she knows that this sarcastic method of surviving is exhaustively dangerous. Exhausting the possibility of being afraid forever.

A gesture protects and looks after an advanced state of dissolution. A lapse of memory removed from temporal awareness reinstates the immediacy of the hole. At standstill. There is no political devaluation able to affirm immediacy over an encoded set of visual relations. P. goes back to the room, the other two persons are still there, always there. In the middle of the room there is a hole.

The becoming, eventually, of an inner state of stillness alters its axiomatic manifestation. There is a shift towards auto-complacency while the hole, reflecting, identifies itself as the demise of an ideal, its total and perverted creation of restoring an order: the radiosity of fear. The device is plugged in. And a broken monologue starts...

There is always an indefinite condition of acceptance that performs invariably and continuously without taking into consideration the place in which I happen to be.

I dreamt I could keep going without these walls, this city, your pragmatic decisions.

I could not.

This is when exhaustion accomplishes an exhausting gesture of denying not even the possible, but possibilisation as such. Gestures in dreams often retrace the possible unexpressed in reality: the seizure of that configuration remains unattainable, scattered. I exhaust nothing, I am exhausted by nothing, I am exhausting not even the possible, just the nothing within it.

So I have been trying to look somewhere, a place in which you don't speak, if there is silence, then I don't know, you need to learn also how to be silent. Could you?

"Exhausting any space whatsoever". Even in the middle of nowhere. Over there. Even fear. If it is neither passive, nor active, exhaustion is not even in-between the possibility of a being together: the passivity of action. Exhaustion can just be considered something that resides within the tangible appraisal of an essential solitude. No company. No friendship. No love. No fear. No sharing of exhaustion.

You spent some time looking over the window, expecting one word, no words, absolute peace notwithstanding. Waiting to listen to that particular noise, to see that particular movement that leaves you trembling and thinking.

The shape of an evident presence, in its many visible and invisible movements, can be measured and known if it is assumed that any interpretation of its absolute essence will remain impossible to accomplish. Exhaustion attracts nothing, it is attraction blown up into the void.

You said you were exhausted not by waiting, but by the impossibility of grasping and understanding the words written for you by him.

Are you still waiting for him?

...

It does matter then if you cannot read.

What occurs as exhaustion is a reversal of the Self from within; in this sense, the 'I' is not exhausted by something or someone. The 'I' is exhausted by nothing outside its Self. And it remains suspended over the void, within the Self.

You kept telling him that to be fearless is to avoid any exhaustion. To be afraid is the first step into exhaustion. You said, but you couldn't speak.

Exhausting fear, this being afraid, this state of emptiness in the form of a word: fear. And this exhaustion exists within a proposition that is invariable to the extent that it is something completely generated by the outside. Slowly dragged outside, seated, moving, not moving: staying, leaving, staying.

The traces I left in this place are a minimal activity with no name. As far as the place is concerned, then, the forest is everything. I asked if bearing no name was something dangerous and you said: "Present memories are gone probabilities". I already knew that. So I stopped asking.

Exhaustion is the opening and closure of an absence without access; it is a permanent process of burning down the limit of the visible towards its indifferent becoming. It is a combination of words without choice.

"How do you constantly cope with necessity", you said. "Which necessity", I said. With the fact that you cannot be completely self-sufficient, you always are in need of something. And it costs money. What about people? I will never make that mistake again.

Exhaustion and permutation without change: an image appears and then disappears without being noticed, but it is still there, it does not move. To already be exhausting the definition of exhaustion without even beginning to perceive it, without even a stuttered trace of a beginning. Inability to trace where exhaustion commences and ends.

Is there still something I need to tell you? I am writing to tell you that I am fine. I would like to whisper it softly, so you can hear the fear of my desire. No pain. Just keep listening to it.

Exhaustion does not have anything to do with renunciation. It is pure expenditure with no ends. Consuming within itself the chance of its end. A demand and, at the same time, the fulfillment of its negation. A suspension allows the activation of a substitution that would establish the informal setting of any operation within the realm of life. Pure life. Exhausted.

Let me come in. Let me go out.

Exhausting the same possibility of fear would be to erase any trace of its movement, with no movement, even beyond or *before* exhaustion. And I would bear witness to the silence without words and without voice. Drop by drop, sweating it all out.

Please take care of yourself.

Click.

Author's Note

*This text loosely references Deleuze's essay "The Exhausted", in Gilles Deleuze, (trans.) Daniel W. Smith and Michael A. Greco, **Essays Critical and Clinical** (Verso, 1998, London/New York), and Maurice Blanchot's fragmentary writings, mainly **The Step Not Beyond** (SUNY, 1992, Albany).*