The philosopher/spy/??? was present:

I spent my evening following the photographer. Of course, I watched the art, and listened to Ziv Yehezkel's soulful music but by far the most intriguing was following the photographer.

We surrounded ourselves in the art and yet, this man was creating art out of the very artworks. Photographing in an art gallery full of photography is creating art from art. I was staring intently at Yael Shachar's masterpiece “Robynn”, drowning in the gorgeous tattoo “The love you give is the sum of your being,”(because isn't it a lovely thought, that the sum of my being, the end of the long winded equation of me, it is simply the amount of love I give and all the negatives dissolve next to the love given, how wonderfully naive that our love could defeat everything else because it is the sum and that is what matters) and the model's eyes with their makeup, (and what a contradiction it is to the guns tattooed and the box of ammunition the picture is framed in) when I feel the sensation of being stared at. Someone was looking at me.

It is curious, this ability of ours. I was staring at this Robynn while this man was staring at me. Robynn is probably unaware of my unique presence staring at her while I felt so incredibly aware of the sensation that I was being watched by more than Robynn's eyes.

When I turn, startled away from Robynn, the photographer was already clicking away at something else, taking more pictures and more seconds are perpetually frozen.

There is power in this simple act. I shall remember how hopeful Robynn looked in that picture (and that is a collarbone tattoo, they are so painful and the pain must be a minus but the sum was a positive yes to getting that tattoo and sometimes, the pain is worth the end goal and maybe that is why those guns and ammunition case are united with the purple-pink makeup but is the sum really our love?) and somewhere, there is a picture of me staring at Robynn. A moment shared between me and the artwork has become something everyone can visit. His pictures will tell the story of tonight to everyone who was not here tonight.

 My image is preserved. It is no longer in my hands but in a way, it is no longer mine or me anymore. I am not who I was in that second, to paraphrase Leibniz's work with the ship of Theseus and the laws of change. I have grown since my picture has been taken, I have learned and experienced more life. I am not the same.

I immediately set on the course to follow the photographer, the man who follows everyone else and tells the story, art from art. When we stood in front of "Objects of Melancholy", where the colors blended and created an inexplicable warmth, a flash was echoing through the room and if we were in the darkroom, everything would have been ruined but instead, the light is what creates tonight.

Susan Sontag has pointed out the photographer shoots when they take pictures, the camera is a gun, and indeed, people freeze when the photographer shows up. We want to remember tonight as clearly as possible, compensating for blurry memories (surely, I will not remember what I was wearing or how my lips shifted in awe when I saw Yael Horn Danino's work).

People straighten up when they see the photographer, patting down hairs and smiling. We arrange ourselves for the pictures. We were present. With each flash, another moment was preserved. We are here.

I observed as the photographer roamed through the varied artworks and people, as I heard disconnected phrases, seeing only fractions through the photographer's lenses. We did not dwell too long. I felt a desperation to see everything and this need was also reflected in the photographer's endless clicks. We wanted to remember.

When the photos arrive, I will immediately go look at them, remembering tonight. I will see what the photographer has seen. I will see the event through his eyes and attempt to remember clearly how I saw the event. I will see fractions and I will see my own image, how I looked in a 1/800 second. I will be able to relive tonight in a different way because this is what documentation is.

I was present tonight. When I shall see the pictures, I shall see my own presence, my image. The only person who shall be missing from the pictures, is, of course, the photographer. His presence will be in the pictures frame, the composition. We were present.