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Spying and the Virtue of Punctuality

I'm late for my first assignment. Spies are not supposed to be late. Being timely is one of our most precious assets. I'm walking by the train tracks between the Old City and the old French Hospital. I cross the street toward the hospital and almost miss two steps down into the sidewalk. Good reflexes are a form of timeliness – I'm still on my feet, as I rush past three Chinese tourists.

After surveying the building and passing two information and security checkpoints (which consisted mainly of a knowing smile and a nod), I arrive at the rendezvous point to meet my handler. She is wearing a red coat, holding a glass of red wine in one hand and a lit cigarette in the other. She is kind about my tardiness. The music behind us is loud, but my instructions are clearly the same as before: go spy with your little eyes... and then, use your brain. We are the Philosophy Department of the Intelligence Service. Our work, as important as it is, is really quite abstract. I saw the most applicable definition written on a touristy T-shirt in the Old City, some 12 years ago. It read something like 'My job is so secret I don't even know what I'm doing'. That was long before I got into this job. All for the love of knowledge.

Now here I am. The show is meant to start in roughly 20 minutes now, so I head upstairs to work my way down the building before it starts. I have been working on a feminism case for the past week, so I linger when I notice that it is explicitly a women's gallery. There are pictures and videos on the wall, of women, taken by women. There are names that could be male, but what about the explicit sign?

Mental Note - 3 options:

The sign is wrong .1

The un-subs are indeed women .2

*The gallery is owned/run/curated by women, or .3
mostly. They too allow men to participate.*

:Suspend Judgment:

There is also a strange machine in the middle of the room. It is like a hatching egg of metal. What is it? My aesthetic sensibilities might be compromised, but I am not really engaged enough to find out. We have limited resources, and as agents of the IS, we need to always choose what we pay attention to. We don't always know why, but it is not always necessary or important. Not in this case, anyway. I move on, into a room with a black curtain. Inside I meet yet another fellow agent. The piece begins with a woman inside a cement room holding a metal stick with four letters hanging of it. They spell LAND. It is clearly a burden. Anything imaginable within said confines happens to the letters. They get dropped, picked up, picked apart, burnt. Not knowing what to do with what one has been given, locked up in a small cement room where the only thing that changes is the light, boredom and madness ensue, until all that is left is the stick on which the letters were hanging, and a woman spinning it around in the darkness. Then a name: Zohar Kawaharada. I make a mental note for future reference in a future yet unknown. Then, when the projection is over, all that is left is a white wall. I move ahead to my next target.

Downstairs there is an exhibit about Objects of Melancholia. This was sort of the subject of my thesis. Sort of. I remember my advisor. I wonder if she knows about the exhibit. I mustn't get distracted. This isn't why I'm here. The show is about to start. I move outside.



There are too few
There are
people
show is
too are
the
5
mode, four
photographers with actual cameras so far.
More

(mal) español

chairs for the kind of show that is
at least four or five times
than there are chairs,
nowhere near starting.
late. I move around
outside. I have
languages since I got on
since I

العربية

expected.
more
and the
They
from
counted
mission
arrived here. I have also counted 7

עברית

people are using their
are recording things
are clearly recording
like me in the sense
recording things. The

English

phone, I wonder if they
like me. I mean, they
things, and they are
that they are people
question is whether they

are spying or not. That makes all the difference. Almost nobody will get angry if they accidentally appear on somebody else's picture, with or without knowledge (think about it, how many pictures would we find ourselves in if Facebook – or whatever other program/software – used face recognition to tag us in every single photo other people have accidentally taken of us throughout our lives? Tourists on vacation, security cameras, art students when you were strolling by the beach at sunset. Think about it). But when somebody takes OUR picture without our consent, we feel our privacy has been invaded and want to know why they did it. We presume there is malice aforethought in their motives. So it makes all the difference whether these people are just bearing witness to this event through their smartphones, or whether they have ulterior motives, like I do. Because if they too are spies, that means I am also being watched. I scan my surroundings. I am not, and now I have recognised three more agents on the floor. One of them is still anxious not knowing what her job is. The full moon shines bright in the sky.

The show starts 15 minutes late. The man from the municipality has an interesting rhetoric. 'Art' he says, 'is the key to happiness and health.'

The two women organisers of the event share their added difficulties with the public to finally tell them 'it might seem like a very big festival, but it is actually home made.'



Musicians are having trouble setting up their instruments. People get restless and start dancing to the eclectic music playing in the background. The public, unlike the music, seem very unvaried. Except for one religious man in black pants, white shirt and a black Kippa.

There are only men on stage, and they are all dressed in black. There are three percussionists, understand singing in "It is not singer might be has time is

A car with a yellow light on top is parked at the lot. Why is its light on?

אם יש מכונית עם נורה צהובה על הגג היא חייבת להיות חשודה

one singer, one violinist, one keyboardist. "Do you what I'm saying?" He asks because he is Arabic, "Something about God" he continues important." The song goes on. Also the seems to have a kippa on his head. It the light, I'm not sure yet. The patrol car turned off its light and is now leaving. The 20:39. Plate number: [REDACTED]

The smaller the percussion instrument, the bigger the man. Coincidence?

Security Alert: Go Pro Camera detected recording the crowd from a lamp post. Threat successfully avoided



The show goes on with too many unimportant details. Further information is available upon request. Oh, and yes, the singer and one of the other musicians are wearing kippas and they are playing Arabic music. Art truly knows neither stereotypes nor prejudices.

Playlist by Country:

1. Egypt
2. Tunisia
3. Lebanon ('twice the moon or your eyes shining?')
4. ...

They all border with the Mediterranean

Was it sexist from the singer to say that now that his wife-to-be is out of town, there is nobody to stay at home with the dog, which is why he had to bring the dog? Did she leave town because she would have otherwise had to stay in with the dog, instead of coming to her husband-to-be's concert? Odd

The show is almost finished, and it is time for me to leave. It is my inner clock ticking. You gotta use your assets. It is time to get on one of the Shuttle Lines. On my way out I notice the patrol car parked on the street now. Its light is still off, very inconspicuous. I am walking uphill looking for the Shuttle. The streets of Jerusalem are narrow. I had forgotten. I walk another couple of blocks and arrive at a stop I didn't know I'd find there. As I walk in, I overhear a group of people speaking... about money... they are talking about expenses, and what it takes to make art possible. I don't suspend judgment this time, but I do keep it to myself.

"Under the Press of History" this exhibit is called. From what I gather, the show tries to wedge the past into the present. It partially succeeds, except for that inexorable habit of the now that disappears before you can do anything with it other than live it before it is gone. Alas, as you read this report, they too are in the past.

I run into my handler. She tells me she's met a source that has given her unreliable information stating that the show we have just witnessed was playback - I give her my own assessment: I don't think so. She's gone.

in the gallery. German and Hebrew are in the pieces, which are all black and pieces. Regardless, I ask myself whether also meant to be mirror images.



I walk into the next room written like mirror images white. I really like the the two dichotomies are

In the next room, behind another black curtain and yet another unexpected step down, I find a woman in a wheelchair. One step must be no obstacle, because as I turn around the room and back, she's gone. But on the walls, it hits me, swastikas on every picture, and there are only pictures of naked women. I think about privilege, and whether any artist in the world could use them with such freedom. I'm not sure. In Korea, the same symbol means something else entirely :suspend judgment temporarily:

Upon further exploration, brands are tattooed on one of the women: Knorr, Kodak, Esso, Mercedes Benz and others, all under a patch of the SS. Sexual violence, 12 pics... it is a calendar of the nazi women who helped Hitler. He had a much more success than we realised. This room feels like a wedge.

I've exited through the back and made my way upstairs, where there is cheese and wine. It is the print workshop. Another floor up is "the archive of the hand of chance". Its items: not knowing, the hospital bed, the cries behind the door, the conversation, the barrack, the get away, another not knowing. The instrument is lipstick, just like my own, there is a neighbour, a hiding place, the discovery, the rescue, the dream, the ride, another bed, another hiding place, inside the body this time, the invitation, the life saver. Still the holocaust. Would Viktor Frankl cry at this exhibit?

:Suspension of judgment lifted:



I finally move towards the shuttle again. It is late, so perhaps I am actually early tonight, except it is almost 10 o'clock. At 11 things will end. I must choose my next target carefully. Nothing like the gut for this kind of decision. The gallery my gut chose is actually scheduled as my target for the closing day. If I go now I could compare them later. I'll decide once on the shuttle - 3 minutes, an informant tells me. When you're out here, you have to trust your source, so I wait. If I was cool, I'd light a cigarette while I wait, hold it with two fingers, take a long drag of the fag, and feel like a true PI on the stalk. But I don't light it. I am afraid the light might show my hitherto invisible face to by-passers.

3 minutes have gone by. My informant was either lying or wrong. Why am I surprised? I know the drill, it is my job is to try to discern the truth from appearances. That's what philosophers do. But in this case, it doesn't matter. I can either wait or leave, and we all know what Murphy would have to say about leaving.

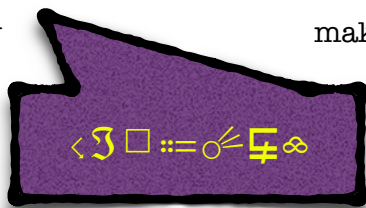
The shuttle is finally here, it is almost full. My handler gets in, there is not enough room. The Shuttle Line attendant doesn't speak. She's a mime until people try to stand. Then she speaks: it is not allowed. Handler has been brought down and back up. I've stayed behind. Another shuttle comes very soon.

22:22 the police is blocking our way

22:23 - we enter a religious neighbourhood. We are getting to an Art Shelter. This is my stop. Another informant greets me as I get off the bus. She tells me of the long way ahead. I get going. The place is very well hidden, almost as if nobody wanted it found, but I manage. There is an explicit sign that says it is Hareidi. Thanks to heuristic methods, I automatically doubt the veracity of the sign, juggling still the explicit mystery of that first gallery.

Across the street there is a sign that says that a happy life is only possible without internet and movies. I wonder how the guy that gave the opening speech would feel about that.

I finally word I "land" in there is between course.

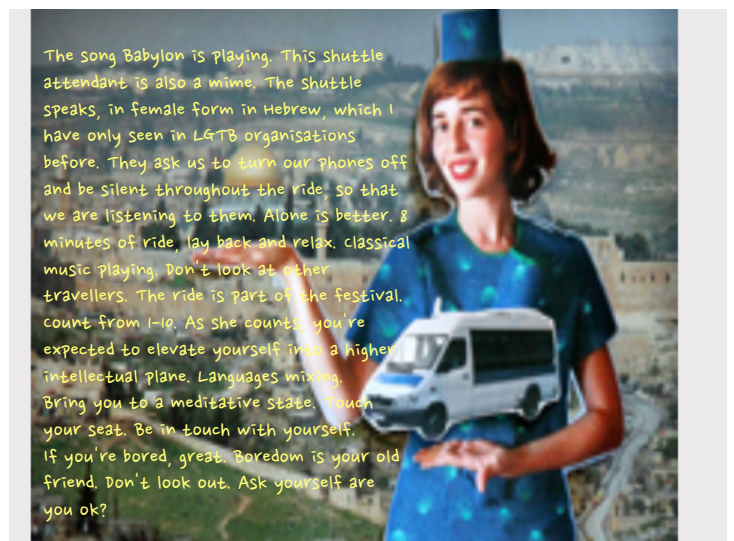


make it inside. There is another video art. The very first read when I look at it is "eretz" which means Hebrew. This is timing. This is symmetry. Now another language on screen. An interesting mix Math and Gibberish, plus the music we hear, of

The video is about the place man was sent to after being expelled from paradise. And the 7 lands there described reminded me of Dante.

Both 7 and 9 are prime numbers! All the characters in the art around me have cubic faces. All the wheels are square, and everything is held up by magnets that are part of the shapes of the works themselves. I read that the author explores the possibility that the square and the circle are the most basic forms shaping the universe. There is something in the black and white square pictures that feels like me, like a spy in a world of freedom, uncertainty and chaos...

Conclusion:Punctuality:Synchronicity:Symmetry:Flow:Timing:Intuition:Surprise:Beauty



Mandelbrot Sets and the perversity of Studying perfect shapes instead of real ones...