

Re-
demption as
Photography as
Portrait.

But the idea of anthropological or human production is limited and limited is meant it is lacking contradiction or ambivalence. No work of poetry or photography can be interesting without the contradictions and ambivalences and without inconsistencies even. It has other laws and other measures. Similar it is with the idea of the audience of the text or of the photography being human. Humanity could be a great proposal as contradiction mixed with contradictory signs and great as long it remains so, but otherwise it will become too consistent, as without poetry as real poetry it is not made for humanity alone. These days the man living below us left the house and moved away, but now while writing this he came back and I would remember the influence he had here on our house. Our house is very small for a house in the city. It has one small apartment each floor, one window to the street one to the garden. Suddenly I think of this man being the model of an artist in what I try to pursue here. One period last spring I got up very early each day for work, there was still not even light outside, but when I brought the coffee through the hallway from the kitchen I heard the prayer like singing from below, slow and sometimes insecure, going on while I had the coffee and observed in the sky between the trees in the east the disappearing darkness and from the other side from the hallway came the daily song. For weeks I did not think of it but opened the door to have the sound come in. I could open the door from the bed. Then one day I came by coincidence to webpages related to the rituals of sufis. I read how the very serious ones can be recognized by sing the fajr very early each day. There are the angels for the night and the angels for the day and they work each day according to their times and it happens before dusk that the angels of the night shift leave their earthy work places go back and report beyond and when they tell that there is a house where one sings the fajr everything should be fine. The man in the place below he was a new york taxi driver and a sufi. He was very tall and slim, very good looking and very easy and fun and relaxed. Sufis are members of a community of poets and so he was and is a clear example of a poet without audience and without the desire to have one. It would fail his achievements if he would even consider it. Should say he had no human audience, whatever, but when now he abandoned our house he left it without the most human kind of poetry influence

..... I ever felt ...
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The Redemption as model works by the prophets and by the angels, to distinguish its two holy acts, an act incorporated by the works of the angel or attributed to the works of the prophet.

The
Poem and the Photography.

mediators to accentuate the order of salvation

ultra traditional, to say ultra orthodox terminologies and narratives

terms of inclusive instructive method

object and production immanent

precarious inclusion of the artist's soul

an idea to safe the idea before the production from its production

but the artist aims the redemption of the production

Cultivating production and not rejecting it,
To redeem from the filter of production's gravity.

spirit of PHOTOGRAPHY, the immanence of photography
recreating an immanent melancholy, from a moment of life into a moment of image

Therefore, taking the production in its consequential negativity more serious. that way production and purely production-orientated values can be seen as a misdemeanour (iniquity) to subordinate the production to a degree where it appropriates the production by making us hating our production and having no pleasure with it anymore.