



ADAM MAZEK

Diaries

03.2019 p. 1

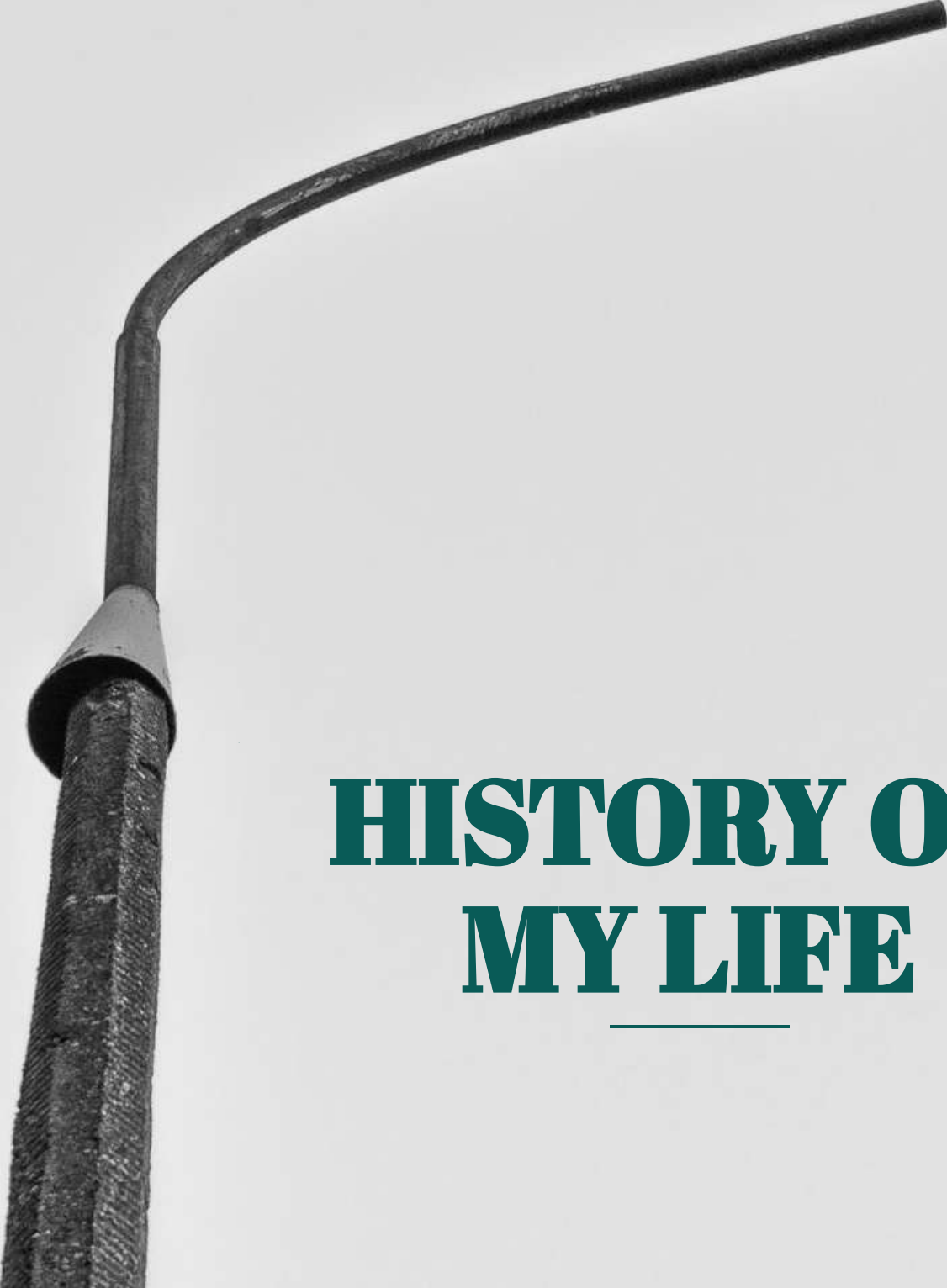


HISTORY OF MY LIFE

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March 2019 on the www.adammazek.com blog began with a post titled "History of my life." In it, I wrote that I am ambivalent about the history of my life. On the one hand, I consider my life to be one of the most ordinary lives, in a positive sense, that can ever happen to a human being. What do I mean by that? Let me give you some examples, my Dear Friend, of why I lead a peaceful, healthy, and charming life. First of all, I would like to emphasize that the foundation of my quiet life is my beloved Kamilka, my loving parents, and a group of trusted friends. I have a passion for photography, which I often write about on my blog. I graduated from various schools, I have a good CV, thanks to which I work as an accountant. There have been no spectacular successes or failures in my life. In many respects, my life is similar to most of my contemporaries' livings in developed countries.

On the other hand, at the very beginning of my conscious existence, I received a blow in the form of the death of my beloved brother, Marcinek. This event has had and will have an impact on my life. Undoubtedly, this event has influenced my artistic activity. I realized this fact in April 2018, thanks to a conversation with Kamilka. Returning to Warsaw from Easter from my parents in Brok, talking with Kamilka in the car, I realized that in my memory and imagination, there is a view of the family block of flats from Malkinia Gorna from the 1990s. This block appears to me as a minimalist, rectangular, futuristic, concrete structure. I think that this view must have been seen by my brother on the last day when he left our house for the last time. You can read more about this in "Diaries" 09.2018 p. II (post: "Farewell"). I know now that this vision has often appeared in my mind over the years. I also feel that this childhood event affects my visual perception. You can see it in my photographs. My surroundings and everything I see usually seems much more interesting in my imagination than it actually is. So I invariably photograph mundane things that most people ignore. I think this is because the story of my life (both the light and dark side of it) continues to influence, and will undoubtedly continue to affect, my artistic work for the rest of my life, regardless of how its story turns out in the future.



HISTORY OF MY LIFE



THE RIDDLE

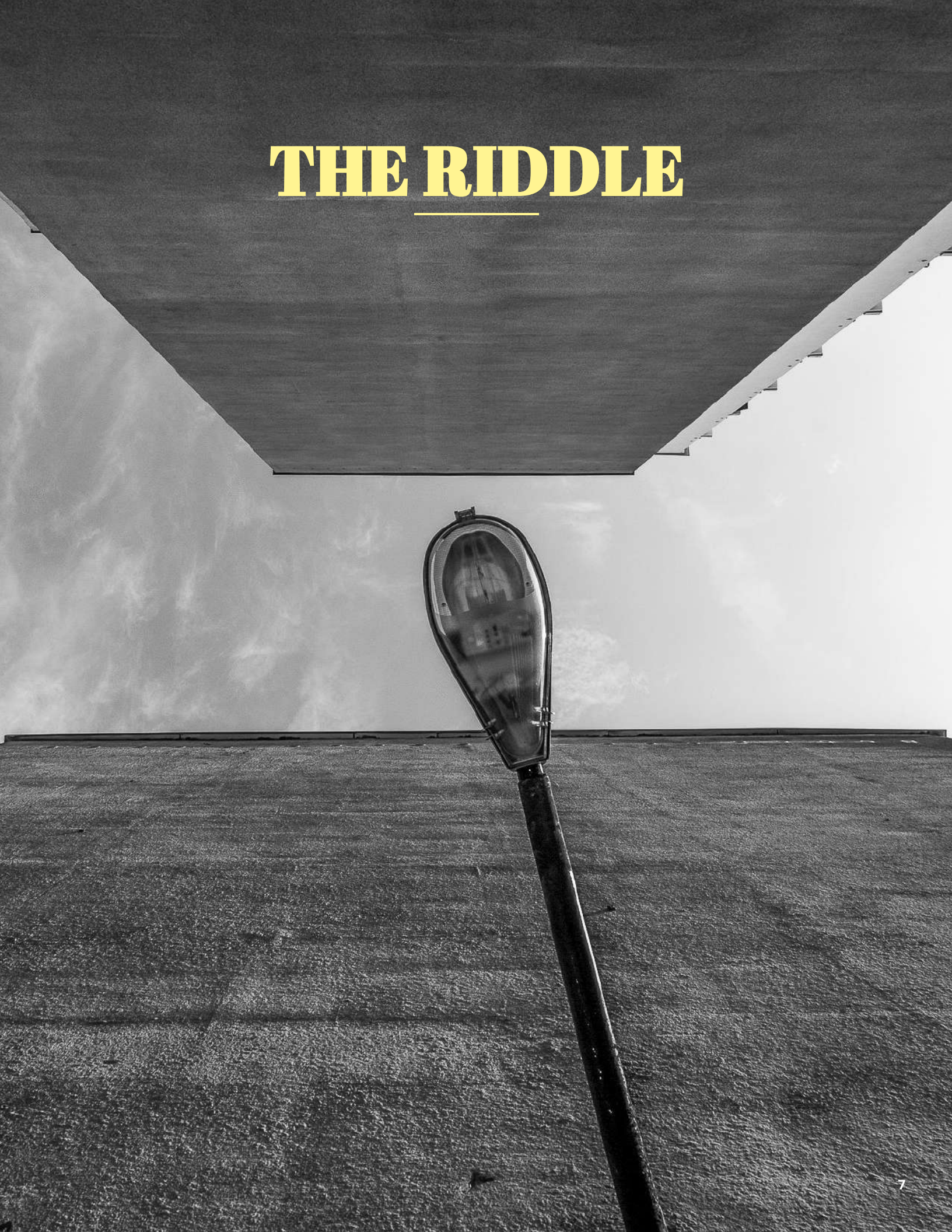
THE RIDDLE

Sometimes when I look at my photos, I wonder what is actually in my head? Without exception, I believe that every human being is an enigma (post: "The Riddle"). We are the riddle because human behavior is often difficult to predict. Fyodor Dostoevsky accurately described this theme. The Russian writer adequately expressed it in one of his most famous novels, "Notes from Underground." He defined this phenomenon as the factor that makes us human. Dostoevsky wrote that we are all still human as long as our actions are unpredictable or irrational. I would add that the irrationality of our actions makes our world confusing, unreliable, and inconsistent.

Now I will try to describe my thoughts and feelings while taking pictures. Let's take a look at the post "Sex and the City" ("Diaries" 04.2018 p. II). Let's take a look at the photos I added to this post. I wonder how it is possible that I often see things like this, and not others, amid mundane reality. If I took simple, predictable, color photographs, I would probably go to the mountains and create beautiful, scenic landscape photos. However, I don't do that. I prefer to focus on my urban, Warsaw environment. It's hard to explain why I see a strange and scary part of reality in mundane places. Maybe I have a mental disorder? Or perhaps each of us is more or less affected by a mental illness? For me, that is the riddle.

Nevertheless, it seems that paradoxically, despite the unusual, strange, and nostalgic nature of my photographs, I believe I carry a positive message. Even though we are all a mystery, each of us can still create something from nothing. We can imagine and develop many things, first in our imagination and then using various tools. My ways for self-expression are photography, writing, and blogging. I believe that through creativity and art, people can try to find answers to many existential questions, both about themselves and the Universe.

THE RIDDLE



MEMORIES



My first memories of Warsaw were when I visited my terminally ill brother Marcinek in hospital in 1994. Shortly after the visit, which stuck in my mind, Marcinek died (post: "Memories"). The subject of my brother's death was a significant theme in my work titled "Farewell" ("Diaries" 09.2018 p. II) in photography school, which I completed in June 2018. However, I am sure that this theme will recur on the blog in the future. Marcinek's personality and unexpected death undoubtedly left many different feelings in my heart, soul, and mind. Indeed, we can "feel" some of these things in my photos. Memories connected with my brother periodically appear in my life. Since Marcinek's death, Warsaw has become a kind of apocalyptic city for me. A similar atmosphere can be found in David Bowie's song "Warszawa" or in many paintings of Zdzislaw Beksinski. Many moments spent in the Polish capital are, in a way, a remembrance of the event from 1994. Since the death of my brother Warsaw has been the city closest to my heart.

MEMORIES

I even actively cheered the football club Legia Warsaw for a certain period. This team is the pride and heart of the capital of Poland. I remember that in 1994 I believed in Warsaw. I naively thought that the city's unique climate would magically heal my brother. Unfortunately, leukemia proved to be stronger than Marcinek's body. Since then, on the one hand, the Polish capital has become a concrete, soulless fortress in my memories, which took away a part of my life, a part of myself.

On the other hand, Warsaw paradoxically appears to me as a city of hope, a place that heals. In my imagination Warsaw in a magical, symbolic way, contains the human element hidden between its walls. I believe that the moments spent here, with all the people I had the pleasure to meet, I will undoubtedly remember for the rest of my life, in only superlatives. These memories will remain in my heart, soul, and mind forever, just like the memory of Marcinek.

• *Post „Memories”*



ADMIRATION

More and more people are admiring my artistic work. However, admiration is not the purpose of my creative activity (post: "Admiration"). Sometimes I am ambivalent about my photographic endeavors. On the one hand, I don't do anything special. I take my camera, I go outside to take unique pictures in my mundane surroundings. I walk around, observe, analyze, contemplate and take photographs. When some new ideas come to my mind, I save them on my smartphone. That's when the iPhone serves as my virtual notebook. Later, when I pick up my laptop in the morning, I go back to the ideas I wrote down earlier (which I call "inspirations"), develop them and put my thoughts on virtual paper. In the evening, I mix previously taken photos and previously written texts on www.adammazek.com. A profile on Instagram completes all my activities. I try to do all this regularly. Let's look at my actions from a mundane perspective. We can see that these activities are ordinary activities that most of us can also do every day.



- *Post „Admiration“*



- *Post „The Riddle“*

ADMIRATION

My activity cannot be compared to the spectacular ski descent from the K2 mountain that Andrzej Bargiel made in 2018. There is no bravado in my passion, so there is not really anything to admire. But on the other hand, when I look at the photos I've taken and read what I've written, I know that my creations are extraordinary things. Not everyone notices many strange, creepy and bizarre things in their surroundings the way I do. Also, not everyone can write every day in a language other than their native tongue. Therefore, I have ambivalent feelings when I hear compliments about my artistic works. I like to listen to compliments, but I know I'm not doing anything special.

On the other hand, I am also aware that I am creating something unique. In conclusion, I want to emphasize that admiration is beautiful (especially for an artist). However, it is not the primary purpose of my artistic endeavors, and I don't expect it from other people.

MIRACLE

Sometimes I wonder if I will ever experience a miracle in my life (post: "Miracle"). It would undoubtedly be an unearthly and unusual feeling to experience something supernatural and heavenly. Like most people, I would like to see a tangible sign from God, proof that He exists. I have periods when I dream of experiencing a miracle, after which I begin to believe in it. In a way, I believe that we did not come into this world by accident. I have no idea who or what brought us to planet Earth. A divine miracle would undoubtedly help my faith. However, I am convinced that mundane reality will "disappoint" me. In fact, I do not believe that I will ever experience a divine miracle. It's a situation similar to that of one of Fyodor Dostoyevsky's novels. In "The Brothers Karamazov," the faithful waited for a blessing after the death of Starets Zosima. However, there was no supernatural phenomenon. I think I am a realist who does not believe that any miracle will happen in my life. The first part of this text is me daydreaming out loud.

• Post „Miracle“





MIRACLE

I mentioned in a previous post that I love to dream about many things. However, I don't believe I will experience some religious, metaphysical miracle. Unless, of course, we consider the birth of a new human as a true miracle. I believe that we are all miracles in ourselves, each of us individually. The moment a new human comes into this world is actually one of the most divine miracles that can happen in a person's life. Finally, I have another surprise for you, my Dear Friend. I am convinced that every human being has already experienced a real, extraordinary phenomenon.

What are you writing about?

Undoubtedly, you could ask me. I believe that every minute of our life is a miracle. Our whole existence, our entire presence, is a miraculous gift. In fact, it is only up to us if we want to see and experience this miracle. How? By living and enjoying each moment as if it were the last one. It seems to me that in the face of death, one realizes that one's passing existence was a miracle not of this Earth.



- *Post „Hardcore“*

HARDCORE

These days, many of us want to brag about how hardcore we are (post: "Hardcore"). My observation applies to my peers as well as older and younger people. In the current text, I would like to confide in one of the most hardcore things I have done in my life. It was driving a car at night when there was relatively little traffic. I was accompanied by loud music from The Offspring's "Smash" album. It was during the trip from my hometown Brok to Warsaw. I don't remember the speed I was going, but I assure you, my Dear Friend, it was not a slow speed. The album mentioned above is one of the most hardcore albums I have ever heard. The way your leg presses the gas pedal on its own while listening to the songs from the "Smash" album and driving is hazardous. Undoubtedly, music can, in some indefinable way, take control of our mood and behavior while listening.

HARDCORE

In one of my previous posts ("Natural Energizer" - "Diaries" 08.2018 p. 1), I already mentioned that music can be a natural energizer for us. However, I believe that driving at high speed and listening to the voice of The Offspring's singer, Dexter Holland, coming from the speakers was not necessarily a responsible activity. Instead, it was excellent but mindless fun. I don't recommend driving at high speeds and listening to music loudly. Does this mean we should stop listening to bands like The Offspring at all? Of course not. For me, listening to the Offspring tunes from the 90s (including their first album "Offspring," as well as subsequent albums such as "Ignition" and "Ixnay On The Hombre") is a lot of fun, whether I'm listening to the songs at home or during a hardcore car ride. I recommend these albums to you, my Dear Friend if you're looking for some good music that will give you a lot of energy to get going. Do you think I am a "hardcore" after reading this? I doubt it. The truth is that many people do much more stupid and hardcore things in their lives.



- *Post „Artist is being born“ (also p. 18)*

ARTIST IS BEING BORN



ARTIST IS BEING BORN

The older I get and the more photos I take, the more I see that an artist does not become an artist from birth (post: "Artist is being born"). Of course, talent is essential. It makes many things easier and faster. However, I am convinced that 99% of success in art (as in life) is "work, work, and more work." There once was a painter. His name was Salvador Dali. He was somewhat of an exception. The Spanish master knew from the beginning that he was a true artist. He stated it clearly and distinctly from the very beginning of his adventure with painting. The other thing is that he was also very industrious and artistically prolific. However, for most of my life, I thought that other artists were also artists from birth. I was convinced that all other master artists (not just the aforementioned Spanish painter) were simply born artists. Today, after taking twenty-five thousand pictures (as of the end of 2018), I am a little wiser. Studying the books of the Taschen publishing house has also taught me a lot. Today I know that all artists (including Salvador Dali) had more than just talent. What made them world-renowned artists was work, effort, and perseverance. Other artists (including Leonardo da Vinci, Frederic Chopin, Hiroshige, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, Pablo Picasso, Stanislaw Lem, Zdzislaw Beksinski, and David Bowie) shared common traits with me. They were all hard-working people, and because of that, prolific artists. Yes, their talent was immense, this is an undeniable fact, but they would not have been able to make it to the top without daily hard work and practice of their creative craft. What is the conclusion for us? I hope, my Dear Friend, that you don't think you have to be born an artist to become an artist. Study the biographies of all the people described above. You will find that the fundamental qualities they possessed were diligence and perseverance. The main conclusion is that if you want to make a career as an artist, you should start creating here and now without waiting for anything. We have limited time to do it.



THE END
