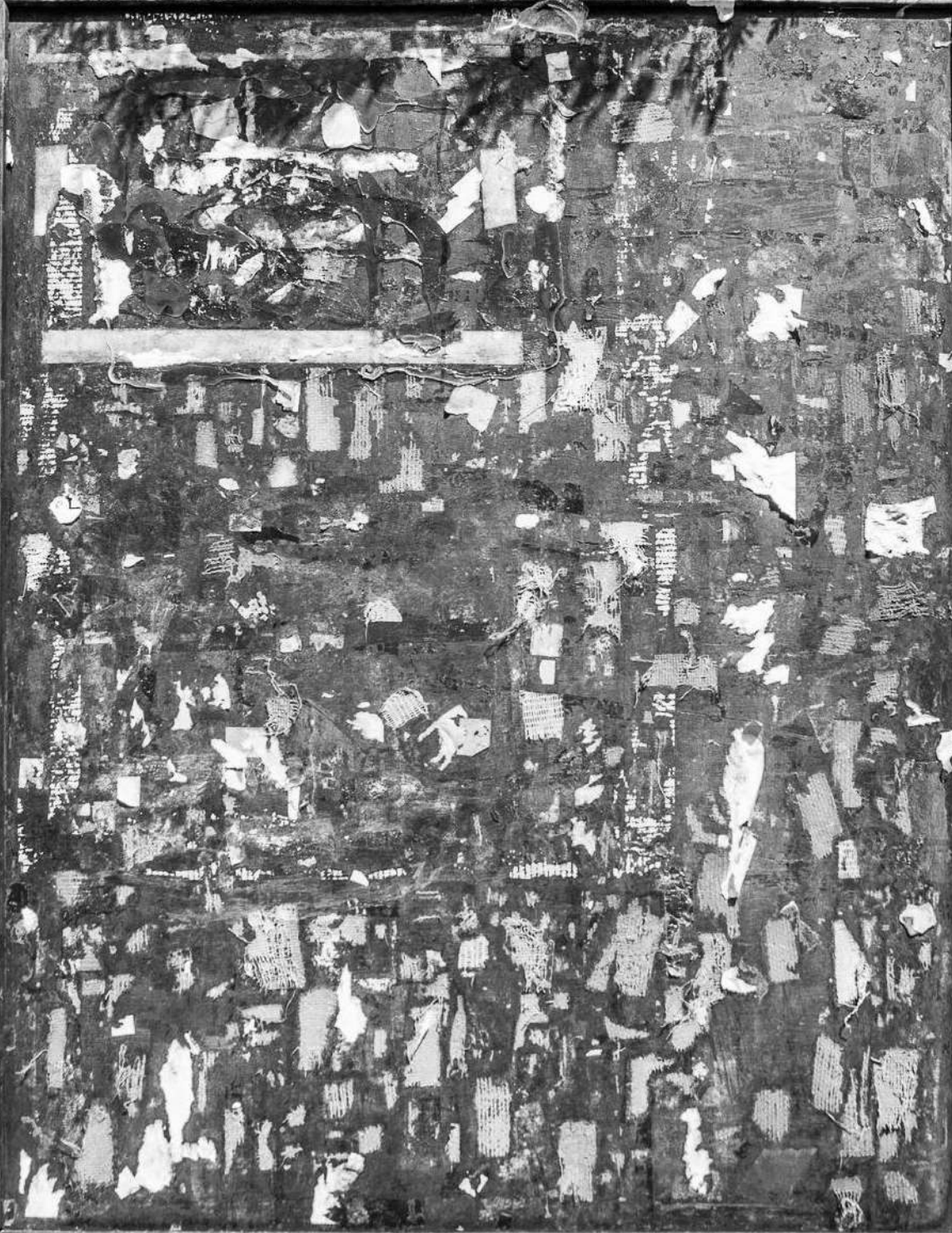


ADAM MAZEK

Diaries

05.2019

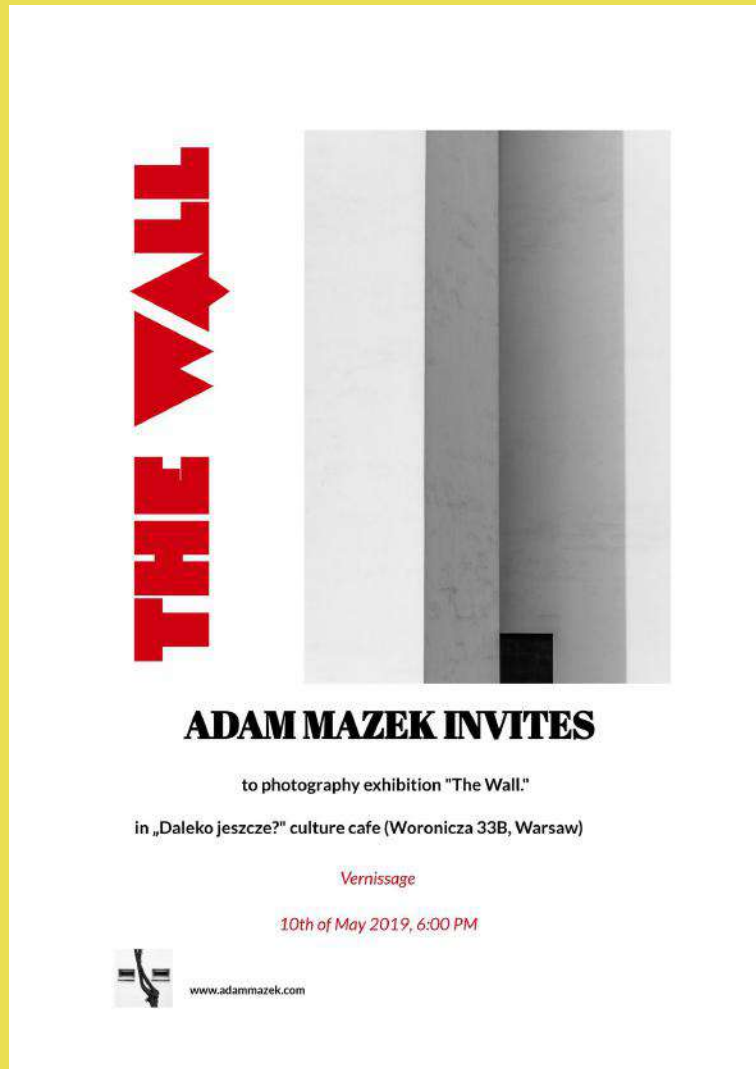
p. 1



A black and white photograph of a concrete wall. The wall is the central focus, with a vertical seam or joint visible. To the right, a large, dark shadow of a tree trunk and its branches is cast onto the wall, extending from the top right towards the center. The lighting is bright, creating high contrast between the sunlit wall and the deep shadows.

# THE WALL

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- Invitation to the photographic exhibition "The Wall."

## THE WALL

I began May 2019 with an announcement and invitation to my second photography exhibition titled "The Wall" (post: *Photography exhibition - "The Wall"*). The vernissage took place at the club café "Daleko Jeszcze?", at 33B Woronicza Street in Warsaw, on May 10, 2019. What inspired me to prepare the work entitled. "The Wall?" It was the work of a legendary rock band called Pink Floyd and artificial intelligence. However, in the first post published in May 2019, I did not reveal more details about the exhibition.

- Cover: post "Jigsaw Puzzle"



# THE WALL

**In the post, I expressed my hope that the time spent in the club café during the vernissage would not be wasted time for anyone. While writing the text, I believed that my second photographic exhibition would be for me another breakthrough in my artistic work and that I would receive a new stimulus to further develop my passion. In the text, I also expressed my joy that, once again, I will be able to publicly present my photographs. The truth is that most photographers and artists want their work to be publicly available and shown in public space. I am no exception in this regard. In the first post, I also thanked the club café itself for the opportunity to organize the exhibition. An interesting fact is that the photos I published in the post titled *Photography exhibition - "The Wall"* were not those that appeared at the exhibition.**



# JIGSAW PUZZLE

## **JIGSAW PUZZLE**

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In my second post, I wrote that playing with my photos reminds me of playing with a jigsaw puzzle (post: "Jigsaw puzzle"). To be more specific, I was recently reminded of this by Instagram. When I publish photos on popular social media site, I always do so in sets of three images. Previously, in my photography school days, I often arranged my developed photos on a table. Then I would play with them as if I were putting together a puzzle. That's when I would put them together in sets of three. It was pure fun for me, something you can play with almost endlessly. It makes me childishly happy and fun. I think this is the right time to thank my two teachers from the photography school, i.e., Bartek Mokrzycki and Tomek Grzyb, thanks to whom I gained practice in smoothly arranging photos into sets. The truth is that while attending classes regularly, I had problems with the overproduction of images. I often brought in too many. I did a pre-selection before class, but it wasn't enough. During the classes, Bartek and Tomek would often ask me to select the photos again and make the collage again. Now, a few months after graduation, I can see that it was an artistic exercise for me. While doing it, I never thought it would help me prepare works such as "Negation of the End" or "Street Photography." Add to that the virtual stacking of photos on Instagram, and now I hope you understand, my Dear Friend, why my pictures are like puzzles to me. Putting them together in different, practically infinite ways gives me joy like a child has fun playing with a jigsaw puzzle.



# JIGSAW PUZZLE

# SPOTS ON THE PICTURES





## **SPOTS ON THE PICTURES**

In a post titled "Spots on the pictures," I wrote that there are spots on the images I took during the summer and fall of 2018. I presented examples of the photographs in the post. Are the defects a mistake, my error? Yes and no. On the one hand, the blemishes on the pictures are my mistake because I did not look at the images after they were taken for a long time. During the summer and fall of 2018, I rarely analyzed the photos, which I regularly transferred from my camera to my laptop. The fact is that I didn't "get to" them until late 2018 and early 2019. When I saw them, I initially concluded that this was my big mistake. My mistake was that I did not thoroughly review the photos after they were taken. I undoubtedly would have cleaned the camera sensor sooner if I had done so. In hindsight, however, I can say that the title stains fall within the aesthetics of the mistake. In one of my previous posts, I wrote that with the help of my blog, I want to play with time. In what way? Well, first, I create images and text. Then I publish them with a delay of several months. The title spots on the photos gave me another idea. I want them to become a kind of evidence in the case. I want them to be my artistic signature of 2018. I want to emphasize that many good things happened in my life this year. For example, I had my first photography exhibition, which lasted from June to November. On the other hand, I also graduated from an art school related to photography. Therefore, let the spots in the photos be my hallmark for future generations. I can imagine how cyber-archaeologists, connoisseurs, and art historians will rediscover and analyze my photographs in the future. Thanks to these stains, they can instantly state the period in which a given photo was taken. This is how, among others, I want to play with time using random spots on photographs.



**SPOTS ON THE  
PICTURES**





**THE  
THIRD  
EYE**

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## **THE THIRD EYE**

In a post titled "The Third Eye," I wrote about whether I have a sixth sense related to art or possess the magical third eye. Sometimes, when I look at and analyze my photographs, I think I own a third artistic eye, through which I see more than others. Undoubtedly, Salvador Dali was the possessor of a creative sense that was surreal. There is a famous quote by the Spanish painter:

*I don't do drugs. I am drugs.*

Dali had unique skills. He could stare at a place until his third eye began to notice something that wasn't there. We call this an illusion. The Spanish artist claims that he had imaginary visions while awake. Therefore, he probably needed neither alcohol nor drugs.

Nevertheless, I would like to point out today, my Dear Friend, that I sometimes have strange and unique visions related to art in the broadest sense. These visions sometimes I see and sometimes I "hear" somewhere in the recesses of my imagination. What are these visions? They are entirely unexpected combinations of fictional characters from my childhood or historical figures. For example, while reading Dostoevsky's novels in 2013, I often felt an incredible, childlike delight. This delight was so intense that I could imagine the Russian writer dancing with Jem. Jem is a fictional singer, the heroine of the American animated series "Jem and the Holograms" from the 1980s. I often watched season one on VHS cassette when I was a child. Another vision that sometimes pops into my head under the influence of euphoria is imagining a young Michael Jackson, dancing and singing the song "Can you feel it" amid apocalyptic, brutalist, and harsh blocks of an imaginary Russian city located in the farthest corner of Siberia. Another vision is related to Galadriel, a representative of the elves race from J.R.R. Tolkien's novel "The Lord of the Rings." Her magical beauty in my imagination is accompanied by a song by American band The Offspring from their album "Smash." The song's name is "It'll be a long time." Do the visions above prove that I have an imaginative "third eye" that sees more? I don't know. I think the clue to the answer can be found in my photographs and at [www.adammazek.com](http://www.adammazek.com).



# THE THIRD EYE

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## **PHOTOGRAPH LOCALLY AND WRITE GLOBALLY**

*I photograph locally and write globally.*

The above slogan could be one of my advertising slogans. Why? Since I manage the website [www.adammazek.com](http://www.adammazek.com), I feel that I operate globally. I write my texts in English for a global reader. I wish that my written word could reach every corner of the world. I write for all of humanity and for posterity. I can imagine the activities of cyber-archaeologists who recover data from my website in the twenty-fourth century. I love to daydream, to dream. With my website, I do this out loud, in public. I want other people to hear my inner dreaming voice.

- Post „Photograph locally and write globally”





- *Post „Photograph locally and write globally”*

## **PHOTOGRAPH LOCALLY AND WRITE GLOBALLY**

**I would like my words to be read from Australia, through Japan and all of Asia, Europe, and Africa to the farthest western shores of the Americas. In all this, however, I do not forget my beloved city. In one of my previous posts ("Diaries" 12.2018 p. D), I wrote that sometimes I feel I am Warsaw. I feel like a distinctive part of the capital of Poland. I feel like I am melted together with Warsaw's urban fabric. Sometimes I dream about becoming a symbol of the city. I wish that when someone hears the name "Mazek," they would see my pictures of the Polish capital in their imagination.**

**On the other hand, it would be nice when people hear the name "Warsaw" they automatically see in their mind's eye pictures of me. I want to immortalize the biggest city in Poland in my dreams and, first of all, for posterity. I want to leave my subjective feelings about Warsaw in pictures and texts as much as possible.**

## **PHOTOGRAPH LOCALLY AND WRITE GLOBALLY**

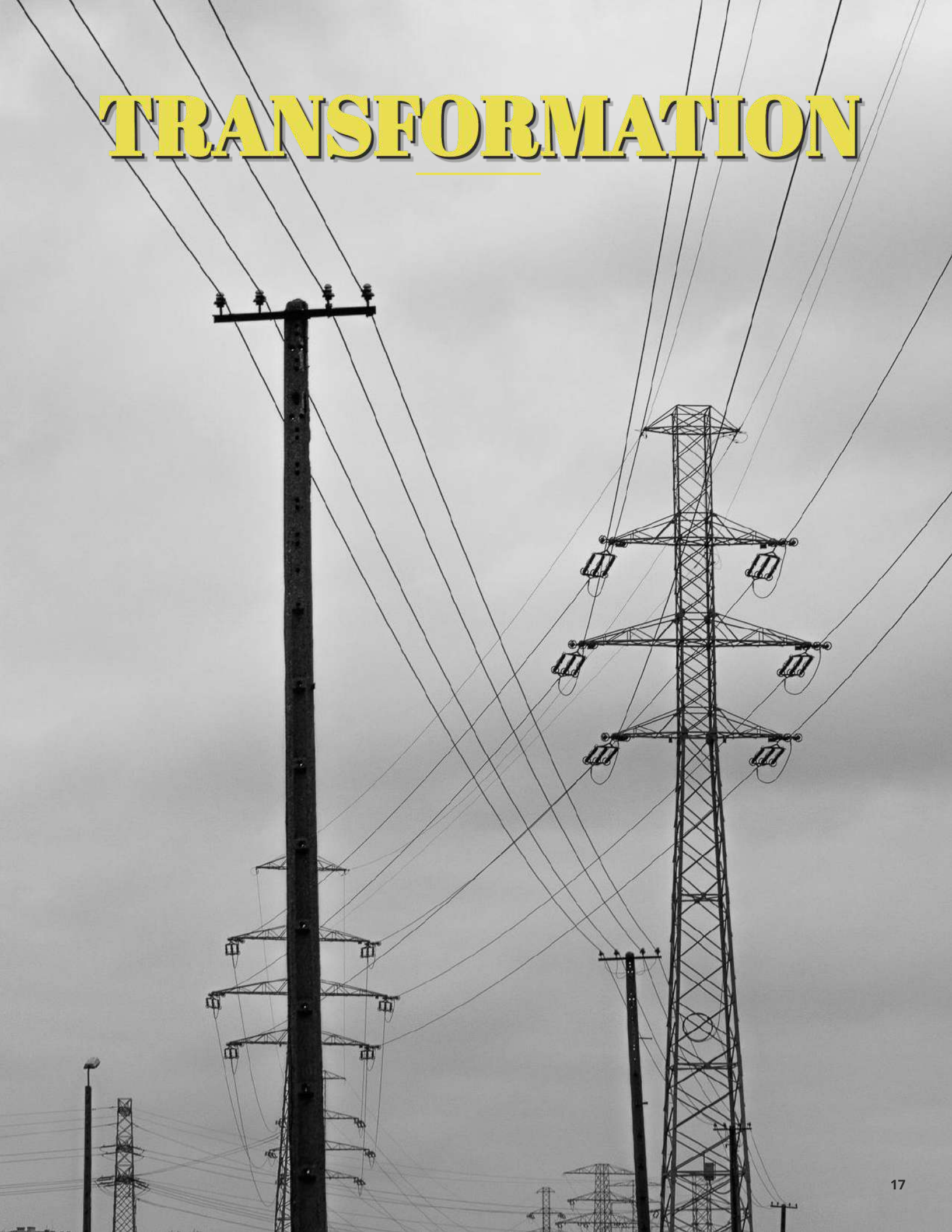
I hope, my Dear Friend, that you understand why I photograph locally and write globally. I want to present my down-to-earth neighborhood to a global audience. I want to inspire others that they can also try to give something of themselves to the place where they live and where they grew up. That is why, among other things, I write my texts in English. Even if you do not know this language, you can always easily translate the text with Google Translate in just a few seconds. I encourage you, my dear friend, to take a creative path in your life, no matter where you live. Present your locality to the whole world and try to inspire others.



- *Post „The Tird Eye“*



# TRANSFORMATION

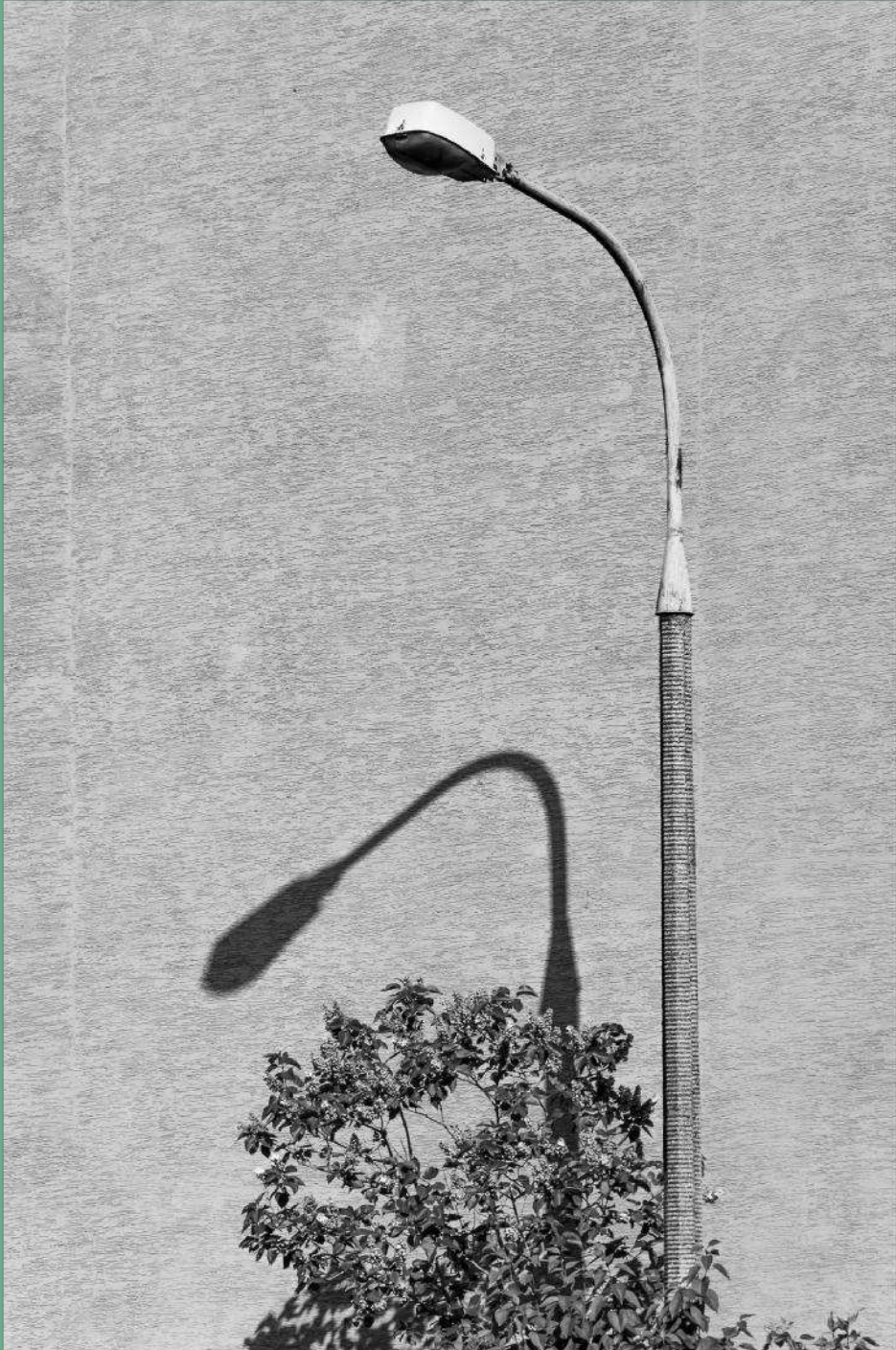


## **TRANSFORMATION**

In the post titled "Transformation," I didn't write about my body transformation from 2011, when I lost weight from 99 kg (~218 lbs) to 76 kilograms (~168 lbs). It was a quote by Fyodor Dostoevsky that inspired me to write the current piece. The Russian writer wrote about turning thoughts into words. Let's take a look at Dostoevsky's quote from his novel "The Adolescent":

*Why, so you, too, are sometimes distressed at the impossibility of putting thought into words! That's a great sorrow, my dear fellow, and it's only vouchsafed to the elect: the fool is always satisfied with what he has said and always, too, says more than he needs; they love to have something to spare.*

For me, the Russian writer is the true master of transforming thoughts into words. When, in 2013, I read almost all of his novels translated into the Polish language, I was amazed at how so much wisdom may have its source in one mind. However, when we look at Dostoevsky's childhood, there is a pattern. We can see that his talent for transforming thoughts into words had a strong, stable foundation. For example, did you know, my Dear Friend, that Dostoevsky read all of Walter Scott's novels when he was 12 years old! According to Wikipedia, the Scottish novelist wrote 21 books throughout his life. I can't imagine myself as a 12-year-old with such a substantial body of reading novels. I think we can guess why the Russian writer had so much energy, wisdom, and inspiration to write throughout his life. In a way, he transformed himself from a boy reading a lot of books to a very literarily prolific novelist. The truth is that, for me, Dostoyevsky's work is a vast mine of ideas and a source of creative inspiration.



# TRANSFORMATION

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# MEMORY

## MEMORY

I want the memory of my Brother, who died so young, not to disappear with my death or the death of others who remember him (post: "Memory"). It is through my artistic work, among other things, that I want the name of my Brother, Marcinek Mazek, to be preserved for future generations. My Brother died at the age of thirteen. Despite such a short life, I remember him as a person full of life, always smiling, open to other people, cheerful, and with a beautiful face. I do not want and will not allow his death to be forgotten. Writing this text, I refer to the novel by Fyodor Dostoyevsky titled "The Centenarian." The Russian writer mentioned that millions of people live unnoticed and die unnoticed. As an example, he gave the titular one-hundred-year-old woman. I can't help but agree with the Russian genius. Over the centuries, the lives of millions of people have passed and gone unnoticed. The vast majority of people who have already died are irrevocably gone. I want the set of photographs entitled "Farewell to be a long-lasting tribute to my Brother. Remembering him is crucial to me. It saddens me that he was not given a chance to write in humanity's annals and leave his mark on future generations. I would like to dedicate this post to my parents, who, at the time of death of their eldest son and practically all the time after this event experienced in their hearts and souls the pain and longing for their beloved Marcinek. At the same time, they always cared for and looked after me, their younger son. Today, dear Mum and Dad, I would like to say one thing: I believe that Marcinek's death had a meaning that is impossible for us to comprehend and explain.



**THE END**

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