

ADAM MAZEK

Diaries

November

2018

p. 11







# SOARING

---

## SOARING

I started the second part of "Diaries" from November 2018 with a post entitled "Soaring." Sometimes I compare my artistic activity to reaching the top of a high mountain or traveling in space. I often dream of flying over our planet and seeing our tiny Earth from a different perspective. I know that the cosmonauts who were lucky enough to see the Earth were amazed and delighted to see the third planet from the Sun from a great height. Interestingly, Fyodor Dostoyevsky predicted this kind of euphoria. He described it fantastically in the short story entitled "The Dream of a Ridiculous Man." Like the book's main character, I often want to soar over the gray reality and look at life and all its problems from a different, heavenly perspective. I want to use my writing and photographing skills to rise to the heights above all our mundane reality and look at everything "from above."

In my imagination, photography is a tool that helps me soar into the skies. Of course, I am aware that this is just the beginning of my creative ascent to an envisioned peak located somewhere far beyond the clouds. I am preparing for this by taking a lot of photos and writing new texts. You have probably noticed, my Dear Friend, that I take photographs of, among others, garbage. See the second part of the "Diaries 07.2018" for more details. Today I am going to give you another thought on this matter. I want to give the rubbish lying on the ground a high and sublime tone. I want to transform a dull, down-to-earth, painful reality into a new, peculiar, unreal dimension. It seems that only someone with an artistic soul can find exciting shots in something as banal as garbage. I feel that this is just the beginning of my creative journey. When I get up in the morning, I think that every day I start my artistic journey from the beginning, from the zero points. I will develop this idea in the future. Will I be able to rise above average reality to touch the sky? I've already done it in my imagination, and it feels like it happens every time I create something new.



# SOARING

---



**WE'RE ALL HUMAN**

---



## **WE'RE ALL HUMAN**

The World Cup, which took place in June 2018 in Russia, inspired me to write the text entitled "We're all human." I watched one of the most significant sporting events in the world on TV. Some events reminded me that we are all human. The tournament was played, among others, by Polish representation. Unfortunately, my beloved team finished the championship as the last team in their group. Did this fact make me realize that we are all human? Yes, of course. Robert Lewandowski himself - one of the best strikers of all time - also turned out to be an ordinary man. In the text, however, I focused on something else. What inspired me to write this post is that footballers almost always celebrate goals. There are many examples, not least in the last World Cup, of how exhausted players "waste" their precious energy celebrating a goal scored in the final minutes of a match. Thanks to the adrenaline that makes their blood "burn" after scoring a goal, virtually all tired players summon a lot of energy to show their joy. Remember that after scoring a goal, they still have to play, and for the next minutes of the game, they must be tight-knit, focused and ready, because the opponent will undoubtedly want to turn the tide of the game to his advantage. So how is it possible that after a goal is scored, players do not rest, gasp for precious seconds to prepare for the murderous end of the match? I think the adrenaline pumping through my veins is half the answer. The second part of the answer is closely related to our emotions and refers to the post's title. Emotions are an indispensable part of human life. And thank God! Passions and feelings force players to make such "mistakes" as ineffective "wasting" energy after scoring a goal in the last minutes of the match. As you can see, we often consciously behave "irrational." If the players had acted rationally, they would not have celebrated the goal if they were not human. Still, they would have used several seconds to rest. Fyodor Dostoyevsky noticed a similar phenomenon. He described it beautifully in his short novel entitled "Notes from the Underground." The writer stated that as long as people are not perfect, make mistakes, act irrational, we are human. This is simply proof of it. In conclusion, I want to emphasize that there is nothing wrong with making mistakes or foolish behavior. We are all human, and perfection and full consummation do not, and never will, fit our species.



**WE ALL SLEEP ALONE**



## WE ALL SLEEP ALONE

I was inspired to write another post by Cher's song, named "We all sleep alone." The title track is about love, but its message goes far beyond tenderness and sleeping together. I would consider the lyrics of the title song more in the context of death. For me, the lyrics of the song concern the end of a person's life. The chorus can tell us that no matter how lush our social life we lead, no matter how many people surround us every day, this final encounter with death will leave us alone. This is one of the saddest truths I have come to realize recently. Even if we are surrounded on a peaceful deathbed by many devoted people, our loving and supportive relatives, the moment of death will be a moment of silence and loneliness. Sooner or later, there will come a moment when we leave this world. We will disappear and leave other people with their thoughts and memories. This is the moment when the dying person begins his eternal, perhaps lonely "dream."

• *Post „We're all human“*





## **WE ALL SLEEP ALONE**

---

**The moment of death is the moment when no one can help us in anything. What happens to a dying person? What, if anything at all, awaits us after death? Eternal happiness? Emptiness? The punishment of frying in hell? Are we just not going to do anything? No one knows. There are many theories, guesses, but there is and will not be any evidence of an idea.**

**Nevertheless, Cher singing that "sooner or later, we will all fall asleep alone" is correct. You have to accept it. I believe that the moment of death is a moment of divine, mysterious, and eternal transformation. I would like to believe that this is just another step in the order of the world that we will never understand. I also mentioned in my previous posts that the end of life is proof that our life is indeed fair. We are all going to die. These are the facts. But what is the meaning of the eternal cycle of birth and death? I am convinced that we will never unravel this mystery.**



• *Post „We all sleep alone“*

# STREET ODDITY

---



- *Post „Street Oddity“*

**The song "Space Oddity," performed by the legendary English singer David Bowie, once again inspired me to write the subsequent text. This time the title of the post was "Street Oddity." The first text inspired by the song, as mentioned above, can be found in "Diaries 10.2017." The truth is that sometimes walking with a camera around the streets of Warsaw, I feel like a freak. Why? I feel this way because I photograph places that are down-to-earth to the core that hardly anyone pays attention to. When others look at what I am doing (for example, when I take a selfie in a mirror discarded in a neighborhood garbage dump), I try to be like water. In short: I pretend not to see these people. I just take a picture, and nothing else matters to me at the moment, and nothing else interests me. However, we are all human. I also have moments of weakness. Sometimes I ask myself:**

***Am I crazy? Am I stupid to take a photo of a plastic bag hanging in a tree?***

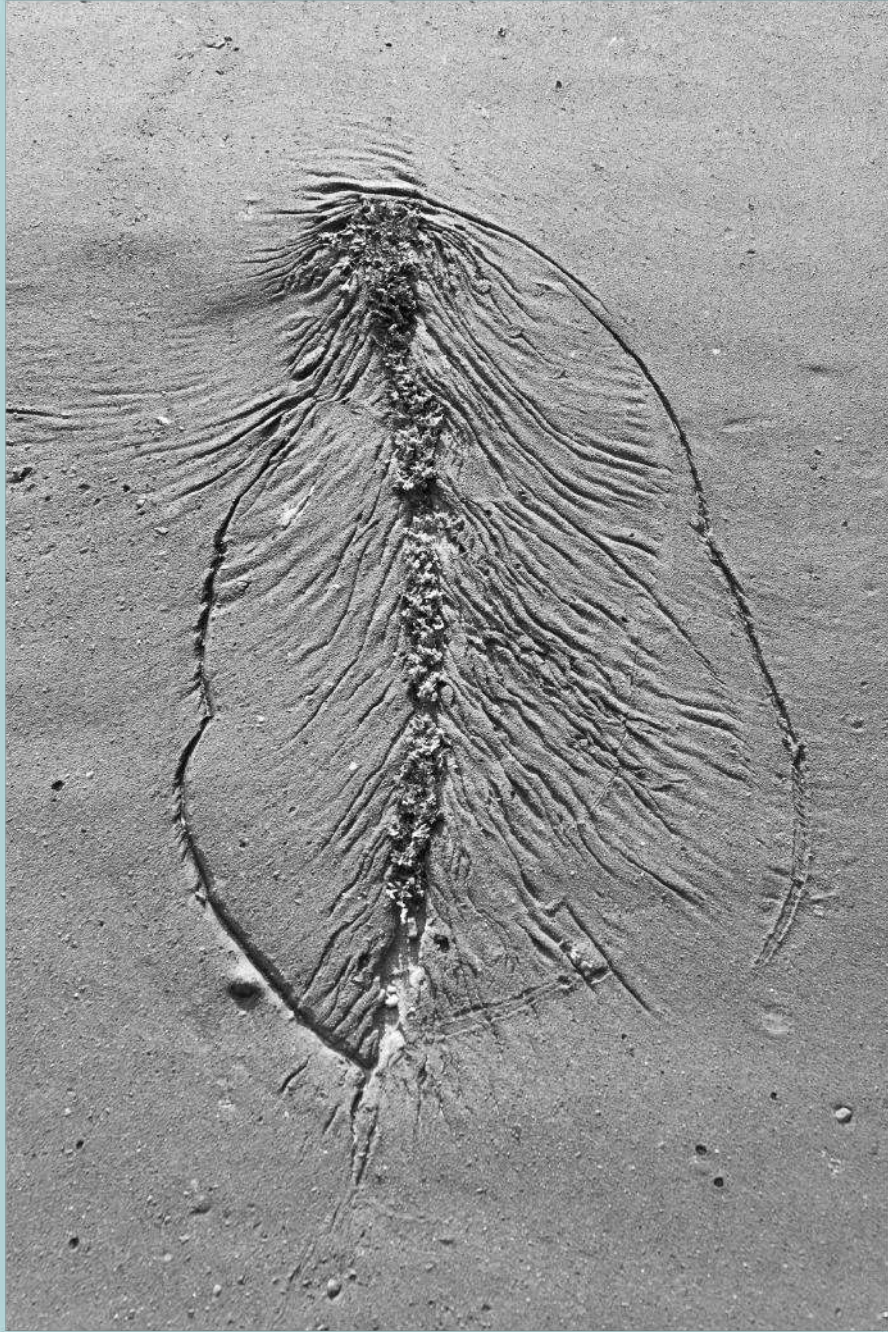


After a while, I return to Earth and remember that I don't really care what other people think of me, strangers in particular. I would probably go crazy if I had to worry about all the people watching me while shooting. Sometimes, however, thoughts come to me that I should not take photos in places (e.g., apartment blocks) where people live. Fortunately, such an idea always disappears in my head as soon as it appears. The reason for this is that I love what I do. I don't want to steal anything from others. Contrary. I want to show all these people the respect they deserve. I want to capture the places where they live and keep these pictures for posterity. And the fact that I'm becoming a weirdo at the same time, a "Street Oddity"? Let people think of me what they want and call me what they want. I really don't care about it, and I will play street photography as long as my health allows it.

• *Post „Street Oddity“*

# STREET ODDITY

---



# **ABSTRACT STAINS**

---



## **ABSTRACT STAINS**

---

Walking along Warsaw streets, I often see stains on walls, asphalt, and concrete. When I see and photograph them, I wonder who the real author of such a "work" is? This type of question I asked myself in the post entitled: "Abstract stains." The photographer is undoubtedly the author of the photo. However, is the actual creator of the photographed 'work,' for example, a worker who accidentally made a stain? Maybe both of the people mentioned above, combined with luck and chance, are co-creators of the "work"? Perhaps, however, it is the time that caused, for example, the plaster to fall off, is the actual creator? I do not know. One thing is for sure. I love looking for all kinds of "abstract" spots and cracks in all types of urban objects. I like to look at them and find familiar shapes in them. Such an exercise is one of those that Leonardo da Vinci recommended to other artists. These types of stains are objects that are real in an abstract way. Another artist example that comes to mind when I hear the word "stain" is Jackson Pollock. A representative of abstract expressionism, he used broadly understood stains in his work in an unprecedented way. I have to admit that, unfortunately, I haven't read a book about him yet\*.

I am convinced that writing a post about the famous American painter is a matter of time. However, I must delve a little more into the creative philosophy of the American painter. The truth is, I regularly photograph abstract spots on walls. Then I don't care what passersby think of me. Let them think I'm crazy. I don't care. They have the right to their own judgment. The worst problem would be if they wanted to interrupt my photography. But honestly, who would mind if someone saw a person photographing spots on the sidewalk? I have been taking photos on the streets of Warsaw regularly since October 2015. Since then, only once did one man unkindly ask me why I took pictures in his area. That is why I encourage you, my Dear Friend, to photograph abstract spots as well. Don't worry about what other people think of you. If it gives you childish joy, then have fun and create!

\* On the day of the issue of "Diaries 11.2018 p.II," that is on the 2nd of August, 2021, I have already read Leonhard Emmerling's book "Pollock" (published by Taschen).



# MADONNA

---



# MADONNA

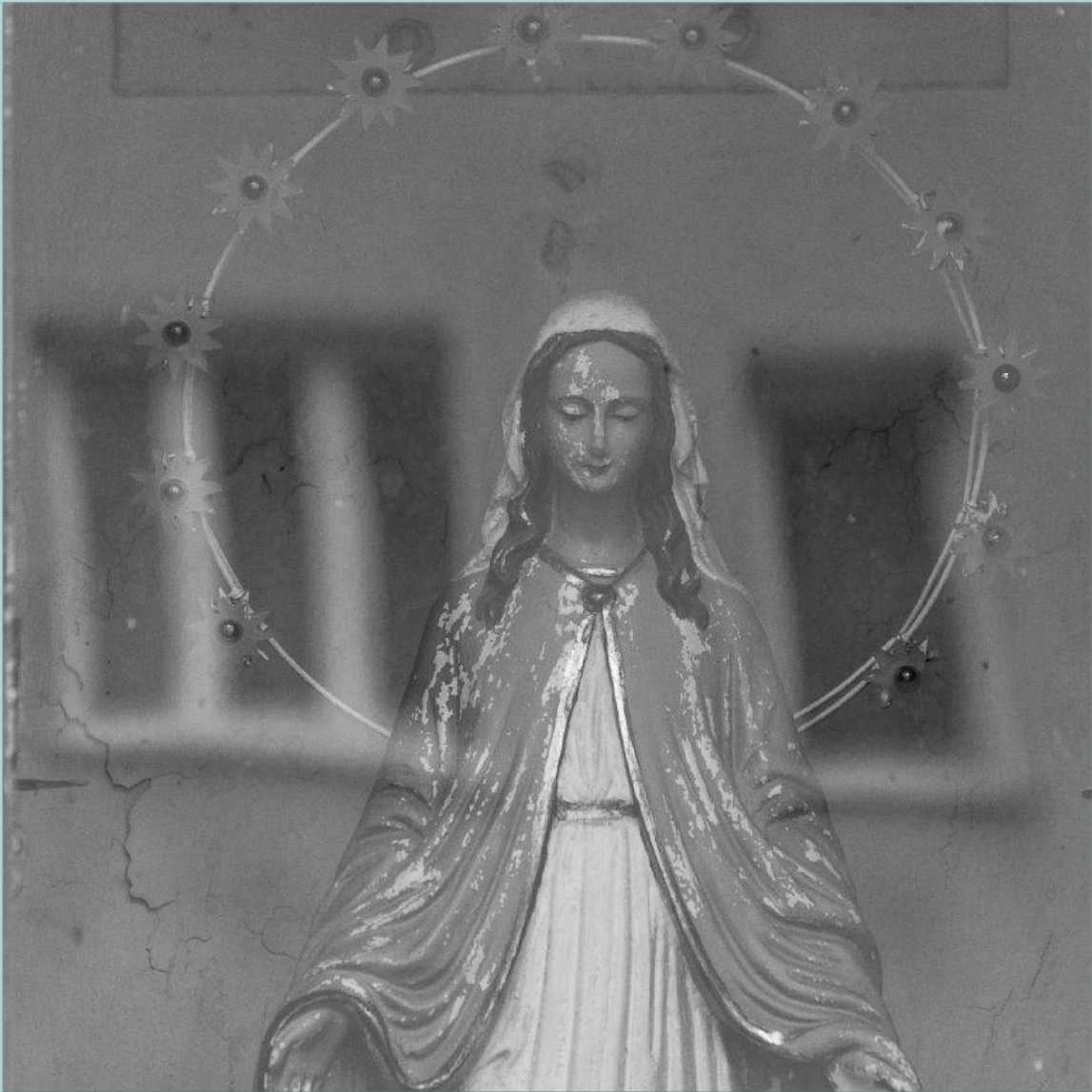
Madonna is one of my favorite female singers. Last time I discovered it for myself, once again in my life. More specifically, I rediscovered her first album. The name of the album is "Madonna." It was released in 1983. Since then, as is well known, Madonna has become a world-famous star. Today she is a female icon of pop culture. She has had many breathtaking songs in her career. My favorite albums are those released in the '80s. Listening to the first song ("Lucky Star") from Madonna's debut album, I rediscovered the passion, energy, and joyful, youthful work of the title artist in my life.

When I heard "Lucky Star," I imagined myself as a person who lived in New York in 1983 and was listening to this song for the first time. I can imagine how future Madonna fans were amazed when they first heard this song. When I listen to "Lucky Star," I feel inspired to start composing even another text myself. In her first song, you can hear joy, youthful innocence, commitment, and musical panache. I try to imagine how this song charmed the first Madonna listeners almost forty years ago. There is a magic of youth, creation, joy, passion, and commitment in the song "Lucky Star." Madonna plays with music just like a child. This child wants to sing and dance in his life and do nothing else. She is perfect in all the kitschy imperfection of the piece. I have similar feelings with my passion for photography and writing. My dream is to keep as much joy, and magic as Madonna has in her debut album during my broadly understood artistic activity. I also believe that being honest about creating art is a crucial success factor. I hope to stay in the artistic, magical, and childlike creative state of mind for the rest of my life, like Madonna on her first album. My Dear Friend, I wish you the same.



# MADONNA

---



- *Post „Madonna“*

**THE END**