



**ADAM MAZEK**  
Diaries

December  
2018  
p. 1





# MASK

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In the first post of December 2018, I explained why I am not taking colorful postcard photos of Warsaw. For me, this type of photo is a mask. I believe that not only all people but also cities have their own masks. Each of us puts them on practically every day. Often each of us behaves the way we would like to be seen. I think it's a pretty natural process. I am sure that applying masks to our appearance, behavior, etc., in our daily activities helps us blend in with the crowd. Thanks to the masks, we adapt to the reality that surrounds us. We merge with it. I think if we didn't do it, our lives with other people could become chaotic. We must have a mask to cooperate and get along with others. It seems pretty normal behavior to me. One of the glaring pieces of evidence of having a cover is profiles on social networks. Everyone who owns this type of account usually tries to present oneself in the most favorable light for them. With this text, I refer indirectly to the literary legacy of Fyodor Dostoyevsky. I think all of his work has become a worldwide success because he wrote about the behavior of people who took off their masks. The mask did not interest him at all. He was interested in describing people's minds and feelings without falsifying reality. Dostoyevsky decomposed into prime factors with the human soul. He showed us the "guts" of our minds. He reached the darkest parts of the human psyche with the same precision with which a surgeon can penetrate deep into the human body. Coming back to the first sentence: I hope you can understand why I am not taking beautiful photos of Warsaw. I leave the old town and other tourist parts of the city to other photographers who want to photograph beautiful and colorful masks. What intrigues me about this city is its guts. I want to get to know the dark corners of the Polish capital, along with all the dirt that lingers here. That's why my photos are black and white, often without people.

Moreover, this is one of the reasons why I photograph ordinary, down-to-earth, often ugly places from which people rather want to escape than stay here. Garbage is the guts of the city. That's why I photograph them. I want to visually take a closer look at the city's soul, as Dostoyevsky did with the darkest parts of the soul and mind of other people. I want to remove the mask from the face of Warsaw and penetrate the gray, dirty, dusty, repulsive zone of the Polish capital without any filters through the camera lens. I want my city to be naked in my photos and painfully honest - without any embellishments.



# MASK

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## I'M JUST TRYING TO MAKE SOME SENSE

- Post „I'm just trying to make some sense“

The fact that I am trying to give my life meaning is often reminded of the words of a song by The Rolling Stones entitled "Waiting on a friend" (post: "I'm just trying to make some sense."). That's why I take pictures. Giving meaning to life through photography, creating is an attempt to find it. Does this mean that I have lost this sense? Intuitively, I could say:

*I don't know the meaning of life. Maybe I lost it somewhere along the way.*

The most painful blow I have received in my life is the death of my Brother Marcinek. I devoted my diploma thesis to him and our parents, entitled "Farewell." Due to my brother's premature death, being a naive 9-year-old child, I realized that understanding life is difficult, even impossible. Many people, including clergy, scientists, philosophers, artists over the centuries, have tried to unravel the mystery of the meaning of our existence.



The eternal mystery of the origins of humanity and death fascinates the wisest minds that have ever appeared in this world. Artistic activity is one way for me to try to discover the truth. However, I am sure that neither I nor any other person will ever understand all the processes that govern the universe. In short: no one will ever discover the meaning of life. We are too limited for that. Let's go back to the question I asked in the first part of this post. The answer is that after my brother died, I never lost the meaning of my life.

On the contrary, I feel that I was then given unexplained power and a will to live. I believe that the end of Marcinek's life had an incomprehensible meaning. I am convinced that this traumatic event made me realize that I should live and look for the purpose of existence. For today, my research takes place within art. My brother's death was not insignificant. I believe that it has a meaning and significance that I do not understand.

- *Post „I'm just trying to make some sense“*



**I'M JUST TRYING  
TO MAKE SOME  
SENSE**



**I AM THE WARSAW**

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# **I AM THE WARSAW**

After the Second World War, Warsaw arose from the dead. When my brother died, I felt that some part of my soul had died with him. On the other hand, I feel that, like the capital of Poland, my soul also arose like a Phoenix from the ashes. That is why I am the Warsaw. My brother, Marcinek, died in 1994. I was a 9-year-old boy at the time. When Marcin left this world, I felt that a part of me, my soul, had disappeared forever. After his death, I knew that I would never be the same person as before. I felt that the world would not be like the one I learned during my brother's lifetime. Marcin died in one of the hospitals in Warsaw. I remember the capital of Poland from those times. My first memories of Warsaw were when my beloved parents and I visited Marcinek in the hospital. At that time, Warsaw appeared to me as a place full of faith and hope. After my brother's death, Warsaw became an apocalyptic, harsh, hostile, and empty city in my imagination. Since then, for many years, I have had a very ambivalent attitude towards the capital of Poland. I loved her and hated her at the same time. Warsaw had a somewhat similar story to mine - about dying. Historians estimate the city's urban architecture losses at the beginning of 1945 at about 84%. Both Warsaw and I had a time in our lives when we were devastated. The capital of Poland before and after the Second World War are two different cities. For me, Marcinek's death is a similar symbolic border that divides my life into two parts. I felt like I fell when I was 9. Still, after a while, I got up, dusted myself off, and continued on through my life, just like the most prominent Polish city, which had to remove rubble after World War II. That is why I feel that I am the Warsaw. It is difficult for me to explain the connections between Warsaw and my imagination. Sometimes it feels like this city is my private city. That is why it is so essential for me to take photos on the streets of the capital. Both Warsaw and I rose from the ashes thanks to the people who loved us. At this point, I would like to thank my parents for the support they have always given me. They dealt with the traumatic situation and certainly passed (and thanks to them, I did too) the painful trial by fire.

• *Images on p. 7-9: post „I am the Warsaw.”*





**I AM THE  
WARSAW**

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## STARTING FROM SCRATCH

- *Post „Starting from scratch“*

Every day, regardless of whether I am writing another text or going out to take new photos, I feel that I start my entire artistic adventure from scratch. With each photo walk, I think that I start my creative journey from the very beginning, that I am spiritually reborn. My inner world is awakening again, and the source of my birth is my mind, soul, and heart. Of course, I know all my photographic achievements so far. I associate my latest photos and texts. However, I always try to raise the bar higher. Is it perfectionism? Am I striving for it? Do I set myself specific artistic goals? The answer to these questions is not simple and straightforward. I know perfectionism doesn't exist. I wrote about it in the first part of "Diaries" from March 2018. Perfection is boring. That's why I don't want to create perfect works of art. On the other hand, as I mentioned in the first sentence, I often imagine myself starting my creative journey from the very beginning every day.



I feel like a novice. Indeed, I play with art like a child playing with his favorite toy. Such visualization helps me, makes me more determined to create better and better photos and texts. The more productive I am, the better the pictures I take - it's a natural process. The fact that I start from scratch every day and want to create better and better photos and texts does not mean that I want to create perfect art. Paradoxically, however, I strive for perfection. The key to success is having fun throughout the development process. I try to remember that without absolute joy, there will be no progress in development. I sincerely recommend that you, my Dear Friend, focus on pleasure during the broadly understood creation. It doesn't matter if we're talking about painting, sculpting, singing, dancing, etc. One of the best ways to enjoy what you do is to imagine that you start your hobby from scratch every day with no previous track record.

• *Post „Starting from scratch“*

## **STARTING FROM SCRATCH**







# PLAY WITH TIME

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## **PLAY WITH TIME**

They say we shouldn't play with fire. I fully agree with this statement. At the same time, however, I ask myself why I should not play with time? The fact that I schedule posts three or four months in advance is my personal game against time. What exactly do I mean? I wrote the text "Play with time" on July 15, 2018. When I wrote it, I didn't know when exactly I would publish it. I assumed it would be around November 2018\*. The truth is, I wrote 99% of my previous texts a few months before their publication. This fact allows me to say that I am, in a way, playing with time. The truth is, I have no influence on it. I cannot control the passing of time. However, running a website allows me to play with it gently. It is the same with my photos. I have been taking pictures for a long time without publishing them regularly. Therefore, many of the images that I present here on my website are not the latest photos but are often from different periods in the past\*\*. In short: everything I publish on the website is an echo of the past. What you are reading now, my Dear Friend, are my thoughts that appeared in my head a few months ago. Currently that I publish texts I have written in advance; I am only updating them a bit. You can ask me:

Why are you doing this?

First, before I started blogging, I already had a lot of writing. I did this in order not to lose continuity in the publication. For starters, I wanted a lot of both texts and images in reserve. Later I decided to post all posts late because I just want to play around with time in the world.

\* I published this post on December 10, 2018.

\*\* The photos presented in the post "Play with time" come from 2015-2017.



# THE MEMORIES OF WARSAW

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My first memory of Warsaw is the one during which I visited my terminally ill brother Marcinek. The visit took place in one of the hospitals in Warsaw in 1994. My brother was thirteen, and I was nine. Marcinek died shortly after our visit. Before my brother's death, Warsaw was a city of eternal hope for me. Since Marcinek's death, Warsaw has become an apocalyptic place for me. We can hear this apocalyptic vision, among others, in the song by David Bowie, named "Warsaw." Since a tragic event in my life, Warsaw has become a city close to my heart. In early 1994, I believed my brother would survive. Today, I feel that my naive child's plea for my brother to survive was addressed to the capital of Poland. As a nine-year-old boy, I had faith that a miracle could happen. I believed that the city would heal my brother miraculously. Unfortunately, leukemia turned out to be stronger than the body of a thirteen-year-old boy.

• *Post „The memories of Warsaw“*





- Post „The memories of Warsaw”

## **THE MEMORIES OF WARSAW**

Since then, the capital of Poland has become, for me, on the one hand, a concrete, soulless and apocalyptic fortress that took away my soul mate. I can see fragments of this hostile city, among others, on the paintings of Zdzisław Beksiński. On the other hand, Warsaw still appears to me as a city of miracles and unfulfilled hope. In my imagination, the capital of Poland has become a city in which a human, divine element is hidden between soulless walls. For me, Warsaw is a city with a living soul that has experienced its own death. The largest city in Poland, with its tragic history, often reminds me of the traumatic experiences of 1994. Sometimes I feel that I am Warsaw. Practically all the moments spent here in the capital of Poland, with family and friends, with friends from all periods of my life, I will undoubtedly have positive memories for the rest of my life. Hope you understand, my Dear Friend, why I care about taking pictures in this city. Warsaw is a very personal, even intimate place for me. I hope that I will be able to create here for the rest of my life and that in the future, my name will be identified with the capital of Poland.





# MYSTERY

- *Post „Mystery“*

Each of us is a mystery. It seems that the vast majority of people are curious about what is incomprehensible, untouchable, imperceptible, and unknown. Discovering the secrets of the universe is a fantastic thing. Explaining the unexplained is something that develops and motivates humanity through the ages. My tool for finding the secrets of the world around me is not religion, alchemy, or science. It is the art that helps me understand the world better. The broadly understood creation is the way that started to lead me through my life. It was thanks to her that I started asking myself all sorts of questions, often existential ones. Thanks to art, I wander the undiscovered paths of Warsaw and in the distant corners of my mind and imagination. Thanks to photography, writing, and running this website, I can see more and more. Nevertheless, as I try to assimilate more and more knowledge, I see more unattainable and incomprehensible not only for me but also for all mankind.



There are many questions, puzzles, and mysteries in this world for which we will never get answers, solutions, and explanations. For example: how and why did humans enter this world? What awaits us after death? What was before the creation of the universe? Again, there are many specific, fundamental questions about our world that we will never find answers to. We just can't do it. We will undoubtedly make significant, steady progress in virtually all aspects of our lives through the advancement of science (e.g., to colonize Mars or find a cure for cancer). However, the more we explain and discover, the more questions and doubts will arise. Paradoxically, with the increase of our knowledge about the world around us, the universe will be an ever more significant, unfathomable mystery for us.

# THE END

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• *Post „Mystery“*



# MYSTERY

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