



ADAM MAZEK

Diaries

02.2019

p. 11



NEW YORK CITY

NEW YORK CITY

The first published post from the second half of February 2019 was called "New York City." I wrote that New York City is one of the most magical places I have ever visited. The story of my visit to the largest city in the United States of America dates back to 2006. I was twenty-one years old then. I flew to the USA as part of a student "Work and Travel" program. I was working in the state of West Virginia. While flying to the States, I knew that work would be one of my goals, along with having fun, traveling, and visiting my family who lives in New York. This is the perfect opportunity to thank them for their warm welcome and time spent together. It was a great pleasure getting to know you all! Thank you also for showing me around New York. The city made a significant impression on me and inspired me. "The Big Apple" appears to me as a city full of contradictions. When I went there with a friend by car, it was 1 a.m. I saw Manhattan from a distance. Until now, the night view of skyscrapers reminds me of a city straight out of science-fiction movies. A cosmic, concrete, and glass jungle came from another world, unknown to me, and landed on a vast swath of American soil. It was indeed an astonishing and breathtaking sight. On the other hand, when I was returning by plane from New York during the ascent, the "Big Apple" scared me. When I saw the city's skyline from a high altitude, I felt like an ant escaping from a giant concrete jungle. It was a moment during which I realized the fragility of my person in this world. I imagined that if I went missing or died in New York City, almost none of the people there would take note. When I think of New York City, I am often reminded of the lyrics to the Grandmaster Flash song ("The Message"):

*It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder
How I keep from going under*

- Cover: post „New York City“

NEW YORK CITY

Sometimes I like to listen to Alicia Keys' song about New York City ("Empire State of Mind"). The artist sings that the title city is famous for its movie scenes. And that's the beautiful thing about the biggest city in the United States. Having seen many movies shot in New York (including "Taxi Driver" with Robert De Niro, directed by Martin Scorsese, and "Night Cowboy" by John Schlesinger), I felt like I was in my hometown. The feeling was incredible. In conclusion, I would like to say that if you have a chance to visit New York, my Dear Friend, do it. There is a high probability that you will not regret it.

PS

The photos in this post are unique because I took them while being in New York in 2006.



• Post „New York City“



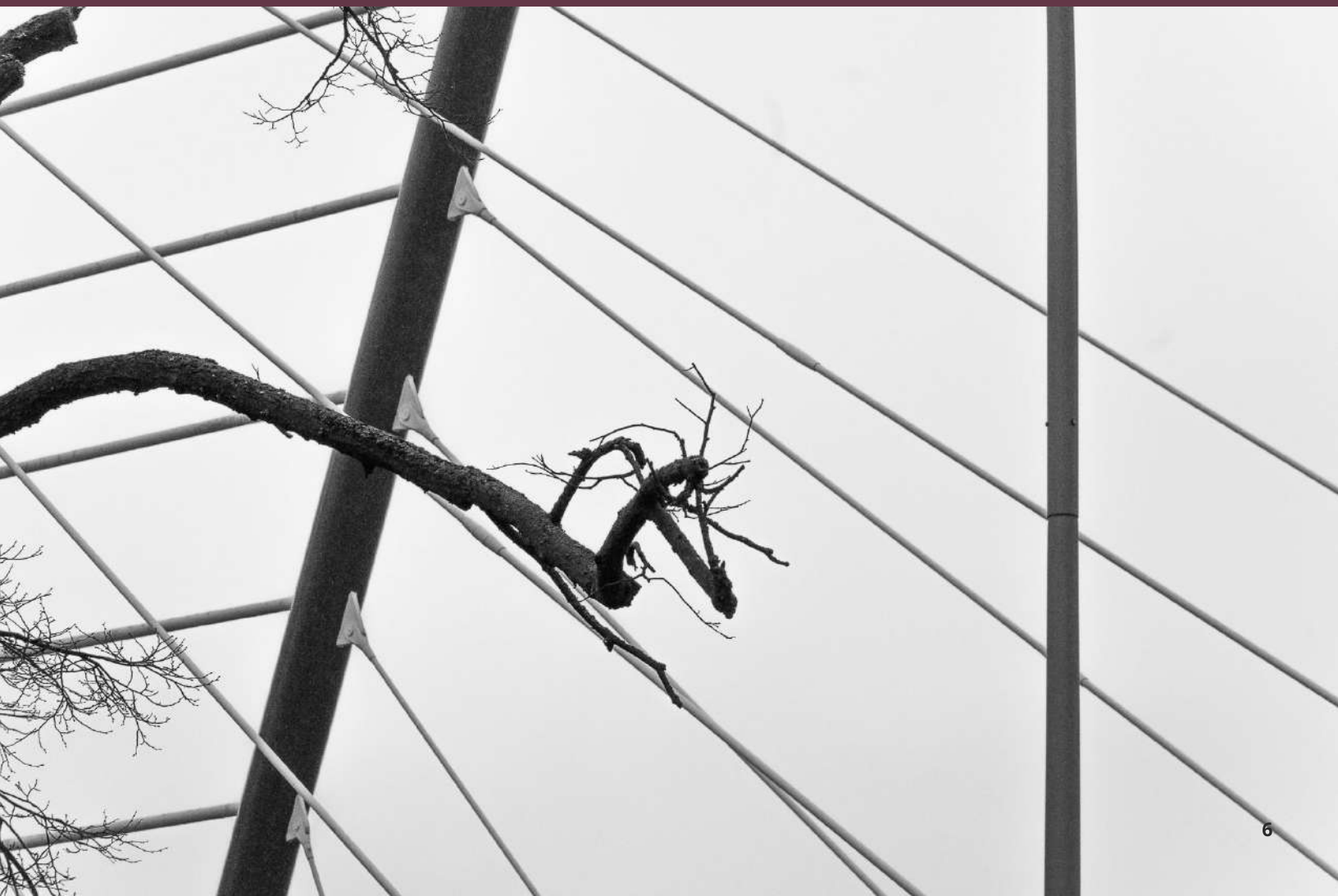
LET'S DANCE

David Bowie's song, entitled "Let's dance," often echoes in my imagination. Dance is probably one of the most expressive types of art expressed mainly through the body. Do I enjoy dancing? No. I have not been fond of dancing in the past either. I don't have the desire or skill to dance appropriately. I often enjoyed dancing when I was under the influence of alcohol. Since I have avoided drinking alcohol, I rarely have the opportunity to dance. Am I sad about that? No. But all the facts mentioned above do not prevent me from appreciating people who love to dance. It is one of the most magical activities, combining art and sport. A few songs make me feel the urge to dance hard to describe. They are songs such as: "Act Like You Know" by Fat Larry's Band, "Into the Groove" by Madonna, "Smooth Criminal," and "Just Good Friends" by Michael Jackson.

LET'S DANCE

It is a kind of miracle when someone who does not like to dance wants to dance when they hear certain melodies. Humanity has known the art of dance since the very beginning of musical history. I can imagine how human bodies began to move when hearing the tunes of ancient songs or ancient musical instruments. The relationship between body and melody, which is difficult to describe, is for me one of the most mystical puzzles about art. In one of the previous posts, I already wrote that I loved to dance when I was a child. My parents would turn on Michael Jackson's records ("Thriller" or "Bad"), leave the living room at my request, and I would start my show, dancing and jumping on the living room furniture. Apparently, I was rather shy from the very beginning of my life. The fact is that I would like to thank my beloved Parents for the beautiful childhood they gave me, allowing me to have fun with Michael's music.

• *Post „Let's dance“*





- *Post „Doubts“*

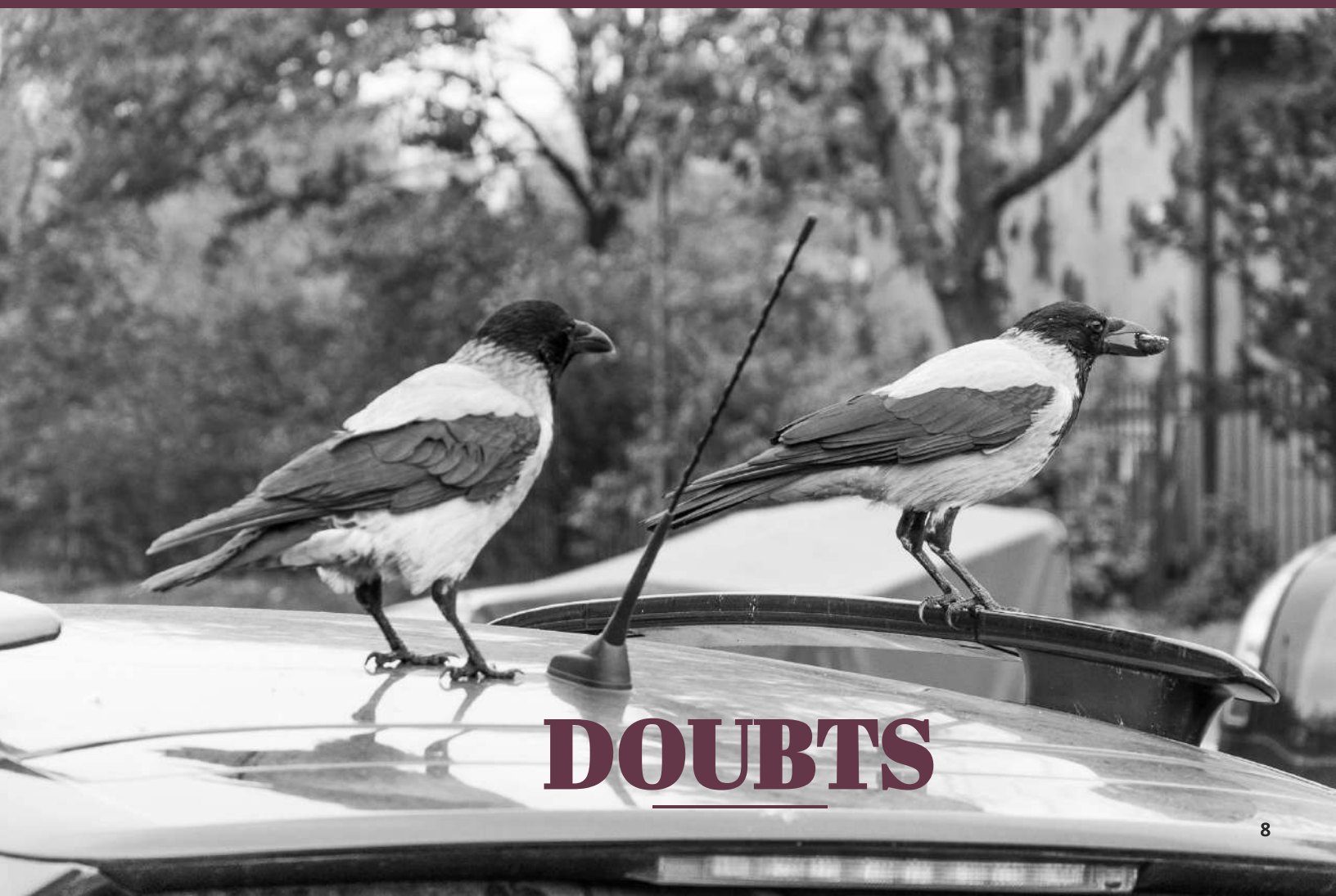
DOUBTS

I started the post entitled "Doubts" by saying that to err is human and that the vast majority of people have doubts about many existential issues, with faith at the forefront. Doubts about faith were wonderfully described by Fyodor Dostoyevsky in his last novel, "The Brothers Karamazov." This book is widely considered the most significant work of the Russian master. For me, "The Brothers Karamazov" is indeed one of the most fascinating novels written by a Russian writer. This masterpiece amazingly shows and describes, among other things, people's doubts about faith.

Warning: the rest of the text is a spoiler!

In the plot, the reader and the fictional characters are waiting for a religious miracle. We, i.e., readers waiting for a spiritual blessing, will be disappointed in a painful, down-to-earth way.

The miracle will not happen. In the story of starets Zosima, who was considered a saint during his lifetime, you can see how people were disappointed that they did not experience a religious miracle. The corpse of the monk was not supposed to decompose and smell. However, this did not happen. The corpse of the old man soon began to emit an unpleasant odor. It seems that the despair of human faith in God reaches every person throughout life. The mundane reality of this world causes us to begin to doubt the meaning of life, lose it, and not know where to look for it. But some inexplicable, challenging to describe sense inspired me to create, among others, photographs and texts. It was like a light at the end of the tunnel searching for why we came into this world. I want to inspire other people to reinterpret the mundane reality around them. I also want to encourage others to seek the elusive miracle by creating new things. Transforming reality through the lens of our experiences is one of the best ways to heal our souls.





DOUBTS

As in the book "Brothers Karamazov," human lives are not likely to abound in spectacular miracles and events out of this world. No wonder we often lose faith and have doubts in many aspects of our lives. However, I want to emphasize that life itself is an inexplicable miracle. We should remember that. Always. Without exception. We should enjoy the moments, even the worst ones because even pain has its meaning (for more details, see "Diaries" 08.2018 p.II). Let us not forget that pain makes us stronger. Pain is also the miracle of having the opportunity to experience suffering and sorrow. Without pain, we would not fully enjoy life and get the most out of it. We feel bitter about living with all the existential doubts within us. Through doubt, we begin to look for answers, we move forward. In this way, we begin to grow. Remember, my Dear Friend, that pain and doubts are our subsequent steps in life.

THE BIGGEST FUCK-UP

Having doubts about our existence, I often feel that our existence is one big fuck-up (post: "The biggest fuck-up"). Why? Sometimes I think that whoever created us didn't inform us why they did it. We received no instruction or information from a divine (?) creator. Of course, many people would say that we have religions and that the sacred words are already written in the Bible, Torah, Koran, etc. However, in reading "The Book of Bibles" by Taschen Publishing House, I realized that the scriptures have been modified many times over the centuries. Even if the words of the Prophet were found in the holy books, I have my doubts that they were not mistranslated, for example, in the Middle Ages. However, I am afraid that the heavenly beings did not send us a fax, an email, or a text message with information about us and instructions on what we humans should do in this world.

• Post „The biggest fuck-up“





- *Post „The biggest fuck-up“*

THE BIGGEST FUCK-UP

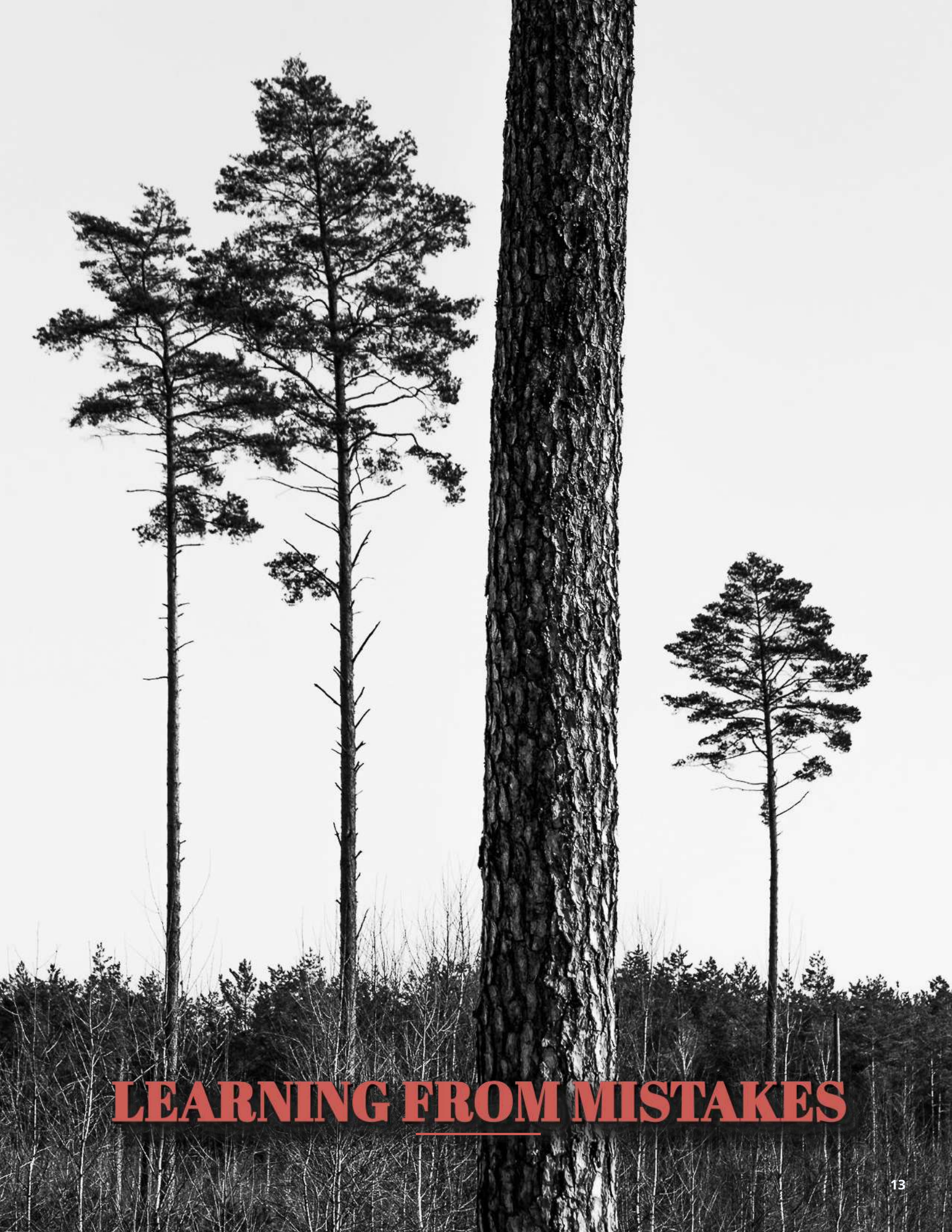
The fact that we know relatively little about ourselves is perhaps one of the biggest fuckups ever made. Who knows, maybe we are just cosmic, organic waste left in an empty corner of the Universe. We want to believe that we are at the center of the cosmos. Furthermore, we often believe that we are the only ones alive in the Universe. However, perhaps we are just space junk left in oblivion on a rocky planet. Our inability to understand the fundamental laws that govern the world is pervasive, and we will never overcome it. We have no information about how and, indeed, why life, including us, appeared in this, not that, place at this, not another, cosmic time. Furthermore, we have no knowledge of how or why the Universe came into existence. There are many beautiful theories, but these hypotheses will remain theories.

THE BIGGEST FUCK-UP

No one has given us instructions on what we should do as human civilization. We fight wars and kill each other. The development of science is continuous, even inevitable, but some things we simply cannot comprehend. Science will never explain all the laws that exist in the Universe. Someone who decided that we would live on this planet made a mistake because they left us naked, literally and figuratively, without knowing how to act. We painfully learn throughout our lives what we can and cannot do. This is why human civilization is in constant chaos that it will never be able to control. Is this post a total doom and gloom? Not really, because in my naive faith, I feel that the chaos surrounding us is only ostensible and that there is an unimaginable sense in all this madness. The sense of existence.

• Post „The biggest fuck-up“





LEARNING FROM MISTAKES

LEARNING FROM MISTAKES

I wrote about how one of the most important skills is learning from mistakes in a post titled. "Learning from mistakes." However, learning from your own mistakes is half the battle. Real art is the ability to learn from other people's mistakes. I always try to learn from other people's mistakes, only from my own. Just because I try to do this doesn't mean I always succeed. Learning from others' mistakes is one of the more difficult parts of self-development. It certainly requires the ability to analyze the actions of others and anticipate many events, as well as a pearl of broad, practical wisdom for life. Can I give you some examples of learning from other people's mistakes? Of course, I can. First of all, my parents have passed on and continue to pass on a lot of wisdom, knowledge, and advice throughout my life. They are right 99% of the time. If I were brilliantly clever, I would have avoided many problems in my life by listening to them. They often gave and still give me many examples from their life what mistakes other people have made and what mistakes I can avoid with their knowledge. I think this is an excellent opportunity to say "Thank you" to my beloved Mom and my wonderful Dad for everything they have done for me. You are the reason I am who I am. Another example of learning from other people's mistakes relates to blogging. Starting in October 2015, I started taking many pictures without publishing them. I didn't know how I wanted to present my photographs. Both Facebook and Instagram were not places I wanted to show my photos.

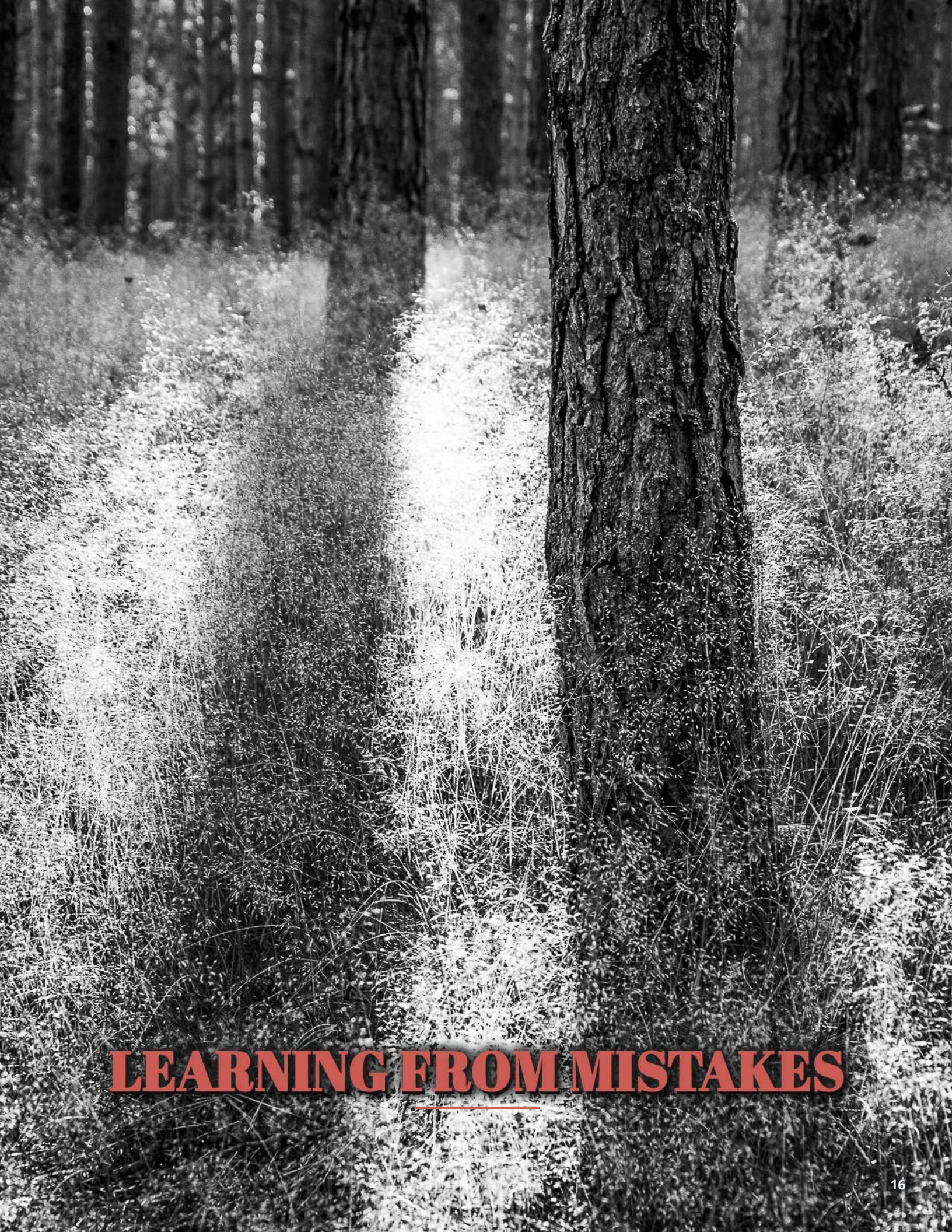
Then suddenly, I found Eric Kim's blog. In this blog, I read that the best thing we can do as photographers is to have our own online platform. Eric Kim had 100,000 followers on Instagram, but he deleted his account because he was not satisfied with his photography adventure on Instagram. He realized that the number of likes is not essential in an artist's life. He also realized that we will never be delighted with the number of likes on Facebook and Instagram as humans. What do I have to do with all this? I simply listened to Eric. I created my own website, where I started publishing photographs and texts. A year after starting the blog, I also made a profile on Instagram, but I treat it as a supplement to the website and do not pay too much attention to it.

LEARNING FROM MISTAKES

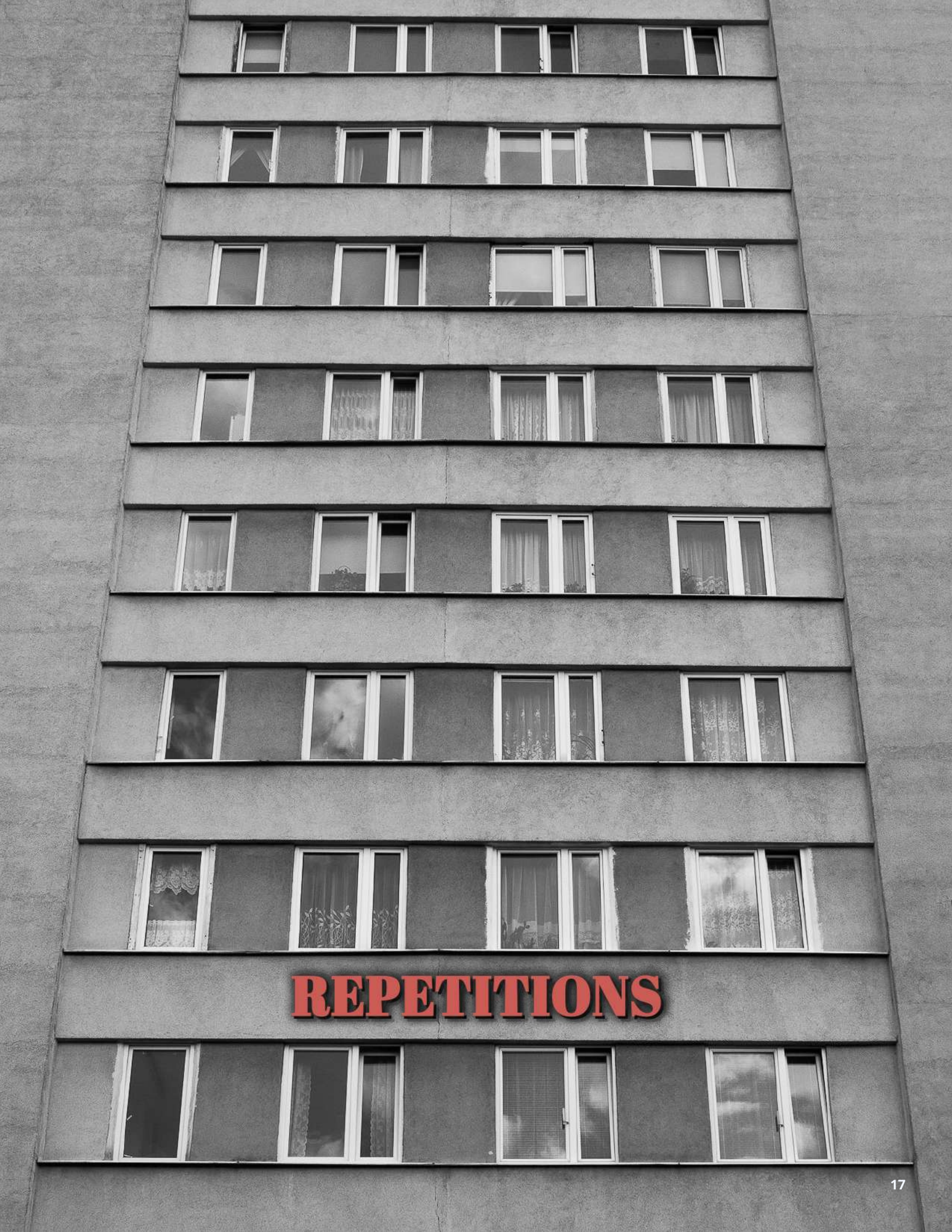
Another example of learning from other people's mistakes is closely related to death. When people die, they often regret not focusing enough on their loved ones and passions while they were alive. I don't want to make that mistake. I try to pursue my hobbies practically every day, surrounding myself with beloved ones. In conclusion, I want to write that we should always learn from others' mistakes. It is a difficult task, but we should undoubtedly perfect this art.



- *Post „Learning from mistakes“*



LEARNING FROM MISTAKES



REPETITIONS

REPETITIONS

One fine day I was told that I should publish some of my photos twice or more because they are worth it. I agreed with this statement, so I wrote a post titled "Repetitions." I wrote that I don't rule out repetitions when publishing my photos. Does that mean I'm not inspired to create new images? Of course not. I am constantly creating new images. Walking the streets of Warsaw and searching for new, unique frames to capture is my passion, which I hope will last for the rest of my life. However, if I find that a photo that has already been published on my website will fit with the newly written content, I will republish that photo. I have no doubt that some of my photographs are suitable for republishing. Does all this mean that I haven't published some images a second time before? No, I've already made exceptions. One of them is the post "First anniversary" ("Diaries" 09.2018 p. II). I may have also made accidental repetitions. However, I will sometimes allow myself to consciously republish some of my images from now on. I believe that there is nothing wrong with such actions. Famous artists have also repeated their works. They did it in relation to motifs in their works. One example is the work of Salvador Dali. The Spanish painter repeated the motif of grilled bacon, a loaf of bread, or ants many times throughout his life.

On the other hand, Vincent van Gogh liked to repeat the olive tree motif. These examples are just the tip of the iceberg. In the history of art, more artists did all sorts of repetitions. I also duplicate my thoughts when I write my texts. I believe that some things are simply worth reactivating. However, I do not plan to "paste and copy" previous texts in contrast to the photos.

PS

Photos published in the post "Repetitions" are not repetitions. I will republish photos only when it makes sense.

THE END

REPETITIONS

